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NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

New Series, Volume 35

September 1906—February 1907

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Boston, Mass.
America Company, Publishers
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INDEX

TO THE

New England Magazine

VOL. XXXV. SEPTEMBER, 1906—FEBRUARY, 1907

Adventures of John Henry (See The Seven Adventures of John Henry.)		
Alaska To-day, Northern	*A. G. Kingsbury*	3
Antwerp, the Hub of Europe	*Homer Gregmore*	67
At the Nation's Capital	*David S. Barry*	643
Banks, A Tramp of the Grand	*Konan MacHugh*	81
Bench and Bar, The Massachusetts (See "The Massachusetts Bench and Bar.")		
Books As I See Them (September)	*Kate Sanborn*	121
Books As I See Them (November)	*Kate Sanborn*	378
Books As I See Them (December)	*Kate Sanborn*	500
Books As I See Them (January)	*Kate Sanborn*	629
Books As I See Them (February)	*Kate Sanborn*	756
Bleeding Bloomtown. Story	*Walter A. Dyer*	347
Bristol and the Land of Pokanoket	*Harry Knowles*	609
Call of the Subtle, The	*Laura Simmons*	118
Canine Idyll, A. Story.	*Isabel Frances Bellows*	472
Cap'n Hezekiah's Little Evy. Story	*Frederick G. Fassett*	113
City-Country Club Plan, The	*Walter S. Newell, Ph. D.*	169
Colonial and Patriotic (December)	*Elizabeth Merritt Gosse*	509
Colonial and Patriotic (January)	*Elizabeth Merritt Gosse*	638
Colonial and Patriotic (February)	*Elizabeth Merritt Gosse*	761
Concerning Home and School (November)	*Sarah Louise Arnold*	332
Concerning Home and School (December)	*Sarah Louise Arnold*	459
Concerning Home and School (January)	*Sarah Louise Arnold*	596
Concerning Home and School (February)	*Sarah Louise Arnold*	727
Connecticut Navy of the American Revolution	*C. O. Paullin, Ph. D.*	714
Cortes, the Central Figure in Mexican History	*G. F. Paul*	515
Duet, A. Story	*Henry Baldwin*	86
Duluth	*Dwight E. Woodbridge*	231
Editorials (September)		92
Editorials (October)		217
Editorials (November)		343
Editorials (December)		465
Editorials (January)		601
Editorials (February)		730
Editor's Table (September)		127
Editor's Table (October)		244
Editor's Table (November)		376
Editor's Table (December)		497

INDEX

Editor's Table (February) . . . . . .
Foot-note on Poe . . . . . *Eugene C Dolson*
Forecast, A Radical . . . . . *Frank Putnam*
Founding of Salem, The . . . . . *Mrs. L. J. Young Withee*
Grand Banks, A Tramp of the . . . . . *Konan MacHugh*
Halifax, Nova Scotia . . . . . *A. M. Payne*
Harvard Lampoon, The . . . . . *Mary Stoyell Stimpson*
Hernando Cortes, The Central Figure in Mexican History . . . . . *G. F. Paul*
Hub of Europe, The (Antwerp) . . . . . *Homer Gregmore*
Humorists, Some New England Women . . *Kate Sanborn*
Island Idyll. An . . . . . *Gilbert P. Coleman*
Japanese in New England. The . . . . . *K. K. Kawakami*
Japanese Music and Musical Instruments . . *Randolph I. Geare*
John Henry (See The Seven Adventures of John Henry.) . . . . . .
King's Daughters, The Story of the . . . . *H. O. McCrillis*
Lampoon, The Harvard, Its Founders and Famous Contributors . . . . . *Mary Stoyell Stimpson*
Legends of Old Newgate (October) . . . . *George H. Hubbard*
Legends of Old Newgate (December) . . . *George H. Hubbard*
Loyalty of the Senate (October) . . . . . *David S. Barry*
Loyalty of the Senate (November) . . . . *David S. Barry*
Madonnas in New England Museums . . . *F. W. Coburn*
Maggie Verity's Reconversion. Story . . . *David Bruce Fitzgerald*
Man's Chance, A. Story . . . . . *Kendrick Ferris*
Massachusetts Railroad Commission, The . . *F. W. Burrows*
Massachusetts Navy of the American Revolution . . . . . *C. O. Paullin, Ph. D.*
Massachusetts, Who Runs . . . . . *R. L. Bridgman*
Mistress Mary. Story . . . . . *Frederick M. Smith*
Money and Banking, The Principles of . . *E. S. Crandon*
Municipal Ownership . . . . . *Martin E. Jensen*
National Society of New England Women (September) . . . . . *E. Marguerite Lindley*
National Society of New England Women (October) . . . . . *E. Marguerite Lindley*
National Society of New England Women (November) . . . . . *E. Marguerite Lindley*
National Society of New England Women (December) . . . . . *E. Marguerite Lindley*
National Society of New England Women (January) . . . . . *E. Marguerite Lindley*
National Society of New England Women (February) . . . . . *E. Marguerite Lindley*
Navy of the American Revolution, The Massachusetts . . . . . *C. O. Paullin, Ph. D.*
New England Superstitions, Some . . . . *Clifton Johnson*
New England Women Humorists . . . . . *Kate Sanborn*
Newgate, Legends of Old (October) . . . *George H. Hubbard*
Newgate, Legends of Old (December) . . . *George H. Hubbard*
Nineteenth Century Boston Journaism (November) . . . . . *Edward H. Clement*

48178

Nineteenth Century Boston Journalism (December)	*Edward H. Clement*	415
Nineteenth Century Boston Journalism (January)	*Edward H. Clement*	523
Nineteenth Century Boston Journalism (February)	*Edward H. Clement*	707
Northern Alaska, To day	*A. G. Kingsbury*	3
Old King Spruce, I.—"The Chaney Man"	*Holman F. Day*	655
Onion, The	*James O'Neill*	435
Opportunity, A Thanksgiving. Story	*Grace Blanchard*	313
Our Unique Reception of Rev. Mills. Story	*L. J. Dann*	565
Ownership, Municipal	*Martin E. Jensen*	338
Phoebe's Experiment. Story	*Crittenden Marriott*	74
Plunger, A. Story	*F. R. Weir*	17
Poe, A Foot-note on	*Eugene C Dolson*	79
Principles of Money and Banking, The	*E. S. Crandon*	591
Radical Forecast, A	*Frank Putnam*	149
Return, The. Story	*Ruth B. Candy*	225
Ring, Story of the	*Pauline C. Bouve*	320
Saugus Massachusetts	*Elsie R. Hatch*	480
Seekers After Truth. Story	*Frances Weld Danielson*	445
Seven Adventures of John Henry (I.-II.)	*Grace Liscom Hewett*	305
Seven Adventures of John Henry (III.-IV.)	*Grace Liscom Hewett*	401
Seven Adventures of John Henry (V.-VII.)	*Grace Liscom Hewett*	538
Singer of Southcreek, A. Story (January)	*Mabel Ward Cameron*	529
Singer of Southcreek, A. Story. (February)	*Mabel Ward Cameron*	695
Some Dangers in our Educational System, and How to Meet Them	*G. Stanley Hall*	667
Some New England Superstitions	*Clifton Johnson*	161
Stern Chase, A. Story	*Thomas J. Partridge*	209
Story of the King's Daughters, Tre	*H. O. McCrillis*	549
Story of the Ring	*Pauline C. Bouve*	320
Tickle Town Topics		
Bleeding Bloomtown	*Walter A. Dyer*	346
A Canine Idyll	*Isabel Frances Bellows*	472
Thanksgiving Opportunity, A. Story	*Grace Blanchard*	313
Tramp of the Grand Banks, A	*Konan MacHugh*	81
Unique Reception of the Rev. Mills, Our	*L. J. Dann*	565
Vegetarian Adventure, A	*Belle Maniates*	60
Warren of the West, A	*Edward H. Clement*	185
White Mountain Legends	*J. S. English*	97
Who Runs Massachusetts	*R. L. Bridgman*	285

POETRY

Ballads of Old Boston	*M. A. DeWolfe Howe*	
The Flying Irishman		190
The Ox		282
Legend of Brimstone Corner		470
Birthright, A	*Mary Close Robinson*	66
Democracy	*Eugene C. Dolson*	148
Dwarf Pines, The	*Jessie Wallace Hughan*	384

Empty Vase, The	*Emma Beatrice Thayer*	1
Even Lights	*C. H. Collester*	3
Face in the Crowd, A	*William Stanley Braithwaite*	8
First of December, The	*Julia Ditto Young*	4
Flowers of Winter	*Curtis Hidden Page*	5
Flying Irishman, The	*M. A. DeWolfe Howe*	1
Gargoyles	*Gertrude Huntington McGiffert*	5
George Ripley	*Margaret Ashmun*	6
Goth, The	*Clinton Scollard*	42
Great Hearts	*Marie LeRoy Leahy*	44
Haven, A	*Francis Ingold Walker*	31
Helen Looks on at the Dance	*Arline Adams*	40
Hills of God, The	*Konan MacHugh*	3
Home of Lost Youth, The	*Dora Read Goodale*	54
I am the Wind	*Frederick J. Allen*	67
Idol, The	*Elizabeth R. Finley*	33
Leaves	*Virna Sheard*	56
Legend of Brimstone Corner, The	*M. A. DeWolfe Howe*	47
Loving Cup, The	*Josephine Curtis Woodbury*	16
Mary's Lullaby	*Cora A. Matson Dolson*	40
Mastery	*Florence Kiper*	43
On an Old Russian Candlestick	*Margaret Ashmun*	34
On the Beach near Plymouth	*Francis Ingold Walker*	12
Ox, The	*M. A. DeWolfe Howe*	28
Passing of Summer, The	*Harley R. Wiley*	17
Purple Island, The	*M. E. Starbuck*	3
Silence, The	*Clinton Scollard*	40
Sleep	*Gertrude Huntington McGiffert*	44
Sleeping Beauty, The	*Edith Summers*	59
Spinster, The	*Frances Weld Danielson*	20
Spring in Winter	*Curtis Hidden Page*	67
Star Tears	*George W. Oldham*	15
Summer and Love	*Clinton Scollard*	4
Tickle Town Topics (September)		9
The Red Ear	*Daisy Wright Field*	
Uncle Josh	*Arlo Barlow*	
Bows	*Grace Stone Field*	
Tickle Town Topics (October)		221
Mr. Tupper's Trousers	*Nixon Waterman*	
Harvest Time	*Clara H. Dodge*	
Art	*Thomas J. Partridge*	
A Sure Sign	*Evelyn J. Hamant*	
Tickle Town Topics (November)		346
Bill Smith's Whopper	*Nixon Waterman*	
Tickle Town Topics (December)		472
The Christmas Cupid	*Nixon Waterman*	
The Fam'ly's Choice	*Grace Stone Field*	
Tickle Town Topics (February)		734
Old Times at Squash Center	*Nixon Waterman*	
To My Lord Verulam	*George Herbert Clark*	464
Two Rivers	*Charlotte W. Thurston*	578

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY

New England Magazine Co., Publishers, 8 Dix Place, Boston.

$3.00 a Year Entered at Boston Post Office as second-class matter.
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25c. a Number

Contents

The Silver Cascade, The Notch, White Mountains .... (Frontispiece)
At the Nation's Capital .....David S. Barry.....643
Old King Spruce—I. "The Chaney Man." ... ...
.....Holman F. Day 655
Dangers in Our Educational System..... .....
.....G. Stanley Hall 667
Spring in Winter. Poem .....Curtis Hidden Page 675
I am the Wind. Poem .....Frederick J. Allen 676
Old Time New England Scenery..... 678
An Island Idyll. Story .....Gilbert P. Coleman 688
Gargoyles. Poem .....Gertrude Huntington McGiffert 694
A Singer of Southcreek, (IV-VI)..Mabel Ward Cameron 695
Nineteenth Century Boston Journalism (IV) .....
.....Edward H. Clement 707
The Connecticut Navy of the American Revolution ....
.....Charles Oscar Paullin, Ph. D. .714
Concerning Home and School ....Sarah Louise Arnold 727
Editorial 730
Tickle Town Topics—Old Times at Squash Center .....
.....Nixon Waterman 734
Massachusetts Railroad Commission .....
.....F. W. Burrows 739
Editor's Table 749
Books As I See Them .....Kate Sanborn 756
Colonial and Patriotic .....Elizabeth Merritt Gosse 761
National Society of New England Women .....
.....E. Marguerite Lindley 765





TYPICAL ALASKAN MOTHER

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

September, 1906

VOLUME XXXV PUBLISHED MONTHLY NUMBER 1

Northern Alaska To-day

By A. G. KINGSBURY

A year ago the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE *commissioned Mr. A. G. Kingsbury, an old time prospector, "sour dough miner" and pioneer of the discoveries of gold and development of the Alaska mining country north of the Arctic circle, to investigate conditions and prospects in that mining region and report to the magazine. We give the result of his researches in this article.*

ON the sunny side of the Arctic Circle, so close to that frosty ring that the sun in midwinter only ventures to hang by his chin on the sea horizon a short three hours, human moths are eating away the golden threads from the inner garments of Mother Earth; threads spun and woven many centuries before the Christian era; spun in the mills of the everlasting hills, shuttled by glacier and tumbling water torrent to the weaver—Behring Sea.

Early in the summer, seven years ago, the five hundred tenters of the white city on the beach fifteen miles west of Cape Nome, where Nome City now stands, were driving their stakes at centers and corners of every twenty acres of gulch, creek, river, pup and draw immediately tributary to that camp because they had heard of the great strike of the "three lucky Swedes" on Anvil Creek. At that time the benches, ground back from the water course, had no attraction for the men who cut with pocket knife the crooked willows for stakes and wrote intelligible and non-intelligible location notices and forced them into the cleft jaws of the little deformed, twisted willows designated as the centre stake or monument No. 1. Neither did the eighty square miles of open, flat, marshy tundra attract them, lying between the beach and foothills, north and south , and the Capes reaching into the sea east and west, except the few water courses passing through the tundra from the hills to the sea, which were staked. Nothing better than colors had been found at their mouths. In July a few pros-



WINTER TRANSPORTATION. SCOTTY ALLEN AND HIS FAMOUS TEAMS OF "HUSKIES" ON BERING SEA

pectors might be seen passing along the beach, occasionally testing the gravels where the larger streams met the sea—never dreaming that miles of the beach over which they tramped were "lousy with dust." Returning to camp from a three days prospecting trip in the hills, I was accosted by one of my fellow Kobukers standing near his tent; "Hot Alaska strawberries, (baked beans) biscuit and coffee inside;" and he added a gentle push to his welcome invitation, remarking he hadn't "forgotten the gallon of salmon chowder partner and me got away with that blizzardous night we arrived at your cabin up on the Kobuk River, last year." While I satisfied my hunger we talked of the happenings, strikes &c. of the new camp. I mentioned my intention of prospecting some of the small gulches, or draws as we call them, extending from the beach a short distance back into tundra. He said he would like to accompany me. After a few hours of sleep in my own tent, I called for him and we started up the beach, westerly, armed with shovels, pans and sandwiches.

Finding light colors, only, in the first few pans taken near Snake River, we passed up the beach a half mile farther. Just below the face of a slight break in the tundra overhanging the beach, near the surf, I threw aside piece of driftwood, making way for my shovel into the underlying gravel, ten inches from the top of which lay three or four inches of ruby sand. While wobbling, shaking, stirring a pan of this garnetiferous sand in a pool of water at edge of surf, I was strongly impressed with the idea that I was squandering time looking for gold so far away from the hills and I concluded I had best get back among them as soon as possible. I looked for no better showing in this pan than all the previous ones washed during the morning. In a

semi-mindful manner I made the water chase the gravel over the edge of the pan until reduced to about the bulk of half a pint; a rotary motion showed black sand, which is heavier than ruby sand, and in its edge appeared stubborn little colors refusing to be so readily rolled about by the water; then I forgot all about the hills and realized nothing except the washing gravel free of those obstinate parti-



PETER EGELAK, REINDEER HERDER AND HIS RIG

cles of yellow metal; soon nothing except the gold remained and subsequent weighing showed that first pan of value to contain $1.05. I panned other pans from same spot and near by with gratifying results. My partner of the morning returning from prospecting farther up the beach, I showed him results of my discovery.

We agreed to go at once to our individual tents, each make a rocker, say nothing to any one of our find and return without delay. It never occurred to us at that time that there was much area of gold bearing gravel on the beach, only a pocket I had happened upon, a few square feet, possibly. I collected some provision boxes from traders' tents in camp and was soon constructing a rude rocker in my own tent. In three or four hours I had produced the best apology for one that I could with an axe and jack knife for tools and bacon and canned goods boxes, and a strip cut from end of my sleeping blanket for material.

Feeling strangely weak, I happened to think that I'd eaten nothing for fifteen hours; my sandwiches were dug up from my rear overalls pocket and good feelings restored; I scooped other bread and canned meat into a paper bag, tucked it inside the rocker with the goldpan; I slung the rocker on my back

and with shovel in hand started up the beach, intending to pick up my associate on the sandspit, whom I was willing should share the workings with his rocker in order to help me hold down the ground from jumpers. I found him asleep in his tent and no rocker in sight; didn't disturb him but reslung my load and hustled westward. Before crossing Snake River, which was about center of camp, I was accosted by several: "Where's the strike?" "Put us next," etc., etc., some joking, others serious, my replies were good natured but misleading.

Farther on, while stopping to rest, I noticed two men coming behind me. Before reaching me they sat down on a drift log, I started again, so did they; I rested once more, so did they; I proceeded once more and they followed. Evidently they thought I had struck something; they had a right to think so, as a man would hardly be packing a heavy rocker if he hadn't. I stopped about a quarter of a mile before reaching my find, cleared a small space from drift wood and small stones, made a sump hole into which the water came and started to work my rocker, hoping to save the good spot farther on for future, personal reference.

My two followers had come up and remarked that we were "having fine weather." They proceeded to pan the gravel around me, taking one pan from within two feet of my rocker. Over the result of that pan they seemed quite interested but said nothing to me about it. In the meantime I saw three men coming along the beach, from town, with packs on their backs, two of the packs proving to be rockers; they too had discovered gold somewhere; was it the spot a quarter of a mile farther on? The two men who had been panning near me seemed to know them and they all looked at the last panning taken from near my rocker; the five men held an animated conversation together for a few moments, then picked up their tools and rockers and all hurried up the beach; I was much relieved when they passed the place on which I made my first discovery, and on around the curve in the beach, out of sight. Then I hurriedly made ready to move up and take possession. Washing the gravel clean from my rocker I looked inside, little expecting to see more than a few colors. I was surprised to find behind the riffles of the apron on the blanket quite a showing of gold; I had struck good pay and didn't know it. I then took a pan from where my followers had panned, close to my rocker, and found two pennyweights, or $1.60; No wonder they were interested over their pan, but, I wondered, what must they have found, or their friends told them of farther up, to have left pay like this. I didn't move to the first discovery but my companion of the early morning took possession of it soon after.

Perhaps twenty five or six rockers straggled up the beach during the next ten hours; Evidently it was becoming known that gold had been discovered on the beach, at several different points. I heard nothing definite until the close of the following day and then the whole Nome camp went wild with excitement. Men, rockers, tents, seemingly sprang from the sea, so rapidly did they appear along its



DREDGING AND DIVING FOR GOLD THROUGH THE ICE IN BERING SEA

rim, a variety of humanity, good and true men and others whose only claim to manhood was their ability to walk on their hind legs. Along six miles of beach, immediately west from Nome, hardly a rod that did not contain some degree of pay, varying from one-fourth to twenty five ounces per man, per diem. During those first days some worked on through the twenty-four hours, and more. The gold averaged to be worth $17.40 per ounce but the traders only allowed us $16.00. Some few struck ten to fifteen ounces per day gravel at the start and when it pinched down to four or five ounces pay they left it and prospected for better diggings.

Close to one million dollars was mined from the beach that summer. That was the first Golden Beach

Line discovered in this district, but the last one of three, so far found, which the elements of nature have placed between the hills and the sea. The next beach line was found three years later. About sixteen miles of it has been, and is still being worked. It averages a little less than a half mile back from and parallel with the present beach. The pay, in places, has been proven very good, but less than either of the other lines. Like the first one discovered the pay lies on a false bedrock and varies between eight to twenty-five feet from surface.

The last beach line discovered lies close to the hills, three to five miles from where the sea now beaches; Only about four miles of this line has been determined to date, or since it was first uncovered eighteen months ago at the point called Little Creek. The gold is found on true bedrock, usually of mica schist, occasionally on and in a very hard cement of calcined gravel and being thirty to one hundred and twenty feet below the surface. The pay varies in thickness from a few inches to six or seven feet. The natural level of this bedrock is the same all along the line, differing depths being due to height of overlying stratas or deposits. The ground is frozen and is worked the year through, except where present surface and sub-surface water channels cross the beach line. These few thawed places contain more water than present conditions have been able to cope with, but that emergency will soon be met. Part of the gravels of this beach line, like the two others later formed, are surf washed sands, ex-



SLUICING A "DUMP" ON A WINTER-WORKED CLAIM



THE GOLD FROM A DAY'S CLEAN UP AT A SUCCESSFUL CLAIM

cept where the ancient gold laden streams unloaded their burdens into the sea, which then kissed, lashed or placed her icy cheek against the foot hills, according to mood. For instance, the pay on Little Creek is directly in the beach line, a part of it being in sea wash and a part of it in an ancient river wash—to the merry tune of $1,000, or more to the pan in places. (On one of these claims $800 to $1,000 per day is being hoisted which averages only five cents per pan, at a total daily expense not exceeding $150.) The action of the surf scattered more or less of this gold east and west, until it almost or fairly met the golden sands borne by the surf from the mouths of some other mountain stream; and so on from creek to creek—and that's the way the beach lines were made. Doubtless there are intermediate golden threads between the three already discoverd. Men are looking for them and are also picking up the present known lines farther and farther to the east and the west.

Meanwhile the great rush of mining and development in the Seward peninsula, with Nome as its capital city, goes steadily forward. Nome itself is steadily developing from a city of shacks and tents to a metropolis of business blocks with modern improvements and a growth only limited by the scarcity of lumber which now and then holds up operations. In the surrounding country new camps spring up continually, new prospects are discovered and the lone prospector's tent of yesterday becomes the placer camp of to-day with tomorrow looming large with promise of a



TYPICAL STREET IN A SUCCESSFUL ALASKA CAMP

rush camp and the doings of an incipient city.

It is gold, placer gold in seemingly unlimited and inexhaustible quantities that is doing this thing and will continue to do it in decades to come. Not that quartz mines may not, probably will, be the ultimate fate of the district, but though they may spring up in discovery and progress in development, it will be decades before the placer ground can possibly show signs of exhaustion.

Why this statement is true is evident to the man of experience who studies the situation as a whole carefully. It was in 1900 that an expert geologist and mining man, formerly connected with Cornell University at Ithaca, New York, went over the whole peninsula and examined it with the eye at once of the practical miner, the theorist of the schools and the enthusiastic prospector. His story of what might be expected there is interesting in view of the fact that results are already proving the truth of his forecast. "The whole Seward peninsula," he said at that time, "is undoubtedly underlaid with a gold bearing stratum of gravel. In places this lies near the surface, in fact on it and hence discoveries made along various streams. In others glacial detritus has buried it to a depth of probably hundreds, perhaps thousands of feet. The stratum however I believe to be there throughout the country and account for it by the levelling off of former mountain ranges by prehistoric glacial action, cutting down the gold bearing ledges and scattering their contents far and wide in the progress of the glacial ice. Later came upheavals of the strata by volcanic or other action and further erosion by glaciers or water, such as is now going on."

This was a bold statement and at the time was scouted by many. Later came another far seeing man, Mr. J. U. Pickard who added interesting testimony to the question under consideration. In 1900 Mr. Pickard began investigating the

tundra slopes that sweep from the coast line back to the hills miles away in the interior in the firm belief that gold would be found to underlie it in paying quantities. During the fall and winter of 1901 he prospected the ground beneath the tundra with diamond drills, going down to bedrock in each instance and carefully examining the core which the drill brought to the surface. He said of the results: "The depth to bedrock varies from forty to eighty feet and I found that the gravel which begins at a depth of about eight feet is not always frozen. The eight foot surface of peat is interesting, as it can without doubt be used as fuel if properly treated and thus aid rather than impede the work. The values found in the tundra almost defy computation. The gravel deposit between the peat and the bedrock, thirty-two to seventy-two feet of it carries gold in enormous quantities. I found gravel averaging $4.87 to the cubic yard at a depth of forty-two feet. $3.64 was the lowest average per cubic yard of any while in some instances it ran to over $12 for the same amount. Anyone who cares to can figure up the amount of gold at these values in an acre, in a square mile and in the hundreds of square miles of gravel which underlie this tundra forty to eighty feet in depth. There are what may be called waves in the gravel deposits in the tundra. These result from the grinding off of foot hills. There have also been two runs of gold, the primary and the secondary, the primary carrying the best value. If this primary deposit can be traced to its source great value in quartz would undoubtedly be found."

The great discoveries on Little Creek confirm the theories of Mr.



TYPICAL SEWARD PENINSULA TRADING CAMP

Pickard as do others since made, notably "Portland Bench" in 1905. Later discoveries of a similar nature have been made on "Bessie Bench." Here at a considerable depth the same rich ground has been struck as predicted this summer and as much as $35,000 has been taken out at one shift. The sum of $42,000 has been cleaned up in one day's sluicing and the smallest clean up for any day's work has been $12,000. There has been no time in this work since the pay body was cross cut that you could not get a pan worth two dollars and a half, not in scraping on bedrock but by taking the gravel at random. The actual work being done in the tundra confirms the predictions of Mr. Pickard just as his researches confirmed the theory of the geologist before him.

Taking all these and a thousand other facts, which there is not space in this article even to allude to, it is not easy to suggest a time at which placer mining on the Seward peninsula will come to an end. When one considers the vast territory already prospected and proven of unexampled richness, then thinks that the regions as yet untouched by the prospector's pick have an equal chance to be equally rich it would seem that scores of years might pass with no diminution of the output of placer gold from the region. Every steamer which goes south to the States carries its thousands of yellow dust and nuggets, many carry millions and the stream will heap up its steady flow all summer. Already the influx of gold to the Seattle assayer's office has broken all records, a total of $5,155,432 having arrived there in one week.

Yet the placer gold is only the dust as one might say of the real mineral wealth of the region. In its quartz mines will lie its real development in the not far distant future. And therein lies a lack which the peninsula sadly feels to-day, a lack which will no doubt be remedied. The chechaco and the sidewalk miner we have always with us, though not in such numbers as during the rush of 1900. Expert placer miners and prospectors are here in plenty and doing good work, as the increased output for each year plainly shows, but the quartz miner has been slow in coming. Before him must come of course the quartz prospector. By this I do not mean the blundering gold hunter who finds a mine, if he finds it at all because he falls off his horse and bangs his head on a quartz vein, realizing what he has found as he slowly comes to, but the real quartz prospector. Such a man must be a practical quartz expert. A mine owner who is developing a promising galena prospect told me the other day that he could count the thorough quartz and ore prospectors of the Nome district on the fingers of his hand and still have fingers to spare for other work. Such men need a sufficient knowledge of geology, mineralogy and rock mining and mining methods to enable them not only to recognize readily the principal forms in which the common minerals exist as ores but to exercise proper judgment in opening up and doing prospect work in a way to expose the real value of the discovery and at the same time materially lessen the cost of its primary development.

Until a couple of years ago quartz mining was not thought of in northwestern Alaska except by



THE BEACH AT NOME DURING THE GREAT RUSH IN 1900

a few in the Solomon River district when the success of the Hurrah Quartz Mine, developed by veteran quartz miners—the Lanes—began to awaken people to the fact that quartz mining was that in which lay the great development of the region for the future.

There has been another drawback to quartz mining and prospecting which ought to be mentioned here. That is the present state of the mining laws which allow the wholesale acquirement of a large extent of territory by a few. The result is the pre-emption of great ranges of territory so that the prospector has to proceed at least a day's journey from Nome to find ground where he will be able to locate without suffering a contest with and oppression at the hands of large interests which now claim all the nearby ground on one pretext or another. This prevents discovery, development and a larger prosperity which might easily be enjoyed but cannot till some radical change is made in the laws so that actual discovery and immediate development will exist as the only excuse for holding down these regions. The stock-range claim owners are as a rule dog-in-the-manger people who neither prospect nor develop claims themselves nor will they allow others to except under an exorbitant and unreasonable royalty proposition. This unjust condition has done more to retard development in quartz mining than all other causes combined and has been a great drawback even to placer development. It has tended to place opportunities in the hands of a few and create monopoly where individuality should have its largest expression. It is to be

hoped that Alaska's representatives at the National capital will make an earnest effort to find a remedy for these unjust conditions.

Thus far the only practical demonstration of quartz mining on the peninsula is that of the Hurrah Quartz Mine on the Solomon River. This mine is well equipped and managed. The ore body, which is a silicious quartz averages about five feet in width and is largely a free milling character so that some eighty per cent. of the value is extracted on the plates and tables. The vein lies in a schist formation and has been worked to the three hundred foot level. The daily output is about seventy-five tons of ore which is mined and milled at a cost of five dollars a ton. The property has been worked for the last three years satisfactorily to the owners.

The Nome Quartz Mining Company has a shaft down about seventy feet on a vein near Glacier Creek. The ore is said to assay over twenty dollars to the ton. On Rock Creek a vein has been opened which is said to yield by a pan arastra sixteen dollars per ton and assay is said to have shown value of $200 to the ton. Little is known as yet of the extent and trend of the ore bearing veins of the region. In the Nome and Council districts the mineralized belt runs northeast and southwest and it is assumed that the great "mother lode" when found will show the same tendency. Some of the largest veins yet discovered are known to take this course.

The greatest problem which the quartz prospector meets in this country is the presence of deep wash and slides which bury the real ledges far out of sight and make the work of uncovering them exceedingly difficult. In consequence of this prospectors have been slow to undertake the enormous labor of opening up quartz veins when indications of them have been once discovered. The work is moreover an expensive one and the present opportunity has seemed to lie mainly in the tracing of ancient channels and beach lines giving immediate returns in placer gold so that men have been loath to undertake the discovery and development of the more permanent forms of mining.

Leaving the gold behind us for a moment and taking a survey of the ground for other minerals we find that discoveries have been made that promise in the future to be of as great, if not greater value to the world. That is the discovery of large bodies of tin ore in place. Indeed many a mining man of experience will tell you that tin ore in well defined ledges is a matter of far more moment than placer gold.

Placer tin mining has been followed on the Seward peninsula since 1901, deposits having been found on Buck Creek in the Port Clarence district in 1900. But little real development has been done although fifty tons or so have been mined and shipped to the States for test purposes. The discovery of placer tin led to prospecting for tin in place and in 1902 a discovery was made in Port Clarence on Lost River which confirmed the belief of all old mining men that tin ore existed in considerable quantity in that region. These Lost River properties have recently been bonded in a large amount and a substantial first payment made. Forty men have been at work in these mines this summer.

The centre of the tin mining industry at present is at Tin City a small hamlet, thirty miles west of Teller City, near Cape Prince of Wales. This camp lies directly on the beach of Behring Sea, just southeast of Behring Strait and easily reached by boats of light draft. The mines are about two miles out of town. At present there are four or five companies which have been organized to mine tin in this district, the largest perhaps being the Bartels Tin Mining Company of New York. This company has done a great amount of development work and has erected a stamp mill which is steadily engaged in crushing the ore taken out in the work of development. The work of the past few years has uncovered a great body of pay ore and large shipments of concentrates are already being made.

The development work is done with drills driven by eletcric power and all portions of the equipment are strictly up-to-date. Several other companies are making an excellent showing and prospectors are busy in the belief that other valuable finds will be made. On the whole the tin outlook is a very promising one. It is the opinion of competent authorities that when greater depth has been gained in the development work on the already located mines great ore bodies will be found and that within two years thousands of tons of tin ore will either be smelted at Tin City or sent down to outside smelters. One of these authorities states that he has samples of quartz tin from this district which assayed as high as sixty-two per cent. tin to the ton.

At present the world's output of tin is under 90,000 tons per annum most of it coming from the stream tin mines of the Straits Settlement and the Dutch East Indies, both on the other side of the world. The tin miles of Cornwall, England, once the chief source of supply have been worked to great depths and are in a way to soon become exhausted. In fact the world has had to face a shortage in the supply of tin ore for some time. These discoveries in Alaska come at a most opportune time and enthusiasts predict that within two years the world's supply of the useful metal will be drawn from this region.

Of the enormous commercial development of this region this article has thus far not treated. One would need the space of an entire magazine just to mention the enterprises tributary to the mining industry which are developing along with it. Such a statement would tell of the millions invested in paying steamship lines between Nome and the States, the thousands invested in coastwise trade between the different ports of the peninsula. It would tell of the railroad development steadily pushing lines of steel into the interior and bidding fair in the future to cover the country with a net work of rails. It would tell of the development of water power and especially of the enormous ditch system which delivers water at hundreds of placer mines for miners' use making claims otherwise unproductive give golden yield to their hardy developers. But in closing I wish to tell the story of a recent enterprise which seems to be one of the most important yet undertaken in the way of furnishing power to the miner. This enterprise is nothing less than the building of an immense electric

power plant which will supply power to all parts of the Seward Peninsula. It will be located at Salmon Lake on the Pilgrim River and will be one of the most completely equipped plants in America. The leader in this great project is a man whose name is a household word in this northern country, a man who has already been the head of several great and successful enterprises here, W. L. Leland. Mr. Leland was instrumental in installing one of the great ditch systems already spoken of as supplying water to the placer mines of the district. A year ago he installed a great dredger on the Solomon River, one of the first of the advance guard of great gold ships which have operated with such enormous success in California and other states and are now beginning to find new fields for their operation in the placers of this country. Work on this great electric power project is now well under way and when completed the power will be supplied continuously, winter and summer, thus doing away with the great expense of providing power by the use of coal. Salmon Lake is an immense body of water, of great depth, in fact in portions soundings have been thus far unobtainable. An immense dam is being built to confine these waters and the depth to which the ice forms in winter has been carefully ascertained. The intake will be below this depth so that the winter's cold will have no influence on the production of power. This will be available by wire in all parts of the peninsula and can be applied to all the operations of mining such as hoisting, pumping, operating dredges, electric tramways, lighting, etc. The plant will be large enough for all the power needed for years to come and will be equipped with the best electric machinery obtainable. Its installation marks another step in the progress of the country and is hailed as one more mark of the stability of the region and the great things which are expected of it for an indefinite period in the future.

In conclusion: it is safe to say that the development of this region has but begun. It is in the early days of its pioneer activity. Vast regions yet remain for the explorer and prospector with promise of rich reward for the faithful. The working of industries which are capable of enormous development through a period of scores of years if not centuries is just on the threshold of enterprise. The placer region of the peninsula is, when compared with other placer regions discovered in the world, as a South Dakota wheat farm to a Rhode Island dooryard. A half century will not see the end of the paying development of the gold therein. The country is essentially a mineral one and on mining alone must it depend. But the business activities which thrive in a vigorous, enormously rich and productive community must follow and cannot fail to thrive equally.

A Plunger

By F. R. Weir

"IF you go, you understand it will be against my wish!"

The eyes of Mrs. James Willard blazed from the dark corner, where she sat huddled with her baby in her lap. She looked like some young animal, wounded and at bay, protecting her young.

Her husband regarded her complacently from a fine, masculine height. Her feminine inadequacy in business matters called for his tender, yet contemptuous pity.

"I must go, Celeste. Now, dear, try to exercise a little common sense. Can't you rely on your husband's judgment?"

He went over to her and laid a hand upon the tumbled masses of crinkly, yellow-brown hair, which, together with grey eyes and straight, dark brows, had been such a whip to his passion in their courting days. She did not repel his touch, but remained rigid under it.

"It is for the man to work out the problems and for the woman to be guided and protected. You are a dear, sweet wifie, Celeste, and I am willing to endure any hardships to make life easy for you. Why, little girl, that is all I live for. I hope to see you and this young lady here riding in your own auto, with a stone mansion on Queen Anne Hill and a dozen servants."

"I am willing for you to think out our problems," she declared, "more than willing—I am anxious —but—"

"But what, Celeste; don't mind my feelings."

"Well then, it seems to me you are running away and leaving me with the problems. Here I am half sick, with a three-week's-old baby, your visiting aunt, who is addicted to drink, and her cigarette-smoking son, on my hands, and the noble sum of fifty dollars to live on! Now where does the problem come in, and who must solve it?"

Willard thrust his hands into his pockets and went to the window, whistling furiously. The baby whined and grunted, and one little pink fist, the size of a walnut, flew out from among the blankets and waved defiance in the air; the puckered little mouth relaxed, opened, the tongue quavered, and the impatient young lady made her troubles known in the imperative squawk common to early infancy. Willard had intended to ignore his wife's remonstrances entirely, believing he had already explained as much of his plan as the illogical mind of a woman could assimilate, but the sound of his baby's cry softened him somewhat. He felt that he must possess his soul in patience, not forgetting all that Celeste had suffered for him and his little daughter. He must bear with her unreason. All women were unreasonable. They were charming things, so dainty, so pretty, so helpless, with their furbelows and fripperies and babies, but they had no

heads for business. He would not again so far forget his manhood as to let Celeste's inconsistencies move him.

"If you are head problem-solver," began Celeste again, in a tone—it must be confessed—not conducive to peace, "please tell me what I am to do with your drunken Aunt Martha Sam Dush and your cousin Bubby Dush, on fifty dollars, and you away up in Alaska?"

Willard was almost lost again. If Celeste had tackled the fifty dollar problem alone he would have replied for the hundredth time that those fifty dollars were only supposed to serve until he could send her returns from the "rich thing" to which his acquaintance with Hamblin Smith was leading him. Hamblin Smith had seen the claim! With his own eyes Hamblin Smith had seen the dull glimmer of gold in surprising quantities; with his own hands Hamblin Smith had sluiced out the precious little shiners to the amount of twenty-eight dollars to the pan. The goodness of heart and the emptiness of purse of Hamblin Smith were the combined forces taking him and Roxy — another casual acquaintance—to "the richest of all rich things!"

Hamblin Smith had met with misfortunes on his way out; and now, although knowing where gold lay like common pebbles, to be had for the washing, the want of a few paltry dollars hindered his return to his Eldorado. He was stranded here in Seattle, eating out his heart, not to mention other substantials which counted heavier in his board bill, while away to the north lay his treasure at the mercy of any miner who might happen to set up his box. Eight hundred dollars would take the three of them, with horses, tools and grub, safely to the creek where the red gold shone. Roxy had three hundred and twenty-five, Willard four hundred and fifty, and Smith thought he might scare up twenty-five dollars, which together with his painfully acquired knowledge of the location of "the rich thing," he would contribute to the expedition.

Willard had explained all this to his wife, and he was willing to go patiently over it again. In fact, he rather enjoyed the rehearsal; it made him feel so rich, but when she flung questions at him about his Aunt Martha Sam and Bubby, it confused and angered him. He was not to blame because his aunt had chosen this inopportune time to bless them with a visit; nor was he to be held accountable for the fact that during a dangerous illness away along back in her youth she had acquired a pernicious habit usually monopolized by the sterner sex; nor that her son, Bubby Dush, smoked cigarettes, banged his hair, and made himself undesirable in various ways. When he came to think of it, these were women's problems; they belonged to the social side of life and were for the wife to solve. The question of finances for him, undesirable guests for Celeste. He was glad he had thought of this decision.

"What," demanded Celeste, "is to be done with Aunt Martha Sam and Bubby Dush?"

"The entertainment of guests belongs to your part of the responsibilities; the provision for such entertainment to mine," declared Willard loftily, and stalked out of the house and down the street where he immediately fell into as abject a fit of the blues as a man can experience and live. The only comfort

he could find was in remembering that Celeste was unreasonable and had abused him.

"Serve her right if I were to throw the whole thing up, hand over the four fifty for her to entertain Aunt Martha Sam with, and go back to work for the railroad company nights, as I have been doing!"

At that moment a hand descended on his back with the weight of a falling church. "Good news, old man! The indications are now that we can go out on the Dolphin tomorrow night. Smith says that everything is picked up that we are going to need. We won't have to wait for the Don S. Gives us three days extra time, and time counts in a case of this kind."

"You seem very enthusiastic."

"Enthusiastic? Well, who would not be enthusiastic when they are going as straight as an arrow to the richest thing on earth?"

"Of course you haven't anything to dampen your spirits."

"No, but what have you?"

"A sulky wife, for one thing."

"And a darn pretty one at that, eh?" gurgled Roxy.

Willard bridled. For the first time Celeste's beauty seemed a disadvantage.

Roxy, unconscious of having given offense, threw himself into the details of their preparations with an ardor which would have inspired a dead man. His hair stuck up in little wisps, his necktie blew out, his hands and arms flew about, attracting the notice of the passerby as he recounted the brilliant prospects before them.

"And then the pleasures of the trip—just think of it, Jim! Why, ever since I was a youngster I've longed to do something—see something—go somewhere. Why, James, I believe you and I are the only two men in this city who haven't had a try at the North Countree!"

"Why aren't they all bending under the weight of their riches then?" asked Willard forebodingly.

"Well you see, they didn't all of them have a Hamblin Smith, a man who knows Alaska as a hen knows her own chicks, to lead them to as rich a thing as—"

"That's an unfortunate simile, Roxy. A hen never knows her own chicks. Back in Wisconsin, on the farm, we had a hen, I remember—"

"Aw come off, Jim! I've just been down to see Smith—I tell you that man has a head! Oh what a head that man has, and to think that two headless old cronies like you and me had the good luck to get in with him!"

Willard was full of unnecessary little resentments. "I'm not willing, Roxy—not just yet—to own myself a fool!"

"No?" cried Roxy good-naturedly, "I am. I never was noted for my thinking faculties, nor for my luck either; but this time I am to ride in on the coat-tails of Hamblin Smith! We two headless old cronies ride into victory! Come in and have a bowl!"

But Willard refused. He would not even go with Roxy to the fount of inspiration, Hamblin Smith. He was thinking of Celeste, and the baby, and that fifty dollars, and that miserable quarrel, and Aunt Martha Sam; and a lumpish, indefinable pain, which later might develop into homesickness, made itself felt in his bosom.

He went home and patched up a peace with Celeste, who also harbored a regret for sharp words spoken, which might be forgiven,

but never recalled. After all it was not poor old Jim's fault; it was the fault of that big, suave adventurer, Hamblin Smith, with his dyed moustache and liquor-tainted breath, and treacherous eyes, who needed the little savings and strong arms of her Jim and that hair-brained, fly-away Roxy, to set him going once more. If Smith had found such mountains of ore why hadn't some of it stuck to his fingers, Celeste asked the baby with flashing eyes. And the baby wabbled its head, and winked its inadequate, milky eyes, and gave it up.

Although she was scarcely able, Celeste went to the wharf to see her husband off, and as the city lights dropped away and the boat pushed out into the black water, the picture of her vivid face, framed in the hood of a garment which enveloped her in Dantesque shadows, made a strong impression on her husband's mind as she leant upon the unstable support afforded by the arm of Bubby Dush.

"Your wife is a fine looker," remarked Hamblin Smith with a flabby smile, and Willard turned upon him fiercely in a sudden desire to throw him overboard. Hamblin Smith's conception of womanhood had been acquired at great expense in concert saloons, and his admiration was an insult to an honest woman. But the better judgment, of which Willard had boasted to Celeste, prevailed and he stayed his hand.

After all why should he quarrel with a man for admiring his wife. She was beautiful, at least she had been before the birth of the child, and tonight her pitiful young face, with its quivering mouth and sorrowful eyes, possessed much of its old-time charm.

No, he could not afford to fall out with this big brute, for upon him hung all their hopes of fortune. For Celeste's sake, and the child's, he must be brave, and calm, and patient.

He confided something of this resolution to Roxy, who declared his belief that they would need both bravery and patience if they made the journey with Hamblin Smith.

"Why say!" he whispered fiercely, "if he divides up the running expenses as he has begun he can leave that twenty-five dollars of his to his grandchildren intact. It's my opinion we've run afoul of a rusty old sport!"

Like all over-enthusiastic people Roxy's courage had flown at the first test. From the moment the lighthouse on the point faded from view he was full of gloomy forebodings. This was not to be wondered at while they were at sea, for Roxy was a poor sailor, and although the start was made the seventeenth of May, the passage was extremely rough.

Once a day Roxy crept on deck, his hair sticking up in pathetic little tufts and his necktie awry. His favorite formula on these occasions was, "Gosh! Jim, ain't this terrible?" after which he would immediately go below again.

Hamblin Smith remained out of sight also, and Willard sat long days on deck gazing out across the heaving seas and thinking of Celeste's pitiful face on the wharf, and that paltry fifty dollars which must serve until he could send money from the North. At such times the boat could not go fast enough, and he determined to send her an extra hundred dollars from Valdes.

But when he reached Valdes he was obliged to admit that if ever he

hoped to see that wonderful claim, that "rich thing," out of which he was to wash autos and hill mansions for Celeste, he must give up the idea of sending back any money at present.

As often as possible he sought out Smith, and with pencil and paper figured out the very shortest time in which they might hope to realize something on the venture.

As the journey progressed these assurances of speedy returns, with which the promoter had lured them North, became more wavering and the bitterness of uncertainty entered Willard's soul. His anxiety was not lightened by Roxy's attitude.

"Do you know what I think?" whispered Roxy, with protruding chin and half-closed eyes, "I think that old alligator never saw Alaska before in his life!"

"Don't always look on the dark side, Roxy; what's got into you?"

"Yes, but look here, Jim, what's he always studying that old chart of his for? Break in on him any time of day or night there he sits, going up one creek and down another, astride of a lead pencil. He's got the whole map spider-webbed with trails. Why say, if we've got to travel all the trails he's got marked out on that chart we'll be older'n Rip Van Winkle before we ever reach that "rich thing" he's been advertisin'. And cranky! Why say, Jim, what do you think he advised me to do yesterday? You know that best suit of clothes that I wore on the boat coming up?"

"Was that your best suit, Roxy?"

"Best suit? Well I guess yes! What's the matter with that suit, I'd like to ask? I paid forty dollars for that suit in February. Don't you think it's rather swagger? I wanted to look sort of decent on the boat, you know— Aw yes, go on! Quit your gassin'! I know what you're goin' to say; that I paid dear to look decent, and then didn't look decent after all. Well, a seasick man doesn't care how he looks. And I did get some ungodly wrinkles in the coat, wearing it for a night-gown, that way; but it's a nice suit all the same. And that old turtle, Hamblin Smith, suggested that I sell it because it was unnecessary to pack clothes on the trail. Says I, 'I can't sell it up here.' 'Give it away, then,' says he. 'To whom shall I give it?' says I. 'You might find a squaw that would take it for second best,' says he. Well, laugh, if you think that's funny, Jim. Don't mind me. Now I don't see anything funny in it. If you want to laugh you should have heard what I said to him. I says, 'I'm ready to give my suit away when you get ready to abandon that forty-by-eighty-two-foot tarp you are lugging along to rest on nights.' I says, 'You've got very luxurious tastes Smith.' I says, 'It's a wonder to me you didn't insist on bringin' along a bath tub and a set of wire springs for your comfort.' Says I, 'There's that iron-gray mare just bending beneath the weight of a twenty-five pound tarp, and you kicking on my packing a light suit of clothes.' Says I, 'Why didn't you bring a study-lamp, and a set of the Encyclopedia Britannica to while away an idle hour evenings.'"

Before the expedition reached the mountain pass to which Smith's wavering captaincy led it, its members had been obliged to discard more than Smith's tarpaulin and Roxy's extra suit of clothes. Although one axe was an absolute

necessity, they decided that three were superfluous, and two were left in a road cabin.

Here, Roxy also forgot to put in a box of matches until after the packs were adjusted. "I'll stick 'em in my pocket," he said.

"You might as well throw them away. They'll be wet and worthless in no time," said Willard. "Put them in this tin box and stow them away under the eaves yonder."

"That's right," acquiesced Roxy, "some poor shivering devil who chances this way may thank God for 'em. I'll leave the end of the box sticking out in sight so he can't possibly miss 'em."

If there is any surer way to test a man's character than travelling with him to Alaska it has not yet been discovered.

Hamblin Smith did not need a week on the trail to prove himself inefficient, indolent and thoroughly selfish.

Not so Roxy. He grumbled all the time, but never shirked a duty. In fact, if Willard had allowed it, Roxy would have done two-thirds of the growling and almost all of the work. It was Roxy's especial duty to care for the horses, and he did it with a thoroughness prompted by his natural love of animals.

One day, about four o'clock, they camped not far from snow-line, on their downward journey to the valley where they were to find their fortune. Everybody, man or beast, was dropping with weariness. All day they had ploughed through the snowy pass. A dozen times they had been obliged to remove the packs from their horses and pack them again until Roxy declared the tendons of his own arms and legs were knotted in the "diamond hitch." Now immediately upon going into camp Smith threw himself upon his blanket and began studying his chart with anxious eyes, while Roxy took the pack from the animals once more, and Willard set about preparing the evening meal.

Suddenly Roxy discovered that the axe was gone and consternation reigned in the camp. They were helpless without an axe. They could not cut wood for their fire and there would be no use of proceeding on their journey the next day without it, for not an hour passed but they needed to hew a foothold for themselves or their horses.

"Somebody has got to go back and find it, that's a cinch," said Roxy.

"Who used the axe last?" demanded Willard.

"I did," owned Smith sullenly, "but I wouldn't go back to where I used that axe to save us all from hell!"

"You look after the horses then, and I'll go back," groaned Roxy. "Jim can't go with that galled foot of his. That last waltz of his with the iron-gray mare has used him up for mushin' any farther tonight. I'll go. You tether the beasts, Smith."

"Damn the beasts; let 'em tether themselves!"

"If they aren't fastened they'll make back over the trail."

"Leave grass and make back over a snow-covered trail? I guess not!"

"You can bet high they'll do that same. They don't want gold; they want home."

"Let the axe go. I'm too done up to stir tonight."

"'Deed I won't let the axe go!" there was a grieved look on Roxy's face. "You know well enough, Smith, I've got to have that axe. If

we didn't need it for anything else, I need it at meal times. Ever since I lost my jack-knife I've had to cut up my victuals with that axe. My aunt, who brought me up, used to be mighty particular about my table manners. I don't want to get to be a perfect heathen on this trip; I've got to have something to eat with. Come now, drop that fascinating geographical study of yours, and try to remember just where you used the axe last."

"As nearly as I can remember it was away up near the summit."

Roxy groaned. "Two miles straight up! Well, I'm off. Put on an extra slab of bacon, Willard. There is nothing like a pleasant mountain ramble just before tea to give a man an appetite."

When Roxy had gone Willard fell to gathering such small branches as he could without the aid of an axe, and as he worked he brooded, and his fears for Celeste arose and goaded him to desperation. He had sent a line from Valdes full of manufactured hope, for before his ocean voyage was finished he had lost faith in his guide. He would not be able to hear from her again for months. And fifty dollars! He threw on a handful of branches and the fire shot upward with a cheerful crackle.

Smith crawled to the blaze and hunched his bulky shoulders in appreciation of the warmth.

"Get up!" demanded Willard. He had never spoken that way before.

The lizardly black eyes returned his gaze with insolence. "What for?"

"Because I tell you to! I've got something to say to you, and I want you standing up when I say it. I don't want to take an unfair advantage of you."

The black eyes turned instinctively toward the corner of the tent where stood their owner's rifle. Willard noticed the movement.

"Oh, you'd like to shoot me, would you?"

"No, but if you are in for a quarrel I'd like to protect myself."

"Get up, I say! I want to ask if you know where we are, or if you took Roxy's money and mine on uncertainties? I mean business! I left a little woman in Seattle with only fifty dollars—"

"Oh hell! I left a half dozen without a cent!" and then he gurgled, and the black of his eyes went out of sight under the pallid lids above, leaving but a streak of ghastly white, for the hand on his throat was the hand of a thoroughly desperate man.

"I have a mind to kill you!" ground Willard between his teeth, but even as he said it he relaxed his grip.

Smith was humble enough. He had not dreamed Willard would be so angry.

"Gad! Willard, you wouldn't tackle a man who is near his end with exhaustion, would you?"

"As for that. you are no worse off than I am."

"Yes I am; I'm not the man you are. You are younger and—in better condition. No, Willard, you are not the fellow to throttle a man weaker than yourself."

"But you are the man to think of a gun at first sign of trouble."

"Only in self-defense, Willard, only in self-defense. I'm going to be honest with you, Jim—perfectly honest—I—don't know where we are!"

"I believe you. Now make your confession complete while you are about it. Were you ever really an

eye witness to the panning miracle which you described so graphically to Roxy and me when you were persuading us to take this trip?"

There was a slight hesitation, and then Smith threw himself upon the mercy of his interluctor. "No, Jim—I'll be frank—I was not."

"Were you ever further north than Everett before in your life?"

"Oh come now Jim—"

Willard hurled himself away from the man in terror lest he should do something rash. His last hope was gone. That "rich thing" upon which Roxy had descanted with bulging, hopeful eyes was a place of dreams, a will-o'-the-wisp, which had lured him even to the ends of the earth leaving Celeste and the baby to— He faced about and confronted Smith once more.

"What possessed you to do it? What do you get by the lie?"

Smith had recovered his grit. He fumbled at his injured throat and replied with eagerness, "In one way it was no lie. Cronk has been there; Cronk has seen it with his own eyes, and Cronk showed me on the map—"

"Why didn't you tell Roxy and me that it was Cronk, not you, who saw the gold washed out in panfuls?"

"You wouldn't have come."

"I most certainly would not have come!"

"And I had to get here somehow, Jim. I am a desperate man. I am penniless, and long past hard work. There was only one chance for me and that was luck in the North. Cronk has been there. He saw with his own eyes all that I described to you. I felt that I must get up here, but I had no money—"

"So you invited me to take the bread out of my wife's mouth in order to bring you up here and I—accepted the invitation! See here, Smith, I can't talk to you any more! I can't talk to anybody! But when Roxy comes back with the axe, you will hand over that chart, and we will take charge of this expedition and do what greenhorns may with it!"

And then he went away under the pretense of gathering more sticks for the fire, but in reality to be alone and think of Celeste. What would she do? What could she do? Sick, alone, and penniless!

At that time of the year the dark is long in coming in the Tanana region, but it came before Roxy returned. While Willard and Smith were eating their silent and unsavory supper Roxy burst in upon them, axe in hand.

"Maybe I haven't had a time!" he puffed. "I went back over two miles, up where the snow is deep and I hunted. Every place where the snow was trodden I pounded around to see if that dum axe hadn't got itself buried. While I was hunting about at the highest point—you know, Jim,—where that gully cuts into the side of the trail, I noticed that a fog was rising, and I began to get leery. It wasn't dark, but that infernal fog was shutting me in like a blanket. Thinks I to myself, 'Axe, or no axe, I've got to get out of here, or it won't be the axe alone that will be missing; it will be Roxy.' Well, just as I turned to make back, there, looming through the fog came three big shapes, and I was mad. Says I, 'Those infernal lazy louts down there have let those horses get loose, and here they come on their way home!' And just about then I realized that horses were not in the habit of snuffing peoples' tracks, and that

was what those things were doing. Once I thought of dogs, and once I thought I had fairies from drinkin' too much, and then, by gracious, when they were pretty nearly up to me, I tumbled. They were bears of the largest brand!

"About that time your chum Roxy began to wish he had lived a more religious life. Why it was terrible! They had spots on 'em, too, and that's the kind that hunger for man.

"I skipped into the gulch—you remember that gully up there near the summit—and they went shuffling by, still nosing in the snow tracks I had made but a minute before. You see I had doubled on myself for about twenty yards and that is all that saved me. When they had snuffled by I put out in this direction. I never stopped to coal up until I got down to snow line.

"About a quarter of a mile from camp—you remember, Jim, where the mule fell down—well there lay the axe in plain sight. How I ever got past it on my way up without cutting myself is a mystery to me."

The opportunity to tell Roxy of Smith's confession of ignorance in regard to their route did not come to Willard until morning.

"I knew it long ago!" Roxy declared with a melancholy shake of the head. "Why say, he inadvertently asked me one day what a ptarmigan was! I didn't tell you that. I knew you'd go dippy right away; but my cheerful disposition allows me to keep up in the face of the most appalling discouragements."

"Yes," sneered Willard, "you are about as cheerful as a death sentence. I've given him fair warning that hereafter we lead the expedition."

"What did you do that for? We can't lead it! How are we going to lead it when we don't know where it is this minute? We'll have all we can do to keep track of the axe. What we want to do is to let him keep on leading the expedition, and then with our latest breath we can lay the blame where it belongs."

"Don't be foolish, Roxy. We must make a trial. We must push on."

"Willard, my opinion is that we're about all in!"

"Nice way to talk! What about your cheerful disposition? I tell you, Roxy, we must win! What will become of Celeste and the baby if I fail?"

"That's easy; they'll just naturally everlastingly starve to death."

"Your jokes are in bad taste, Roxy."

"That is not a joke."

"Then you are a fool! What I want to say is, that I am captain hereafter."

"Well I want to know!" exclaimed Roxy. "You must have been elected during my absence."

"I was. Now this is my plan: we'll mush along down to where the river is not quite so rapid, then we will build a boat, shoot the horses, and make the rest of the journey by water. It is less risky, and much quicker."

Roxy agreed to everything except the shooting of the horses. During the construction of the boat he discovered fine pasturage about four miles below. "I'll take 'em down myself," he said. "Some poor devil hoofing it back may come acrost 'em and be glad of a lift," and then he sighed and shook his head. Roxy did nothing but sigh and shake his head nowadays.

When the boat was finished and Roxy had taken his animals down

to pasture, they transferred their packs and prepared to take their chances upon the river.

"If I had any property to leave I'd stop along about here and make my will," said Roxy.

Willard had been elected to steer, and as he took his place in the stern of the boat the dark swirling water caught it and whirled it down stream.

Roxy shook his head and groaned. For a half hour not a word was spoken, each man attending strictly to the part of the work which had been alloted him.

From his station in the back of the boat Willard could overlook their possessions. He knew the contents of every pack, and as they were whirled along he calculated mentally how long their provision would last. Their bacon would give out first, but by that time they ought to be taking out gold, that is if they were on the right track, and found the claim they were making for where they expected to find it; and by the time the flour was gone—

At that moment the river ahead separated to embrace an island composed of a log jam. On either side the water boiled madly. The melancholy countenance of Roxy appeared for an instant over his shoulder as he uttered his prophecy.

"Now this is where we git it!" he yelled, and the words were hardly out of his mouth when the boat struck the projecting wing of the jam and capsized, leaving its load in the boiling waters. The first object which met Willard's view as he struggled to the surface was the bald head of Hamblin Smith, with its fringe of black hair. Later Roxy's hat appeared in a fantastic performance all by itself; then a hand arose from the yeasty deep and grasped it, and then Willard and Roxy were straining side by side for the river bank.

"I told you so!" gasped Roxy, spewing water out of his mouth. "There's a job for us down there." He pointed to where a burly figure lay prone upon the bank. "He's got a good deal of liquified glacier inside of him, or I'm mistaken. Come, Jim, we must bail him out!"

There was nothing for it now but to go back, and that without supplies of any kind. Their rifles were with their bacon and their flour at the bottom of the river. Thanks to Roxy, the horses were still in commission; and as soon as Smith was able to travel the start was made. For three days they were without food, then Roxy killed a wounded ptarmigan with a rock, and they quarreled over the warm, bleeding carcass. Roxy declared the feathers even were delicious.

Their horses fared somewhat better, nibbling the sparse grass. They came at last to the road shanty and found the matches they had hidden. They also found, scattered over the floor, a quantity of white beans which some careless fellow had spilled and neglected to gather up again. These kept the life in them until they reached an Indian village where the principal industry was the drying of fish.

Willard, gaunt-eyed and cadaverous, would have bartered; but Roxy gorged himself with raw fish, and paid afterward.

That was the last of actual starvation. They ate fish after that until they reached a road house where they could obtain the sort of food which satisfies a white man.

As they came trailing out they met others trailing in. Once, as

their horses staggered through a maze of "nigger-heads," plunging and falling, and plunging again, cutting their own poor legs at every step, they met a party of five, headed by a grey-haired man—a forty-niner. As he passed Willard, jumping stiffly from one "nigger-head" to another, sweat and blood upon his face, he smiled and called out, "How we wander!" then labored on, without wasting in further conversation the breath he so sorely needed.

It is pitiful—this greed for gold. But who can wonder at it in this day and age? It is the key to every pleasure garden on earth. It will buy you respect, it will buy you love; if you are ugly it will redeem your appearances in the eyes of the world. And it is so hard for poor men to come by nowadays. What wonder they are willing to endure much in the hope of getting it. But the poor horses bleed and suffer and struggle and starve for nought. The dogs do not want gold; they want food and friends and they get neither in this gold-crazed North.

Exposure, anxiety and lack of proper nourishment were doing their work upon Jim Willard. Roxy shook his head dolefully.

"You are sick, Jim, I can see it in your face. You'll stay awhile in Valdes or I miss my guess."

Willard turned upon him fiercely. "Shut up, Roxy! I can't be sick; I've got to get back to Seattle!"

Later—yes, a good bit later—a bearded skeleton inquired with trembling lips if Roxy had had any word from Celeste.

"Well no," answered Roxy," my naturally cheerful disposition forbade me writing any such news as I had to offer to a starving widow. If I could have written, 'Your husband is well, has struck it rich, is coming on the first boat in the spring with a pokeful of dust,' I should have hastened to open the correspondence; but to sign my name to such a hatful of calamities as I should have been obliged to hand out—no, no, Jim, I couldn't do it. And besides, when you went dippy, you neglected to leave her address. Why say, if I had been obliged to plant you up here your widow would never have known what became of you, unless, as the wife of some more fortunate man, she had happened to take a pleasure trip up to these parts at some future time and recognized your remains. There would have been nothing to hinder. It costs like fury to be sick up here, and a poor man just can't afford to be buried. I was making calculations to stand your remains up somewhere against a rock and let 'em freeze."

"Roxy when can we start for home?"

"It will be some time, I'm afraid. You've been sick a long while, and we're in debt to the proprietor here clean over our heads. I've promised to work and settle up everything before we pull out."

"Oh God!" groaned the sick man, sinking on his pillow.

Roxy cleared his throat harshly and ruffled his hair. This would never do. If Jim went to worrying he would be right back again as bad as ever. The doctor said so.

"Don't worry, don't worry, Jim, you're all right; and your wife—why Jim, she's probably left you by this time and gone off with some man better able to support her. The baby is without doubt in some nice clean orphan asylum—don't worry anyway. These pretty, frivolous, yellar-headed women usually win

out. They strike on their feet like a cat. I never heard of one starving."

And then he laid the unsatisfactory condition of his patient to the inefficiency of the physician in charge.

"I have done everything I can," he declared with a sigh, "and I do wish Jim would get well, or—something!"

* * * * * *

Midnight, and the boat ding-donging her slow way to the pier. She was two hours behind time, but it made little difference to the man on deck whose coat collar was turned up about his face to keep out the damp air. Let her be two hours more in finding her wharf if she must; it would but postpone the dreaded discovery.

Willard had braced himself for a shock. Celeste might be dead, or she might have deserted him. How could it be otherwise? Wherever she was her resentment would be too great to be overcome. A woman always resents a financial failure. And the venture had been made against her wish.

Well, if he found that his return came as a misfortune to her he could at least do the Enoch Arden act; he could disappear again and leave her to a happier life. But if, on the other hand, he found her waiting, loving, in want perhaps but still his own— Ah God! how his heart yearned toward her and the child!

On the street a feverish unrest possessed him. He had no idea of intruding upon her at that time of night; he only meant to gaze up at her windows—how could they still be her windows? With the best intentions in the world Celeste could not claim windows without the wherewithal to pay for the privilege of calling them hers.

As he walked he frequently mopped his face with his handkerchief. He was weak from his late illness, and worse still, without hope or courage for what the immediate future had in store for him. There was the window where he had hoped to see the familiar outline of Celeste's curtain.

A white square seen dimly through the uncertain light, told Willard that the rooms were "to let."

Later in the day he inquired of the woman in the lower flat if she knew the whereabouts of the former second-floor tenant, Willard by name, but she was a newcomer and had never heard the name.

For a week Willard prowled about town, filled with a bitter resentment at the ill fortune which had left him to stagger, a deserted beggar, about these familiar streets. He would not advertise in order to find Celeste. He wanted to find Celeste before she found him. One night, or rather in the edge of the evening, as he peered from the back of a swiftly moving car at the pedestrians on the street, he saw Celeste. She was walking swiftly in the opposite direction from that in which the car was going, and walking with the old free, springy step of her girlhood. Her hair flowed fluffy and golden beneath a stylish hat. Her brown skirts swished energetically clear of the walk, disclosing the dainty swift-stepping feet beneath.

Such a vision of material prosperity was appalling to Willard in his present state of collapse. He swung free of the car and followed the vision at a safe distance, which, despite his best efforts, widened

constantly until he lost her in the door of a big building.

"Evidently better without me," he said bitterly, and turned away.

"Well by the great jumping Jerusalem if here ain't Jim Willard!" cried a voice.

There was an overpowering odor of cigarette smoke, a thin, flabby hand on his sleeve, and Bubby Dush, his young cousin, stood before him, his indefinite features, milky eyes, and generally anemic personality quite animated by his discovery.

"Well if Celeste won't whoop when she see you! Just come?"

"Just come," lied Willard, cheerfully abandoning his late decision to take himself off to the land of despair in silence. "Do you think—she will be glad to see me, Bubby?"

"Glad! Say, she'll go plumb up through the roof! She don't talk about anything else; it's all 'When Jim gets here.'"

"Perhaps she expects me with a pokeful of gold?"

"Aw — gold! She said all the time you'd come back as poor as a country minister. But say! she's makin' money hand over fist. Why say, we've done well here. Fine roomin'-house, you know. Plumb full this minute. Celeste does the business part, ma makes the beds and I tend the kid and sweep the halls. Say! You ain't seen the kid yet, have you? Well say, you want to know her! Cunningest little baggage in the city. Celeste shows her your picture and says, 'This is your own dear old daddy who is comin' home soon,' and she'll flop her arms up and down and squeal like a guinea-pig."

At this juncture the front door swung open and a clear, high voice called out, "Bubby, I want you this minute!" and then an avalanch of brown frock, snowy arms and golden hair fell upon Willard's shabby coat, and the same delicious voice was sobbing, "Oh Jim! Oh Jim! You've come at last!"

And he had contemplated stealing away!

An hour later, curled up beside him on a sofa in a seven-by-nine reception room, she told him all about it.

"You see I had to do something, Jim. I was in an awful predicament; half sick, with Aunt Martha Sam, Bubby Dush, and the baby on my hands. I felt sure your venture would come to nothing—yes, yes, I know you have failed—I could see that—but don't you worry; I've got a gold mine right here. I had a solemn, nose-to-nose talk with Aunt Martha Sam. I says, 'Now, Aunt Martha Sam, I'm awfully sorry I can't entertain you as I would like to, but the fact is I am in a boat, and I am going to do something desperate! I'm going to be a plunger,' and I went out and paid every cent of that fifty dollars for the first week's rent for this rooming-house.

"Meanwhile, Aunt Martha Sam fed us on her return ticket. I hated to have Aunt Martha Sam sell her return ticket — oh you needn't laugh; Aunt Martha Sam and Bubby Dush have stood at my back manfully. The house began to fill at once, and we have cleared off the debts and have a little money in the bank. What do you think of that?"

Jim sighed. "Do you feel like taking on another hand—say for the spitoons?"

Celeste giggled and hugged him tight. "You shall be partner in the business—silent, of course, because

—well—men don't understand running a business of this kind. Business ability doesn't depend on sex. That knowledge has been forced upon me. Now there's Bubby Dush: he's no earthly use anywhere except in the nursery, but he is a masterly hand with the baby. She loves him. He would be perfect as a nurse-girl if he only would give up cigarettes. But now that you are home to help we shall have more leisure, and be so comfy!"

And Jim kissed her and prepared to become a very humble and tractable partner in the business.

The Purple Island

By M. E. Starbuck

Purple Island! Purple Island!
There are mystic moments when
All the voices of the springtime
Call us o'er and o'er again.

Back to thee, far Purple Island
Where the slow tides rise and fall—
And the spirit slips its moorings
When in spring the voices call.

All the weary ache of longing
Born of absence fades away;
We can see the white sails winging
Homeward at the close of day,

And beyond, the silver harbor,
And the gray roofs of the town;
And the tender purple shadows
Of the night come drifting down.

Soft the air and full of fragrance
Breath of sweet-fern, breath of pine,
Pungent odor of the cedars,
Bayberry and wild grape-vine.

Tranquil miles of open moorland
Once again before us lie,
Once again the crooning ocean
Soothes us with its lullaby.

And the old spell falls upon us
As the stars shine out above,
And thy peace enfolds us wholly
Purple Island of our love.

Mistress Mary

By Frederick M. Smith

THE old-fashioned white house sat on the very top of the hill; in front of it was an old-fashioned terraced garden full of flowering shrubs and other perennials, white bridal wreath and pink azaleas, peonies of still deeper pink, yellow lilies, and roses that were deep red. In the middle of the rose plot a girl in a white dress was working. She had pushed back her straw garden hat till it dangled at her shoulders and left her hair free to reflect the glories of the sun and be tumbled by the light morning breeze.

In the gay June weather both the sun and the breeze were doing their parts. It was very brown hair; she had eyes like brown flowers; her cheeks were brown, too. And her nose had that upward turn which poets call "tip-tilted" and the irreverent "pug." It was given an added fascination by a little line of freckles which marched across it at the bridge.

A man came through a clap-gate in the fence which separated the terraced garden from the next yard. He was not a young man, neither was he old, not by a great deal, though there were the beginning of wrinkles about his eyes and the hair at the temples was salted with gray. But the man had lived alone for a long time and had begun to believe himself old, which habit of mind is, of course, a mistake; if persisted in long it is fatal to youth. There are, however, remedies which are efficacious if applied in time.

The girl looked up at the click of of the gate. "Good morning, Horace," said she.

"Hello, Molly. How does the garden grow?"

Molly frowned, "No silver bells or cockle shells or pretty maids," she said discontentedly.

"Not in a row, perhaps," corrected Horace.

Molly ignored the correction. "It needs rain," she advanced, practically. "All plants need rain if they are to grow—garden plants and other sorts."

"But it seems to be doing beautifully, and I thought we had had a good deal of rain."

"No we haven't," said Miss Molly contrarily.

Horace stroked his nose, "What's the matter?" he asked. "Has anything gone wrong?"

Molly looked at him for a moment, soberly, and then turned to the roses. But she sighed.

"If there's anything I can do?"

"I'm afraid I oughtn't to tell you," said Molly, "I haven't any right to bother you with my trouble."

Horace had come up very close to her now. "Molly, I've known you ever since you were very little. I'm your oldest friend. If there's a trouble, who has a better right to help you than I?"

Through the brown on the girl's

cheeks came the faintest tinge of color. "I suppose," she hesitated, "that I might tell you, though one oughtn't to talk to one man about another."

Horace frowned. "About another man?" he questioned.

Molly gave a little affirmative duck of the head.

There was a silence. "A—a young man?" asked Horace, finally.

The nod was more decided.

Horace turned away and looked down the terraces, off over the treetops to the thin gray line of mountains in the east. "Perhaps," he hesitated, "I haven't any right to ask about that; but I'm such an old beggar, and I've helped bring you up— If I could do anything—"

"I know you could," said Molly hopefully. "You could influence father."

The man minutely examined a rose leaf. "You want me to intercede?"

"Well, I'd like somebody to do something," said the girl.

"Your father doesn't like the man?"

Molly shook her head till the hat at her back wobbled. "It's father who's doing it. He got it into his head that I must marry; he wants to see me settled."

"And you don't want to?" Try as he would Horace could not keep a little note of exultation out of his voice.

"Not yet."

Horace gripped himself and affected to be judicial. "Of course," he commented, slowly, "you will be be getting married some day. It's right you should. A girl's happier. We must resign ourselves—I mean I understand how your father feels. You're nearly a woman."

Molly's big, brown eyes glinted. "Nearly!" she echoed scornfully. "Perhaps I'm quite enough of one not to want every man who is picked out for me."

"He has picked out some one?"

"There's a man he likes and whom he thinks I ought to like. I shouldn't wonder if they had arranged it between them."

"I suppose you don't want to tell me who?"

Molly pondered a minute, and back in the brown eyes there was a question, a doubt. "I suppose I'd better not."

"Is it anybody I know?"

Molly destroyed a red rose petal by petal. Then she shook her head. "No, you don't know him," she replied gravely.

"And you are very much opposed to—to—"

"Yes," she said, decidedly. "I should hate a man who married me just because it seemed convenient for both of us."

Again Horace adopted the judicial. "Maybe you'll learn to like him. A girl doesn't always know her own mind."

"A girl knows her own mind quite as much as a man does. I think she knows it better. But anyway, I wouldn't marry him if I did love him, because he doesn't love me." There was a glow of decision in her voice.

"Doesn't love you!"

"I told you it was just an arrangement between him and father."

"That's absurd. Your father wouldn't make you marry a man who didn't care for you."

"Father probably thinks he does care," she submitted.

Horace stared at her.

"But I shall have nothing to do with him," said Molly firmly. "And you can help me by telling

father so. You can tell him I won't listen to it. You must make him see that I'm quite able to take care of myself, and that it is nonsense to talk about seeing me settled before he dies, because he's going to live a long time yet. He's not an old man, is he, Horace?'

"No."

"You tell him that. Tell him it's foolish to urge me. He thinks a lot of your opinion, you know. You've been neighbors so long, and and he knows you have a brotherly interest in me, so your telling him won't seem selfish."

Horace took a long breath and looked at her. "He'll probably think I'm meddling. But I don't think you should be urged. When the right man comes, we must give you up. But there's time enough; if you're sure this isn't the right one, your father will understand. You're mistaken about him."

"I'm not mistaken. I suppose that rather than 'meddle,' as you call it, you'd be satisfied to see me marry just to get a home?"

Horace stiffened. "That's unkind. You know I'd do anything if I thought I could make you happier."

Molly looked toward the house. "If you really cared to help me, I guess you could," she said.

"Is your father in the house?"

"He's in the sitting-room."

Horace went firmly into the big, sunny sitting-room, and sat down before John Bascom. The old man smiled a greeting.

"John," began the other, "you'll not think I'm meddling?"

"Meddling?"

"There's something I want to say about Molly."

John Bascom smiled again. "Why, Horace," he said. "Nothing that you could say about Molly would be meddling. You have her interests at heart as much as I."

Horace nodded slowly. "God knows I have," he said, fervently. "I've watched her since she was a baby. I've seen her grow into her fine womanhood. If I wasn't such an old fellow— But it's this thing about her marriage that I want to ask about. She has been telling me— You mustn't mind her taking me into her confidence. She looks on me as a brother— She has been telling me that you want her to marry."

"Oh, she's been telling you that?"

"Yes, and of course I understand how you feel about it. You think you're getting along and you want to see her provided for, but there's not need of hurrying matters. In the first place, she's young and you're not old. There's plenty of time for her to get settled before anything happens to you even if she waits five years. And in the next place, if anything does happen, you can trust me, you can trust all of us to see that she's looked after. She ought to have every opportunity to make a free choice. Is it good to urge her to marry a man who isn't suited to her?"

John Bascom coughed. "Isn't he suited to her?" he asked.

"I suppose she's the judge, and she seems to think not."

"Yes, she's the judge. Let's see, she has told you that I want her to marry a certain,—some particular man?"

"Yes."

"Curious."

"She is quite determined not to marry the man you have thought of."

"Then, she didn't tell you who he was?"

"I couldn't ask her that."

John Bascom smiled. "Horace," he said, "you and I are old friends, so you mustn't think I'm meddling. I think a good deal of Molly. Since her mother died she is all I've had, but some day I'm going the way of all flesh. It isn't as if Molly had a lot of cousins and aunts and brothers to look after her. She'll be practically alone. You say she has good friends; but they are not quite the same as those of her own blood. You can't blame me for being a little anxious about her future."

"No, but—"

"I'll acknowledge that I do hope to see her married. I've never exactly mentioned any particular man—"

"Never mentioned!"

"But I suppose I've hinted. I guess she knows pretty well the man I'd like her to marry, and of course the only man who ever came into my head, or hers either, in that connection is a man who has known her ever since she wore short dresses, a man whose garden isn't miles from ours, a man I could trust her with. Horace—"

"Me!" said Horace with a gasp.

John Bascom smiled. "You must forgive me, Horace, but since you've spoken as you have you'll let me say that. I don't want to meddle."

"Me!" said Horace again; but a sudden warmth came into his eyes. "I'm too old," he added. "No wonder Molly wouldn't care for me."

"Don't get into the way of calling yourself old. A man of five and thirty is in his best youth, and as long as Molly is in love with you—"

"With me!"

"You haven't seen it?"

"But she has just declared that she wouldn't marry the man you wanted her to. She made me come and tell you so. It can't be me; she said I didn't know him."

"Well, do you, Horace?"

For ten seconds the men looked into each other's eyes, and the light in the older man's was half humorous, half serious questioning.

Suddenly Horace laughed boyishly. "I wonder if I do?" he said, and as he thought of Molly among her roses, "I guess there's a good deal I don't know," he added.

"You and I haven't kept up with her, Horace. We've been thinking of her as a child and she's a woman. She told you the man didn't love her, and that was why she wouldn't love him."

"God knows I love her," said Horace with a tremble in his voice.

"But you've never told her so."

"I loved her a a child, and lately I've known that I love her as a woman. But I tried to keep it to myself."

"Women like to be told, Horace."

"I tried to keep it because I thought it would not be fair to her. I tried not to let her see. But you know I love her."

"I guess she knows, too."

"She knows!"

"They see a good deal, Horace. You can't keep things like that from a woman. They have their ways. They're all alike whether they are born on a hillside in New Hampshire or in a city like New York. When it comes to dealing with men, they're all alike. They have their ways of knowing and their ways, queer ways, Horace, of letting others know, but—"

But Horace was going out of the door.

He walked out of the house on the hilltop and down through the old-fashioned, terraced garden to

the girl among the roses. Her industry increased as he approached, and she did not look up till he stopped quite close to her. Then something in his face made her cheeks become sudden rivals of the red blossoms that nodded around her head. But woman-like, she turned her eyes to the flowers.

"I have talked with your father."

"Oh!" said Molly.

"He says you've got to marry the man."

Molly bridled instantly.

"Suppose you were mistaken about him? Suppose he does love you very much? Suppose he has loved you always, through childhood to womanhood? Suppose he has known for the last year that he wanted you for his wife, but because he thought he was too much of an old fogy and because he didn't believe you could ever care for him, he didn't say anything? If the man felt that way, if he wanted you a lot, even though he is a good deal of a fool about some things, do you think you could love him a little, Molly, and marry him?"

It was a long speech, but Horace made it steadily, and at the end he took possession of the small pink hand that was fumbling vaguely with the green leaves.

As Molly met his eyes, she slipped an arm around his neck and hid her face on his arm. "If he was such an old dear as you, Horace, I guess I'd have to," she said with a little gulp of content.

48178

The Hills of God

By Konan Machugh

Sometimes, when low across the land
Glints the first ray of evening star,
The hills of God, by day so far,
Lifted and glowing seem to stand,
More near, more fair, more saintly grand,
While all between the weary way
Is wrapped in cloak of sombre gray
Close drawn at Night's serene command.

The hills of God; so high and fair,
Athwart the sunset's crimson bars
They lift a stairway to the stars,
And softly up each glowing stair
The giant burdens of the day
Climb, angels in the far away.

The Massachusetts Bench and Bar

By Stephen O. Sherman and Weston F. Hutchins

IV

Some of the Humorous Incidents in the Practice of Law

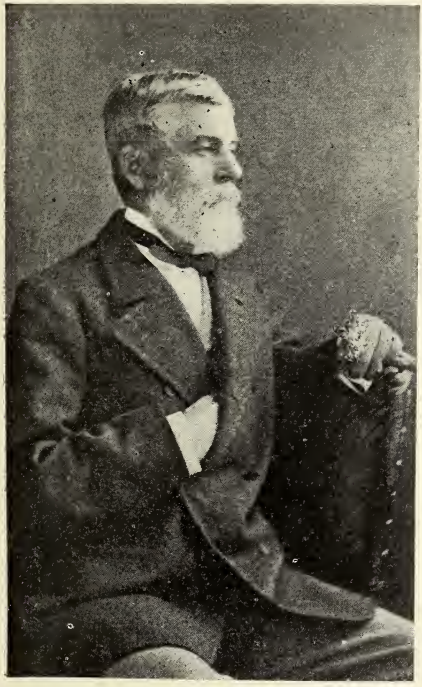
George M. Stearns, the Man of Magnetic Personality—Some of His Famous Witticisms—His Love for the Little Towns—His Encounters with the Preachers—"Another Victim of Circumstantial Evidence"—Tolman Willey and His Retort on Judge Lord—His Fright at the Bath House—Edward D. Sohier and His Apt Illustrations—Charles A. Welch and Chief Justice Shaw—Judge Lord and the Intoxicated Attorney—Durant's Sharp Rejoinder to Butler—Judge E. R. Hoar's Best Mot—A. A. Ranney's Sharp Answer to Judge Lord—Robert Morris and A Case in Which He Came Off Second Best—Some of the Humorous Sayings of Judge Sherman—Extemporaneous Witticisms of Joseph Lundy.

SEVERE as are the requirements of the law, and there is no profession in which they are more exacting, it has its humorous incidents, which are relished all the more because of the careful and confining study and the close attention which attorneys are required to give to every detail in order to prosecute their cases successfully. When these incidents occur they serve as an escape valve and are greatly enjoyed by bench, bar and spectators as well. It is by no means an easy matter to attempt to classify the bright sayings, the sharp repartee and the amusing rejoinders of bench and bar, because some of the best things are the only things in that line from that person. The real wit is that which sparkles while poring over the dusty tomes of the law, while ministering to the people in the pulpit, while presiding on the bench, or pursuing any other avocation, and humor like the pent up mountain stream will break forth from its environment, force its way through any obstacle, and pursue its purling, babbling course to the sea.

A magazine article is too brief to give anything but a bare outline of the rich and varied career of a man like George M. Stearns. When one endeavors to fill in the details or indicate the workings of such a mind, at the outset he encounters that most perplexing and inexplicable thing, a magnetic personality. George M. Stearns belonged to that class of Americans of whom Abraham Lincoln was the most shining example, men in whose minds there was absolutely no consciousness of class distinctions. No account of Mr. Stearns could be complete without its stories. Here again the writer is confronted with another difficulty, for the number and va-

riety of these is so great that the choice becomes a perplexing one.

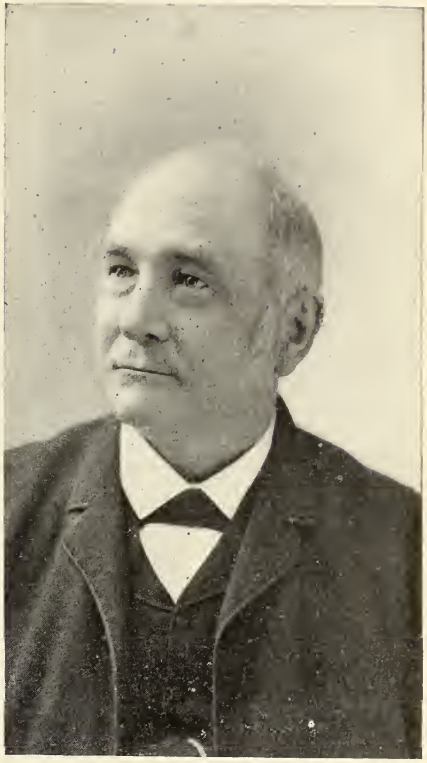
Upon returning from a jaunt with a brother lawyer, he said to his companion, "Now I'll go home and tell my wife I've been with you all day and she will be delighted. At other times when I go home, and tell her with whom I have been, she says, 'Oh George! Oh George! How can you associate with such



C. A. WELCH

men!' And when I have come to think it over, some of them have been the biggest scamps in the country, and I hadn't even thought of it!"

In one of his cases Mr. Stearns appeared for an administrator who was trying to recover for the estate property that had been fraudulently conveyed. On the third day of the trial he told his client that he



GEORGE M. STEARNS

feared they were beaten. "See that first man in the back row of the jury seats?" he said. "He has all of his property in his wife's name. Two seats from him is a man who never dared to own anything in his own right. In the front row is the confidential bookkeeper of a firm that has just assigned." Three more men whose sympathies would naturally be with the defendant were pointed out by Mr. Stearns who added, "But we are in here and must get out." In his argument for half an hour he struck straight from the shoulder at the terrible immorality of concealing property from creditors. Then followed a half hour of stories, told in his inimitable way, every one of which

set the court and jury into a roar. In the jury room the confidential bookkeeper became a warm advocate for the restoration of the property and none of the other five jurors dared to avow sympathy for the wicked practice exposed by Mr. Stearns, who as a consequence won his case.

When invited by Mr. Spencer, to meet the members of the Boston Stock Exchange, Mr. Stearns sent this characteristic reply. "I am very sorry to be compelled to decline your kind invitation. . . . I have often met members of the Boston Stock Exchange, and am profoundly impressed with their ability, and worth. . . . I know they have money, because mine is gone, and I feel that they are highly respectable, else I never should have met them. The great political cries exalting the encouragement of labor are now heard on every side, but I have never discovered any impulse to labor so commanding and vigorous as contact with the Stock Exchange. Every time I have met its members I have been confronted, not with a theory but a condition, and that condition most imperatively demanded that I should go to work and earn more money. All this however has been accomplished with such urbanity, grace and politeness that I have been better pleased to be penniless than to have lost the meeting and been laden with the gold of Ophir."

Mr. Stearns once defended a young man who obtained his living in various ways, some of them not quite commendable perhaps. He had had a quarrel with another boy and in the course of the altercation had bitten the other boy's thumb off. His indictment followed and the prospect of going to state prison for a protracted term was good when Mr. Stearns took the case and after considerable effort secured his discharge, for which he was exceedingly grateful. Some time after that, as Mr. Stearns was walking along a street in New Bedford, he met his former client who was very much pleased to see him. "How are you getting along?" asked Mr. Stearns. "Poor, poor," was the reply. "I had a slick thing, a little dive with a good game on the side, when the fool of a city elected a Christian mayor who poked his nose into everything and broke up all the good things I had." As he was talking they came to a fine stone church and the former client pointing to it said emphatically, "Mr. Stearns, them's the damned things that's ruining this country."

While acting as counsel for the residents of Beverly Farms, before a legislative committee in 1887, Mr. Stearns said, "I love these little towns. I was born in Stoughton, and I spent my early days upon the hills of the little bit of a town of Rowe, with six hundred inhabitants. I can truly say that I passed the purest and most unsoiled portion of my life there. I cannot but remember with fondness, as I look back to that life and memory brings up again its visions of the past, those joys that came from ordinary things, before satiety demanded the peppered and highly seasoned excitements of the world to satisfy; of the dance down in the farmer's kitchen; of the little girl with red hair and the red flannel dress, that I danced with and who, as we went down the centre and came up on the outside, emitted no odor of musk, no perfume of Lubin, but the whole-

some, and pungent fragrance bestowed by frying doughnuts."

Mrs. Stearns was a devout attendant at the Unitarian church in Chicopee. During the summer season, in the absence of the regular pastor, a student was generally called in to supply the pulpit. On one of these summer Sundays Mrs. Stearns returned home and greeted her husband with, "We had a most excellent sermon, and I wish George you had been there to hear it. It was a discourse against horse trotting and gambling in all its forms. I have invited the preacher here to dinner, and I don't want you to say anything to make the young man feel uncomfortable." The caller came, dinner was announced and when soup had been served Mr. Sterns addressing the visitor said, "My wife tells me that you preached an excellent sermon to-day." "I fear she flatters me," replied the preacher. "And that you denounced horse trotting, and gambling in general?" "Yes, I certainly did not favor those forms of sport." "Perhaps you don't know that I'm rather fond of playing a game of cards and that I am president of the Hampden Park Trotting Association?" "Well," said the preacher, "I am very sorry if I have said anything that is offensive to you." "Oh no! It's not offensive to me. I tell you it would be a d——d poor sermon that wouldn't hit me somewhere."

Mr. Stearns always liked to tell of another young clergyman who came to his house. At the morning service he had uttered a very devout prayer, in which he spoke several times of "We poor worms of the dust." At the Stearns house, he had a good, wholesome dinner, with a bottle of champagne, which he supposed was cider "made by an old farmer named Mumm," and at the afternoon service, strode proudly up the broad aisle, and began his prayer with. "We thank Thee O Lord, that we are created in Thine image."

Once, while trying a case, Mr Stearns said he could best illustrate circumstantial evidence by telling about a boy in Chicopee, who was very fond of custard pie. One day when the folks were away, he got into the pantry and finding a custard pie, ate it all. Then, thinking of a strap which was used by his father on important occasions, he caught the house cat, smeared custard over its mouth and paws and allowed it to go. The old man returned in the meantime, found that the pie had been devoured, got a rope, fastened the cat to a tree, went to the house, and got his gun. The boy, who had sneaked behind the barn remarked, as he heard the explosion that followed, "There goes another victim of circumstantial evidence."

Tolman Willey, one of the ablest lawyers of the last generation, was trying a case before Judge Lord at East Cambridge. For some reason the court got out of patience with the way the case was being presented and Willey's client was unmercifully questioned and, as a result, was practically put out of court. Willey, who was a large, well dressed man, of fine presence and a wonderful command of words, took it all in silence while a bland smile wreathed his face. When Judge Lord had finished his sharp examination Willey turned around, faced the audience and, casting his eyes up to the gallery

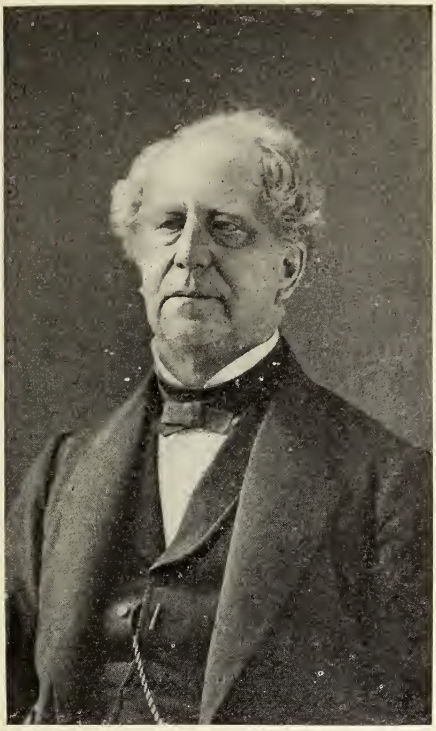
at the rear of the room, asked in the gentlest voice possible, "Is there anyone else here who would like to question my client?"

In another case, Willey was opposed by Edward Avery, who, with George M. Stearns, made one of the best political teams the Massachusetts democracy has ever put into the field. While Willey was addressing the jury Avery interrupted him several times and, when patience ceased to be a virtue, he turned gravely to the court and asked, "May it please your honor, How long am I to be annoyed by the buzzing of this gad-fly?" The shot was effective and Avery ceased his interruptions.

A large handsome man, with black hair and neat in his attire, Willey was nevertheless what would be called "made up" in these later days. He wore a wig and his clothing was so made as to add to the beauty of his fine figure. The older lawyers tell a story of his experiences in the public bath houses, which were a well known resort on what is now Court street in the days when Willey was a famous figure at the bar. He was a frequenter of these baths and one day while there a big rat in some way found entrance and appeared in Willey's compartment, much to his surprise and not a little to his dismay. Although he was not in the toggery of polite society, Willey beat a hasty retreat and appeared before the hardly less surprised bath keeper minus his wig and the other essentials of his make-up. What this strange thing was that had come in upon him so suddenly, the bath keeper could not for the life of him make out, but just as he was on the point of sending for the watch he found out that it was Mr. Willey, that an enormous rat had caused all the trouble, and when the latter had been despatched quiet was restored and Mr. Willey was enabled to resume his ablutions in peace.

Sohier & Welch! How those names carry one back into the last generation, into the time when there were giants in this profession of law, when the men who acquired large fortunes by its practice were few and when those fortunes represented an enormous amount of work. Both of these men were unusually successful at the bar, where their firm was known and honored for a period of sixty years. Edward D. Sohier died in 1888, Mr. Welch survives and now resides at Cohasset. He is still active at ninety-one, seldom visits Boston, and gives most of his time to the care of large trusts. Mr. Sohier was one of the greatest humorists at the bar and no one has since risen to fully take his place. His humor found expression on every occasion and many a dry trial was brightened by his witty remarks, as one day when he sat in the Supreme Court room with his head bowed down on the table before him. As he sat there, the full bench filed slowly in. It included two young men who had just been appointed and who were not particularly well known to Mr. Sohier. Raising his head he looked the court over and then, turning to an acquaintance who sat beside him, whispered, "What's this, a kindergarten?"

Labored and studious in argument, keen in perception, Mr. Sohier was always apt in illustration, and in nothing was he more apt than in his application of names that were

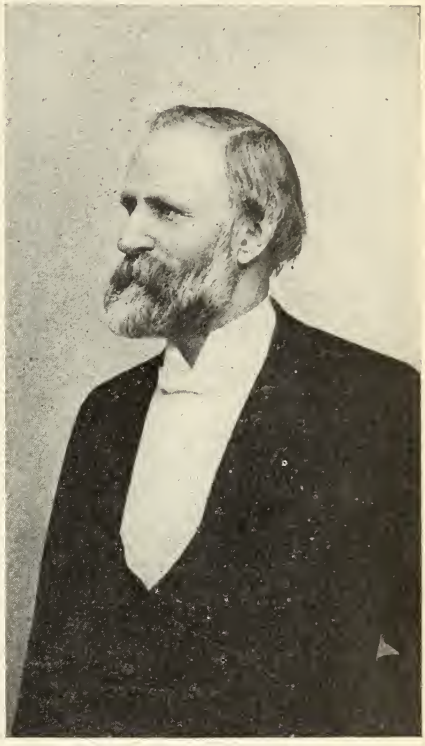


TOLMAN WILLEY

suggested by the peculiarities of men. "The Camel" was the name he applied to one man who never drank water, "because," as he naively remarked, "a camel always carries his." A client who moved about on crutches was always referred to as "The Devil on two sticks" and a lawyer who was very particular about his personal appearance was referred to as "Ginger tail." In one case he had a shaky witness. Some one in speaking of the case, said, "I don't know Mr. Sohier, what will happen to the case when that witness takes the stand." "The fear of God will strike him," said Sohier, and sure enough, when he was called to the stand he made an excellent witness and Sohier won his case.

When a young man as he entered his office a dog bit him on the leg and he thereupon proceeded to punish the animal. His father, who saw him, shouted, "Ned, don't kick that dog!" "But he bit me, sir!" "No he didn't bite you!" "Then I didn't kick him."

Years afterward when he had attained a foremost place at the bar



JUDGE EDGAR J. SHERMAN

he entered his office, which was where Young's Hotel now stands on Court street and said he wanted to buy land on the Back Bay. "What kind of land?" he was asked. "O any kind of land. I don't care what it is." "What do you want to buy land on the Back Bay for?" "Well I've been driving across there every day and I imagine I

smell an offensive odor from those flats. I know if I own land there I shall never smell it again."

It was when Mr. Sohier was informed that Henry F. Durant had become converted and intended to become a lay preacher, that he replied, "That so? Going to turn state's evidence on the devil, is he?"

Once there was consternation among the members of the bar, when it was learned that Judges Aldrich, Wilkinson and Bacon were to preside respectively in the two civil and the criminal sessions of the superior court. Judge Aldrich was a confirmed dyspeptic, Judge Wilkinson was very deaf, and as a lawyer Judge Bacon, in Mr. Sohier's opinion, did not rank among the highest. On being asked what he thought of the combination Mr. Sohier said, "One won't hear you, the second can't, and it don't make any difference whether the third does or not."

It was to one attorney, whom we will call Thompson, that Mr. Sohier referred as "Lighthouse," because as he explained, he had studied law by a revolving light, and hence his knowledge of it was only good in spots. The name stuck ,and he was known as "Lighthouse Thompson" ever after.

More than one member of the bar in active practice to-day, has reason to remember the apt name that was applied to him by E. D. Sohier, the "Tadpole and Pollywog," and "Boreas and Zephryus" being instances of this. The story about the horse, which has been attributed to Mr. Sohier, belongs really to his life long partner. Welch and Wendell Phillips, while at Harvard, were joint proprietors of a nag which was balky and would never go over a bridge. Naturally they wanted to sell him and their advertisement read: "For Sale. A horse. To be sold for no fault except that the owner is desirous of leaving town."

Mr. Welch always enjoyed telling the story of his first appearance before Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw. After his argument he remained standing and the Chief Justice, observing it, asked, "Are you through, Brother Welch?" "Yes, your honor." "Then why don't you sit down, sir?" It was on that occasion that another attorney, in arguing his case, repeated the words, "Look at the statutes," so often that the learned jurist at last lost patience with him and retorted, "Huh! Look at them yourself, sir." It was after Mr. Welch had met with an accident, by which he lost the use of his lower limbs for a time, that an enterprising reporter went to see him in regard to the equipment most needed by a lawyer. "What does a lawyer need most?" he repeated slowly after the visitor. "Legs, young man, legs."

Judge Otis P. Lord of the Supreme Court was not a humorist, nor was he a man in whom humor prevailed to any great extent, although he could and did enjoy many a witty sally in court, but it was his fortune to be on the bench when some particularly amusing things occurred. It was while he was holding the divorce court at Cambridge, that a well known attorney of northern Middlesex was in attendance. As the wait was somewhat prolonged and the attorney was of a convivial turn he visited a neighboring bar until his condition became apparent to every one in the room. When at last his case

was reached he called his witnesses and prepared to go on.

"This case is postponed until tomorrow morning," said Judge Lord in his severest manner as he glared down at the erring attorney. "Your honor," said the lawyer, as he steadied himself against the rail and looked up imploringly at the court, "I have waited patiently for my turn and now that I am reached I insist upon having the case tried." "Mr. Blank, you are drunk," was the only response he got. "All right," was the reply of the lawyer, as he still clung to the rail for support and kept his eyes on the court, "That is the most sensible ruling your honor has made this term."

It was the same attorney who walked into the Sheriff's office in the old court house at Cambridge, ready to proceed with the trial of a case in which he appeared as counsel. At the time a sheriff's officer sat in the office alone. The attorney asked him if he thought there would be time to go out and get a drink before "That old fool comes in, and opens court." Before the officer had time to reply Judge Lord stepped out of an adjoining room and said, "If you hurry up, Mr. Blank I will wait for you."

It was before Judge Lord that General Butler and Henry F. Durant were trying a case in the days before the war. There had been much verbal sparring between the two learned gentlemen and in one of their many tilts Butler turned toward Durant and said, "The one act in my professional career which I most regret, is that I recommended you for admission to the bar." To which Durant retorted with, "And the one thing that has surprised me most, is that the court should have admitted me upon your recommendation."

Once while presiding in the Supreme Court in Boston, Judge Lord heard a case in which the mother of a child was making an effort to get possession of the little one, or at least to secure the privilege of seeing her. The father and mother had differed. The father in spite had placed the child in an institution, and had instructed the authorities to permit no one to see her. The head of the institution was on the stand. As the evidence proceeded Judge Lord began to squirm about in his chair in the way so familiar to those who knew him and it was evident to those in the court room that something would be doing presently. At last, unable to stand it any longer, Judge Lord turned to the witness and asked "By what authority did you refuse to allow this woman to see her child?" "By authority of the father the legal guardian of the child, was the reply. "Yes, yes, but did you have any other authority?" "None was necessary," was the bland reply. "I had the authority of the father, the legal guardian of the child."

Judge Lord squared his chair around so that he could face the witness, and then burst out with "Legal guardian of the child! Legal guardian of the child! I thank you sir, not to repeat that expression. I'd have you know sir that a justice of this court, knows quite as much of the law of this case as you do and instruction from you will not be needed. In doing as you have done sir, you have assumed prerogatives that are not assumed by the Supreme Court which does not undertake to sa

that a mother shall not see her child. If this is the kind of business you are engaged in at this institution, I think the sooner it is closed up the better it will be for all concerned." The mother's petition was granted and she was given leave to see her child whenever she wanted to do so.

It was while Judge Lord was sitting in the equity session at East Cambridge that the list "went to pieces" and there was nothing to try. Judge Lord was in a rage and expressed himself with a good deal of freedom, saying among other things that counsel ought to be ashamed of themselves not to be in readiness when their cases were reached. It was a waste of valuable time for counsel through negligence to allow the court to be becalmed in that way. He thereupon continued every case on the list. Ambrose A. Ranney, one of the great lawyers of that day, who was in the room and considered the remarks as applying in a measure to himself since he had a case on the list that was not ready, rose and said that when a ship lay becalmed it was not generally considered necessary to throw the whole cargo overboard.

It was before Judge Lord sitting in Boston, that a lawyer appeared and received a stinging rebuke that was long remembered as one of the sharpest things ever said at the bar. This lawyer had earned the dislike of many of his associates on account of his porcine qualities. In trying a case his opponent made a quotation from some classical authority and the obnoxious attorney jumped to his feet with "What's that? What's that?" "That's Latin," was the response. "Latin? It's Hog Latin I guess." "Well Mr. Blank," was the reply, "you ought to be a judge of Hog Latin."

Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar was one of the counsel for the Boston and Worcester Railroad Company in an accident case, which was tried in the Supreme Court before Judge Lord. In his closing argument to the jury, counsel for the plaintiff intimated that he did not expect a verdict for his client, as influences had been at work to operate against him. Judge Lord stopped the argument, sent the jury from the room and asked counsel to explain the remarkable statement he had made. He found considerable difficulty in getting out of an unpleasant dilemma. After a halting statement he said he did not think the jury had been approached, to which Judge Hoar retorted with, "The gentleman apparently thinks that if the jury has not been approached, it may be reproached."

It was after Judge Hoar had retired from the bench and while he was in the Supreme Court room one day as a practicing attorney that he heard a young member of the bar arguing a case before the full bench. Turning to an acquaintance he asked who the young man was. He was told his name, the informant adding that he was the son of an attorney, naming a man who was more famed for his affability, than for his legal attainments. Upon learning of the youth's paternity, Judge Hoar remarked, "His mother must have a fine legal mind."

Robert Morris, the first colored lawyer to be admitted to practice in the courts of Massachusetts, had a ready wit and was seldom beaten by anyone who attempted to cross swords with him. Space does not



OTIS P. LORD

permit a reproduction of many of the bright things he said and only one story can be given. Unfortunately that is one in which the other fellow had the closing word. A Mrs. Robinson had employed a colored dressmaker to make a silk dress for her, Mrs. Robinson furnishing the material which she had brought from Paris. Subsequently the dressmaker was arrested for larceny, was discharged, and brought suit for malicious prosecution. She was represented by Morris, while Isaac S. Morse appeared for the defence. In the course of the trial, in which it appeared that the defendant was an excellent judge of silk, Morris asked the defendant while she was on the stand if she saw anyone in the court room whom she had previously seen at the dressmaker's place. She said that she did no She could not tell one colored ma or one colored woman from a other. "Do you mean to say asked Morris, "that you are an e cellent judge of silk and yet are u able to tell one colored man, or o colored woman from another "My client," interposed Mors "may be a very good judge of sil



ROBERT MORRIS

but it don't follow that she is good judge of wool."

There is no one on the bench o at the bar who enjoys a joke bette than Judge Edgar J. Sherman, on of the oldest judges on the bench of the Superior Court, and he neve misses an opportunity to enliven th dry proceedings of the court roo with a flow of humor that is un ceasing and always enjoyable While he was presiding in one o

[illegible] session of the court in this [illegible] action of tort was called for [illegible]. After the usual preliminaries [illegible] impanelling a jury a young attorney rose and began to address [illegible] court, defining at the outset, the [illegible] kinds of cases that were generally submitted to juries. As he went [illegible] through a long rigmarole on what [illegible] torts were, Judge Sherman began to get uneasy, and when he got [illegible] to "Now Gentlemen, this is an action of tort. A action of tort is [illegible] brought for the purpose of—" the [illegible] court interposed with his peculiar [illegible] drawl and said, "Guess you better [illegible] waste any more time in telling [illegible] the jury what torts are. They've [illegible] been here six weeks, and been [illegible] trying tort cases all the time. [illegible] Guess they know pretty well what [illegible] torts are by this time."

[illegible] The argument proceeded no [illegible] further on that line.

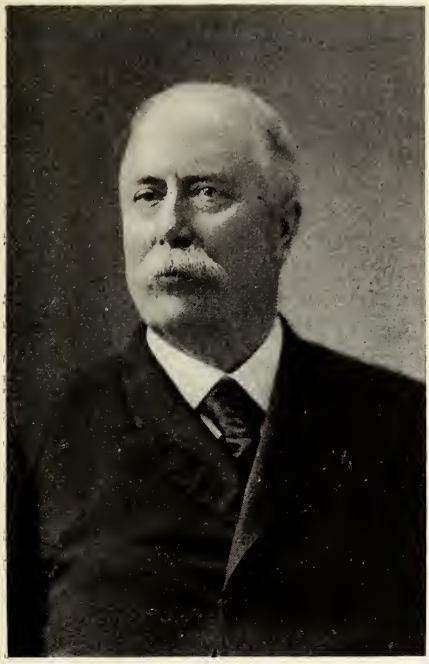
"That's a good joke of yours, I read in [illegible] the newspapers the other day," remarked an associate of Judge Sherman to him, as they sat talking together. "Joke's good enough," was [illegible] the reply. "First I ever heard of [illegible] it."

[illegible] At the criminal session of the Superior Court at East Cambridge, a [illegible] man was charged before Judge [illegible] Sherman with an offence which, [illegible] if proven, meant imprisonment [illegible] for life. A question having [illegible] arisen as to his mental condition [illegible] Judge Sherman appointed medical [illegible] men who reported that [illegible] while insane he was [illegible] sane. When sentence [illegible] was to be passed Judge Sherman took [illegible] time to consider the opinion of [illegible] counsel and gave the prisoner [illegible] the benefit of the doubt. The sentence was announced [illegible] the prisoner rose in the iron cage and with great excitement shouted, "Your honor, I wish you would send me to hell!" After quieting the commotion in the court room Judge Sherman turned to the young man and said, "I have no jurisdiction over the place you have named. Possibly you may find the quarters to which I have sent you, much more comfortable."

On one occasion, a celebrated southern judge was in Judge Sherman's court and Judge Sherman, with his usual courtesy, invited him to be seated beside him on the bench, an invitation that was gladly accepted. In going upon the bench the visitor had not caught the name of his host and, when an opportunity offered, he leaned over and told Judge Sherman that he had failed to catch his name. "My name," said Judge Sherman, "is the same as that of a famous relative of mine, who made considerable trouble down through your section of Georgia, during the Civil War," and then as his visitor began to show signs of apprehension, he added, "I was not nearly enough related to General Sherman to cause any fears on your part, however. We were only distantly connected."

As a prisoner was brought before Judge Sherman for sentence the clerk happened to be absent from his post. Judge Sherman asked the officer in charge of the prisoner what the offence was with which he was charged. "Bigotry, your honor. He's been married to three women." "Why officer, that's not bigotry," said the judge, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "that's trigonometry."

It was at the trial of a case at Dedham that Judge Sherman heard the argument of a young attorney,



JUDGE THOMAS E. GROVER

who contended that it would be better that ten guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should suffer unjustly. In charging the jury, Judge Sherman said that however good that policy might be in general, in the case in hand it seemed to him as though the ten guilty men had escaped and the time had come to enforce the law in regard to the guilty one.

In November, 1900, a suit for damages was being tried in Dedham before Judge Sherman and a jury. Frederick J. Daggett was counsel for the plaintiff, and Thomas E. Grover of Canton, now District Attorney, appeared for the defendant. The conclusion of this case finished the docket for that term. At the close of the evidence in the afternoon there was no one in the room but Judge Sherman, counsel, the regular contingent of court officials, and the parties themselves. The case had been on trial for two or three days and had run along smoothly. When he charged the jury in opening Judge Sherman said, "Mr. Foreman and Gentlemen of the Jury, this has been an interesting case. On one side we have Mr. Daggett and on the other Mr. Grover. It can hardly be said that either of them are very good looking men. As to Judge Grover, he is an old war horse, and Mr. Daggett



JOSEPH LUNDY

is like a singed cat—a good deal better than he looks." He then proceeded with the charge upon the law, with such reference to facts as was necessary to make it clear. At the conclusion of the charge, which took about half an hour, Judge Grover stepped up to the bench and told His Honor that counsel ob-

jected to a part of the charge. "What's that?" asked Judge Sherman. "You charged upon the facts, your honor." "I do not recall that I did," was the reply. "Where did I charge upon the facts?" "In that part of the charge in which you referred to the personal appearance of counsel," was the reply of Judge Grover with a smile that set the audience in a roar, in which Judge Sherman was only too willing to join.

When Judge Harris was District Attorney a case that had been hanging along for a considerable time had been fixed up in some way and Harris was trying to explain the details of the arrangement to the court but was frequently interrupted. Judge Sherman, who was anxious to have the matter disposed of, at last becoming impatient, said, "Well! What's the trade, Mr. Harris? What's the trade?"

To a man who had been acquitted in his court, Judge Sherman said, "The jury says that you are not guilty. I think you are. However, you can go, but I would advise you not to do it again."

Judge Sherman's versatility was shown in June of the present year, when he conversed fluently with a deaf mute prisoner who was before him on the charge of larceny. When the prisoner rose in the dock, to the amazement of all in the room, Judge Sherman made himself known to him in the sign language and continued to converse with him for some time, the prisoner understanding the signs perfectly. The prisoner continued to take it all as something in the line of a joke, until Judge Sherman held up two fingers, when the smile faded from his face. The reason became apparent when the clerk announced the sentence as two months in the house of correction.

It is not uncommon for young men who are intending to follow the law as a profession, to take a preliminary course in newspaper work. The experiences gained in that field are valuable, and several well known and prosperous members of the bar have been newspaper men. One of the brightest young men who has successfully filled this dual position is Joseph Lundy, who seems to have a good chance of securing the Republican Congressional nomination in the tenth district. He is an eloquent speaker, has an extensive acquaintance, and a wit of a dry and snappy kind that is always ready and always appreciated.

One of his extemporaneous bits that was not relished any too well by its recipient was thrown at Hon. Edward M. Shepard the celebrated lawyer and independent statesman of New York. It was on the occasion of a great open air meeting while the guests were ascending the steps leading to a somewhat rickety platform from which the addresses were to be delivered.

"I trust we do not fall off this platform," observed Mr. Shepard.

"Wouldn't it be rather remarkable, Mr. Shepard, "quietly asked Lundy, "if a platform could be constructed from which you would not fall?"

Mr. Lundy was defending an Italian of the name of La Spada (the sword) before Judge Lowell in the United States court. After a stormy trial the prisoner was conducted to the little iron pen to hear an adverse verdict. When the foreman had spoken Lundy turned to

the assistant United States attorney John H. Casey and drily remarked, "They have not reversed the old saying anyway. The pen is still mightier than the sword."

Nothing could be neater than Lundy's reply to a question as to what he thought of the course of the of the Legislature, in failing to act upon the case of a man who had done something deemed to be worthy of severe discipline, in order to purge the body, and free it from contamination. "Why!" replied Lundy, "these men are so much occupied in thinking they are members of the Great and General Court that they have no time to remember they are gentlemen."

In polishing off an opponent in a political discussion Lundy remarked that he was a "very charming fellow with a pronounced blonde mind; all very nice for a girl, but too light for a man."

It was while he was speaking of a brother lawyer who is noted for the high opinion he has of his own ability that Lundy said: "I suppose he is the greatest lawyer we have had since Choate; he admits it himself."

"Lundy, what do you think of Dewey's course?" asked a fellow attorney when Judge Dewey was causing a great furore by the few convictions he recorded in certain classes of offences. "Well," replied Lundy, "he certainly has the courage of his acquittals."

Summer and Love

By Clinton Scollard

Love, we are loath to let the summer go,
  It has so azured all our sweep of sky;—
By day the lyric rapture and the glow,
  By night the dream, the silent ecstasy;
  Yet must it vanish like the thrush's cry.

Yestreen we heard the wind among the leaves
  Luting its plaintive minors of regret;
Yestreen the fields of gathered barley sheaves
  With teary dews from eve's deep eyes were wet;
  And cloudily we saw the pale moon set.

Hand clasped in hand we strayed, while heart to heart
  Breathed love's unspoken language; to and fro,
Although our forward paths were not to part,
  Sadness walked with us, why, I do not know;—
  Love, we are loath to let the summer go!

Maggie Verity's Reconversion

By David Bruce Fitzgerald

JOSEPH LYNCH, inspired or insane according to opinion, was the dominant religious force on Chincoteague Island, a tiny, wind-swept dot, five miles off the Virginia coast. Maggie Verity was one of Lynch's converts and, for sundry reasons, the most important of which was that they had been married less than two years, her husband, Captain Israel Verity, had professedly embraced the same faith, though with his slow, practical mind it was difficult for him to follow Joseph Lynch in his rapid, self-announced advancements from boat builder to preacher, from preacher to prophet, from prophet to apostle and from apostle to new Messiah, incarnated to deliver Chincoteague and finally the American continent, from the power of the devil. But, because Maggie believed, Captain Verity went to Lynch's nightly meetings, shivered at the unconsciously blasphemous things he saw and heard and held his peace; held it until even his superb quality of reticence was exhausted. When he did speak it was not to Maggie but to Lemuel Spencer that he unbosomed himself; and Lemuel was a most notorious scoffer at Joseph Lynch and all his supernatural pretensions.

The two met one autumn morning on the sandy east shore of the island. Captain Verity was walking and thinking. Spencer, with a shotgun over his shoulder, was looking for beach birds. Under the lee of a dune they sat down to talk; and on Chincoteague at that time, there was one subject of conversation which took admitted precedence.

"I hear there were strange goin's on at your meetin' house last night," Lemuel Spencer observed, laying his shotgun across his knees. "Down my way, they tell that Lynch set apart twenty-four apostles, directin' them to go over to the main and convert the perishin' heathen."

"That's w'at he did," replied the Captain, sententiously.

"Seems to me that were an unscriptooral number," Lemuel remarked, gazing at a bunch of gray-backs alighting out of range. "The Bible only makes mention of twelve."

"So it does; but Lynch said that the angel which stands constant at his right shoulder had told him to double up on the number, seein' that the world wuz so much bigger and wickeder now. Likewise, he said the angel had whispered to him that from now on the women were to have an ekal part with the men in diffusin' the truth."

"Hold on, Captain," said Spencer, deeply interested; "you ain't told me the names of them twenty-four apostles yet. Are you one of 'em?"

"No. I weren't set apart."

Lemuel lifted a handful of sand

and allowed it to trickle slowly through his fingers.

"Wuz Mrs. Verity?" he asked.

"Yes. Maggie wuz of the number."

The Captain's effort to speak carelessly was a plain failure and a gleam of humorous intelligence crossed the face of his interlocutor.

"It will likely be somewhat lonesome for you whilest your wife's away," Lemuel remarked. "But heave ahead and tell me what wuz further done at the meetin'."

"I wisht you had been there, Lem," said the Captain, conscious of his inadequate descriptive powers. "The shoutin', groanin' and carryin' out of women w'at had fainted beat all creation. But arter all the comin' true of them dreams wuz the curusest part of it."

"I ain't heard you say nothin' about dreams," Spencer interrupted, quickly and inquiringly.

"Well, I'm comin' to 'em, Lem; and I reckon when you hear about 'em you'll be ez hard and fast aground ez I am. You see it wuz really night afore last that Lynch first set apart them apostles and directed 'em to go over on the main and preach the truth in the streets of Tyre and Sidon and other places what had the curse restin' on 'em; meanin', of course, Franklin City and Stockton and Snow Hill and Pocomoke. They wuz to go two and two and Lynch said he would go with 'em on this first trip to encourage 'em, leavin' things here to be looked after by Brother Piper, the extry apostle. Likewise he said he wuzn't goin' to p'int out who wuz to go with who, that bein' somethin' that would be revealed to 'em in dreams that night; and these dreams they wuz, accordin' to his orders, to keep to themselves until the elect wuz gathered together agin the next evenin', the which wuz last evenin,' when each of 'em wuz to arise and say who he had dremp about. Now the cur'ous thing, Lem, the thing that sets all my sails back and flappin,' is that at the meetin' last night every one of them apostles rose up and said he had dremp or she had dremp, accordin' ez Lynch had told 'em they would."

"They wuz lyin', of course," observed Spencer, who was perfectly aware the allegiance which Captain Verity professed to Joseph Lynch had no heart in it.

"Well, I don't know about that, Lem. I reckon some of 'em wuz and some of 'em wuzn't. Now I would be willin' to take my oath that Maggie —"

"To be shore. To be shore," Lemuel hastily interrupted, anxious to correct the blunder he had made. "It had passed from my mind that she wuz one of 'em. Who did Mrs. Verity dream she was to fellowship with on this preachin' trip?"

This innocent and natural question intensified certain symptoms of embarrassments and uneasiness which Spencer had previously noted in the man with whom he was talking. The Catpain fumbled nervously in his pockets; he wriggled on the sand; his gaze shifted from point to point of the horizon. Then, by a quick transition, his twitching lips set themselves in a straight line, his heavy face became granitic and a dangerous light sprang to his gray eyes.

"Lem," he whispered, hoarsely, grasping the other's arm with a hand which seemed made of iron, "Maggie dremp she wuz to go with Joe Lynch, and Joe Lynch dremp he wuz to go with her."

Lemuel Spencer neither turned nor winced but, when the Captain's grip relaxed, he thoughtfully lifted the gun from his knees and handed it to his companion.

"It's loaded with number two shot," he remarked, with unmistakable significance.

"Thank'e, Lem; it's very friendly of you," said the Captain, heartily; "but I don't need your gun, seein' ez I have one of my own. Likewise, I know that things has come to such a pass there ain't a jury in the county ez wouldn't rise up in the box and thank me for lettin' daylight through Joe Lynch. It ain't that I'm afeard for myself. What I walked out here this mornin' to sorter turn over in my mind is that if a gun sh'u'd happen to go off in the way we've been talkin' about the kick of it would like ez not smash Maggie's good name to splinters; and a woman's good name a man are bound to think of, 'specially if that woman are his wife."

"Then—you don't think—Isrul?" Spencer hesitatingly asked, covering his embarrassment by drawing circles in the sand with a burnt match.

"No; I don't think it!" said Captain Verity, with suppressed vehemence. "Maggie's mind has been so swung round by Joe Lynch's preachin' that it are p'intin' in a misdirection; but she ain't bad. It would be all right for Maggie to set down in the same room with Mary and Martha and Dorcas and all them good women the Bible tells about. She are ez certain she has orders straight from Heaven to go out and call perishin' sinners to turn ez I'm certain we're sittin' here on this beach. You see, Lem, you've got to recollec' that she don't look at it the same ez we do. When I sort of hinted to her, goin' home from the meetin' last night, that mebby it wouldn't be takin' ezzackly the right care of herself to go traipsin' round the country with Joe Lynch, it bein' likely to make talk on Chincoteague, she looked up at me and said: 'But, Isrul, that will only be the fulfillin' of the scripture, Blessed are ye when all men shall revile you and persecute you and say all manner of evil agin you falsely; and, Isrul, if I git that blessin' what does it matter what they say in Chincoteague, 'specially seein' that afore many days the scoffers are goin' to have somethin' else to fill their mouths aside from railin' and guile about them ez is spiritooally anxious?' And, arter that, knowin' that there weren't no reasonin' with her, I didn't say no more."

"When do they project startin' on this precious preachin' trip?" Spencer asked.

"They calculate to get off an hour afore moonrise tonight, takin' boats and crossin', some to Red Hills, some to Franklin, some to George's Island landin' and some to other places up and down the shore. They're arrangin' to set sail very quiet like, so there won't be no throngs of the unbelievin' standin' round to throw stale fish and oyster shells at 'em ez they put off."

"Is Lynch goin' to use his own boat?"

"No; he and Maggie are goin' to take the Midge."

The Captain gulped. The Midge was a trim, twenty-four foot sloop, which he had given to his wife as a wedding present.

"I s'pose the Midge is lyin' at your own pier, ez usual?"

"Yes."

These questions, which were

prompted solely by Lemuel Spencer's desire and determination to be found in the immediate vicinity of an expected tragedy, seemed to have the effect of suggesting some remote possibility to his mind. His mood become meditative and abstracted. Finally he careened slowly backward until he lay prone on the sand; then he drew his slouch hat over his face.

"Don't move, Isrul," he said. "I'm only experimentin' whether I can see daylight through the crown of this here hat." After a long inspection of the hat's interior he added: "I think I can."

"Isrul," he said, resuming a sitting posture, "most things in this perishin' world are mighty like this old hat of mine; you can see daylight through 'em if you only look careful. Now I ain't denyin' that things look all dark afore you at this present moment but mebby that's because you ain't turned your eyes in the right direction."

The Captain did not seem to find this enigmatical utterance peculiarly illuminating.

"What I wuz about to purpose, Isrul, is that Lem Spencer sh'ud take Joe Lynch's place on this here preachin' tower."

Still Captain Verity only stared.

"I reckon it won't be so hard, if things work right," continued Spencer, meditatively. "Everybody sez I favor Lynch; and I guess you know I kin talk like him."

Both observations were true. There was a rather remarkable physical and facial resemblance between the notorious scoffer and the religious fanatic. Both were tall and gaunt, with black hair, deeply set eyes and enormous mouths. Lemuel Spencer also possessed an inimitable talent for mimicry which had made him famous and feared on Chincoteague. In the parlance of the island, he could "take off anybody"; and when occasion arose he did not hesitate to exercise the gift with which nature had endowed him. Captain Verity understood Lem's allusion to his own ability to talk like Joseph Lynch. He remembered that, only a week before on the steamboat dock, Spencer had repreached one of Lynch's sermons to an unregenerate but appreciative audience; one member of which, in a paroxysm of joy, had rolled backward from the wharf into the water; and that same evening, from the pulpit, Lynch had denounced this sacrilegious effort as eternally disastrous to the welfare of more than forty human souls.

"Now, Isrul," Lemuel continued, slowly working out the details of his plan, "moonrise will be a little after midnight, which means that them apostles purpose to set sail about eleven. You take that watch of yourn and set it for'ard an hour; and, when the hands point to eleven, show it to your wife and tell her it's time to go; likewise remarkin' that you'll walk down to the pier and see her off. If you sh'ud happen to run foul of Joe Lynch on the way, the which I don't think you will, seein' it's so early, my friendly advice is to leave him where you find him and take your chances on squarin' things with the jury. When you git to the wharf you'll find the Midge lyin' alongside, with sail set and Joe Lynch sittin' in the stern grippin' the tiller. You needn't go out of your way to speak to him. All you've got to do is to put Mrs. Verity aboard, well for'ard, and give the boat a shove."

"I reckon I ketch your idea, Lem," said the Captain, removing

his hat and passing his hand over his bristling hair. "You mean that the Joe Lynch sittin' there aft in the Midge will be you."

"You've got it, Isrul; and in betoken that it's me I'll make a sign like this, when your wife ain't lookin'." The speaker lifted his right hand and made a peculiar gesture. "I'm purposin' to run the Midge, with Mrs. Verity aboard, out in the bay and to keep her there 'till them other apostles are gone."

An approving light dawned in the Captain's eyes and rapidly overspread his countenance. For a minute, contemplating the idea, his enthusiasm rose; then he suddenly collapsed as if he had received an unexpected blow in the ribs.

"It won't do no good, Lem," he said, hopelessly. "If they fail goin' this evenin' they'll go sure tomorrow evenin'."

"That's where you're out of soundin's," replied Spencer, confidently. "Arter you push the Midge off, Isrul, you saunter up to the house and stay there but don't go to sleep; the which advice is likely a waste of breath. About two o'clock, or p'r'aps half past, your wife will come flyin' in at the door and throw her arms around your neck; and when she does that, Isrul, she'll be converted. She may let out a screech or two but they'll be screeches of religious joy at bein' with her husband and findin' herself under his purtectin' wing; and thenceforth she'll be so dead agin Joe Lynch and all his devilment that she'll never want to see him or hear of him ez long ez the breakers come in on this beach."

This vision was so much to the Captain's taste that, without inquiring particularly how this transformation was to be effected, he extended his hand and seized Spencer's in a hearty grasp; a ceremony which, on Chincoteague, was understood to seal a contract.

"Well, I must be movin'," said Lemuel, scrambling to his feet. "Give my respec's to Mrs. Verity. There's only one other thing, Isrul. Whatsoever your wife tells you Joe Lynch said tonight, keep it clear before you that it wuz Joe Lynch and not Lem Spencer."

As Spencer went trampling down the beach he assured himself that the fantastic plan he had suggested to Captain Verity was not altogether impracticable. He was aware that the likeness between himself and Lynch was a superficial one but he also knew that some attention to details and the emphasizing of certain features would make the resemblance striking. What troubled him most was the fact that the man whom he proposed to impersonate was originally a mainlander, from Delaware, and his speech was not quite that of Chincoteague. Spencer was perhaps the only person on the island who had noted that Lynch rounded out his words; but he took for granted that it was obvious to others as well and he assured himself that great care would be necessary to avoid verbal mistakes. Against the chances of detection Lemuel weighed himself and Mrs. Verity and circumstances. He was keenly conscious of his own peculiar talent for mimicry. The farce was to be played to an audience of one; and she a distracted, self-centered woman, to whom trifling incongruities would not forcibly appeal. Also, the scene would be laid in darkness, at worst in moonlight. Spencer carefully considered all these things and decided in favor of success. Captain Verity,

picking his way across the marsh in the direction of his home, thought of nothing save the admitted fact that Lem could take off anybody. His faith rested on this as on a rock.

That night, sharply at eleven o'clock, as indicated on the face of an untruthful chronometer, which had never previously varied more than five seconds, two figures stood on the outer end of the little pier which Captain Verity had built for his private use and which was half a mile distant from any other landing. The Midge lay close alongside with sails set and flying to leeward and it was possible to make out the presence of a man aboard. Mrs. Verity saw him vaguely. The Captain, who had better night eyes, saw him clearly; and such a tremor of suspicion seized him that it shook his right hand into his coat pocket where his fingers closed on the butt of a revolver. He would have sworn it was Joe Lynch in one of his characteristic attitudes, but presently, as his wife raised her white, strained face for a kiss, Captain Verity, looking over her shoulder, saw the reassuring gesture for which Spencer had told him to watch.

"I'll be expectin' you back in two weeks prompt, Maggie," said the Captain, awkwardly arranging a heavy shawl about his wife's shoulders.

"Certain, Isrul," she replied, her voice pitched in the high, intense, sing-song tone of the religious enthusiast. "I grieve to be a leavin' you this way, Isrul, but, though I'm a wife and know my duty ez such, I have got to obey the voice of the Lord ez it has come to me in signs and tokens and commandments; the which if I disregarded the weepin' and wailin' and gnashin' of teeth would undoubted be my eternal portion, seein' ez I were an unprofitable servant. What saith the prophet —?"

"You must keep well wropped up goin' across," interrupted her husband, not particularly caring to have his memory refreshed on the subject of prophetic utterances. "It's a right fresh breeze but if you cuddle down the wind won't strike you."

The Captain, proffering other advice, helped her aboard, placing her according to instruction well forward.

"Now, Brother Verity, cast off!" The man in the stern of the boat spoke for the first time and his voice was the low, almost plaintive drawl of Joe Lynch, unexcited. "The business of the king demandeth haste. Who knoweth when the trumpet of the first angel shall sound? Perhaps ere we reach yonder shore, the light of which comes to us across this portion of the great deep, those who are now rioting and feasting and making merry and marrying and giving in marriage there shall fall into the gulf and the flames of hell leap up and seize upon them. Be vigilant and powerful in prayer, Brother Verity. Let your lamp be trimmed and burning."

The Captain heard the last words of this pious exhortation hurled at him across a widening, watery interval between the sloop and the wharf. He stood and watched the little boat for a long time; noting when she cleared the channel and when her bow came round and pointed toward the Franklin lights. Then it suddenly occurred to him that Lynch, the real Joe Lynch, would probably be along presently and that it might not be expedient

to meet him until Lemuel Spencer's experiment had been given a chance to work itself out; so the Captain hastily quitted the pier and hurried back to the house. It was possible, he thought, that Lynch, after discovering that Maggie was not on the wharf and that the Midge was gone, would follow him; and he regretted that Spencer had not indicated the course of action which should be taken in such a contingency. However, it was a point which the Captain was never obliged to definitely decide.

Aboard the Midge everything was shipshape and silent and it seemed that the silence would last interminably. Lynch was notoriously a meditative man, who sometimes failed to reply when addressed. Maggie, with her face to the bow, gazed steadfastly out at the shadow of the land whither they were bound. The sloop, with close drawn sails, was beating to the west in the teeth of a fresh northerly breeze. With immense satisfaction, the steersman noted that the waves were topped with white. Wind and water are distracting things.

Suddenly, by accident as it seemed, the sloop fell off a few points and recovered just in time to catch a coming wave awkwardly; the top of it, neatly sliced off by the gunwale, dashing over Maggie in a shower of spray. She screamed lightly, more from shock than fear, and prepared to retreat to the stern of the boat.

"Stay where you are, Apostle Verity!" said the voice of Joseph Lynch in authoritative mood. "What did the Apostle Paul say?" 'Thrice was I shipwrecked;' and yet you screech and jump when a dash of spray comes aboard. Stay where you are and show me that you have in you."

Spencer chuckled to himself. He was rounding out his words beautifully, even sonorously; and this was the point on which he had rather expected to fail.

Then, as Maggie settled resignedly back in her place, the man at the helm inexorably drove the bow of the Midge into the side of every sixth wave and devoutly wished it were possible to repeat the performance with greater frequency. He hated to do it; but his stronger feeling was that, before the moon rose, Mrs. Verity must be made so uncomfortable that she would not be likely to bring fine powers of discrimination to assist a possible suspicion of his identity; so the tiny sloop rolled and plunged and zigzagged and shipped water in a way which would have filled Chincoteague with disgust, had Chincoteague been there to witness it.

When the Franklin lights were only half a mile ahead the Midge came round on the eastward tack. Lemuel designed to hold her there until the moon appeared; when he would take the long westward reach toward George's Island, thus putting the light behind him for the first hour at least.

Spencer thought it best to let the intervening time drag in silently. Talking could do no good and every minute gained was so much to his purpose. He had invoked darkness and wind and wave to help him and he wished these allies to do their full work before he began. It was to a shivering, frightened, homesick woman that he desired to address his subsequent remarks. So the Midge went dashing on and even began to ride more easily; for Maggie, disdaining to move was on the

windward side and Lemuel had not the heart to absolutely deluge her.

At last, a diffused glow apeared in the east. Presently a short section of the horizon line became the chord of a red arc. The moon was being lifted out of the sea.

"It's now, my lady apostle, that Joey Lynch is goin' to show his horns and hoofs," muttered Lemuel to himself. He put the rudder hard down, and the Midge, shaking her sails, came round. The moon was behind him: that was for safety. George's Island was nine miles ahead; that gave him time. Spencer collected his faculties and recalled the fact that it was essential to round out his words.

The showing up of Joe Lynch began in a smothered laugh, proceeding from the stern of the boat. It was distinctly Lynch's laugh, even to a peculiar catching of the breath; but it carried an indescribable suggestion of slyness and subtlety which chilled the soul of the solitary listener as the salt spray had already chilled her body. The "Ha! Ha! Ha!" was repeated over and over again and each time the note of deviltry in it became more apparent.

"O, the fool! The infernal, lubberly fool!" It was Lynch talking to himself, as though unconscious of a hearer. "O, it was good to see him standing there on the wharf, bidding a loving good by to the Apostle Verity, going away on a two weeks preaching trip. Ha! Ha! Ha! I will be expecting you back in two weeks, Maggie! Ha! Ha! Ha! His dear wife setting sail with another man, at eleven o'clock of a dark night, bound he didn't know where, and he down on the pier to see them off and wish them a safe return. He will be looking for us back in two weeks! Well, I reckon! Ha! Ha! Ha! O, the fool!"

Two widely distended, frightened eyes were fixed on him in the growing light; and Spencer, forgetting that his was the face in shadow, drew his hat low, hung his head and was silent.

"Where are we goin', Brother Lynch?"

There was something in Maggie's voice which, under other circumstances, would have smitten Lemuel pitifully and gone near unmanning him for his work; but now his heart was like that of Pharaoh.

"Where are we going?" Lynch's accent became mildly scornful. "Well, that is a strange question for you to be asking, seeing that we are not going but gone. But I reckon I might as well speak right out, feeling that you won't misunderstand me; so I tell you that we are going to leave that blasted island, full of fool women and confiding husbands, far behind us. We are going to the mainland; we are going west; we are going to travel on until we come to the ocean on the other side; we are going to places where they never heard tell of Chincoteague and where they would not hardly believe there is such a place. You need not worry about the money. I've got all the way to three thousand dollars, kindly contributed by those long eared followers of mine; and that will take us any place you want to go."

"But ain't we goin' out preachin' the truth to perishin' sinners, Brother Lynch?"

With a grimace Lemuel recognized the fact that the Apostle Verity's faith died hard. Therefore, when he spoke, there was familiarity and insolence in every word.

"Preaching the truth! To perishing sinners! Well now, Maggie, I am free to say that the preaching of the truth by a man that is now sailing away with another man's wife, or by the woman that is sailing away with him, ain't likely to encourage perishing sinners to flee from the wrath and the burning. But there are lots of other ways we can make a living beside preaching the truth; though, to be sure, we can always fall back on that. The easiest way to get money out of fools is to scare it out."

At last, Maggie Verity was disillusioned. Her faith in Joseph Lynch was gone; but her faith in the Almighty remained. Falling on her knees in the bottom of the boat, with her head and arms resting on a thwart, Maggie prayed, audibly, chokingly, with the wild fervor of terror and ghastly revelation, that the Lord would deliver her out of the snare of the fowler and the jaws of the lion; that he would also overthrow the whited sepulchre and smite the wolf under the sheep's clothing.

It appeared that Maggie was one of those who find real strength in prayer. When she had finished, she faced her companion with composure. He expected a burst of incoherent imploration; he received an authoritative command.

"Now, Joseph Lynch," Maggige said, "seein' ez I own this boat, turn her round and head her straight for Chincoteague."

"Suppose I don't do it; what then?" snarled the voice of Lynch, raged.

"Then, at the first landin' we make, I'll scream out and have you arrested. I'll tell the people that are there how you're tryin' to make way with money that don't all of it belong to you. Just you don't bring this boat round and you'll see what I'll do."

To the real Joseph Lynch these threats would without any doubt have seemed inconsequential; but his impersonator chose to regard them as sufficiently terrifying.

"Why, Maggie, what has come over you?" he said, in the soothing tone which Lynch used to allay excitement, when tranquility was more to his purpose. "Didn't you dream about going away with me? Didn't you, this very evening, come down to the landing of your own free will and sit down where you're siting now and never murmur or repine at leaving that lubberly husband of yours, nor so much as look back at him? And now to have you act this way is strange. To run away with a man and then, before you have been hardly two hours gone, to want to go back to the chuckle head you've left is silly. I thought you had more sense than most. You'd better think about it a while before you make up your mind to go back. Remember that it's Joe Lynch and the big world on one side and nothing but Israel Verity and Chincoteague on the other."

Maggie answered not a word but made a hasty movement, as though she were about to come aft and take the tiller from the steersman's hand and, Lemuel, who had secret cause to dread such a contingency, quickly jibbed the sloop, compelling Maggie to dodge the swinging boom and thus forcing her back in her place. But Maggie's end was gained. The Midge, before the wind, was flying in the direction of Chincoteague and Spencer was sure that the thoughts of the woman forward were far outrunning the boat. It may have been nothing more

than the repeated movements of drawing her shawl more closely about her, but it seemed to Lemuel that she extended her arms longingly toward the land to which they were returning.

Then Spencer played a last card. It was probably unnecessary; but he had promised Captain Verity to bring his wife back cured and he meant to keep his word. Joe Lynch's voice was heard mumbling. Presently it became articulate in audible oaths, so wierd and strange and blood curdling that they could have proceeded only from one who had sold himself to the devil. In reality, Lemuel had obtained them from a story of piratical adventures, with which he was familiar, and which, being almost the only example known to him, he regarded as one of the monuments of literature. His genius shone in the way he adapted them to the requirements of the situation. He cursed Chincoteague in imprecations which a marooned sailor had addressed to the deserted, south sea island on which he was left. He cursed Captain Israel Verity in almost the precise words a buccaneer had employed to delineate the character of a rival swashbuckler. He cursed the Midge, from peak to keel, in epithets remarkably like those an injured father had hurled at a piratical schooner which was carrying his only daughter into the distance. It was really an artistic feat of literary adaptation and, when his stock of expletives was exhausted, Spencer, with a deep sense of relief, felt that his work was done. It was merely recreation for him to punctuate the short remained of the voyage with snarls and growls,, strikingly suggestive of a dog deprived of his dinner—and watching it.

Finally the Midge grated against the side of the little pier. Maggie had arisen and was standing by the mast and the moment the gunwale touched the planking she was off. Lemuel saw a shadow entering the pines.

At ten minutes after two, actual time, Captain Verity looked up from an inspection of his watch and saw his wife standing in the doorway.

"I have come back to you, Isrul," she said, timidly.

In attempting to picture this homecoming Lemuel had been several points away from bearings. Maggie's fingers were tightly interlocked, her head was bowed and she waited humbly, as though expecting permission before she entered. There were no screeches of joy and no tumultuous embraces. The Captain simply drew Maggie in and closed the door.

Just after breakfast the next morning, Captain Verity turned to his wife and said: "I see Joe Lynch comin' along the road."

"Is that so?" she replied, eagerly. "Then, Isrul, you stay right where you are, and let me know when he's half way up the walk."

Maggie flew to the rear of the house, slipped the chain on a large vicious looking dog and led the animal into the hall, where she stood holding him and waiting.

"He's half way up the walk now," the Captain presently remarked.

Maggie threw the front door wide open, loosed her hold on the dog's collar and said: "Take him Tige!"

Later in the day, Captain Verity recounted this incident to Lemuel Spencer, and assured him that there was no possible doubt of Maggie's conversion.

A Vegetarian Adventure

By Belle Maniates

WHEREVER Dr. Stanley Dorrance went his profession pursued him and he could not escape his normal condition of prescribing. If he went to the seashore to snatch a fortnight's respite some one was sure to know there was a physician at the hotel and he must perforce go at midnight to minister unto the sick in some remote cottage, or be called a merciless beast. If he sought the mountains he was called upon to set the bones of foolhardy climbers.

This summer he had been determined to elude attendance upon the ailments that flesh is heir to and enjoy his vacation incognito. So as plain Mr. Dorrance, sans medicine case, he folded his tent, Arablike, and betook himself to the banks of a clear, cold, woodland stream filled with rainbow trout. With his tent on the shore and his bark on the water, undisturbed by sight of lance or smell of drugs, he abandoned himself to the keen zest of an untrammeled life. His meals he obtained at a farmhouse only a short distance from where he was camping.

Two miles below his serene little stream became a disorderly mass of white-capped, rock-pitched waters which, it occurred to the doctor, ought to lead to bass. He found the fulfilment of this promise one day. Late in the afternoon, with a string of fish over his shoulder, his lunch basket in hand, he returned to his tent by way of the woods instead of by water. Suddenly he came upon a little clearing surrounding a rustic cabin on the porch of which, in a reclining chair, was a man, wan and weary-looking. His clothes of city cut hung loosely upon an emaciated form. The over brightness of his eyes and the two little hectic spots enlightened Dorrance, and his ruling passion asserted itself. He paused and scrutinized the man while addressing him.

"I thought I was the only inhabitant of these woods, but you look more domesticated than I in my single tent."

"I came here by the advice of friends," replied the man, "seeking to regain my health in this pine-laden atmosphere."

"That was a wise idea," said the doctor, "but I am here merely for recreation and sport, as you see," pointing to his string of fish.

"That's a fine lot," said the man, eyeing them wistfully. "I suppose you will cook them when you reach your tent."

"No," laughed Dorrance. "It was part of my plan to perform no labor while here. I take my meals at a farmhouse and they will fry the fish for me; but permit me to leave you enough for your supper."

"No, no!" protested the man hurriedly. "I am not permitted to eat flesh, fish or fowl. It wasn't intended, you know, that we should.

Only grains and nuts, the primeval foods, were intended for man—"

"Humph!" declared the doctor critically surveying the man. Then he asked abruptly and sharply:

"Aren't you hungry?"

"Why, yes!" admitted the other reluctantly, "but then," he continued quickly. "I know there's really no such thing as hunger. It's only an unnatural craving for the grosser foods—"

The doctor opened his lunch basket. His landlady had been liberal in her supply and there still remainded a chicken sandwich. He held it temptingly and invitingly forth. It fascinated the longing eyes and throat of the half-famished invalid. Eve-like, he took it, bit into it and then at it, tearing ferociously at the delicate bits of the seasoned chicken.

Dorrance watched this devouring with satisfaction.

"Sorry I haven't another for you! Do you want a ramrod?" he asked quizzically, noting the effect of the man's rapidity in swallowing the sandwich. "Here, take this corpulent pickle."

"I was trying to finish it before my daughter arrives," apologized the man. "Here she comes, now!"

The doctor looked up and beheld a very beautiful young woman approaching.

"My name is Dorrance," he said quickly to the man.

"Mine is Stuart. Don't tell about the sandwich."

"How do you feel, papa?" asked the young woman, coming up to them.

"Better than I have in a long while," said the man emphatically. "Linley, this is Mr. Dorrance, a neighbor of ours sojourning in these woods."

"I am glad to find I have neighbors, Miss Stuart, but I am sorry your father is in such poor health."

"He will be well soon," said Miss Stuart quickly. "The pure, bracing air of these woods—"

"Man cannot live on air alone, Miss Stuart, and I think a beefsteak would brace him more than all the ozone."

She looked at him with a pitying smile and spoke in condescending explanation.

"We do not live as the cannibals. We eat only the food of nature—the cereals and nuts that contain all the life-giving elements — the brain building properties. My father, in the fierce struggle for business success, became brain-weary. These simple foods, nutritious and sustaining, will restore him to health."

"Have you stock in a pure food factory?" asked the doctor bluntly.

The girl flushed angrily.

"We are Mythesians," she replied coldly.

"Your father," said Dorrance wrathfully, "appears to my practised eye to be suffering from no organic or nerve trouble now, but he will soon acquire stomach disorder if he doesn't die of starvation in the interim."

"Oh, are you a doctor?" asked the girl interestedly, while her father's eyes lighted hopefully.

Dorrance heard himself speak with vexation. Here he had gone and betrayed his carefully guarded secret! What did he care if this deluded man did starve? There would be one less crank in the world.

"I am glad to know there is a doctor near us," continued the girl, "in case anything should happen—"

"A doctor," quoth Dorrance grimly, "is like an umbrella. Superflu-

ous in fair weather but welcomed in a storm. I will bid you good evening."

He looked at the daughter as he spoke, but she was regarding her father whose gaze was fastened hungrily upon the doctor's lunch basket. Dorrance could not resist the unspoken appeal.

"I see you have a horse and phaeton," glancing at the shed beyond, "will you not drive down to see me? There is a road through the woods."

"Yes," replied, the girl slowly, "he will like to come. I am going to drive to the village tomorrow and we can come your way. My father gets lonely here."

"I am two miles up stream, this side of the river," replied Dorrance. "You can leave your father with me while you drive to the village."

"That will be a good plan," said Stuart eagerly. "We will come about eleven o'clock."

Early the next morning Dorrance made a trip to the village and visited a butcher shop. When he returned he laid covers for two on a little table within his tent. While engaged in this occupation he heard the rattle of wheels and went to bid his guest welcome.

"You must be careful and not overdo, father," cautioned the girl anxiously as she drove on. "I will be back in two hours."

As soon as she vanished from sight in the woodland road Dorrance began the broiling of a steak over the coals where some potatoes were already buried.

"The family where I board have gone to a funeral," he explained, "and I am preparing an impromptu dinner at which I want you to join me."

"Oh, I mustn't!" protested the newcomer faintly.

Then he sniffed the savory air hungrily.

"I've simly been ravenous for meat since I had that taste of chicken," he vouchsafed.

"It'll do you good. Try a square meal and see what it will do for you," prescribed the doctor, putting the coffee to boil.

This last odor was too much for the starved Stuart.

"All right! I haven't smelled coffee before in months. We have a drink made from a grain. Coffee is a nerve-destroying habit."

"Is it? Then you'd better take it by all means and destroy your nerves," said Dorrance shortly, beginning to transfer his dinner from the fire to the table.

"Now fall to, Stuart, but go slow," he cautioned.

Stuart fell to with a relish that delighted the doctor, though he had hard work to keep his famished guest from "bolting" his food. He became quite reckless over his second cup of coffee and accepted a cigar when the meal was finished. Then he grew loquacious and communicative. He informed Dorrance that it was his wife who had first become a convert to the natural food fad and had regulated her cussine and family accordingly. He unwittingly betrayed the fact to the discerning doctor that his wife's will was law.

"She and Linley really like the stuff and they seem well," he argued.

"Your daughter is certainly fair but she doesn't seem hardy," declared the doctor, "but it is perfectly evident to me that you were starving for nourishing food."

"I do feel fine, now," admitted Stuart.

"Try eating like a man for a

week and I'll bet you'll feel like a different being and gain at least four pounds."

"I don't know how I'll manage," said Stuart doubtfully. "My wife only gave us food supplies of grains and nuts, and cautioned Linley to see that I did not backslide."

"Come over here at this hour every day. You must make some excuse to send your daughter to town and you can go with me to dinner. I'll land at your place every morning on my way to the fishing ground—I generally go by boat—and take you for a boat ride, and incidentally make you some coffee for your breakfast. At night, well, you'll have to eat your chicken food once a day I guess."

"I hate to have a secret from Linley," remarked Stuart regretfully. "She is so good to me an—"

"Just for a week," tempted the doctor, "and then'll we 'fess up."

By the time Linley had called for her father, Dorrance, having carefully concealed all traces of the stolen feast, persuaded her to defer the trip home until her father should awaken from his nap.

"I am so glad he is asleep!" she exclaimed happily. "I can't remember when he has had a day nap before."

The next morning, in accordance with the prearranged program, the doctor stopped at the Stuarts' landing where his new acquaintance was awaiting him."

"Did you bring anything to eat?" he asked anxiously. "I just pretended to eat my flakes this morning. I was so afraid you wouldn't come!"

The doctor's hearty laugh pealed forth as he rowed down stream with quick short strokes.

"You're worse than a reformed drunkard in one of his lapses," declared the doctor.

A mile down stream they landed, and the doctor built a fire. He then deftly prepared a breakfast which consisted of eggs, coffee and toast.

"Now then, don't you feel strong enough to fish?" he asked as they resumed their rowing.

"You bet I do, and I'll help you row back, too."

It was after eleven o'clock when Dorrance landed Stuart at his cabin.

"I'll go up with you and see what the prospects are for taking you home with me," he proposed.

They found a note from Linley pinned to the door, saying she had gone to the village and had left her father's luncheon on the table.

"We'll take it with us and dump it in the river," declared Dorrance. "So now the way is clear for you to go to the farmhouse with me. I told them I should bring you to-day. Do you like chicken pie?"

"Oh, Lord," said Stuart impressively.

His anticipation sustained him in the walk from Dorrance's tent to the farmhouse.

"That friend o' your'n must be holler," confided the farmer's wife to Dorrance after dinner. "He swallered them new potatoes like they was so many pills, and such a mouth for pie! I never did see! He ain't gittin' over a fever or sumthin' is he? That's the way my Aaron et after he was gittin' over the typhoid."

"No, he's been dieting," said the doctor apologetically, "and one doesn't often get an opportunity to eat such well-cooked appetizing food as yours."

The farmer's wife's third set of teeth gleamed in hospitality and humor.

"Land sakes! You just bring him with you every day."

"All right!" agreed the doctor. "I'll catch and clean the fish for tomorrow's dinner."

"What's the matter, Stuart?" queried Dorrance on the way home, noting his guest's dismal expression. "You aren't suffering from indigestion, are you?"

"No," replied Stuart lugubriously. "I was only wondering how the deuce I was going to get a square meal for supper!"

"Now, see here, Stuart, if you are going to become such a gourmand, I'll put you on rations!"

The day's program was repeated with slight variations for a week. No trouble was experienced in eluding Linley, who was cheerfully acquiescent to all proposals. She had made the acquaintance of some people who lived on the opposite shore of the stream a mile below their camp, and she spent a great deal of her time with them.

"Papa enjoys being with you so much," she told Dorrance, "that I feel no scruples in abandoning him so frequently."

At the end of a week, Stuart certainly looked a different man, and he had gained five pounds in weight. His improvement had seemed to react on Linley. She was more vivacious in looks and action than when Dorrance had first beheld her and he concluded that it was anxiety for her father that had slightly tinged her face with melancholy.

"I suppose tomorrow I must break the news to her," said Stuart. "I think I feel equal to it, now."

"Let me tell her," solicited the doctor, enjoying the prospect of his triumph over her theories.

It was arranged that the denouement should occur the following afternoon. In the morning Dorrance as usual called for Stuart to take a "morning row." Linley, contrary to custom, was at the landing.

"I want to return some of your kindness to papa," she said. "Will you come back here to dinner this noon? I should like to show you what a palatable menu we can have."

There was no alternative for the doctor but to accept this invitation which he did in a cordial manner and a brave effort to conceal his amusement at the awful expression on Stuart's countenance.

"Never mind!" he said reassuringly when they had rowed away, "you can make some excuse to come to my tent this afternoon and we'll have an 'extra.'"

When they returned to the cabin at noon, Stuart, knowing what he was about to receive, was not truly thankful, but Dorrance was quite interested and curious as to the manner of the meal. The table was set very attractively with its decorations of wild flowers, and the hostess was certainly fair and sweet to the eye.

The first course was a cream of corn soup which was most palatable and which caused Dorrance's hopes to rise with his appetite, but alas! the following courses were a mixed miscellany of grains, flakes and "foolish foods," as Dorrance termed them. The coffee reminded him of some barley water his mother had once made him drink. Served with coffee was a nut sandwich which Dorrance mentally likened to hard tack spread with oleomargerine. He tasted of everything from politeness and curiosity, but Stuart made no pretense of eating. The hostess herself, Dorrance noted, only nib-

bled daintly at the different grains.

"Well, on the whole, how do you like our menu?" she asked rising from the table.

"If you want my frank opinion," replied Dorrance, "I will tell you that I feel like a granary. A man requires different food from a horse."

To his surprise she did not seem to resent the criticism but smiled mirthfully. Stuart expressed his intention of going back in the woods for a snooze but the doctor suspected him of designs in a tobacco way. Dorrance offered his services to Linley as kitchen maid, assuring her he was proficient and experienced in that line.

There is no occupation so conducive to confidence as dish-washing. When Dorrance caught up a pile of dinner plates, dexterously shuffling, wiping and stacking them, he felt quite at ease and was soon making a graphic and detailed confession of the week's eating debauch of her father. When he had finished his recital, Linley was silent for a moment, wringing the dishcloth abstractedly and gazing supinely out of the little diamond-paned window. Then she turned and remarked laconically:

"I am glad you told me. It makes it easier for me. You see I knew it from the first when you fed him from your lunch basket."

The doctor stared incredulously.

"I saw the crumbs of bread and a morsel of chicken," she continued, "when I came up on the porch. The next day when I stopped at your tent to drive papa home, I knew from his expression that he had had a square meal. His health was my first consideration, and I was willing to try the experiment of solid food; so I resolved to help you two deluded people carry out your plans and to offer no opposition unless I saw he was suffering from the experiment. But he has steadily and speedily improved. It was quite wearing on me to think up excuses for absenting myself so frequently for I wished to impose no obstacles."

"Do you know," said Dorrance, looking at her with admiration, " you have got more common sense than any girl I ever knew."

"Important if true," she said demurely, "for I am doubtless the only exponent of a pure food proposition that you know."

When they had finished the work, they sat on the river bank where Stuart presently joined them. Then Linley went into the house and left the two men together. Half an hour later she called to them from the doorway. They answered the summons and in the dining room found the table again set, this time in farmer fashion, steak, potatoes, vegetables, pie and coffee en masse.

"I know you are both hungry," she said lightly.

Dorrance paused as he cut the first portion of steak.

"Will you?"

"I will!" she laughed. "I only joined mamma's food society in the hope of benefiting papa by my example. I was sent here to be custodian of his cuisine and when I found he was stealing a march on me I thought the occasion for my fasting was ended, so I found a boarding place across the river."

"It only remains for me to prescribe for your mother," observed the doctor.

"That you will never do," said Linley with conviction. "Papa and I henceforth will have to lead a foraging existence."

The Birthright

By Mary Close Robinson

When radiant Summer's days are sweet,
  Rosy and rich the air as wine,
Cowslips and clover 'neath ones feet,
When heartstrings strain and pulses beat—
  Sweet Puritan Forbear of mine,

Why do you check my merry mood?
  Why hush the lips that lilt and trill,
By smiling sunshine softly wooed?
Why drive away the madcap brood,
  Of gay desires that tempt and thrill?

Not dance and sing as those who grew
  From southern stock and southern vine?
Beneath your cap grave eyes and true,
Sweet lips as ever artist drew,
  Reprove these impulses of mine.

I yield; let others sing and dance,
  Where I now dwell 'neath southern skies;
Something within me meets thy glance—
As kinship challenges romance,
  And the midsummer madness dies.

When sorrow steeps the soul in tears,
  When winter days are chill and bleak,
When to grief's eyes the coming years
Are cold and gray and fraught with fears,
  And yearning friends no comfort speak;

In these rebellious veins of mine,
  I thank thee thy life current flows,
Strong Puritan Forbear, benign
As the cathedral walls where twine,
  With clustering blooms, the scarlet rose.

The rose and merry mood will die,
  Cathedral walls unchanged remain;
Thou siren sprite of sun and sky,
Why quarrel with heredity?
  Who would forswear that stoic strain?

Antwerp, The Hub of Europe

By Homer Gregmore



ANTWERP FROM THE SCHELDT

NOW that Boston has a direct steamship line the tourist public is just beginning to discover Antwerp, a place of marked individuality, as yet little spoiled by the rush of travel. It is in more sense than one the hub of Europe. In the first place there are parts of it that so resemble Boston that a dweller on Beacon Hill might well feel at home there. The streets of the old town are just as narrow and as full of inconsequential wanderings as the much derided "cow paths" of our own "hub." Between the Place Verte and the docks you may as easily get lost and as easily bring up at some place of absorbing historic interest as between Boston Common and the limits of the "North End." But Antwerp is also the hub of Europe by virtue of position. From its docks radiate spokes which are steamship lines to all the ports of the world, while on its landward side radiate other spokes which are railroads to Germany, or Switzerland, or France, bringing the capitals of Europe within easy and direct routes. The traveller who lands at this Hub of Europe from the little swift steamers which

ply daily from England, or from the Red Star leviathans from New York, the largest liners which pass up the Scheldt, has a wonderful view of the city set like an opal in the vivid green of the dyked lowlands, its miles of docks flashing with a world's commerce, its front iridescent with the yellows and reds of ancient buildings, and over all towering the lace like pinnacles of its cathedral, one of the most beautiful in Europe.

The guardians of the customs are not strenuous at Antwerp. Few things are dutiable in Belgium, anyway, and as a rule they take your modest tip with a smile, look casually at the outside of your luggage, chalk it, and pass you without further trouble. Once within the town you find a curious mingling of modern and ancient customs. All newspapers and notices are printed in both ancient Flemish and modern French. Electric cars dispute the street with little carts drawn by women and dogs. The milk maid and her dog draw a milk cart laden with huge copper milk cans, each doing a share of the transportation. The woman wears a curious Flemish cap and wooden shoes. A laundress similarly dressed pushes a hand barrow to your door with a dog tugging at the harness in front. Indeed the bearing of burdens seems to be about equally divided in the old parts of the town between great Flemish horses, little Flemish dogs, and Flemish women. Every other house is an inn, every inn occupies the sidewalk with tables and chairs, and everybody seems busy selling light refreshments at a very modest price to everybody else. Everybody seems to keep sober too.

Thus for the old town, but as you get away from the older streets you find many things which surprise you. The narrow lanes and their curious shops give way to broad avenues, parks, beautiful buildings and everywhere statuary. The city was the home of Reubens and Van Dyke and the impress of art is everywhere on the place. In the cathedral, the many museums and public buildings are the canvases they left, and the works of their worthy disciples are legion, making the city peculiarly interesting to the art student. But if the Antwerpian is devoted to painting and statuary surely all the Belgians are worshippers of music. There is music everywhere, in the cafes, on the streets, and especially in the bandstands which beautify every square. This universal love of music on the part of the Belgians was so well described to me by an American of some importance who sojourned there this spring that I give his version of it, it was so characteristic both of the musicians and the American point of view.

"Just as I stepped off the Red Star boat," he said, "I heard a whole military band coming down the dock. Now I am a man of some importance in my own town and I have before now known what it is to be received with a brass band. I didn't expect it in Antwerp but I had my little speech all ready just the same.

"But I was mistaken. It was just the ship's regular band, left over one trip for some reason, and they were so glad to see the ship again that they came down to meet it playing glad melodies. Every one of those fellows was just on ordinary steward, signed on as such, but a capable musician also. When



ANTWERP'S OLDEST HOUSE, 15TH CENTURY

the band is not playing on the regular trip they all take hold and do steward's work just like the others.

"Now there are not many nations where you can find ship's stewards who are first class band musicians, but that's Belgium. Every ship of this line has its steward's band, formed in the same way and playing rattling good music.

"Well, I've been spending a week in Antwerp and I have learned a whole lot about Belgian band music. One evening I strolled out on the



THE KATTENDYKE DOCK

principal street. I hadn't gone far when I heard another band and saw about forty musicians in uniform marching down the street till they stopped at a fine residence where, a great crowd surrounding, they lined up and played several airs.

"Now, I'm in politics myself and I quite understood it. I knew that after about the third tune a fat man would come out on the balcony, bow to the crowd, and tell us why he was a democrat. Then he'd say that if he was elected he'd see that the fourteenth ward had all that was coming to it and a few specialties beside. Then he'd end by inviting them all to come in and open a keg of beer with him.

"But no such thing happened. Some children came to an upper window and listened and clapped their hands, but there was no political speech and no beer offering. By-and-bye the band marched away, still playing. I asked a bystander what it was all about, and he said,

"'Oh, noddings, dey schoost amuse demselves!'

"That seems to be the way they do in Belgium. The people 'schoost amuse demselves' with music, good music. Just as a sample you can hear excellent music almost every evening in the Place Verte from a band of fifty or more musicians supported by the government. The bandstand itself is a most elaborate structure of carved stone, which cost about $60,000.

"Besides this every organization in Antwerp, whether a guild or a trades union or a social society, has its military band, composed of its own members, and on special Sundays these bands compete all day long in the Place Verte for a prize.



FROM THE CATHEDRAL TOWER

From nine in the morning till five at night a new band takes the stand every hour and plays its best until it is time for the next band to come on. The verdict is decided by a popular vote of the assembled people in the square and at the cafes and the prize winners are immensely proud.

"These bands come marching in from the suburbs and surrounding towns at all hours Saturday night and Sunday morning, playing lustily, and as full of good natured pranks as school boys on a holiday. I saw an amusing thing late last Saturday night which was typical also of the politeness and good nature of the Belgians.

"A band marched up in front of one of the cafes, played a lively air, then marched in and stood carefully in line. The bandmaster raised his baton, and in perfect unison the company exclaimed in French, 'We have no money,' and looked longingly at the bar.

"The proprietor looked at them. There were forty. Then he shook his head with an apologetic shrug and a smile.

"'It is not to drink, Messieurs,' he said.

"'Merci, M'sieur,' replied the band in concert.

"Then at a wave of the baton they filed out, lifted their instruments, played a bar or two more of the tune, and marched on, thirsty still but happy as ever.

"As the bands march playing to the square the people follow them and dance in the street alongside and as they march away the same thing happens. Nor is it the Place Verte alone that has its bands. All the squares and recreation grounds in the city have them. Every cafe



IN THE HEART OF THE TOWN

has its orchestra, and the number of the cafes is a constant source of marvel to the visitor. Yes, I really believe the Belgians are the greatest music lovers and the greatest music makers on earth."

Yet neither its painters, its musicians nor its old-time sights and customs make Antwerp most noteworthy to-day. It is the city's enormous progress in trade and its modern and ingenious facilities for handling it that is challenging the admiration of the world. It has come to stand among the foremost shipping ports in all Europe and is steadily pushing toward first place. In 1890 the total tonnage entering the port was a million, but in 1900 this had grown to 6,000,000 and in 1903 it exceeded 9,000,000. Last year the city celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the founding of its docks by the great Napoleon. These docks nearly surround the city and have a total area of four hundred acres which is soon to be increased to six hundred, with plans laid for still further extension. Some of the older docks, too, extend well into the old town, and their lesser arms penetrate it in several places making the city really in part amphibious, with swarms of boat dwellers who live the year round on their canal boats. Often these boats so crowd a dock that you may walk from one end to the other on their decks.

The mechanism for the handling of freight and working the sluices and locks of this great dock system is a model of modern appliances. The motive power is derived from powerful hydraulic canalizations which put into action sluices, swinging bridges, locks, cranes, and all the paraphernalia of a modern



THE ANCIENT "CANAL AUX CHARBONNES"

dock system. Railroad tracks rim the quays and hundreds of travelling cranes, hydraulically operated each under the guidance of a single man, transfer freight from ship to train or from train to ship with wonderful rapidity and ease. These practical arrangements are the most modern to be found in any European port and far exceed the primitive appliances to be found in American sea ports.

Phoebe's Experiment

By Crittenden Marriott

PHOEBE shook her head despondently. She could not understand it. She rose and went to her glass and looked long and questioningly into the features reflected there. Surely she was pretty enough—not exactly beautiful, but undeniably pretty,—with outlines that time would improve rather than injure. Nor did she look like one who might become "bossy"; her eyes and mouth, though firm, were not such as to give warning of future severity. Altogether she was quite up to the average run of girls, in appearance at least. Why, then, had she lost the only lover she had ever had?

For lost him she had, definitely and finally, though she had not realized the fact until that very morning. For months she noticed that Frank Moran had been growing colder and colder. At last, sick at heart, she had offered to release him for very shame lest he should jilt her openly. After a feeble protest that showed in every word how glad he was to be free, he had gone away. Now, only a week later, came the explanation in his marriage to a girl from a neighboring village—a girl whom he had not known for as many days as he had Phoebe for years.

Phoebe carried herself through it all so proudly that even the village gossips had been put at fault and had begun to wonder whether she had really cared for him at all. Phoebe herself was under no such uncertainty. She knew she loved Frank with a love that would last as long as life did. She came of a constant family; her aunt had remained single all her life, cleaving to the memory of a long dead soldier lover; her mother had remained a widow all Phoebe's life, though she had become one while still young and popular; and Phoebe was like them both. No, she decided, there was no more love for her; all that was left in life was to pick up the broken fragments that remained and do with them what she might.

When her hour of introspection was past, she walked down to the little sitting room. "Mother," she said firmly, "I am going to adopt little Henry Peters."

Mrs. Davis looked at her daughter in amazement. "Going to adopt—" she gasped. "Phoebe Davis, are you in your right mind?"

"Yes, mother, I hope so. He is a dear little fellow, and you know his mother was my best friend. Now that he is alone—in short, I am going to adopt him."

A mist of unshed tears clouded Mrs. Davis' soft eyes. Her daughter might hoodwink the rest of the world, but she could not mislead her mother. "Someday you might marry, Phoebe," she ventured, uncertainly, "and then—"

"I shall never marry, mother."

"Oh, Phoebe! Phoebe! is it as bad as that?" The words were a cry, as the elder woman took the

younger in her arms and let her tears drop unrestrainedly. "Are you sure, Phoebe? Oh! Are you sure?"

"Yes, mother; I am sure."

The elder did not try to argue. Too well she knew the adamantine stuff in her daughter's bosom — knew it to be like her own. Instead she stroked the girl's long dark hair. "My pretty, pretty Phoebe," she murmured. "If Frank isn't punished, it—"

But Phoebe put her hand softly to the other's lips. "No, mother," she whispered. "Don't say it. It wasn't his fault. He didn't know; that's all. We won't speak of it any more, mother. Now," with an entire change of tone, "now let me go and arrange to adopt little Henry."

* * * * * *

The adoption of Henry Peters created a stir in the village beside which that of the Moran marriage had been as nothing. That Phoebe Davis, barely of age herself and unmarried, should deliberately tie herself down by assuming the care of a six months old boy passed everything that the simple villages had ever experienced. "Phoebe was a good friend of Mabel Peters," said one gossip. "But, land's sake! adoption goes beyond friendship."

"I don't see why her mother did not prevent it," ventured one young girl.

"Prevent!" echoed the first speaker. "Prevent! I'd like to see any one prevent one of them Davises when they get started. They are the sotinest in their ways I ever heard on."

"Do you reckon she's done it because of Frank Moran?"

"Dunno. Nobdy ain't dared to ask her yet, an' nobody will, take my word for it. She says she ain't never goin' to marry an' she wants somethin' young about her to keep her from growin' old and turnin' into a real old maid.'

"Well, it's a pity some others I could name ain't been moved to follow her example in the past. There'd be less spite an' back talk in this town if they had, an' that's my opinion."

* * * * * *

While adoption is a legal rather than a religious cremony, it was impossible in that retired community that anything of the sort should be carried through without the knowledge, advice and consent of the preacher. The Rev. Mr. White was shocked when Phoebe came to tell him of her intentions. Although greatly relieved to find the Peters baby, concerning whose fate he had been greatly exercised, was to have a good home, he yet distrusted the permanence of the arrangment. Old and wise; he saw more clearly perhaps than Phoebe, the probable as well as the inevitable consequences of the step, and feared lest the girl of whom he was so fond should either wreck her life by clinging to a responsibility that would almost certainly become burdensome sooner or later, or else weaken her moral fibre by abandoning trust once voluntarily assumed.

"It is a venturesome thing you are going to do, Phoebe, my dear," he said anxiously. "Have you considered well?"

Phoebe had considered well, and believed that she could do her duty by the child.

"I haven't a mite of doubt about that," returned the preacher, still anxiously. "The question is about

you. Have you thought that some day you may wish to do something where the care of this boy may interfere with your most cherished desires—"

Phoebe looked at him calmly. "You mean I may want to marry," she said straightforwardly. "I shall never marry, Mr. White."

Somehow the old man felt the tragic truth that lay behind the girl's lips. He sighed. "Beware lest, coming unworthily, ye eat and drink damnation unto yourselves," he quoted, gently. "This is a good deed you propose to do, but beware lest your motives be unworthy; for, so surely as they are unworthy, so surely will you pay for them in sack-cloth and in ashes. Human lives and human souls are not to be played with in a fit of pique, Phoebe. Think well before you do this thing."

"I have thought, Mr. White. I have counted all the cost and reckoned up the gain—and I am satisfied. I shall never marry. When mother passes away—as she may soon, as you well know—I shall be alone in the world, left to grow up into a soured old maid. I cannot live so; I must have something to love—something of my very own. Since marriage is not for me, I must do the next best thing. This adoption will be good for little Henry—yes; but it will be immeasurably better for me."

The preacher's eyes filled with tears. "God bless you, Phoebe," he said. "Whosoever doeth it to the least of these, doeth it unto me."

* * * * * *

The years went by and little Henry was little no longer, but a tall youth with a faint down on his upper lip that spoke of approaching manhood. He and Phoebe were very dear to each other. For fifteen years they had lived together alone in the pretty little house, and then Phoebe, with the first pang she had known in all that time, had seen him go forth to college in a neighboring town. "There's no other way," she murmured to herself as she returned to the loneliness of that first evening. "Henry mustn't be tied to a woman's apron strings. He'll be a man soon and he must learn to play the part of one. I'll busy myself in thinking how happy I'll be when he comes home again." And Henry had gone away and come back again, the same simple-minded, whole-hearted youngster as before.

For the rest, everything had turned out as she had hoped. Love had kept Phoebe young where the lack of it would have made her old. At forty, she was almost beautiful—far more beautiful than she had ever been at twenty. The friends of her youth,—those who had married—pulled down by family cares, looked far older than she, while those that had remained single were spare and gaunt, clinging with ferevish energy to the few vestiges of a departed youth that still hung about them. Phoebe alone seemed perennially young; in giving her life for another, she had saved it for herself.

* * * * * *

Meanwhile Frank Moran and his wife had had hard times. Both were well-meaning enough and each was well qualified to make happy anyone of the millions of mates who would have been congenial to them. It was their misfortune that they had married first and made each other's acquaintance afterward.

All their ways were diametrically opposed. Frank liked to have everything in order, while his wife was accustomed to let things go any way they would. Frank loved a well-cooked and neatly served dinner, clean and well-behaved children, well-swepted and dusted rooms Mrs. Frank cared nothing for these things, and Frank, after many protests, settled down into a sullen submission to the inevitable. Mrs. Frank, on the other hand, had her grievances in the discovery that Frank's admiration for music, his pleasure in dancing, and his desire for long moonlight walks, had belonged exclusively to his courting days and had passed away with them.

For twenty years these two lived stonily side by side; then poor romantic Mrs. Frank took her artistic longings to another world, where it is to be hoped they were better appreciated.

Frank missed her, of course. Two people cannot live together for a score of years without learning to depend on each other. The life of the Morans had not been all bickering; there had been moments, rare indeed, but yet not entirely wanting, when husband and wife had once again breathed in the scent of the Eden flower.

For a year or more, Frank mourned her faithfully, then he went to call on Phoebe.

He found her walking swiftly homeward, with a glow on her face, and fell in beside her. "Phoebe," he said abruptly. "I made an awful mistake years ago. I've known it for a long time, but—Phoebe, I know I'm too old for you. We used to be pretty near an age, but I've grown old while time's stood still for you. But I love you, Phoebe! I always did, but I didn't know it. I sometimes thought—Phoebe, can't you care for me again?"

But Phoebe smiled and shook her head. "No, Frank," she said gently yet smilingly. "We've both assumed too many responsibilities in the past twenty years. You have your daughters and I have my son to think of—"

"Your son! Phoebe, don't say such a thing. Henry is a nice boy, but he isn't your son. I can't bear to hear you call him so. You've done all that can be expected for him, anyway. He is ready to make his own way in the world now. Come to me, Phoebe, dear. I need you, and my girls need you. My Bessie is a dear child and does her best with the others, but they need a stronger hand than hers. Oh! Phoebe! Phoebe! can't you forgive the past and come to me?"

"Forgive—willingly; I have nothing to forgive. But I cannot forget that there are barriers. No, Frank the tie that binds me to Henry is more sacred than it would be if he were indeed my own flesh and blood. I will never desert him."

"Not even when he is married?"

Phoebe's face fell. The thought that Henry would some day marry had of late become the terror of her life. But she put on a brave face and smiled up at her quondam lover. "Ah! then—" she began.

But Frank caught her in his arms. "You'll marry me when Henry marries," he cried rapturously. "Oh, Phoebe, then you can care for me again!"

Not again, Frank, — for I have never ceased to care for you. I have loved you all my life,—"

"Thank God!"

"But I cannot and will not marry you until I have discharged my duty to Henry, and—"

"Duty to Henry! I'll tell the young rascal and he—"

"You must not. Never! I forbid you." The woman's eyes blazed. "When you left me years ago, and I assumed the charge of my dead friend's child, I promised my God that he should never know the lack of his own mother. Please God, I shall keep that promise. Until he comes to me of his own accord and tells me that he has found some other woman for whom he cares more than for me, I shall hold myself free from all others. He must never know of—of you, until then."

Walking slowly, the two had come to the high hedge that bordered the yard of Moran's place. Within it, so engrossed in each other that they did not notice the arrival of the others, stood a young man and a girl. Frank glanced at them and drew back. "It's my girl and your boy," he whispered. "If it should be— Oh! Pheobe, if it should! Listen!"

Henry was speaking. "But Bessie," he said. "If your father will not consent—"

"I know he won't! Poor father, I really think he is comfortable for the first time in his life. I loved mother dearly, but she didn't know how to do for father and she would not let me try. It's pitiful the way he clings to me, Henry. He will never let me go."

"Mother won't let me go, either," returned the young man, gloomily. "I believe it would break her heart for me to marry. You know she adopted me when I was a friendless baby and gave up her life to me. I wouldn't know how to break it to her."

"You mustn't break it at all, Henry. We must just give it all up and do our duty."

"Duty! Oh! Hang duty!" cried the young man, suddenly. "Bessie, let's not break it to them at all. Let's run away, and be done with it!"

The girl gasped. "Oh!" she exclaimed with a long-drawn breath. "Oh! Wouldn't it be wrong?"

"Wrong? Not a bit of it! See here, Bessie—" his voice trailed off into indistinguishable persuasion.

Outside the fence, the older couple looked at each other. The man's eyes were dancing. "Phoebe," he said. "It's all right. When they run away, we'll do the same, and make it a double elopment."

A Foote Note on Poe

By Eugene C. Dolson

SEVERAL years ago a friend of mine was the possessor of quite an extensive library. I used to visit him occasionally and browse among the old volumes—some of which had formerly belonged to his mother. Unfortunately, his residence, soon afterward, was burned; and he succeeded in saving only an armful of the larger books. These he entrusted temporarily to me and they still remain in my possession.

Among them is a bound volume of a Philadelphia periodical, "Sartain's Magazine," for 1849. We are apt, in this age, to look back upon American magazine literature of that remote period as somewhat primitive; but I find among the contributors to this volume, such names as Longfellow, Lowell, Boker, Buchanan Read, and Richard Henry Stoddard. There is, also, a review of Stoddard's very scarce first book of poems, "Footprints."

Looking through the twelve monthly numbers which go to make up this volume, I find several pieces of work that have since become classic. Of these I will mention only one: "The Bells," by Edgar Allan Poe. It appears in the November issue, and, as Poe had died in October, it was probably in press at the time of his death.

Before the lapse of another month, however, this poem had been copied all over the land; and "Sartain's Magazine" for December, 1849, records some information concerning it which should not be lost. It is as follows:

"The singular poem of Mr. Poe's, called 'The Bells,' which we published in our last number, has been very extensively copied. There is a curious bit of literary history connected with this poem, which we may as well give now as at any other time. It illustrates the gradual development of an idea in the mind of a man of original genius. This poem came into our possession about a year since. It then consisted of eighteen lines. They were as follows:

'The Bells.—A Song.

The bells!—hear the bells!
The merry wedding bells!
The little silver bells!
How fairy-like a melody there swells
From the silver tinkling cells
Of the bells, bells, bells!
Of the bells!

The bells!—ah, the bells!
The heavy iron bells!
Hear the tolling of the bells!
Hear the knells!
How horrible a monody there floats
From their throats—
From their deep-toned throats!
How I shudder at the notes
From the melancholy throats
Of the bells, bells, bells—
Of the bells!'

"About six months after this we received the poem altered and enlarged nearly to its present size and form and, about three months since, the author sent another alteration and enlargement, in which condition the poem was left at the time of his death.

"We may remark in passing that this is not Mr. Poe's last poem, as some of the papers have asserted. We have on hand one of his which is probably his last. It was received a short time before his decease. We shall give it in our January number."

Considering the importance now attached to everything in any way relating to Poe, it seems somewhat singular that modern literary students have so overlooked the story of the origin and growth of one of his best-known poems, as told by the magazine in which it first saw the light.

A Face In The Crowd

By William Stanley Braithwaite

The clangor of cars in the street,
Darkness and clouds overhead,
And out of the lights that spread
The crowds that part and meet.

I was captive to a dream—
And only vague forms went by;
And the tumult was the sigh
Of the sea at the end of a stream.

As the foam of a wave will mark
The night with a shining track,
A girl's pale face turned back
Crossing the street in the dark.

It was only a second's glance,
But my soul leaped out to her:
I felt my shaken memories stir
The dreams of an ancient trance.

A Tramp of the Grand Banks

By Konan Machugh

DAWN broke over a surly ocean. The Banks of Newfoundland were two days behind and the cattle steamer "Borderer" rolled uneasily through the great following seas that were pushed into turbulence by the North Atlantic trade winds. The crescent red of the east flushing the scattered clouds of last night's gale, showed the intermittent gleam of crests that sprang from under the bow and swept into a glimmer under the tumultuous horizon to leeward. The "Borderer" did not pitch much; more than four hundred feet long she rode two seas continually and did not greatly feel the fling and subsidence of the billows, but her narrow hull, whose width was scarcely more than a tenth of its length—and which, seen from the topmast rigging, made you think of a fullrigged lead pencil gliding point forward toward England—caught now and then the surgent rhythm of the seas and rolled tremendously. At such times the cattle, wild eyed and weary, groaned with the misery of their cramped positions, and a little half sobbing bellow ran from rank to rank. Two rows of them filled the sheds on the hurricane deck just under the boats; on the main deck two more touched horns from the forecastle to the officers' quarters, and on from the galley to the stern; while below deck double rows pressed flanks from bow to stern barring a space of about seventy feet amidships, where were stowed the bales of hay and bags of feed for their future use.

In part of this space, already emptied by the demands of the voyage, slept the cattle feeders. Hay from broken bales served as beds, and for pillows, bags of feed about which the rats nibbled during the night and raced over prostrate forms. This did not disturb us, nor did the motion of the boat, whose roll swung us heels high above head every few moments. We were an odd lot, we cattle feeders; flotsam upon the ebb tide of life whose eddying current had swept us into the hold of the "Borderer" and we had endured the slavery and discomfort as best we might for six days, being now past the probability of further sea sickness and somewhat inured to misery. The first glimmer of light, aided by the sound of eight bells, awoke me.

Eight bells was four o'clock and we would soon be called for the morning's work, so if I would get a bath, and especially if I would successfully hide the bit of tarpaulin which served me for a blanket, I must hasten. The tarpaulin was mine by right of discovery, by priority of occupancy, and by success thus far in hiding it from the other feeders who would have stolen it from me, and especially from the regular cattle men who would have taken it by force and arms.

Every cattle steamer carries beside her regular crew a gang of men whose sole business is to look after the cattle. They have nothing to

do with the regular crew, except the cook, and very little with him as we found to our sorrow. There are a foreman and five or six regular cattle men who follow this as a business, the rest being shipped as feeders. The feeders do practically all the work of caring for the cattle, certainly all the drudgery, and receive in return their passage across and more kicks than ha'pence. They are turned into the ship without beds or bedding, or sufficient utensils from which to eat, and live as they can, like the rats, which are better fed.

Each regular cattle man has charge of a certain number of cattle and is also lord over some of the feeders, and no feudal Baron had ever more absolute power over his retainers than he. The feeder is the slave of the cattle man and woe to him who is lazy or disobedient, and still more woe to him who talks back.

I got a pail of tepid water and my bath was nearly finished when Yank appeared. Yank was a tramp who suffered from occasional relapses into work, but had no use for baths. He had tramped all over the United States and during his relapses had been an oyster pirate in Maryland, a fruit picker in Florida orange groves, tool sharpener for a gang of New York burglars, tent man with a well known circus, and ever a tramp. He was a good natured fellow with a fund of interesting, if not wholly trustworthy personal anecdote, had shipped to see what the life was like, and was well content with it.

There was as yet no sign of Paddy, our proprietor, and as it would not do to lift a finger toward the morning's work without his command we lurched along the unsteady alley way between the horns and climbed to the deck and the cool morning air.

The first glint of the sun was touching the torn drift of the gale with gold and flashing from the dark backs of huge seas that chased one another and flung great froths of foam into masses that made the sea fairly white to leeward. Yet we were steaming so fast with the wind that we did not feel it much, though the "Borderer" buried her bulwarks in the sea at each roll.

"Come down here and go to work," called Paddy's voice from below, and we hastened to descend.

"Where's that Shorty?" he asked gruffly.

We professed ignorance. Ignorance was an excellent profession during Paddy's truculent morning hours.

Shorty always reminded me of a spaniel. He was a frisky, brown eyed little London cockney who had been seeking his fortune in the new world, and failing, was going back to starve in London, "where he knew how." He, with Yank and I, had been consigned to Paddy's retinue on the first day of the voyage and he was at that moment undoubtedly curled up on the hay fast asleep, but we had no evidence of this and beside had learned that excess of information was undesirable in Paddy's presence. Paddy started down one alley way toward the hold, but luck was with Shorty, for at that moment he appeared at the other with half open eyes and decorated with stray wisps of hay from his bed.

So when Paddy reappeared we waited but the command to begin watering the hundred cattle in our

charge. The long lines of their horns stretched on either side of the starboard walk from the bow to the hold, broken only by the openings of three hatchways where were lashed a dozen water butts filled the morning before with hot water from the condenser, water which was still more than lukewarm.

Paddy took a stout club having in the end a nail sharpened for a goad. "Fetch on that water now! You can dip it, Big Fellow," he said. Big Fellow,—that was I—dipped two pails at a time and passed them to the others, who scuttled with them down the swaying alley to Paddy who placed one in front of each bullock. The cattle were thirsty—they had not drank for twenty-four hours and they jostled one another in their eagerness. Here was where the club came in, and the bullock which showed undue haste received summary punishment. I have repeatedly seen a bullock held by the halter to receive six or seven blows from this club full on the eye. The treatment would spoil the bullock's desire for water and he would not drink until the next morning, making his thirst a forty-eight hour one. To interfere at such times would be to endanger the integrity of one's own eye without helping the sufferer.

At the end of an hour the cattle had at least smelled water, the butts were empty and the arms of Big Fellow were thoroughly tired. Next came hay. Bale after bale was rolled out and broken open. We shook out the contents and scattered them by hand in the alley way, lurching against the horns of the eager cattle. Paddy pitched it in front of them with a fork. Then the water butts were again filled from the ever-sizzling condenser.

Then breakfast; nearly three hous of hard labor having given us an appetite, even for scouse.

Fifteen of us gathered about the after hatch in the cold North Atlantic sunshine. A few shallow pans, tin dippers, and spoons, had been given us on shipping. Some of these soon disappeared, no one knew how until they were seen in the kit of the regular cattle men where they remained. The remainder had, by careful hiding, so far been kept.

The breakfast—one piece each of very poor bread, a dish of scouse, and a can of black fluid, which the cook assured us was coffee but which tasted like nothing earthly, was brought from the galley and soon disappeared, those who had no dishes waiting with hungry eyes until they could borrow.

The following wind now and then caught a whiff of spray from the crest of a wave and flashed a sprinkle of rainbow across the deck toward the sun. Under sail and steam we were making good time and our hearts were glad although the bread was tasteless and the liquid in the can weird and uncanny of origin. It was after the bread had been eaten and the scouse and so-called coffee had entirely ebbed away that the Welshman spoke.

"I haven't had anything to eat," he said.

A shout of laughter went up from the others. The Welshman was another retired fortune seeker, a watchmaker by trade, and probably more completely out of place than ever before in his unlucky life. He was indolence and procrastination personified. Even his master cattel man could rouse him into only

momentary activity. He had owned portions of three different grub kits and had lost them, one having been stolen and two lost overboard. Two caps had gone the same way and he was now bareheaded. Later in the trip a countryman among the ship's crew gave him another cap and he lost that overboard. The big Dutch boatswain used to sniff with contempt as he passed and mutter: "Hein! I dinks you valls oferbort yourselfs some tay, und got luck vor der ship doo." Yet every one felt a sort of personal responsibility for him and he was soon given a dish and spoon and sent to the galley where after some abuse from the cook he received bread and "coffee."

Fifteen minutes afterward as we had been ordered down to work some one asked the Welshman: "What did you do with my dish?" The Welshman looked hurriedly about him. "I—I don't know," he said; "I had it right here and it—it's gone."

Our forenoon's work began with sweeping the alley ways and cleaning the hay chaff from the troughs in front of the bullocks, so that we might feed them with meal. Then we shouldered the great bags of feed from the hold out to the hatchway in readiness. After that until dinner we had merely to patrol the cattle to see that they got into no trouble.

It was during this hour or two of leisure that the cattle men, sitting on bales of straw on the hatchway, held court, or amused themselves by bragging and rough pranks. Often we had theatricals. Sambo, a little Virginian darky, furnished these. Being a darkey the cattle men took it for granted that he could sing and dance, and sing and dance he must! They would prod him into the centre of the hatch at the end of a goad and while one of them patted a rhythm, Sambo was frightened into varying a doleful shuffle with a more doleful song until the enjoyment palled on his persecutors.

At eight bells we trooped up to the dining hall of the after hatch. A bit of bread, a cup of tasteless barley soup, vile potatoes, and uneatable salt beef made up the bill. My appetite had learned to carry the outposts of bread and soup as by assault, but the reserve force of the beef and potatoes were always repulsed and to-day as usual they lay unconquered in my dish.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked Yank."

I pointed toward a hugh green sea whose crest toppled and nodded along the rail as we rolled to winward; "The sharks may eat it," I said, "I can't."

"Now see here," said Yank; "we'll save that and some of mine and Scotty's and have a hash to help out the supper. We'll chop it with a jack knife and I'll ask the cook to let me put it in the oven. I helped him yesterday and he'll do it for me."

Scotty and I joyfully assented, for anything that would help out the supper would fill a long felt want.

"Now," said Yank; "we need an onion to make it taste right, and it's no use asking that cook for onions. He'll have to be worked. You take the mess kid and some of those bad potatoes and go to the farther door of the galley and make a big kick about them. There's onions in the basket. I saw them."

A moment after I was at the farther galley door showing the cook the potatoes and vigorously expostulating, hinting that the captain ought to see them, and making other threats, all of which the cook received with lofty scorn.

"A body'd think you was the Prince o' Woyles," he said. "Do you hexpect a Lud Moyer's banquet? Get awoy!" I went contentedly for I had seen Yank's arm go into the onion basket while we talked.

That night our usual five o'clock tea was augmented, so far as Yank, Scotty and I were concerned, by a dish of brown and delicious hash whose appetizing flavor of onion was all unsuspected by the cook; and for once we did not go to bed hungry.

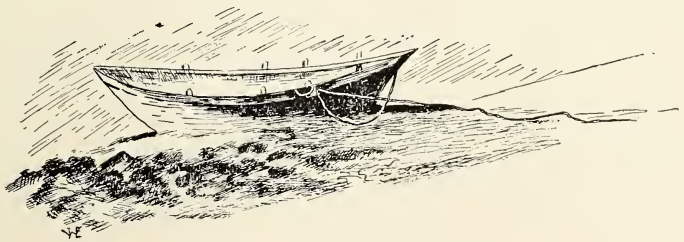
After dinner we fed the cattle with meal from the bags, pouring it from pails into the troughs which we had cleaned that forenoon. Then we swept the alley ways, and, while the regular cattle men went to their bunks for an afternoon nap, we patrolled the cattle. They were not unpleasant, these afternoons free from the domination of our masters. We divided the work and, while a few patrolled, the rest sat on the hay bales and talked, listened to Yank's tales, or read and re-read an old newspaper, balancing to the swing of the boat, the ports now dark with the green of a wave, now brushed with foam, and again flashing with a brief glimpse of sea and sky as we rose on the crest of a billow. Perhaps a bullock slipped his halter or got "snarled" with his neighbor and had to be "rounded up" into place, a labor of mild excitement and not unattended with danger for the cattle were sharp of horn and viciously ready with heel.

At two bells we received a can of tea and a bit of bread each for supper. The Welshman who was not present when the bread was given out and who had no dish for his tea, waited with wistful eyes till he received a part of my hash, a bit of bread from Yank, and a drink of tea from Scotty's dipper, which Scotty held tight lest the Welshman lose it overboard, as indeed he did a day or two after.

Feeding the cattle with hay followed and ended the labors of the day. The low sun tipped the tumult of the waves with glory and vanished, and the long twilight faded through rose into purple which gloomed the horizon and smoothed the distant surges as we sat long on deck watching the narrowing circle of sea. Then one by one we went to our holes in the hay.

I was the last one down and excited angry comment as I stumbled about among the others in vain search.

My tarapulin had disappeared from its hiding place, and that night and thenceforward, I slept on the bare hay like the others.



A Duett

By Henry Baldwin

"STRIKES me, Louisa," said Mrs. Hollister, "the Lakebury folks don't neighbor very brisk. I've been here two mortal days and not a soul's come into the yard but the meatman. Why, at Monkton Ridge hardly an evenin' goes by somebody don't drop in to visit with you. Whatever possessed your man to locate in this out-of-the-way place? Maybe if you cut down some of the lilac bushes in front of your windows 'twouldn't seem so lonely. Why, when a team's passin' you can't tell whose it is or whether it's goin' north or south."

The night was cold, though it was only the first week in September, and the ladies were sitting on either side of the "cook-stove," their feet in the oven. Mrs. Pomeroy, who had been struggling to keep awake by letting down her front hair, combing it and rolling it up again, had finally yielded to the soothing influence of the heat and the droning quality her companion's voice had taken on and was in a doze. Suddenly she straightened, whispering: "Did you rock against the table or did I hear some one outside?"

"Talk of the Black Gentleman!" Mrs. Hollister giggled, "I might have saved my remarks."

There was a slamming of stove doors, and a scuffling into shoes. Mrs. Pomeroy tipped up the green paper lamp-shade and raised the wick, tossed a hair-brush into the comb-box over the sink, tore an apron from the back of a chair and flung it into a closet; then, having straightened her cap, on the way, she admitted the caller.

"Why, Mr. Pettibone! This is a surprise. He's in the barn, mending a wheelbarrow, but he'll be right back. Come in! Let me take your hat. This is my friend, Mrs. Hollister. Be acquainted! She's from Monkton."

"Monkton Ridge," the guest corrected.

Mr. Pettibone, a solemn little man with thin locks combed over his ears, made a shy bow to no one in particular and sat down on the edge of the nearest chair, his head inclined, his hat still in his hand. "I only dropped in a minute to see the Deacon," he murmured. "Pretty cold for the season, ain't it? I wouldn't wonder if we had frost before Sabbath."

"'Tis so! We were just saying that frost comes earlier than it did when we were young. Mrs. Hollister and I grew up together in Waitsfield—talk of 'Green Mountain girls!' We're the true article—and then, we were at boarding school together, in Burlington. I dare say you used to hear of Miss Ames's school. One would think, living only twenty miles apart, we might see each other often, but I haven't laid eyes on her 'since the Bennington fight,' as they say. Well, we are veterans, Emeline!"

"Seems like yesterday, to me,"

Mrs. Hollister mused, scratching her head with a knitting needle. "How well I remember mother's sayin' every mornin': "I want you should wait till Louisa starts for school, 'cause she's older than you, and can look after you."

Mr .Pettibone slid back in his chair and laid his hat on the floor. The warmth and brightness of the kitchen were irresistible. A cactus in a cracked teapot on a window sill was gay with scarlet blossoms; spring water trickled into a set barrel by the sink with a cheery sound, and a canary made its presence known by querulous chirps that added to the general effect.

"Monkton Ridge!" he said, as he inspected a rag mat in front of him, "I presume you know Abigail Geer."

"Mercy to us! I should think I did; and all her tribe! Now isn't that interestin'? Abigail don't handsome much, does she? Never saw a Geer that did! She favors her father; then, she's too pale. Why, she's as white as a birth-blow!"

"She was my wife's cousin, and when—well, she's a standby when they's sickness." The speaker's voice trembled to breaking.

"She is a downright good girl. I always set store by Abby. Well, when the one that's nearest to you's gone, you can't think too much of them that supported you in the hour of 'fliction. I know. She's a mother in Israel, Abigail is, though perhaps that isn't appropriate, seein' she's an old maid; however, they do say she's had chances."

Mr. Pettibone, lifting his eyes for the first time, glanced at the clock, and thereby derived more than an impression of Mrs. Hollister. She presented herself as a person whose dimensions were out of proportion to the "Boston rocker" in which she was seated; comely withal, with a florid complexion and still abundant hair. Her attire appeared fashionable and even expensive to his uncritical eyes. There was a pause, which he broke hesitatingly, yet with a certain animation, as though relishing a bit of gossip. "They say she's going to have another chance. Did you ever hear of Bert Griswold? Well, he's on his way East and I'll bet a York shilling it's her he's after."

Mrs. Hollister dropped her knitting. "I want to know if that man's a widower again! I knew his first wife slightly—she that was a Fairweather. Well, she always enjoyed poor health, come to think of it. She wrote me once, after they moved to Detroit. I never see such a letter," she cried, casting to the winds the education acquired under Miss Ames. "There wan't no grammar in it! She didn't say much; only that she liked. I shouldn't like; Detroit's too far from Burlington. Well, I feel to rejoice that Abby has prospects—if you can call him 'prospects'—lame, and a Democrat."

Somewhat ashamed at having departed from the highway of dignified conversation, Mr. Pettibone retraced his steps. "How are crops, over East?"

"There was quite a burden of hay on our place. Apples are skerce, though you wouldn't have expected it, the blowth was so heavy. Buckwheat's lookin' splendid. As for oats, the yield ought to be fine; but I guess my share won't amount to much. I left four of the most shiftless cattle cuttin', that ever walked on two legs. I declare! Sometimes I think four Frenchmen

haven't as much brains as one chipmunk. I presume they're lazin' around now; off at a circus or some kind of a spero. A widow-woman's always imposed on. When he was alive there wan't a better farm in Addison County. He kept it up good. I declare! I wouldn't live with a man who didn't keep his farm up; I'd get a bill!"

"Why Emeline!" Mrs. Pomeroy protested. Then, as if thinking aloud, she added. "Well, your bank account's big enough, oats or no oats."

Mrs. Hollister made a deprecatory gesture, but so feebly that the truth of the statement was attested. Mr. Pettibone had shifted his position. It had seemed to him almost indecorous to listen to this detail.

"Five hundred acres is about all I can 'tend to," he said. "It's a goodly heritage! They's a little wet land on it; but when I get my dreens in, that'll be worth as much as the rest. I've drawed enough stone off since I've had the place to build a mountain's high as Camel's Hump, and I've put up a sight of new fences this year, but I'm beholden to no man for the money I spent."

Mrs. Hollister was impressed by this evidence of thrift, and "I want to know!" was on her tongue, but she repressed the exclamation.

"Must be mortal discouraging," pursued Mr. Pettibone, "to work a farm that's all eat up with mortgages."

"Mine hasn't any mortgages on it," Mrs. Hollister said, as though his remark had been personal. "Not a mortgage!" Running a forefinger down the loops of her needle, she held the piece of work at arm's length, her head on one side, and observed, casually, "Of course, with your sons and plenty of other menfolks to help you it don't make any difference whether it's ploughin' or thrashin' time, or whether chores are light or heavy."

"I haven't any sons," Mr. Pettibone answered, dropping his head lower, "or any daughters, for that matter. I've got a drove of Frenchmen, too, and I have to learn them a lot." There was a pause. Mrs. Hollister smoothed her knitting over her lap. "Yes, it's a goodly heritage," he repeated. "There isn't a better farm between Peacham and Ticonderogy. Sometimes I wish it wan't so far from church."

Mrs. Hollister's needles stopped clicking. "What persuasion are you?"

"Methodist."

She relapsed again. "You be! Now isn't that interestin'? So'm I. Why I guess we'll have to shake hands!" Mr. Pettibone blushing deeply, advanced to receive a grip that well nigh staggered him. He seemed to himself to be given undue importance. It came to him with regret that he had no necktie on.

"I tell my good friends here," the widow laughed, "the Cong'gation'lists 'll get into Heaven, of course; but they'll find the front seats chock-full of Methodists! Now you might think to look at me, I was a pillar (she shook the rocking chair with laughter) I guess I could hold up most any roof, steeple and all, but I tell you, I'm a good deal more than a well-wisher. Why, I sung in the choir for twenty years."

A smile made itself visible among the wrinkles on Mr. Pettibone's face. "Did?" he chirped, "why, so did I!"

"Now, isn't that interestin'? I ain't the worst singer in old Vermont, now," she added, rather coquettishly, "though I haven't sung with anybody for quite a spell. Haven't you got some hymn-books layin' 'round, Louisa, or did Olive take 'em to college with her?"

She frowned as she examined the pile laid in her lap. "I never could abide your Congo hymns! They're too dignified and too gloomy. Mercy to us! Just look at 'em! 'Windham!' 'Federal Street!' They give me the creeps! Now, what I like is somethin' that sends your soul clean out of your body," and forthwith she burst into song. "I mount! I fly!" throwing her arms up by way of illustration. The rocking-chair lurched back so far, as she gestured, that her feet literally left the floor, revealing the embarrassing fact that her shoes were unbuttoned. Mrs. Pomeroy bent double, her hand clapped over her mouth; but Mr. Pettibone, though his cheeks matched the cactus blossoms, apparently saw nothing but a "farmer's wreath" on the opposite wall; gazing at it with the intent expression of one who beholds that species of interior decoration for the first time.

"Here's somethin' like!" said Mrs. Hollister, her equilibrium recovered. "Gospel Hymns" and with moistened thumb she rustled the leaves. "Where's 'Beulah Land'? Oh here!

'I've reached the land of corn and wine!' June Chittenden says she wishes the man who wrote that, had left out 'wine' (she's strict temperance) but I do' know as 'cider' would have been any better, and what could you get to rhyme with it? I can't for the life of me think of anything but 'spider.' But I'm takin' up time in meetin'. Come, Brother Pettibone, draw up close to the lamp and we'll have a real good old-fashioned camp-meetin' time. You do-re-mi-do, and set the pitch."

He dragged his chair across the floor and sat beside her. Who could resist this kindly soul? Though burdened with a multiplicity of cares she could unselfishly forget them in the interest of a stranger. Her enthusiasm communicated itself. It was almost exciting to hold his half of the book; almost intoxicating to inhale the odor from her handkerchief, suggesting the highest-priced perfumery in the showcase in the Monkton Ridge store.

There was more than one auditor, now, though the vocalists were unconscious of the fact, for Deacon Pomeroy had crept in and, under cover of the huge stove, sat hand-in-hand with his wife, beating time with his foot to the annoyance of a grey kitten on his knees. From time to time the white-haired couple exchanged glances; their thoughts busy in the background of the long years perhaps; perhaps, in the foreground of the immediate present.

Soprano and baritone, the voices rose and soared, not without an occasional quaver, due to the ravages of time, and almost drowned by the shrilling of the canary. Mr. Pettibone lagged a little toward the end of the hymn and at its close was breathless; not so Mrs. Hollister, who having reached the high notes with a brave effort, was now panting to sustain her reputation. "Good land," she exclaimed, as she fanned herself with the covers of "Gospel Hymns," "the idea of us Methodists usin' a book when we

know everything by heart! Let's try 'Christian Racer'; and having set her own pitch, away she went.

"Run Christian racer, run,
For short is now the day!"

Again the voices soared, without the canary's accompaniment, though indignant peeps proceeded from his cage, now swathed in a dish- towel. This time, ardor and achievement were not synonymous in Mrs. Hollister's case. Outdistancing her companion in the first and second verses, she fell back to his pace in the third, and finished huskily.

"Guess we'll have to rest up a spell," she reluctantly confessed. "If you sing like this now, Brother Pettibone, you must have been a master-hand in your young days. I declare! you kept up good! I've sung with lots of folks that hadn't any more spring to 'em than a sugar-kettle."

The resting time was brief, for her favorite hymns were crowding upon Mrs. Hollister's memory, "I know 'The Camp Meetin' Minstrel' backwards," she said; and with her voice on a lower key she started afresh;

"Our bondage here shall end,
By and by! By and by!"

Mr. Pettibone followed gallantly but now and then his voice weakened, the emitted sounds suggesting the rasping of an aged katydid. Her safe return from this last ascent encouraged Mrs. Hollister to plume her wings for another. "Let's try 'Blow ye the trumpet, blow!' No, I'll tell you; 'Bower of Prayer.' It's reel sad, but I always thought it was edifyin', and it's sort of appropriate on this occasion, 'cause I'm goin' home tomorrow."

"To leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to part."

It was her swan-song in truth, for Mr. Pettibone was limp in his chair, but it was not wholly triumphant, and "flatting" at the finish, she, too, fell back exhausted.

"My grief!" Mr. Pettibone cried, starting up, "it's nine o'clock, and I've got a lot of chores to do. Well, Sister Hollister, I'm pleased to have met you. I've had a grand good time!

"Don't hurry, Wesley!" said Deacon Pomeroy. "We haven't had any music in the house since our Olive left, and it's been like manna to a hungry soul. You must come again soon, anyway. Now we've induced Mrs. Hollister to make a pilgrimage, we're going to keep her awhile."

"Hear the man talk!" that lady retorted. "You'd think I hadn't a thousand things to look after, or a social at our church—I promised 'em layer cake—or the dressmaker expectin' me. She's so drove she's engaged two weeks ahead and I was lucky to get her. No, I said I was goin' tomorrow and tomorrow I'm goin'. You don't know the Fiskes, or the Durkees (that was mother's family). When they put their foot down, they put it down. Well, good-by, Brother Pettibone! How surprised Abigail'll be when she hears I've been visitin' with you! Though I shan't let on for quite a spell, who it was. I hope that girl isn't makin' a mistake. Well, she's old enough to know her own mind, and she won't have to consult any gardeen. I know one thing, and that is, that if Bert Griswold's got his wives' coffin-plates hangin' in the parlor, they won't stay, after Abby takes hold."

Mr. Pettibone's lantern was soon twinkling down the road. By the time it had dwindled to a spark, Mrs. Hollister had lifted a corner of the paper window-shade to peer into the night.

"I believe to my soul, it's goin' to storm," she cried. "Louisa, what did I say on that postal card I sent Hannah Palmer?"

"Why, Emeline! How do I know? I didn't read it, of course."

"Well, I wonder if I said she might expect me tomorrow or the day after."

"I hate to think of your going back to that lonely house; cold, and nothing cooked, ready."

"Mercy to us! It won't take me a minute to light the fire; it's all ready, and there's a loaf of bread and two pies in the closet. I hope no tramps have broken in. Well, if they have, they've discovered that there isn't a fly in the house, and the straw carpets are clean enough to eat off of, and I can use a white table cloth if I want to. I've got em to spare."

"Do stay a day or two longer," Mrs. Pomeroy urged. "You people over at the Ridge don't really know how old Lake Champlain looks, and if he can spare a horse I want to drive you to Cedar Point tomorrow. We pass the Pettibone place on the way, and I want you to see it, it's so sightly."

"Brother Pettibone's kind o' meechin'," said Mrs. Hollister, "but he's reel agreeable, and reel spry for his years. He must have been quite a pretty man in his youth. He's fore-handed, that's evident. I presume he's well fixed, though I haven't the least cur'osity in the matter."

"He is, indeed."

"Well—I do' know. May be I could stay over another day. Come to think of it, the dressmaker sent me word she'd have to put me off till Monday. She's sprained her left limb and's housed up."

Matchmaking was far from Mrs. Pomeroy's thoughts, but her final suggestion savored of it: "Perhaps if we stopped at Mr. Pettibone's, he'd take us out in his boat."

"Well there!" Mrs. Hollister exclaimed. "You're a masterhand for ideas! I guess I will stay over. I'll sit down this minute and write Hannah another postal, so Baptiste can take it when he goes up with the milk-wagon."

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

FOUNDED 1758



Published monthly at

8 DIX PLACE, BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

EDITOR, WINTHROP PACKARD.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

United States, Canada and Mexico $3.00 per year

Foreign Countries . . . $3.75 per year

Remit by draft on Boston, Express or Post Office Order, payable to

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

Ossawattamie Brown

FIFTY years ago on the thirtieth of August old John Brown, "Ossawattamie Brown" as the nation later learned to call him with reverent familiarity, was fighting one of his memorable great little battles at the Kansas town of Ossawattamie. It was a little battle inasmuch as it occurred between merely forty-one Free-soilers and about four hundred Missourians and the prize, on the face of it, was simply the possession of a frontier town in a sparsely settled region. It was a great battle inasmuch as it turned the rising tide of slavery sentiment in Kansas, showed the Free-soilers that a strong leader and a mighty purpose could prevail against numbers, and was one more mighty blow for the freedom of a pivotal state. Had Brown lost at Lawrence and at Ossawattamie, had he failed to put the fear of God into the hearts of the cruel and unscrupulous invaders from Missouri, who were themselves but the tools of the more unscrupulous political coterie who then held the reins of the national government at Washington, Kansas would have been a pro-slavery state and the progress of a great cause delayed.

It is fitting that there should be recognition of this great little battle and Vice President Fairbanks and a distinguished company will attend the celebration held to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary. Ossawattamie is proud of its connection with Brown and his mighty deeds for freedom just as New England is proud of him, he having been born here, of Puritan forbears, in 1800, in a quaint little house in the western part of Torrington, Connecticut, six miles from Litchfield. In Brown's own autobiography, a charmingly simple narrative written to Henry L. Stearns of Medford when Stearns was a lad of thirteen, Brown dwells with pride on the ancestry from which he sprang. An ancestor "on the side of his father was one of the company of the Mayflower, who landed at Plymouth in 1620. His mother was descended from a man who came at an early period to New England from Amsterdam in Holland. Both his father's and his mother's father's (Brown's own spelling and grammar) served in the war of the Revolution."

When John Brown was five years old his family moved to Ohio and there, when he was eight his mother died. This loss Brown describes in his autobiography as "complete and

permanent, for notwithstanding his father again married a sensible, intelligent and on many accounts a very estimable woman, yet he never adopted her in feeling, but continued to pine after his own mother for years."

It was during the war of 1812 that Brown, although a boy, determined on "eternal war with slavery." The occasion was the sight of a negro lad of his own age beaten before his eyes with iron shovels by his master, with whom young Brown was staying as a guest.

Of what Brown may have done in a quiet way to follow out the inspiration thus early received we have no record during a period of thirty-six years. Neither he nor the times were ripe for the great deeds he was later to do. He was forty-eight years old before we find him taking the first definite step toward the fulfilment of his mission. Meanwhile he became a business man and at one time bade fair to become a capitalist. He returned from the west, established a successful wool business in Springfield, Massachusetts, took trips abroad in the interest of the business and, whatever the inward workings of his mind may have been, outwardly seems to have almost settled down into the ordinary, smug, successful merchant. All this was changed, however, by an offer made by Gerritt Smith, the agrarian emancipationist, with the desire of helping negroes. On August 1, 1846, the anniversary of West India emancipation, Smith proffered one hundred thousand acres of his wild land in New York to such colored families, fugitive slaves or citizens of New York, as would occupy and cultivate them in small farms. Two years later, when a few of these families had established themselves in the Adirondack wilderness, John Brown proposed to Mr. Smith that he should take up land at North Elba, New York, just across the mountains from Vermont, and direct this colony.

"I am something of a pioneer," he explained. "I grew up among the woods and wild Indians of Ohio and am used to the climate and the ways of life that your colony find so trying. I will take one of your farms myself, clear it up and plant it and show my colored neighbors how such work should be done. I will give them work as I have occasion, look after them in all needful ways and be a kind of father to them."

Smith gladly accepted this offer, with the result that in 1848-49 Brown, while still engaged in his wool business, removed a part of his family from Springfield to North Elba, where they remained much of the time until 1864. Here they lived while he was attacking slavery in Kansas, Missouri and Virginia. Brown himself fell in love with the region and in 1850 built the house near which his grave is to-day to be found sheltered by an enormous boulder which year by year becomes more and more the mecca toward which turn the feet of the hero worshipper, seeking the shrine of the simple, brave, great man. Out of the wilderness came the voice that was to lead him on.

The call had come to John Brown. It may be that he needed the high clear spaces of the Adirondack wilderness in which to hear it. It may be that he needed to dwell among these slaves but lately freed from the lash to have the full depths of

their suffering and degradation touch him. It may be simply that in the providence of God the first stroke of the fateful hour was already ringing through the universe and Brown's was but one of a thousand souls that were tuned to hear it. There was this difference, however, between Brown and the others. His was the spirit that utterly dared. Others gave of their wealth, of their eloquence, of their worldly wisdom and their social influence. He gave what he had of these, but he gave infinitely more. He was the conductor of their scattered lightnings. Their mutterings, their fitful flashes he gathered into thunder crashes and bolts that burst in utter destruction and lighted the land with flame. They dealt in argument and pretext, he in sudden death. For more than a half score of years he was the sword with which the Abolitionists fought and, in proof that he alone was the man who utterly dared we have the sad record that, in autumn of 1859, in the final thunder crash of his career when the bright blade was being broken in the hands of the Phillistines, no one of them came forward with an equal courage and self-sacrifice to even boldly attempt his rescue.

On the second of December, 1859, Brown's body swung from the gallows. His soul went marching on, southward, into the camp of the evil which he had fought to subdue, and two and a half million brave men swung into line behind it, following its flame to final complete victory.

Many of the Abolitionists fought with sword and bayonet in these ranks. Others continued to do the talking, at a safe distance as they had done before.

Anti-Auto Nantucket

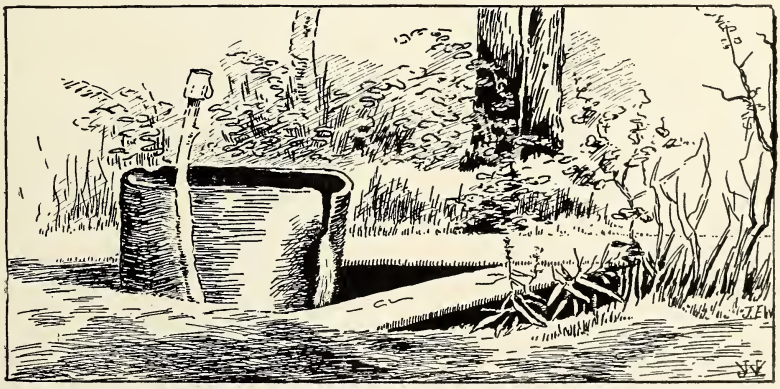
IT may be that Nantucket, the purple island of the poets, shall be known to grateful thousands in the future as the palladium of our liberties. For Nantucket has kicked out the automobile. The sturdy islanders held town meeting, right in the middle of the heated term, though that's not so bad in Nantucket. Only the spray of the heat waves reaches the right little tight little isle. At this town meeting they voted by an overwhelming majority to exclude from the island all motor propelled vehicles. All the world may be motor mad, but there are a few of us left, old-fashioned remnants of a decadent stock no doubt, who view the trolley car with suspicion, the motor car with distrust, and long for some safe refuge, some haven, from both of them. Not that we would have them abolished; that would be an infringement on the liberties of the other fellow. Trolley cars indeed have their uses. If you have an appointment in a neighboring city that you are morally bound to keep and don't wish to, you can take a trolley car. The steam cars are of no particular use in matters of this sort. They arrive. But a nice adamantine seated trolley car, well equipped with a flat wheel and a crazy immigrant motorman—you'll find them on most any cross-country service—may be depended upon either to get you to the wrong town or land you in the right one too late for the regretted appointment. Motor cars are useful along similar lines but in more vigorous fashion as befits the latest mechanical miracle in locomotion. Many motor cars, instead of being behind hand,

arrive ahead of time and with such vigor of impact that the man anxious to keep his regretted appointment keeps it in the next world instead of the next city.

This too is of value to the community. The motor car is the swiftest means of locomotion yet devised. It will take you from Hull to Heaven in almost no time; all you have to do is to turn the gyration lever, or whatever these mad motorists call it, in the unintended direction. That's if you are a Bostonian, of course. If you are a New Yorker the motor car will take you from Harlem to Hades in an equally brief space of time. The destination differs according to the class of the traveller, but the trip is an equally quick one.

There are those of us, however, who do not care to arrive at either of the two destinations aforementioned ahead of our appointment. We will admit that we have been worried. If the flat wheeled, immigrant driven trolley car didn't catch us it always seemed as if the motor car might slip up from behind it and win in the finish by a neck—our neck and our finish. Now, however, a haven invites us. If the trolleys invade every lane, as they bid fair to if they only bid high enough in this age of corruption, and the motors take to cutting across lots, as they do every time the reverse suction fails to connect with the anti-kamnia volt detacher, why we can simply retire to Nantucket—by boat, thank Heaven! and find safe retreat from all these dangers.

One thing more might be done though it is a shame to ask it of the brave islanders. They might vote to hang any man who is caught bringing a phonograph to the island. But that would make the place a heaven instead of a haven, too much to be asked for in one hot summer.



Tickle-Town Topics



The Red Ear

By Daisy Wright Field

Pleasures? Yes, there's lots of them
  Scattered 'long life's track,
But they always brighter shine
  When you're looking back!
Seems to me I yet can feel
  Something thumpin' here
In my breast,—as when I found
  That first crimson ear!

Long in secret I had loved
  Nellie, sitting nigh.
Bashful? I should think I was:
  She was just as shy!
Shelling corn beside the fire—
  No one else was near—
Trembled I with sudden hope
  When I found that ear.

Dare I? Nellie's head was bent,—
  Sweet and modest girl!
While a tiny red ear peeped
  From behind a curl.
Suddenly I caught her close;
  "Nell, I love you, dear!"
Kissing her for every grain
  On the big red ear!

Tried to stay away a week;
  Life was too forlorn!
So I came again to help
  Nellie shell the corn.
Soon she brought the basket, heaped
  To her sunny head,
Over-turned it at my feet—
  Every ear was red!

Uncle Josh

By Arlo Barlow

Said Uncle Josh with cheerful grin,
  As one whose word holds naught to doubt;
"In fifteen minutes I pulled in,
  Just thirty-three and a third brook trout."

"Oh come! oh say now! Uncle Josh,
  To tell such stories is a sin.
The thirty-three might not be bosh,
  But say, where does the third come in?"

And Uncle Josh just wagged his chin,
  As one who on the question reckoned,
And said: "Where should the third come in
  But just the next behind the second?"

Bows

By Grace Stone Field

She's a bow in her hair, and bows on her shoes,
And tiniest shoes, I should say about two's.
Those bewildering bows
Were to blame, goodness knows!
For 'twixt bow in her hair and bow on her shoe,
My wits went askew.
Now would you suppose,
When I meant to propose
I could be so astray
As to say, "Susan pray
May I be your beau?"
Well I did, do you know,
And I'm telling you true;
All that Sue said, was "Shoo!"

White Mountain Legends

By J. S. English

I

"Chocorua"

THE White Mountains have well deserved the title now so generally bestowed upon them; "The Marvelous Crystal Hills." Caverns, precipitous cliffs and ravines, appalling, yet attractive in their awful grandeur, and the pastoral vision of fresh mountain brooks and verdant valleys, trickling cascades, water falls and imposing yet alluring mountain peaks have thrilled with interest the visitor to a region where nature masses all her wonders.

Superbly grand and gorgeous is the vista, yet he who is acquainted with the hallowed memories which repose in those lofty peaks, the tales which have sprung from those cavous depths, or the primitive associations of the silvery cascades and waterfalls, woven together in the sacred legends and lore of a savage nation, will say that his vision is broader and his perception plainer. As the sunlight unfolds to the eye a view of charms rare in their magnificence—so in the dark and hidden recesses, where the eye must hesitate, the mind's vision lays bare the secrets of the long ago pictured in the sunlight setting of the present.

Barren and bleak, rugged and forbidding, the peak of Chocorua looms like a temple tower or a fortress, such as giants in ancient times erected in their wars against the gods. Utterly devoid of vegetation, the gray summit flanked by the other domes of the Sandwich Range which lie around, speaks plainly of a day centuries gone, when the tales of the Red Sokokis were born within its rocky breast.

Chocorua, although 3,540 feet in height, grows nothing but Alpine vegetation, and the bald, sharp summit has a narrow ridge much lower than the summit running to the northeast. Deep ravines and defiles mark the mountain side. It is very accessible, being approached by carriage, foot and bridle paths, to a spur upon which a shelter house has been built; but the last stage of the journey to the summit must be made on foot, as the remainder of the route is entirely over steep ledges. From the summit, like a pinnacle tower, one can look over the entire wilderness. Chocorua has not changed, thus she appeared when first the white man entered her forest.

At the advent of the early settlers, the Sokokis, a numerous and powerful Indian tribe, were in possession of the country now comprising Northern New Hampshire and the Maine border land. Chocorua, who lived in the neighborhood of the mountain was chief of a mighty tribe. He had watched the white man's ingress and had battled for the land of his fathers; but, as the settlers advanced, he retreated into the wild fastnesses of the forest,



CHOCORUA AND CHOCORUA LAKE

among the mountains, and here with the remnants of his tribe he lived for a time unharassed and unhampered by the pale-face. Tall and shapely, like the other chiefs of his race, but more powerful than all others, he roamed the forests, a monarch. He hunted the deer and the moose, furnished his tepee with the skins of the bear, trapped the beaver and the mink and speared the salmon. Powerful in the councils of his nation, he was a warrior of renown. Already he had faced the white man's powder and his scalp locks were many. He had seen his land encroached upon, his supply of game and food wantonly destroyed and the "Black Robe" had entered to dispel his hopes of a Great Spirit, a Gitche Manitou who would protect the red man in his wars and guide him in the chase. The heart of Chocorua was big, and at the council fires he spoke to the young braves, infused them with tales of his prowess and the record of their tribe and bade them listen only to the voice of the Manitou and heed the advice of the wise men. They had been driven back by the white settlers, while the Great Spirit slept, but when Manitou awoke from his slumbers and spoke in his voice of thunder from the peak of the mountain he would direct the Indians how to drive the invaders from their lands.

Chocorua had a son, a young boy of twelve who gamboled and frolicked with the papooses, but as lithe and agile as a fawn. Sturdy in



THE PEAK OF CHOCORUA

limb, a robust little fellow, dexterous in his use of the bow and arrow, oftentimes he followed his father in the chase, climbing the cliffs in search of eagles' eggs, bounding over rocky ledges, scrambling up the mountain sides in pursuit of the moose or padding his bark canoe over the still waters of the lake. Ever watchful of this young "lion," untamed and savage, careless as the panther which leaped from limb to limb, Chocorua looked with loving eyes on the stalwart shape of his young son. He pictured the time when the sinews in those arms would stand out like his own, when that hearing already acute would rival that of the animals which he hunted, when the features which now relaxed and smiled would become as strong and impassive as his own brown coutenance, when the scalp axe would dangle at his belt and, decorated in the glories of his war paint, the son of Chocorua would go forth a brave. Ah then! then would the voice of the Great Spirit in tones of thunder direct the red man and again would the Sokokis be the most powerful among the nations.

Every day Chocorua would journey to the mountain top to beseech the Manitou and from this tower he would scan the horizon. Great was his surprise one day to see beyond the tepees of his tribe, curls of blue smoke arising. Gazing intently, his keen eyes observed that the volume of smoke came not from the wigwam of an Indian but from the fire

of a pale-face. Long and earnestly did Chocorua watch the wreaths of blue smoke as they ascended to the clouds. The white man had again invaded his domains! Chocorua was sad.

Settlers had surely come; ere long a few cabins were erected and the white invaders industriously commenced to till the ground and cultivate the fields. Fearful of the white man's power, yet distrustful of his purpose, the Indians were by no means friendly, yet through fear they were held in abeyance. Chocorua showed no sign of enmity, rather he seemed to cultivate the friendship of the pale-faces, for he gave them of his corn, bartered with pelts and skins for their goods, and in other ways was amicably disposed. His little son had learned to like the ways of the "white squaw" and in the white man's wigwam many a sweet bit he received from the good housewife. Almost every day he called but he was neglecting none the less his savage lessons, for the forest was his playground and the hunt his sport. One day as he visited the house he found on the table a cup which he supposed contained coffee and of which he became very fond. He raised it to his lips and drank the contents. Instantly he became ill and the good woman hurrying to the scene discovered the cause—the cup had contained poison.

He was tenderly removed to the wigwam of Chocorua. The medicine men were called and their potions and charms administered but to no avail. With the stoical demeanor of his race, the boy related the cause of his trouble and with face utterly inexpressive of pain or emotion he answered willingly as he had been taught, the message of the Great Spirit. Chocorua strode from his wigwam, his countenance unchanged; but in his heart was the culmination of a long frustrated desire—revenge! death! The white man had followed him! he had plucked from his bosom the fire of his life, the hope of his race! He had murdered his father, his brothers, and his child! The Manitou had spoken! He could hear his voice in the winds. The time had come; the accursed pale-faces must die and their scalps would dangle at his belt! First he must appease the Great Spirit and satisfy the cravings of his heart—revenge for his son! Silently wending his way through the forests to the cabin of the settler, Chocorua halted in the distance and than patiently waited for the departure of the husband. Yes, he must kill first the baby and the mother; and then after the husband had viewed their scalpless bodies, his scalp too would follow. At length the husband departed, Furtively watching and waiting, Chocorua crept toward the door, and then with a bound and an exultant war whoop the tomahawk descended—mother and child lay lifeless. The father returned to find the mutilated bodies of his family. He loaded his rifle and departed from the house. He wandered to the wigwam of Chocorua; the chief was absent. All night he waited in ambush but no return. In the morning he journeyed up the mountain and when near the summit the white man and the chief of the Sokokis met face to face. The muzzle of the white man's rifle met the Indian's breast! Backward, step by step, Chocorua was forced until he reached the summit; then standing

on the edge of the precipice, the Indian with eyes aflame and in a voice of wrath said, "Chocorua will go no further! He bids the white man defiance! Chocorua will go to the Great Spirit with the scalps of the white man's squaw and his papoose! He will hunt and shoot and fish in the Happy Hunting Grounds with his son and his fathers!" Then his eyes flashed in a look of defiance, the pent up hatred of his heart shone in his bronze features, his chest rose and heaved and raising his hand he spoke thus, "Chocorua curses the pale-face and his children; his curse and the curse of his Manitou on the white man's cattle! May the drought come on his crops! May the earth burn under him and may the red man's revenge follow him forever! Chocorua will die, but not by the white man's cannon!" and the warrior chief turned and sprang from the precipice into the frightful abyss below!

The white settler left the vicinity and wandered no one knows where. The Indians for a long time were unmolested; but pestilence and warfare gradually depopulated the Sokokis. They no longer remained the powerful and war-like tribe of former years. Eventually, white settlers came to Albany at the foot of Chocorua Mountain but the land was unsuited for crops and the cattle who grazed in the vicinity and drank from the water died in a short while. The land where the white man and the Indian met is a barren spot while the soil and forest about the peak years since were devastated by fire; and mountain cranberries, dwarfed blue berries and Alpine vegetation which can flourish in the crevices of the rock, are the only flora to be found on the summit. Scientists say that the lime formation from the rocks has poisoned the water; but tradition says the curse of Chocorua remains on the region.

Sacred to the Indians was the vicinity of Chocorua after the death of the chief, and Chocorua Lake was looked upon as the Manitou's blessed water. And woe be unto him, whose voice was heard over its waters, for the wrath of the Great Spirit was such that instantly the offender and his canoe would sink to the bottom of the lake.

II

Legend of Eagle Mountains

Between Ellis River and Wild Cat Brook, one of the most dashing and beautiful of the mountain streams, lie the Eagle Mountains, a low range, in places very craggy and rocky, named from the eagles who inhabited the upper cliffs in large number.

Early in the seventeenth century when the colony of Massachusetts Puritans, frantic in their religious zeal were industriously engaged cutting the ears off peaceful Quakers and banishing from the colony all who dared to worship God in a manner contrary to their commands, there lived among them one Thomas Crage a man of sound common sense and good Christian ideals. Very happy in his new home with his young wife and child of six, he cared little for the religious turmoil within the colony. Being a man of a very honest and independent nature, he naturally rebuked all attempts whatsoever at interference with his personal affairs. His wife was a young and handsome



WILDCAT RIVER AT JACKSON FALLS

woman, devotedly attached to her husband and child. She cared little for the gossips of the town and found plenty to keep her mind occupied in attending to her own affairs. However, this happy family was not to pass unmolested. Minding ones own business in those days was considered a suspicious trait and the beauty of the young wife had already attracted attention. Surely no woman could possess such comely features unless bewitched by the evil spirit! The gossips gadded and observed as they went from house to house, the learned minister and the town authorities talked the matter over, and dark hints were thrown out about Mistress Crage and her husband. The doughty little Pilgrim disdained to notice their slander and the stalwart husband would have laid low the person who dared refer to these dark reproaches in his presence.

The wicked slanderous tongues of these religious rattlesnakes were fast doing their work. The poison had been carefully spread and these pious God-fearing wretches who had fled from a cruel mother land because of its religious persecutions, were about to stain the shores of this new found Paradise with the blood of an innocent woman.

The Red Skins of the forest sometimes in their savage and barbarous customs propitiated their Great Manitou with a human sacrifice. Their white brethren, civilized and cultured, who appeared shocked at the horrid atrocities of the Indians,



EAGLE CLIFF AND FRANCONIA NOTCH

to do justice to a merciful God who had guided them thither, cut off the ears and noses of unbelievers and branded them with red hot irons; and lastly when their piety had reached its highest culmination, they too offered human sacrifices in propitiation.

Such was the period of New England's real reign of terror, when the beautiful and unfortunate Mrs. Crage chanced to live.

Fortunate indeed was the person who happened to escape the clutches of the Puritanical law. Pleasures were proscribed, not because of any evil or unholy result which would follow, but simply and solely because of the enjoyment afforded. Mrs. Crage was condemned as a witch because of her beauty. Despite the protests and pleadings of her husband, she was hanged as a witch.

Morose and sorrowful over the death of his wife, Thomas Crage lived now only for his child. He seldom spoke with his neighbors and at night after his labors in the field were finished he would coddle and play with her.

One day while at work clearing his land he was startled to hear cries from the child whom he had left in the house. He hurried home and rushing into the room where she had been accustomed to play, found it was vacant. Hastily scanning the surroundings he readily understood what had transpired. His child was gone, Indians had been there and had taken her away,



ECHO LAKE

With one thought only he followed in pursuit, day and night with scarcely any food or rest, but no trace could he find of the Indians.

Wearied and exhausted, he arrived among the Pequawket Indians in the White Mountains. Diligently he searched their tribes and anxiously inquired for the missing babe but to no avail, and not knowing whither to proceed, he rested here.

On the southern slope of Eagle Mountain in a deep cavern he built a cabin. Strong and healthy, he hunted and trapped, living by the fruit of his own endeavors. He was admired by the Indians, who first had feared the silent man but afterward learned to love him. Although his heart was filled with sorrow, he did not lose hope—he rather divined, that one day he would find his daughter, and he believed that the Indians had stolen her not from any motive of malice or revenge, but to give to some squaw as was their custom, who had lately lost her own papoose. He was eagerly sought by the Indians for his skill in sickness. His long years in the solitude had taught him the use of the various herbs and their curative and healing powers. Always welcome, yet seldom speaking, he was a frequent visitor at the Indians' camp fires.

It happened one day that an Androscoggin from that tribe in Maine, journeyed hither. He climbed the cliffs in search of eagle feathers with which he might decorate his



MOUNT WASHINGTON FROM INTERVALE, NEW HAMPSHIRE

chief on his return; but losing his footing, he fell and was dashed among the rocks. Miraculously, he was not killed and the lone hunter came to his aid. He carried the Indian to his cabin; there mixed herbs for a liniment, dressed his bruises, reset the broken bones and in a month nursed the Indian back to health. Departing, the red man was filled with gratitude toward the hunter. From him he heard of the fruitless quest for his missing daughter, who had been stolen twenty years before. The savage determined to aid his "pale-face" friend. Prudence was the name of the girl and with this name on his lip, the Indian strode forth.

Toward Canada he travelled and in a few days he reached the domain of the St. Francis Indians. From wigwam to wigwam he journeyed until he reached the tepee of the chief, an aged warrior whose furrowed and wrinkled visage and snow white locks plainly told the trials and tribulations of a century of years. At the door of his tepee was a beautiful maiden who was directing a band of young warriors just returned from the hunt. Queen of the tribe, the daughter of the old chief, she was a true Indian princess. Her voice, her look, her action, her whole manner, portrayed the dignity of a ruler,—one accustomed to command and be obeyed.

The Androscoggin, in respectful manner halted before this beautiful Amazon and carefully scrutinizing her handsome countenance, in the low guttural tone of the Indian, speaking in broken English, mur-

mured the word, "Prudence." Eagerly, the Androscoggin watched the effect upon her. For an instant, a perplexed look stole over the girl's countenance but it immediately changed into a gaze of wonder and amazement. Her eyes flashed eagerly and curiously and in the St. Francis tongue she demanded where he had heard that name before. For years she had cherished this familiar name in her memory, not knowing whence it had come, having only a faint recognition of its connection with her childhood days. The Androscoggin asked her to bring forth the chief, and then seating himself beside the old Sagamore he related the tale told him by the hermit.

The eyes of the maiden blazed with excitement as he proceeded and when he related the trials of the father they filled with tears. The old chief nodded his assent when the brave had finished and pronounced her name Prudence. Under the Indian exterior and manner was hidden the soul of a white woman and she said to the Androscoggin warrior, "Go forth and may the Manitou guide thee! Bring back to the wigwam of Chikonimee, the great white warrior who is my father! Tell him that the Indians love the father of Amateka and he will be the chief of all the St. Francis tribes!"

The Androscoggin returned to Eagle Mountain and finding the lone hunter related to him his discovery. The old man was overjoyed to hear from his daughter. He bade good-bye to the Pequawkets and with four of their warriors furnished him as body guard, proceeded to the St. Francis Indians. Overcome at the sight of his daughter the old man fell on his knees and thanked the chief for protecting her during all these years. The heart of the daughter responded to the white man's call; fondly, she embraced the old man and proclaimed him "Chief of the Indians of the St. Francis." From long years in the forest, he had become familiar with the various Indian tongues and customs and indeed looked upon the red men as his friends and brothers.

He was hailed as the great war chief of the St. Francis and years afterwards when the Indians of Massachusetts sought help against the white invaders, the "Great White Chief" thirsting for revenge, with his faithful band swooped down upon the settlement formerly his home; burned the church and carried away the scalps of the minister and judge who thirty years before had hanged a pretty young pilgrim wife on the charge of witchcraft.

III

Moosilauke and the Pemigewassets

Of the numerous peaks of the White Mountain range, no one, not even Mount Washington, with its wealth of scenic splendor and legendary lore, from whose summit the Indians' great "Manitou" scattered his sunbeams and hurled his anger in thunderbolts, where now tourists gather to gaze in awe and wonderment upon the tumbled peaks and spurs of the mountains and the greenswards of the valleys, surpasses in interest and beauty the bold pinnacle of old Moosilauke.

Situated some miles from its nearest neighbor, the Franconia Range, Moosilauke gazes with a



MOUNT WASHINGTON FROM SACO RIVER

sense of superiority at the others and looks toward Mount Washington not with less of reverence than disdain. Supreme ruler of his own domain, 4800 feet above the sea level, the highest elevation in New Hampshire east of Mount Lafayette, he seems conscious of fame in the possession of three distinct peaks.

The summit is a broad plateau of many acres with no big boulders such as characterize most of the White Mountain peaks. It is above the timber line and Alpine plants and mountain cranberries constitute its only vegetation. On the north is a high, broad crest and further north is a blue dome, Mount Blue. A long narrow ridge joins the north peak and the crest. The summit is the southern peak and here is located the Tip Top House. On the east side of Moosilauke is the Jobildunk Ravine in the upper part of which is the Jobildunk Cascade. On the west slope is the head of an enormous slide over two thousand feet long, at an angle of about forty degrees and with a width varying from about fifteen to fifty feet. The most amazing of the natural wonders of Moosilauke is the vast Amphitheatrical Gulf, near the Benton Trail. It is eight hundred feet deep and a peculiar feature is that this great cavern is literally filled with growing trees whose verdure seems to suffer not at all from their strange location. The summit can be reached by three approaches, a carriage road from Warren, by a bridle path from Benton and by foot paths from North Woodstock and Warren Summit.

The view from the summit of Moosilauke cannot be surpassed by that from Mount Washington. Indeed the isolation of this mountain from the other peaks gives it a decided advantage and unlike the higher mountains, there is never any fog or cloud envelopment to hinder the view. On one side the green fields of the bordering Connecticut Valley and the fertile farms of Vermont greet the vision, and in the distance the blue tops of the Adirondacks are plainly discernible. The peaks and ravines of New Hampshire and the valleys and meadow lands of the Granite State, blending with the pine forest of Maine, present a picture in which pastoral charms and rugged grandeur vie for ascendency. Toward the northeast, the beauty of the Franconia Mountains becomes doubly enhanced by nearby observance, while to the northwest is Mount Kinsman and in the rear, craning eagerly forward, the white head of Mount Cannon, both gazing in admiration on the tower of Moosilauke.

In the vicinity of Warren and Moosilauke lived the Pemigewasset Indians. The mountain received its name from the Indian words "Moosi" which means bald and "Auke" meaning place and the L was afterwards inserted by the English for euphony. The Pemigewassets, a powerful tribe of the Nipmunck Nation, had all the popular superstitions of the New England Indians. In their minds the Great Spirit was wont to frequently visit the mountain top. The early harvest of the corn, the golden maize, the ripest fruit of the orchards, the fat carcass of the bear, moose or deer, the choicest of the hunter's quarry, all were offered in sacrifice to the Manitou at the foot of Moosilauke.

Well they understood the mood of the Manitou. When angry the sky became clouded; Nepauz the Divinity of the sun hid his face; darkness enshrouded the mountain and the Manitou proclaimed his anger in the usual forms of lightning flashes and thunder. The wolf and bear roared and fought in the Jobildunk Ravine and from the peak of Moosilauke the screams of the war eagle, Keneu, filled the valley below. When pleased the mien of Moosilauke reflected the desires of the Manitou, Nepauz came forth in all his golden splendor, the salmon frolicked in the silver lake, the beavers became busy along the banks of the Connecticut, the denizens of the forests fled before the hunter's bow and the squaws chatted and sang as they gathered the yellow maize.

The Pemigewessets belonged to the Algonquin race and were reckoned in their nation as a tribe of strength and power. The cruel Tarantines of the Provinces and the fierce "man eaters," or Mohawks, had measured the war-like propensities of this New Hampshire tribe and hesitated about engaging in war with the confederation to which they lent their aid. The name Pemigewasset was applied to this section of the mountain and from this the tribe received its name.

Passaconaway, the great Sagamore, for years ruled the Nipmuck Nation, a confederation which comprised the Nashuas, Souhegans, Amoskeags, Penacooks, Squamscotts, and a half dozen other tribes, but at his death dissatisfaction arose and internal warfare did much to weaken the strength of the



ABOVE THE CLOUDS, MOUNT WASHINGTON

league. The Pemigewassets still retained their prominence, however, and Wonalancet, son of Passaconaway, collecting as best he could the scattered tribes of the Nipmucks retired to the island of Wikasauke. Following the advice of the illustrious Passacoanway, his son, Wonalancet made a covenant of peace with the English.

Philip of Mount Hope, known to the Indians as Pometacom, than whom no braver or more daring character is recorded in the annals of American history, determined to make a last attempt for the freedom of race. With rare skill this natural leader had united the warring tribes; he impressed them with the idea that only in union remained their safety and preservation, and then with the sagacity of a military leader he planned for the complete destruction of the English. This courageous and tactful savage endowed with the abilities which have written indelibly on the pages of American history the names of Washington, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and a score of others ,realized the immensity of his task and resources. He sought strength from far and near, and had Wonalancet and other chiefs followed the example of the Colonists in the keeping of peace covenants, King Philip's War, would occupy a different page in the history of New England.

Philip dispatched messengers to Wonalancet requesting his aid; but the Nipmuck warrior refused to violate his compact, consequently he incurred the displeasure of the war-

ring tribes. Neither did he desire to join the Colonists in a war against his own race. Finding himself uncomfortably beset whichever way he turned, Wonalancet with his followers returned to the land of the Penacooks. The Colonists soon discovered him in his hiding place and being very eager to secure the aid on their own side of as many bloodthirsty savages as possible, dispatched a second deputation urging the chief to take sides with the English.

Wonalancet persistently and indignantly refused, and Captain Moseley, who had acquired considerable fame in previous Indian wars, was sent to disperse the Penacooks and Pemigewassets and to punish Wonalancet for his insubordination.

There was but one place of refuge for Wonalancet and, collecting his faithful followers, he fled to the mountain forests of New Hampshire. Here, among the thickets of the White Mountains, every foot of wilderness and every nook and cranny among the rocks and ledges of which were familiar ground, the Sachem of the Pemigewassets found safe shelter. Here, in the old home of his tribe he remained until the autumn when he was joined by Monocco or One Eyed John and Sagamore Sam, warriors who had lately engaged in many exciting adventures against the Colonists under the leadership of Philip.

In September, 1676, four hundred Indians had been enticed to come to Dover, under the pretense of a friendly conference with the English. Captain Waldron, with Hawthorne, Frost and Sill met the Indians and with the English forces at Cocheco planned a sham battle.

The Indians drew up in battle array on one side, the English on the other. The English so arranged it that by a clever coup they surrounded the red men and took them all captives. These who had engaged in Philip's War were hanged and quartered, Monocco and Sagacre Sam being among the number. The remainder, with the exception of a few, were sold into slavery. Wonalacet with one hundred and fifty followers, a mere handful of his former strength, was allowed to depart. He fled to his former home, but at Penacook or Concord or even in the fastness of the mountains, there was no longer safety or happiness for Wonalancet, so on September 19, 1677, he journeyed to the St. Francis tribe in Canada and was never afterward heard from.

IV

Ellis River

Once, there was a powerful tribe of Indians who inhabited a region close by the Ellis River now known as Jackson, New Hampshire. The Sagamore had a beautiful daughter, the handsomest maiden of her race. So renowned was the beauty of this famous damsel, that braves from the tribes throughout New England and Canada and even from the distant and war-like Mohawks were among her suitors; but to all the maiden's answer was the same. Her father had determined that a brave of his own tribe, the most powerful among his young men, should be the husband of his daughter. The selection pléased the daughter but little for already she had listened with favor to the wooing of a noted warrior of a neighboring tribe. Secretly the lovers met at night and re-

newed their vows of allegiance to one another and at last the young brave determined to press his suit with the Sagamore. Laden with presents of valuable furs and wampum the ardent lover journeyed to the wigwam of the Sagamore. Earnestly he pleaded for the daughter of the Great Chief and at the feet of the Sagamore, as a token of his friendship, he laid his presents. The Sagamore listened intently to the warrior's love tale for he dared not openly refuse the representative of so powerful a tribe, but in his heart was disappointment and sadness for he had reserved his daughter for the other. The old Sagamore called the chiefs of his tribe in council and all night they talked and deliberated. At length it was decided that both suitors should have equal favor and the most skilful archer should carry off the precious prize.

Accordingly at a distance of fifty paces a round target was marked on a white birch tree, and each brave in turn was to display his skill with the bow. He of the distant tribe, strong and fearless, eyes blazing with excitement for the result, stepped forward;—quickly he drew his bow, the whirring arrow sped straight to the birch, almost to the very centre of the target. Victory shone on the bronze forehead, confidence beamed from his every feature as he strode toward the prize which awaited him. Then, forward came the sturdy form of one who towered above all the warriors of his race. His rank was high for the eagle plumes floated from his raven locks and the prowess of a chief marked his bearing! Deliberately he drew his bow and aimed. Snap! went the cord and his winged messenger lodged in the very centre of the target! A shout of triumph burst from the victorious tribe—while the calm and implacable warrior turned in the direction of the maiden. Short lived however was the shout of triumph, the impassive countenance had changed to a look of fierce rage! Instantly, the loser seeing he had been vanquished, caught his sweetheart by the hand and speeding like the wind they sought the wood! In swift pursuit followed the braves, the victorious archer foremost! Faster and nearer pressed the pursuers! The brave and his sweetheart realizing that escape was impossible, made a desperate dash for the nearby river, reaching it but a few yards in advance of their pursuers. They hesitated for a moment only and then both plunged headlong and were lost in the turbulent waters of Ellis Cascade!

Have you listened for the song of a Siren, whose sweet strains rise above the roar of Ellis River? It is the lullaby of an Indian queen, softly crooning to her faithful lover.

Another story of Ellis River is that a beautiful Indian maiden admired and loved by all the young braves of her race, but so peerless in her beauty and accomplishments that no young man was deemed worthy of her,—fled from the tribe.

Weeks and months were spent in search of her but no trace could be found of the missing girl. One day, however, a party of Indians, returning from the hunt, saw a beautiful maiden and a young brave with long flowing hair like the girl's, which reached below his waist, seated on the banks of the river. They recognized the maiden as the beautiful girl who had disappeared. Her companion was a spirit or

water nymph. Glancing up they perceived the war party, then both plunged into the river and disappeared. Ever afterward when the hunter reached Ellis River, he stopped at this point and sought the spirits to aid him in his quest, and, answering the prayer of the hunter, the water nymphs would call moose and deer and wild animals in great numbers from the woods.

V

The Red Carbuncle

To enter a land which the Great Spirit had hallowed with his presence! No, not for all the treasures of the earth would the red man pass into that forbidden paradise; and woe unto the desecrator who presumed to venture thither.

Once, two great Pow Wows, who had grown bold because of their success at magic, attempted to ascend the mountain, but were never afterward heard from. So perished all who defied the power of the Manitou.

When the storms raged, the shrieks of the evil spirits who were confined in the caverns of the mountains resounded in the valleys below. When angry, the Great Spirit in a voice of thunder proclaimed his rage from the mountain top. Offenders against his laws were struck by flashes of fire from heaven and from his home on the mountain peak he dispensed plague and drought and all ills which befell the red man.

Suspended from a dangerous ledge on the peak of Mount Washington was a monstrous carbuncle which shone with a dazzling red and golden lustre at night. Like the rays of the rising morning sun this luminous jewel lighted the mountain top for miles around. Fortunate was the being who touched this precious stone, for henceforth it acted as a talisman and no danger could befall him on land or sea; but it was safely guarded by an evil spirit, a wicked Indian who had climbed the mountain top in defiance of the Manitou and who, as a punishment, had been killed, and his spirit stationed as a guard to perpetually watch over the stone. In his hand he held a fiery spear; and the human being who approached was bound to be enveloped in a haze of mist and smoke. The lake below rumbled and roared,—then bewildered and frightened at the point of the spear the intruder was pushed over the precipice into this steaming and boiling lake and the victim was lost forever.

The Indians were not alone in their visions of the Carbuncle for after the white settlers advent it was seen and a party of white men journeyed to the mountain top in search of it. They claimed that they had located it but owing to the danger of being dashed to pieces in reaching it they returned, being satisfied with large quantities of quartz and crystals, which they gathered supposing them to be diamonds. Another party was afterward organized but after a hazardous trip, during which they experienced all sorts of hardships, they failed to locate the spot and returned. The Carbuncle was never afterward located and strange to say it is no longer visible. Perhaps it is hidden with the other treasures of Mount Washington under the care of the mountain spirits in the caverns and the caves beyond the reach of human hand and sight.

Cap'n Hezekiah's Little Evy

By Frederick G. Fassett

FIVE times the curtain was raised and each time the star smilingly bowed her acknowledgement of the plaudits of the audience. She made a pretty picture; her face beneath its aureole of golden hair flushed with the pleasure of her triumph. As she came again and again to the footlights, I noticed that some person on the floor of the house was receiving what seemed to be an undue share of the favors of the beautiful young actress. I could hear people sitting near me commenting on the manner in which one of the audience was singled out for especial distinction. Leaning far over the left shoulder of the stout lady in the next seat, I caught a glimpse of the lucky man. At first, I though I must be mistaken but there could be no mistaking that rugged, kindly face.

It was Cap'n Hezekiah Randall, arrayed in his best black suit, with scant gray locks carefully parted just above his left ear and carried evenly and smoothly over his bald pate He sat far down front; his eyes were fixed upon the girl on the stage above him and as again she smiled and bowed in his direction, he nodded and smiled in return, oblivious of the enquiring glances of those around him.

As the audience dispersed, I waited until Cap'n Hezekiah reached me and then, finding him nothing loath, I led the way to a place where over a mug of foaming ale the man of the sea could tell me how it happened that he, of all her admirers, had been so signally honored by the reigning stage favorite of the day.

"'Tain't a thing I gen'ally talks about," said Cap'n Hezekiah, "but I'm that proud of the little girl tonight that I don't mind tellin' ye the story ef ye've got the time to hear it. Could I smoke a pipe here?" he asked with a glance at the white-jacketed waiter. "Them cigars is good but they ain't suited to story tellin'. There ain't nothin' like a pipe to keep a yarn spinnin' in proper fashion."

The pipe lighted, Cap'n Hezekiah told me the story of his career as a patron of the drama and it will bear repeating.

"I s'pose," he said, "that the most peculiar trip I ever made 'longshore was the time I was in the show business. D'ye ever see the play called 'Uncle Tom's Cabin?' To my mind that's about the best play there is. Of course, 'tain't in the class with them plays that Shakespeare wrote, but that don't follow that it ain't jest as interestin'. When I get where there's an Uncle Tom's Cabin company I most gen'ally goes, although I hain't got no sympathy for them newfangled notions some folks has when they puts two Topsys and two Markses, the lawyers, into the piece.

"Well, 'twas back 'bout '92, I guess, 'long the latter part of August. That was a mighty funny year. When 'twarn't blowin' like all possessed, 'twas jest a dead flat

ca'm, an' it made coastin' a mighty oncertain work. I'd been down to Boston with a load of brick and had got back as fur as Gloucester. I went in there to get out of the way of a nor'easter, an' when that was over there was more of that fog. There was an Uncle Tom's Cabin company playin' in Gloucester, an' the last night we was there me'n the cook went up. I didn't think so much of the Uncle Tom, but the little Evy was jest bully. They had one of them gates ajar scenes when little Evy died, an' Lordy, it looked jest 's ef she was goin' right straight up to heaven through the roof of the opera house. Cook said he didn't take much stock in little Evy, an' any one could see that Uncle Tom was a white man blacked up. But what interested him most was the real Sibeerian bloodhounds that chased Elizy over the pasteboard ice. Joel Hanson was cook for me that year, an' the next time Joel seen them bloodhounds they chased him right plumb up the crosstrees, but that's further 'long in the story.

"We managed to work down as fur as Portland an' tied up there at the upper end of the dock where the Boston boat comes in. We got in there late at night an' the next mornin', the fog was so thick again we act'ally couldn't see anythin' on the wharf. 'Twas one of them hot, sticky fogs—one of them days that makes ye feel 's ef the tea-kettle was b'ilin' right under yer cheer. Me'n Joel was a-settin' on the house aft, when out of that fog come some shapes that looked bigger'n bears. Joel let out a yell you could have heard clean over to Pooduck, an' he went aloft quicker'n a monkey ever clim' up a cocoanut tree. I was some scairt myself, comin' so sudden like, so I jest rolled over backwards an' fell down the companionway into the house, yankin' the doors to after me as I dropped.

"Well, I could hear 'em rantin' 'round the deck, when Joel warn't makin' so much noise from where he set on the crosstrees that you couldn't hear nothin' else. An' then all of a sudden, the racket jest quieted down an' 'twas as quiet as a flat ca'm. I poked my head out an' there settin' on the rail was a peaked lookin,' freckle-faced little gal with three big dogs a-layin' at her feet.

"Joel sings out: 'Take keer,' he says, 'it's them Sibeerian bloodhounds.' An' Lordy, sir, ef 'twarn't.

"'They won't hurt ye,' says the little gal. 'I was jest givin' of 'em a little run when they jumped right on your boat. They're real nice dogs, but they ain't gettin' much to eat these days. We're jest busted, ye know,' she says, real confidin' like. 'The steamboat people say we can't have the scenery an' the band wagon onless we pay the freight an' we ain't got no money for that.'

"'Be you in the show?' I asked.

"'Yes,' she says, 'I play little Evy.'

"'Well,' says I, 'either ye ain't gettin' victuals enough or goin' up through them gates ajar every night is wearin' on your health. An',' says I, ' 'twon't do ye any harm, I guess, to get some good, wholesome food.'

"An' with that I gets Joel down on deck an' 'twarn't long afore we had the little lady a-settin' down to riz biscuits an' fried ham with some good hot coffee to go with it. She told me how they'd been in hard luck. Bus'ness warn't no way good, an' they had to fix the play over so's

little Evy could be Topsy an' have time to get the black off afore the gates ajar bus'ness. Then the chap who handled the money skipped out with what cash there was an' all in all the Uncle Tom show was in 'bout as rough sailin' as old Uncle Tom himself ever see.

"D'ye ever notice how some women keeps cheerful no matter what happens? Well, that little woman didn't complain none though I found out that she and her ma—her ma played Elizy—hadn't seen any wages for eight weeks an' there was a little brother an' sister to be supported to home. When she got through her yarn an' was praisin' Joel Hanson's fried ham an' riz bread, I don't mind tellin' ye that I felt 's ef some o' the fog had gone into my eyes. An' 'twas then that I had a great idee. 'Tain't often that an old barnacle like me gets a chance to do good to his fellow creaturs, but it did seem 's ef 'twas a dispensation o' divine Providence that led them Sibeerian bloodhounds to chase Joel Hanson clean up to the cross-trees an' so bring little Evy aboard the old Juno.

"'Ef I could get the steamboat people to trust ye so's ye could get the show out o' pawn, so to speak,' I says, 'would ye get your play folks to come aboard the Juno? Seein's I'm bound to the east'ard I'd jest live's not set ye ashore at Boothbay 'n' ye could give the show there. An' for matter o' that, 'twouldn't trouble me none,' I says, 'to hitch ye along's fur as Rockland to save railroad fares.'

"'Twoud a-done ye good to see how that little gal chirked up. She swallered the last o' that ham an' then she threw her arms right 'round my neck an' kissed me. She warn't the only play actor that kissed me on that trip, either, but the other come later.

"Well, that afternoon, when the wind had canted 'round to south'ard an' druv the fog away, the Juno set sail with the queerest cargo the old hooker ever carried. Joel Hanson was dodgin' them Sibeerian bloodhounds; ye never could make Joel believe them dogs come from New York an' never see Sibeery. The band chariot was on deck amidships an' play actors was scattered 'round promisc'ous. We got to Boothbay all right an' when it got 'round that a show had come to town in a coastin' schooner, all the folks turned out an' we give the pieces to a crowd that filled the hall. I told 'em, seein's bus'ness was so good, that we might jest's well stay over another night.

"Things did seem to go terrible hard with that crowd. 'Twas 'long towards noon the next day when little Evy—I always called her little Evy though that warn't her real name—come aboard the Juno an' jest put her head down on the cabin table an' begun to cry. Seem's her ma had took sick an' couldn't play. Little Evy said she didn't see how they could give the piece without Elizy, an' more'n that she was afraid that so much trouble would drive Uncle Tom to drink. He was some given that way when things was goin' wrong.

"Wel, I told her that I'd fix it; I jest put it on strong an' told the little lady not to worry. I said the show'd come off on time, but, Lordy, I didn't have much idee what I was goin' to do. However, feelin' the need of exercise I navigated up town an' caught Uncle Tom before

he'd had more'n two or three, an' I told him if he didn't stop it an' keep sober for the evenin' performance I'd make his upper works look 's ef a cyclone had struck 'em, an' then I'd take him down on the old Juno an' keel haul him. He was sober when the curtain went up, sober's a jedge.

"Well, the only thing I could think of was to see ef I couldn't get some imitation actor to take the part of Elizy. Ye see most of them coast towns has clubs which gives plays, but when I come to mention it to 'em—Lordy, them town actors was so highty-tighty that they wouldn't associate with real play actor folk. I was expressin' my mind pretty free about it in the barber shop, when the barber says that down to Squirrel Island, spendin' the summer, was a real actress, an' he mentioned a name which I calculate you'd recognize ef I spoke it, but bein's I promised not to I ain't a-goin' to.

"I went down to the landin' plumb beat, when all of a sudden what that barber said come back to me an' I says to myself: 'Why not?' So I jest took a catboat an' sailed over to Squirrel Island. I found the lady a-settin' on the piazzy of her cottage with a lot of them summer folks 'round her. I'm willin' to say that my knees was kinder wabbly when I went up them porch steps, but I put my best foot for'ard an' asked ef I might speak to her. She was a real lady ef there ever was one an', say, I jest forgot to be scairt an' spun my yarn, jest 's ef me'n her had been there all alone. I told her how hard little Evy and her ma was workin' to support them children to home, an' when I got through she says: 'How much do you want me to give?'

"'By Jings!' says I, 'little Evy an' her ma ain't no paupers. What I come down here to ask you to do, ma'am, was to act. They need somebody powerful bad to take the part of Elizy, an' ef you're scairt 'bout it I don't mind tellin' ye that them real Sibeerian bloodhounds was bought in New York an' ain't nowise dangerous.'

"One of them summer girls set up a larf at that, while I sot there on the edge of my cheer twistin' my cap in my hands an' feelin' like an old cod in a bowl full of goldfish. The actress, she jest sot an' looked at me for 'bout a minute, an' then she says: 'Well, you're a dear old bear,' an' with that she jumps right up an' puts her arms right 'round my neck an' gives me a kiss, an' that was the second time I was kissed on that trip when I was in the show bus'ness. But Lordy, don't ye ever tell that to Cap'n Jabez Pollock. I don't want no scandals at my time o' life.

"She turned 'round to them snickerin' summer people an' looked at 'em in a way that made 'em solemn as a funeral. 'I'm jest goin' to do it,' she says, 'to oblige my dear old friend here.'

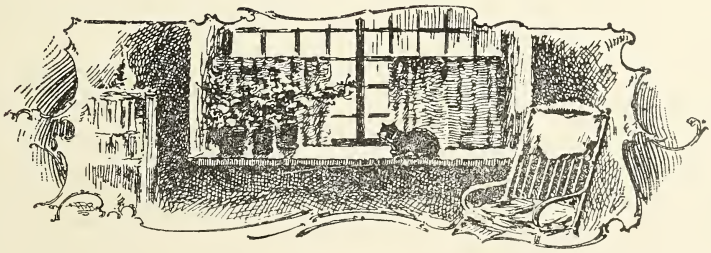
"That's what she said but, of course, she put it that way jest because they'd larfed at me. I jedged that the real reason was that what I'd told her 'bout little Evy an' her ma had teched her heart. She had a head on her, she had. She took right holt an' sold a lot of tickets at five dollars apiece. She told them summer folks 'twas the only time they'd ever have a chance to see her as Elizy with them Sibeerian

bloodhounds a-chasin' of her over the ice.

"Well, say, I s'pose Uncle Tom's Cabin was never give any better'n 'twas that night down to Boothbay Harbor. Little Evy jest did her durndest, an', of course, that great actress she put more feelin' into the part of Elizy than I guess was ever put into it before. Even them real Sibeerian bloodhounds seemed to feel that they was called on to act a little better'n usual. 'Twas when she come to the gates ajar scene that little Evy did her best. That great actress was standin' 'longside of me out to one side the stage, 'an I heard her say, soft-like, 'Bless me, the child can act.' An' then she asked me all sorts of questions 'bout little Evy an' her ma so's I warn't very much s'prised when 'long 'bout next November I got a letter from little Evy tellin' me as how the great actress was educatin' her for the stage.

"You seen her tonight an' you know what she can do, but I tell ye, to my mind she ain't never acted no better'n she used to when she was little Evy goin' up through them gates ajar. When I'm 'round where she's playin', she always sends me tickets, an' I slick up an' goes, an' summers she comes down onto the Maine coast when the playhouses is all closed up, an' we sail 'round an' tell stories of the time when Cap'n Hezekiah Randall was in the show bus'ness. I like to see her in her newfangled plays but, Lordy, it's when we're jest driftin' home 'long towards sundown, with the wind flatted out nigh to a dead ca'm, that she reminds me of the peaked, freckle-faced little Evy that shipped on the Juno."

Cap'n Hezekiah's pipe was burned out and he lit one of the despised cigars, and sat looking into the smoke wreaths. Then he arose and we went out onto the avenue, into the glare and the noise. The face of the young actress smiled at us from a photograph in a shop window. I envied Cap'n Hezekiah.



The Call of the Subtle

By Laura Simmons

IT is always a joy to be assured that we are coming on intellectually—gaining surely, if slowly, in mental acumen and vigor. But of late we have also had reason to apprehend that some of our burdens along these lines of intellectual stimulus were becoming greater than we could bear.

For example, it was not so long ago that we found some excitement in looking forward to the fifth act—that thrilling love scene calculated, as George Ade would say, to "scorch the begonias." But, alas, these primitive impulses of ours have become distinctly unfashionable—not to say positively indelicate. We are coming to the bitter realization that we must envelop ourselves in the nebulae of "subtility," "suggestion" and "artistic repression" if we would experience any mental progression that is really worthy the name.

Not only is our literature being given over to psycological "stunts" of more or less significance, but the up-to-date dramatist has caught the craze, and is all for mental anguish, and the temperamental throes of the "Over Soul" (see also the Ueber Mensch of Goethe and Nietszche) which he portrays with a glad insouciance and confidence, which passeth all understanding.

And whilst we, of course, gratefully acknowledge an increased robustness in our mental processes, we must confess that at times we are seized with secret yearnings to ascertain what is really going on right before our eyes—whether our hero and heroine are becoming engaged or bitterly estranged. We would cheerfully relinquish a little of the added intellectual resources for the sake of knowing what is transpiring under all this aesthetic "restraint" and "subtle intensity." If someone would only give us a hint—if the leading lady would only exclaim, according to the old sainted tradition of the drama: "Can it be that all is over between us? Reginald, think of our che-ild!" or things like that. But no—the intellectual drama is sans everything in the way of plot, gooseflesh, and the good old melodramatic thrill.

And the mournful and humiliating fact is, that, away down deep within our provincial souls, some of us do love denouments. And after becoming all harrowed up over the expected climateric love-scene, we hate to be put off with "artistic expression," and "psycological intensity."

We shall, of course, get hardened to the change in time. Indeed, at the present writing we feel ourselves prepared for anything that the modern playwright (all in love, and inspired by the tenderest altruism) shall have prepared for our ethical advancement. We fully expect at any moment to witness even our old friend, the beefy, gouty old lord of the manor come fuming onto the stage, and demand, in lieu of the

traditional roast ox and ale, etc.,:—"What ho, varlet! my cereal coffee, whole wheat-educators, and stewed prunes—and be damned quick about it!"

Alas! could we love him still, embittered by such transmogrification? Nay—there would always be a difference; things could never really be the same between us again! But oh—the perfection to our egos! And no doubt, judged by the latter-day conception of the truly aesthetic, our beloved old reprobate was quite impossible—truly unfit for publication.

All this is in no sense a complaint. Heaven forbid that we should presume to criticise, "ex cathedra," anything perpetrated in the sacred name of L'Arr-rr! In the language of the street gamin, "I a'int arguin'—I'm just tellin' yer!"

Finally the last straw has fallen, and from a quarter whence we least expected it. The modern photographer, not to be outdone in "artistry" has betaken himself to shadowy, chiar'oscuro effects, beside which the honest likenesses of a decade ago appear garish, crude and melodramatic. One recent "triumph" in photography exhibits a "Mother and Babe," which are only gloomily suggested in the dim religious light. The Mother's tresses almost entirely obscure her profile as she bends over a subtly "restrained" Babe, "of whom one eye, and the tip of the nose are alone visible amongst its multitudinous wrappings. It would seem as though a more fitting title would have been 'Any Mother to any Babe!'"

And although we are no doubt inspired to loftier intellectual achievements, in merely trying to discover Who's Who, we nevertheless decide (covertly) that next time it will be just as well to bring along the magnifying glass, a real strong one too, which shall enable us to recognize not only our own friends and neighbors, but our babes and near relations. Mr. Howells, in a very beautiful and very acute essay in "Literature and Life," makes this memorable statement, which we recommend to the devotees of art for all time, and all the world over:—"Art, like law, is the perfection of reason and anything in the work of an artist which is not reasonable is not artistic."

In the last analysis, the truest relation of men to the world and to themselves is emotional rather than intellectual, and perhaps a certain appreciation—even a certain love—of the crude, the natural, the elemental—even the sensational, is wholesome and desirable, lest we become morbid and inert at the further swing of the pendulum. We must not become as Mr. James would say "disnatured."

What hope is there for a world of men and women whose hearts have ceased to thrill at the blessed, beautiful, primitive things—the glory of the sunsets and mountains—the rapturous ecstasies of the thrush and the lark?

But after all, the real enduring element of beauty in man's nature is his inconsistency, and his inevitable dissatisfaction with the things that be—whatever they may be. And by that same token we may venture to hope for a different order of things in the near future.

And whilst there will continue to be those pale students who burn the midnight oil in striving to interpret the abstruse passages of Robert

Browning—delving ever for new light upon what must remain baffling and apochryphal in the works of that great poet—does not the whole world respond in swift, passionate sympathy, to those simple, triumphant, heart-stiring lines of Prospice, so full of dauntless human courage and deathless human love? Confronted by the "Arch-Fear," how the fighter glories in his "one fight more—the best and last:—

"One fight more—the best and last:—
I would hate that Death bandaged my eyes—make me creep past—
No, let me taste the whole of it—fare like my peers
In a minute pay glad Life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold!—"

And as he yearns across the dark abyss to clasp again the beloved one unto his arms;

Then a light—then thy breast—
Oh thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again
And with God be the rest!"

On the Beach Near Plymouth
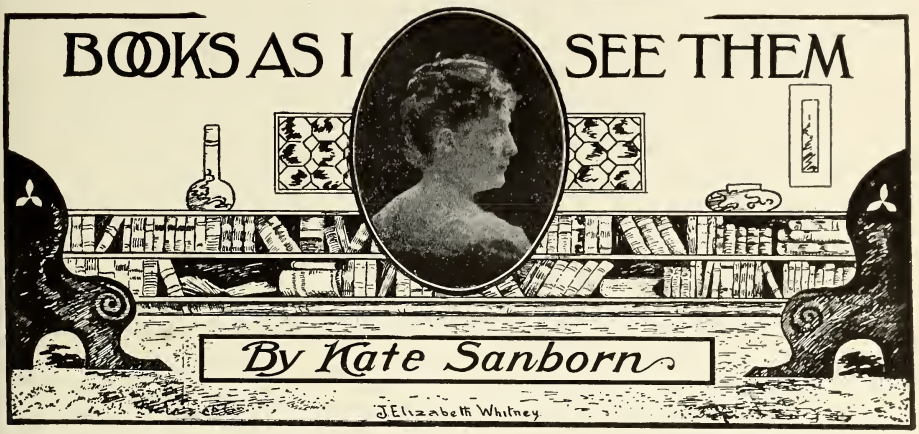
By Francis Ingold Walker

Today the sea, a hoary minstrel, sings
His mighty song, whose harmony is hurled
As from ten thousand organ-pipes, and rings
Along the deep foundations of the world.

Listen, and you can hear the rattle and roar
Of pebbles, ground as 'neath a monster's feet
By waves that clamor on the foam-flecked shore
And from the sands reluctantly retreat.

And on the breeze there comes the salty breath
Of booming billows out upon the decks——
Dim, shadowy mysterious realm, where Death,
The aged Emp'ror reigns and never sleeps.

Here is the solemn symphony of Life,
With its eternal note of mystery——
A soul's dominion ever at vain strife
With fretful barriers, and never free!



Emerson said that one's originality depended on how much he knew of Plato, which if true, proves that mighty few now read and study Plato. (A Boston woman however has translated some of his best work in a most admirable and scholarly way, which is a star in the brilliant crown of New England women.) There seems to be little original work: now or ever. Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, who is well nigh omniscient in literary matters, told me how Shakespeare chummed well with Giordano Bruno, an eminent Italian philosopher, during his visit to England about 1582 and evidently was greatly assisted by him. Also that the fascinating and mysterious Sonnets were quite similar to some of Bruno's own. Of course the plots of Shakespeare's plays were all known and had been used before he borrowed and made them immortal. Sidney Smith said he had but one illusion left and that was the Archbishop of Canterbury! I am getting almost as skeptical.

They have left us no heroes of reality or romance and the climax comes in a book called "The Martyrdom of Man" explaining that there is so much trouble and wrong in this world, because the Creator has been too fully occupied to look us up! While other writers go even farther, (I hope they will not "fare worse" for their irreverence,) and assert : here I refer you to two recent Philistines to see how completely out of date is our most solemn, precious faith in God and his Son. All our text books are now incorrect and bygones; more are appearing to keep in step with the amazing strides of scientists, explorers, and metaphysicians.

But I did have one, just one illusion left. I did believe absolutely in the Rev. Charles Wolfe as the author of the poem, "The Burial of Sir John Moore." He was an Irish clergyman and poet but wrote nothing that will live except this poem which is an almost literal translation, as Mr. Henry N. Hall tells us in the last Critic, from the French of Lally-Tollendal. One of my reference books says that the poem seems to have been written when Wolfe was still a student in Trinity College, Dublin, and it appeared in an Irish newspaper in 1817 with only his initials affixed: it was quoted from newspaper to newspaper; the initials were dropped and it was claimed by many persons. Wolfe's Trinity friends came to the rescue and Archdeacon Russell wrote his memoir with "Remains," dreadfully dull, but it went through at least eight editions, a curious testimony to the lasting popularity of the poem. It was greatly admired by Byron, and at one time ascribed to his Lordship.

But D. M. Moir in Sketches of Poets says, "In the lottery of literature Charles Wolfe has been one of the few who have

drawn the prize of probable immortality from a casual gleam of inspiration thrown over a single poem of only a few stanzas; and these too, little more than a spirited version from the poem of another. The ode went directly to the heart of the nation and is likely to remain forever enshrined there." We will not blame the talented young student, who was able to give such a "version"; he probably did not intend plagiarism. But is it not close?

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

ORIGINAL OF "NOT A DRUM WAS HEARD"

Ni le son du tambour, . . . ni la marche funèbre. . .
Ni le feu des soldats . . . ne marqua son départ.—
Mais du brave, à la hate, à travers les ténèbres
Mornes . . . nous portames le cadavre au rempart!

De minuit c'était l'heure, et solitaire et sombre,—
La lune à peine offrait un débile rayon;
La lanterne luisait péniblement dans l'ombre,
Quand de la baionnette on creusa le gazon.

D'inutile cercueil ni de drap funéraire
Nous ne daignames point entourer le heros;
Il gisait dans les plis du manteau militaire
Comme un guerrier qui dort son heure de repos.

Not at all like the stealing attempted by the woman who accused Mr. William Allen Butler of picking up her manuscript of "Nothing to Wear," when she dropped it without noticing her loss in a New York omnibus. There were several claimants for the poem "Betsey and I are Out," of Carleton's. And Ella Wheeler Wilcox was obliged to fight a tedious and persistent man who was sure he wrote "Laugh and the world laughs with you!"

I am stopping to admire my "restraint" in not suggesting the advisability of some of our young clergymen giving spirited versions (owning their indebtedness), to the brilliant and strong minds of the English and French clergy of a century ago. And sometimes on a Sunday evening giving readings from the books on scientific themes which are now studied so earnestly at home by people who think and therefore grow; and allow questions and courteous discussion. Then the churches would again be well filled.

It is a mistake to allow the merely new to crowd back the best literature of the past and I must speak once more of the opportunity offered by the E. P. Dutton Company, in their "Everyman's Library." "The true University in these days," said Carlyle, "is a collection of books." Now such a collection is possible for all. Arranged in sections, as classical, philosophy and theology, poetry and drama, travel and topography, history, science, fiction, essays. Every thing that is worth while. Spend a dollar and read the dramas of Aeschylus and the plays of Euripides rather than the disagreeably frank and pessimistic efforts of Bernard Shaw; those who must live where it is difficult to get books new or old, will be especially grateful for this innovation.

Thomas B .Mosher of Portland, Maine, is another maker of books who is a practical philanthropist, giving us volumes which combine the most rare and precious thoughts of the ages with the most perfect presentation that exquisite taste can devise; the effect always quiet, but a bibliophile knows how much thought and expense it all cost.

One reviewer says that "No more artistic books are issued from the press of any

publisher in this or any other country than those bearing the imprint of Thomas Mosher." He thoroughly understands the art of bookmaking in miniature and sends forth the daintiest ideal editions: "A reprint of poetry and prose for book lovers, chosen in part from scarce editions and sources not generally known."

I will give what he has preserved for us in this edition: six prose poems by Oscar Wilde; one long prose poem, "The Sweet Miracle," done into English from the Portuguese of Eca de Qieroz, Portugal's greatest prose writer of the last half of the nineteenth century; and "Hand and Soul," the only tale that Rosetti ever completed. The binding is in Japan vellum with a special design in gold upon a ground work of green, and most reasonable in price.

You only need to see or own one of these delightful books to become Mr. Mosher's constant and devoted patron. I have worked, played and "browsed" as they say, in many a superb and immense private library, where the richly bound volumes, seldom disturbed, impressed and oppressed me, standing in formal rows like wealthy gentlemen in court dress and dowagers, self satisfied, in gowns of brocade, satin and velvet. It may be fancy, but every volume sent out from this Portland treasure-house is truly alive with the special atmosphere of the writer, and Mr. Mosher's intimate familiarity with the text and unerring intuition as to its most fitting dress gives an added personality.

Art and appreciation, combined; that's it!

Mr. Mosher is a New England publisher and an honored member of our Author's Club of Boston; two other reasons for New England readers always keeping themselves supplied with his latest triumphs.

The Macmillan Company have sent me a life of Walter Pater, the English essayist, critic, student and literary curio, prepared by A. C. Benson for the English Men of Letters series. This biography deserves more time than I can now give; but will just indicate his special ambitions and achievements. Benson says that "Pater really struck out a new line in English prose, working on principles enunciated by Flaubert in a widely different region. The essence of his attempt was to produce prose that had never before been contemplated in English, full of color and melody, serious, exquisite, ornate. He devoted equal pains to construction and ornamentation. His object was that every sentence should be weighted, charged with music, haunted with echoes; that it should charm and suggest, rather than convince or state. The triumph of his art is to be metrical without metre, rhythmical without monotony.

"One of Pater's happiest accomplishments was his power of bringing up in a few words a figure or scene, beautiful in itself and charged with a further and remote significance. Roman Catholicism he said, was like a table draped in fair linen, covered with lights and flowers and vessels of crystal and silver; while Puritanism was like the same table, after it had been cleared, serviceable enough, but without charm or grace."

I esteem Pater's criticism and short essays more than his one long six years' painful effort on Marius the Epicurean. Mosher has reprinted nine of these essays from the "Guardian," with a picture of the author, only four hundred copies on Van Gelder paper, and the type distributed.

My favorite here is his talk about Amiel's "Journal Intime," translated by Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

Amiel always attracted and held me, though I sadly disapproved of his dreamy, dilatory temperament. I recall reading bits here and there from his Journal and the sunny, self forgetting diary of Longfellow, as a contrast to classes. Our poet of Cambridge, said little about his ambitions or his hopes in life but kept right on making his name famous and his home happy, brightening and blessing the lives of all so fortunate as to know him and winning the love and appreciation of the entire civilized world. His Psalm of Life alone has been printed in every language. While Amiel dreamed, dawdled, longed, set up high ideals (especially as to the woman he would at last make happy) and meantime indulged in useless, morbid introspection. and died, unwed, naught of consequence

accomplished, save these moonings over what he intended to do!

And he could write so well! Enjoy his description of an effect of fog. "Fog has certainly a poetry of its own—a grace, a dreamy charm. It does for the daylight what a lamp does for us at night; it turns the mind toward meditation; it throws the soul back on itself. The sun, as it were, sheds us abroad in nature, scatters and disperses us—it is cordial, homely, charged with feeling. The poetry of the sun has something of the epic in it; that of fog and mist is elegiac and religious. Pantheism is the child of light; mist engenders faith in near protectors. When the great world is shut off from us, the house becomes itself a small universe." You see? Beautiful, rare, true; but, and a big But; he was so distressingly fastidious and "hyper."

"We are nothing but thought." "Action is but coarsened thought." Better say galvanized thought; thought utilized. But that would be too coarse. "The ideal poisons for me all imperfect possession. I feel a terror of action. He quotes with approval from Goethe. "Yet always find myself frittering myself away on the infinitely little, and longing after what is unknown and distant."

"I have always avoided what attracted me, and turned my back upon the point where I secretly desired to be." Bless me! Do open a window no matter if it is raining and the wind blows wild. I want oxygen and to get away from such ineffectual, lacklustre, mental poodleism. I know Amiel was consumptive, but so was Lanier; so was Stevenson; so was Tom Hood. But he had genius and fascination and wondrous power over words.

Mosher has surprised me by showing how well Walt Whitman wrote in prose. Anne Montgomeries Traubel, wife of the poet's latest biographer, has collected a little book of "Nature Thoughts" from his writings and they are refreshing. As he sits hot afternoons by the spring under the willows, he notices everything. "And how they all grow into me, day by day, everything in keeping; the wind just palpable perfume, and the dapple of leaf-shadows, and all the natural medicinal, elemental moral influences of the spot." Well, Whitman took his big soul out doors and taught us much. He speaks of a curious feeling also spoken of by Pater; of feeling when alone in the forest, the presence of something or somebody else. "Is it a lingering inherited remains of man's primitive wariness, from the wild animals? or from his savage ancestry far back? It is not at all nervousness or fear. Seems as if something unknown were possibly lurking in those bushes, or solitary places. Nay, it is quite certain there is some vital unseen presence."

"As now taught accepted and carried out are not the processes of culture rapidly creating a class of supercilious infidels, who believe in nothing. Shall man lose himself in countless masses of adjustments, and be so shaped with reference to this, that and the other, that the simply good and healthy, and brave parts of him are reduced and clipped away, like the bordering of box in a garden? You can cultivate corn and roses and orchards but who shall cultivate the mountain peaks, the ocean and the tumbling gorgeousness of the clouds?"

Like many another woman I have talked a good deal but have not said one-tenth of what I meant to say, and am almost at the end of my tether. I do not need to recommend Churchill's last novel, a true New Hampshire story; it holds one's interest straight through; can't praise the counterfeit presentments of Jethro and Cynthy, mother or daughter. I would like to compare real pictures of these interesting folks with these unreal efforts. Do I have any hope that Colonel Churchill will be next Governor of the Granite State? Ah! my doubts balance my hopes. I cling with foolish superstition to the fact that C., is his favorite and fortunate letter! It is in capitals in the title of each novel; he lives at Cornish and I wish he might preside at Concord. See?

The-National-Society-of-N.E.-Women



By E. Marguerite Lindley

The National Society is yet on a vacation. Many of the members are enjoying forests, mountains or seashore and farm, camp or hotel life, in "The States," as foreigners call our Republic, and others have crossed the Atlantic to explore or revisit the haunts of earlier generations.

Clubs in general are closed for the summer, and it is generally conceded that this is the case with the National Society. So it is as far as social functions are concerned; but fraternal interests are continually growing, and this life of summer itinerancy is especially conducive to these. Frequently the chairman of Colony Committee receives letters from various members saying "Mrs. Blank of Blank is desirous of knowing more about the formation of a Colony of the New England Society." The reply might be "Why not subscribe for the magazine? Then you can learn more than a letter can tell you," but the Chairman in order to properly serve the cause, endeavors to meet the requirements by sending a letter in detail to each inquirer—and no one need feel her queries are ever other than a pleasure to the Chairman. It is always pleasing to serve a good cause conscientiously: and no better one can present itself than our New England fraternity with its reciprocal interests both social and philanthropic (as well as ancestral).

The extension of the Society through the formation of more Colonies, is not the only fraternal work that is conspicuous during these restful summer months. Philanthropy never takes a vacation. In the Parent Society the needy ones are cared for, some are sent to summer homes, and whatever comforts are necessary, are provided. This is done through a committee formed of the President and ex-Presidents, into whose hands the Trust Fund is given, and from whom no report is required. This ensures privacy for those who are so unfortunate as to need assistance in their declining years, or to help them to tide over misfortune through a loan. There is also open work of a meritorious nature done through the Investigation and Relief Committee.

Colony III, Montclair, sustains a district nurse, who finds duties waiting her early and late. Her ministrations are not confined to the needs of New England people, but to suffering humanity generally.

The members of Colony X, San Francisco, have taken up the work of daily visits to the camps of the poor, each member having a certain district or route. In many cases, they are located on their own grounds. But near or far, through the blistering heat, as well as on days of comfort, these unselfish philanthropists carry on their work, ever thanking God that the

disaster to life and limb was not more sweeping. We who work earnestly one day each week of cool months, and reflect during the summer on our good qualities, will do well to consider what the work of our San Francisco sisters has been since that earthquake day of last April. There have been seven days to their weeks since then, and no summer vacations. The Colony members there mean to seek out all cases of need among the people of New England ancestry before the approach of cold weather, and will ask the assistance of the National Society in caring for them if necessary. Thus far, none have been found, showing not only the thrift of New England element in caring for themselves but their unfortunate pride in concealing their needs.

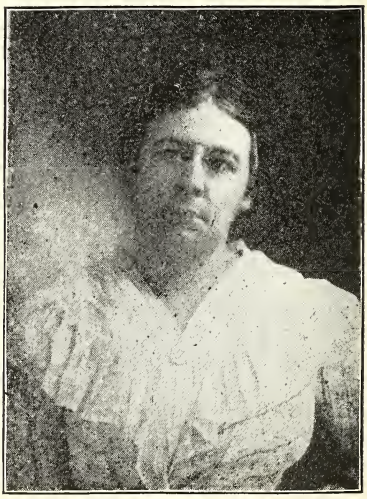
One feature of philanthropy that should appeal to all, is the finding of suitable employment for those desiring such. To force the wrong person into the wrong place, simply because he is poor and must have work, is far from praiseworthy; but to place the proper worker in the proper field is a matter of vast importance. Too often a life is but half lived because of the inadaptability of the person for a position that was accepted on account of financial needs. Our New England women characterized as they are by keenness of perception and kindness of heart can do no nobler work than help correct such mistakes or at least prevent the recurrence of others. With the increase in living expenses comes the need of increased income to all skilled workers. New Englanders can always attain to skill in any art or vocation for which they are adapted, and they certainly should be helped to the best position they are capable of filling.

Mrs. Theodore Frelinghuysen Seward, President of the National Society is yet hard at work in her spacious home at East Orange, N. J., planning interests for the coming year, arranging with her committees (of the fifteen departments) and will be in readiness to meet, with her usual success, the great responsibilities that await her.

Appreciative letters continue to arrive regarding the July issue of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE. The colored copy of the banner, it is stated in many of these letters, is being done in passepartout for home adornment.

Mrs. C. David White, President of Colony IV, Washington, D .C., was born in Worcester, Mass. Her maiden name was Mary Elizabeth Houghton. Her father, Josiah Perry Houghton, was a descendant of Ralph Houghton.

The family have been fine, sturdy New England stock, who have helped much in making history, of whom no little history has been written. Ralph Houghton was the son of Sir Richard Houghton of Houghton Tower, Lancashire, England, who was



MRS. C. DAVID WHITE
PRESIDENT OF COLONY IV, WASHINGTON, D. C.

created a baronet by James I, upon the institution of the order, May 22, 1611.

Ralph, the younger son of a numerous family, was a Roundhead and fled to America on account of religious and political difficulties. He landed at Charlestown, Mass., and with nine others, founded the town of Lancaster, Mass., about 1647.

From her mother's side, Mrs. White is descended from the Waites of Ipswich, Mass. Thomas Waite who kept the old Province House in Boston was her great uncle. It is he to whom Nathaniel Hawthorne frequently refers in his "Tales of the

Old Province House" in the collection of "Twice Told Tales."

Mr. White is a member of the New England Geological Survey. He is descended fromJohn White of Salem and Lancaster. Through early intermarriages between the Whites and Houghtons, the couple are very distantly related.

Mrs. White is the third President of Colony IV. She has entered the chair under most favorable circumstances, and a prosperous and profitable year is assured.

Editor's Table

Dr. R. H. Gregory of Adams County, Iowa, has hopes of the passage by his state legislature, next winter, of his bill for the killing of incurables, and hopelessly deformed or idiotic infants. He provides that the patient, if of legal age, or the parent or guardian must ask for the death, the attending physician must concur, and two other reputable physicians and the coroner must also assent in form. Only when all agree can the patient be removed by anaesthetics. This sounds very shocking, but it is stated that many eminent men in other than the medical profession approve the measure. It is certain that gibbering idiots and hideously deformed people ought to be kept out of sight, and there are cases where degenerates and moral perverts might well be put not only out of sight but out of existence. It has cost Massachusetts not a little to keep Jesse Pomeroy alive for about a quarter of a century, and he would take fiendish delight to-day in tearing a kitten limb from limb if he could get hold of it. What is the use of "sentiment" in such a case?

* * *

Modern public school methods were severely criticized at the recent national convention of medical men, at Boston. There seemed to be general approval of a declaration by Dr. Woods Hutchinson, of Redlands, California, who in a formal address said: "If we must take our choice of a playground without a schoolhouse or a schoolhouse without a playground let us by all means have the playground. Home study among school children should not be tolerated. The American boy is the best educated because he spends so much time at home, and the country boy is the best educated of all, because he lives where he can attend school only three months in the year." The consensus of sentiment was that at best the school should only be supplementary to home training. Dr. Leastes Connor, of Detroit, put it in a forcible if not elegant phrase. He said: "The attempt to make the public school a machine for turning out men and women is an infernal mistake." The session also heartily approved the separation of the sexes in school, and male teachers for boys, expressed by Dr. G. Stanley Hall, of Worcester. He said: "A boy of fourteen who is considered a perfect gentleman by a lady teacher will never amount to much."

* * *

There is a bill pending in Congress, introduced by Hon. John J. Fitzgerald to make second class mail matter subject to a charge of one cent for every three ounces. The present rate is one cent per pound. The change would make the rate five and a third cents. The excuse is that the cheap rate on newspapers and periodicals inflicts a burden on the postal system and prevents its becoming self-supporting, in other words that the government is subsidizing the press to the extent of the present postal deficiency. The fallacy of this excuse has been repeatedly shown by speeches in Congress and in the press, but there is fear that unless the public makes itself heard

the bill will pass. It is clearly shown that if the government itself should pay the present rate for the tons of publications sent out by the various departments, and under the frank of Congressmen and other officials, there would be no deficiency. The free distribution of government literature is a public benefit, but it is unfair to ignore the expense of doing it in considering the expense of the postal department. The change in the law would benefit the railroads and express companies, who would compete at the proposed increased rate.

* * *

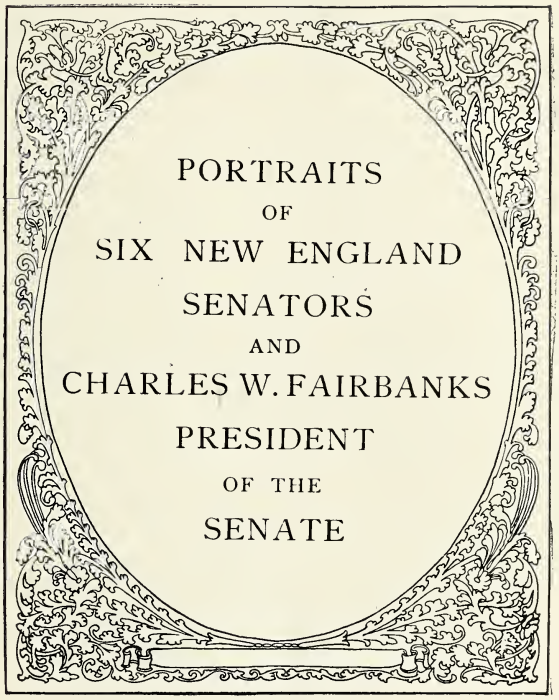
Over two hundred people injured and nearly half a million dollars worth of property destroyed are charged to the celebration of the Fourth of July last year, by reputable collectors of statistics. The manifestation of public patriotism by the use of explosives is sensational and spectacular, but it is doubtful if it is of any practical value. Even without the loss of life and property the noise of the celebration is a nuisance that should be suppressed in the interests of invalids and nervous people. Aside from the cost of the celebration here mentioned the expense to those who make the noise has an important aggregate. With fifteen million families in the country it is a conservative estimate to allow five dollars per family for the public and private expenditure. This means seventy-five million dollars annually thrown away, aside from the contingent cost. Yankees are inventive. Will not some one invent a noiseless, harmless and costless fad, to take the place of the present absurdity? Would that the shades of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln could be rehabilitated and give us counsel.

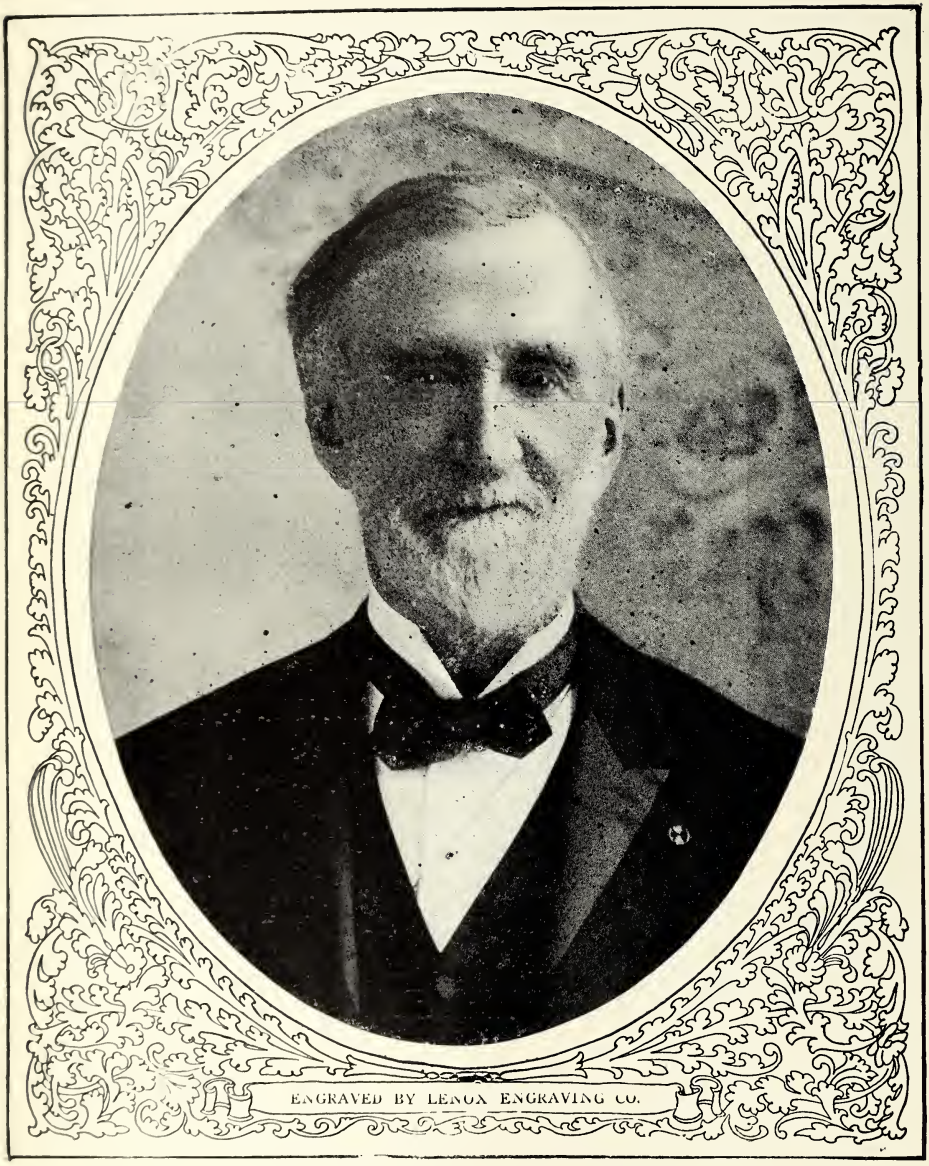
History of Greenfield. By Judge Thompson.

New England towns are peculiarly rich in historical matter which yearly becomes of greater and greater interest, and no town has more of picturesque value then Greenfield. Here and hereabouts seems to have been the great battle ground between the English settlers and the Indians who were loth to give up to the white man the beautiful valley of the Connecticut. For nearly a century Greenfield was the frontier town of the region and the romance of its daily life is fascinating as well to one who reads for pleasure as to another who seeks for historic facts. Here was the hunting ground of the great Pocomtuck nation and it was at the "Fishing Falls" that Captain William Turner gave the death-blow to King Philip's career.

Judge Thompson has told the story of the town in two volumes replete with historic interest and romance, volumes which appeal with special interest to all who love the true story of the struggles and triumphs of the forefathers in the early days of New England. The books will rank with the best work of Massachusetts' local historians, for painstaking research and the vivid picture they give of municipal development.

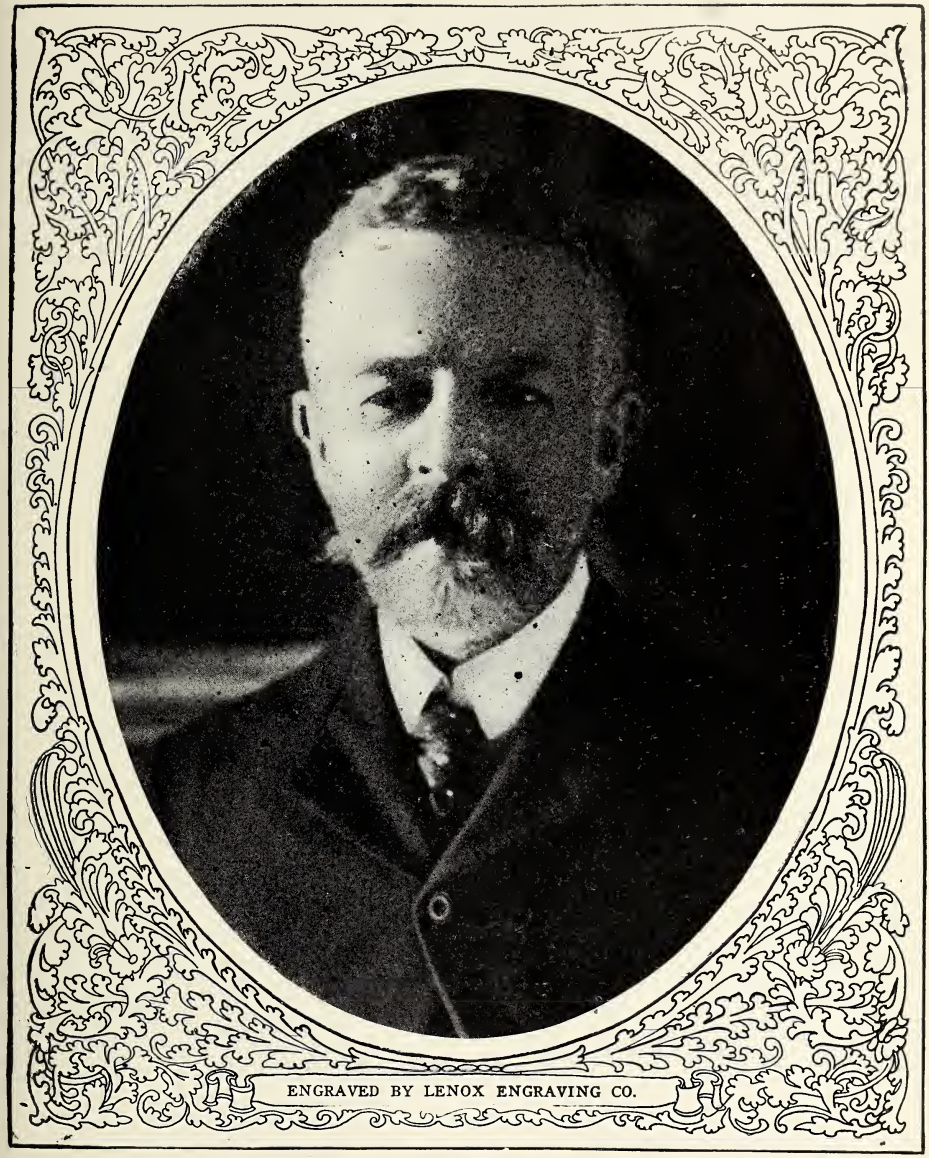
Greenfield has been called a model New England town and Judge Thompson has certainly written a model history of it. No New England town library should be without this history. 2 vol., cloth, 8 vo., $7.00; delivered $7.50; net price to trade, $6.00. F. M. Thompson, Town Agent, Greenfield, Mass.


PORTRAITS
OF
SIX NEW ENGLAND
SENATORS
AND
CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS
PRESIDENT
OF THE
SENATE



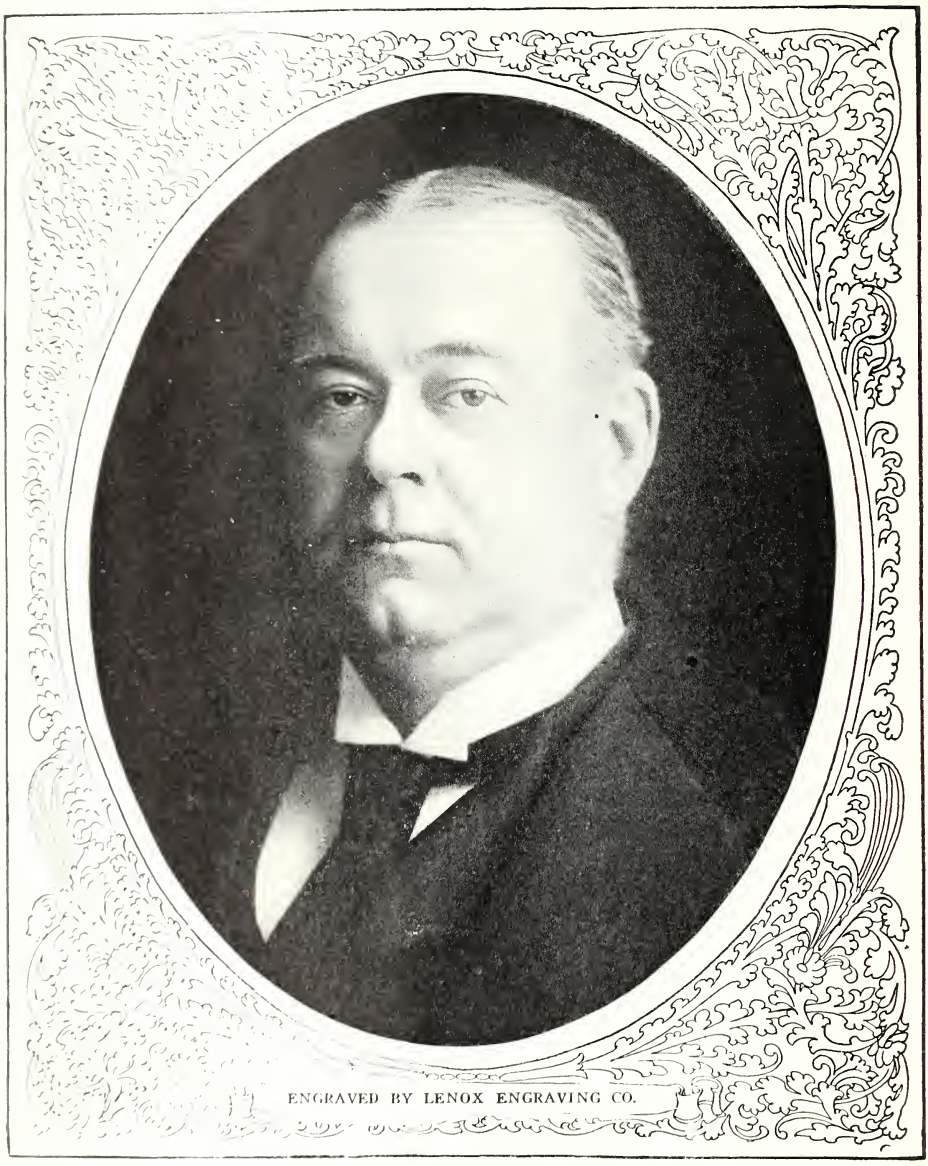
REDFIELD PROCTOR

United States Senator from Vermont, 1891-1911, Republican, Secretary of War 1889-91, Member and President pro tem, Vermont Senate 1874-5. Lieut. Gov. Vermont, 1876-8, Governor 1878-80.



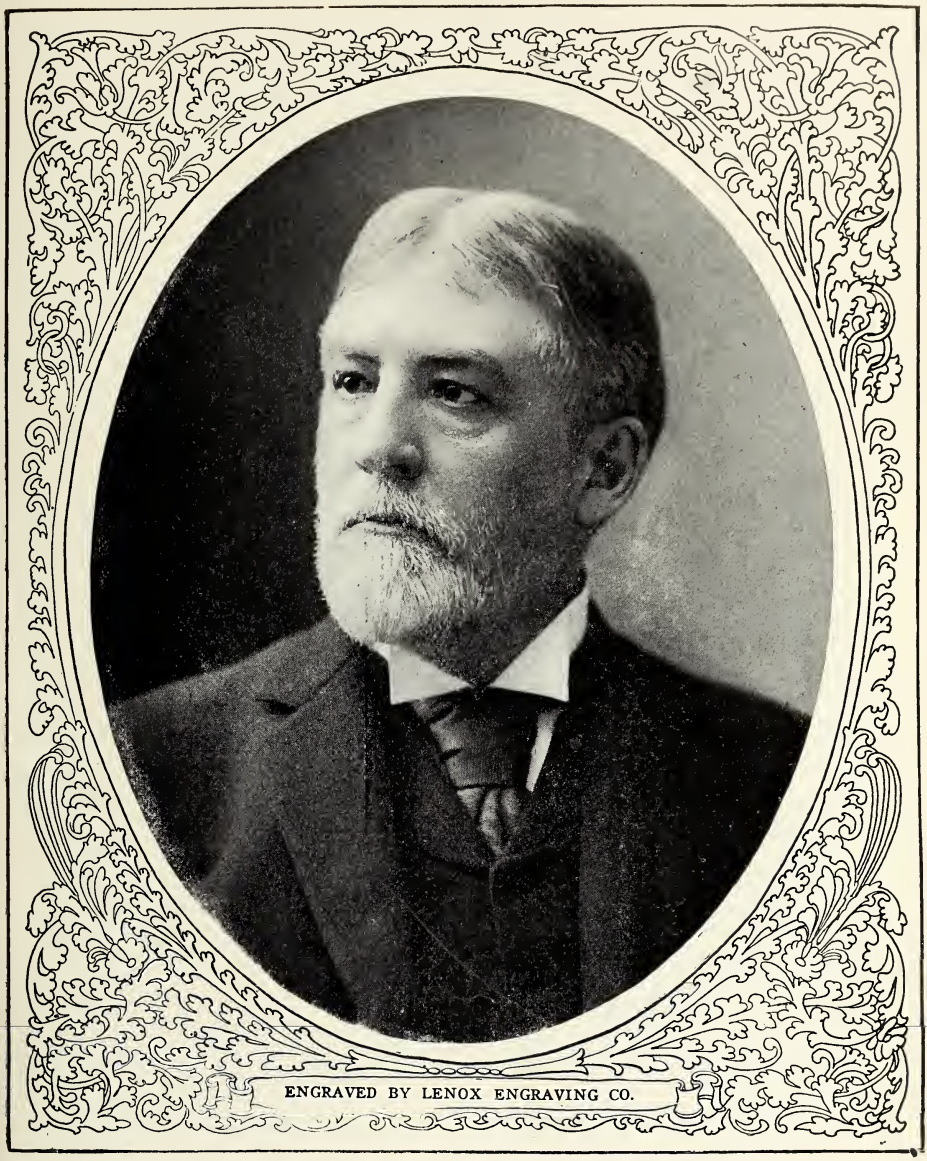
HENRY CABOT LODGE

United States Senator from Massachusetts 1893-1911, Republican, Chairman of Committee on the Philippines, member of committees on civil service and retrenchments, foreign relations, immigration and railroads.



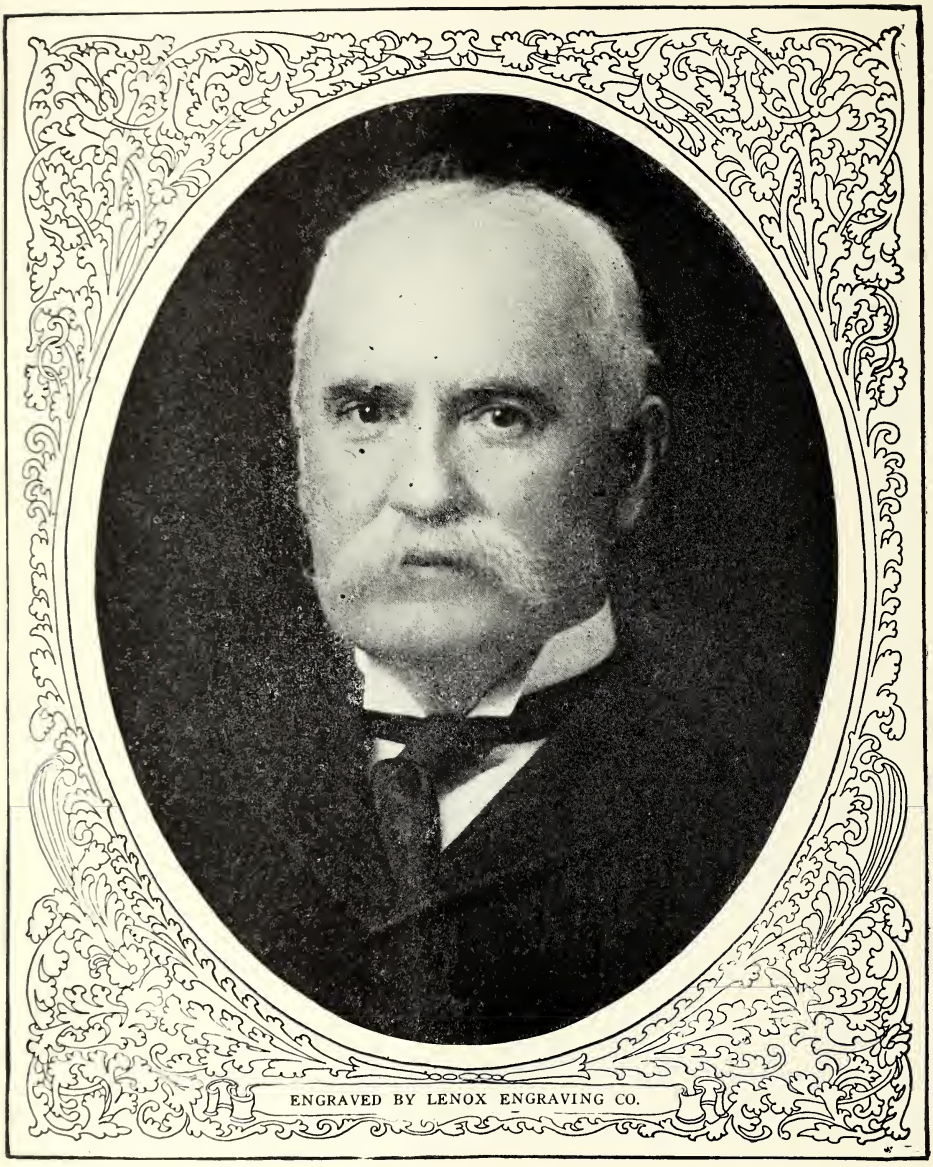
GEORGE PEABODY WETMORE

United States Senator from Rhode Island 1895-1907. Republican. Governor of Rhode Island 1885-7, Trustee Peabody Museum of National History, Yale University, and Peabody Education Fund.



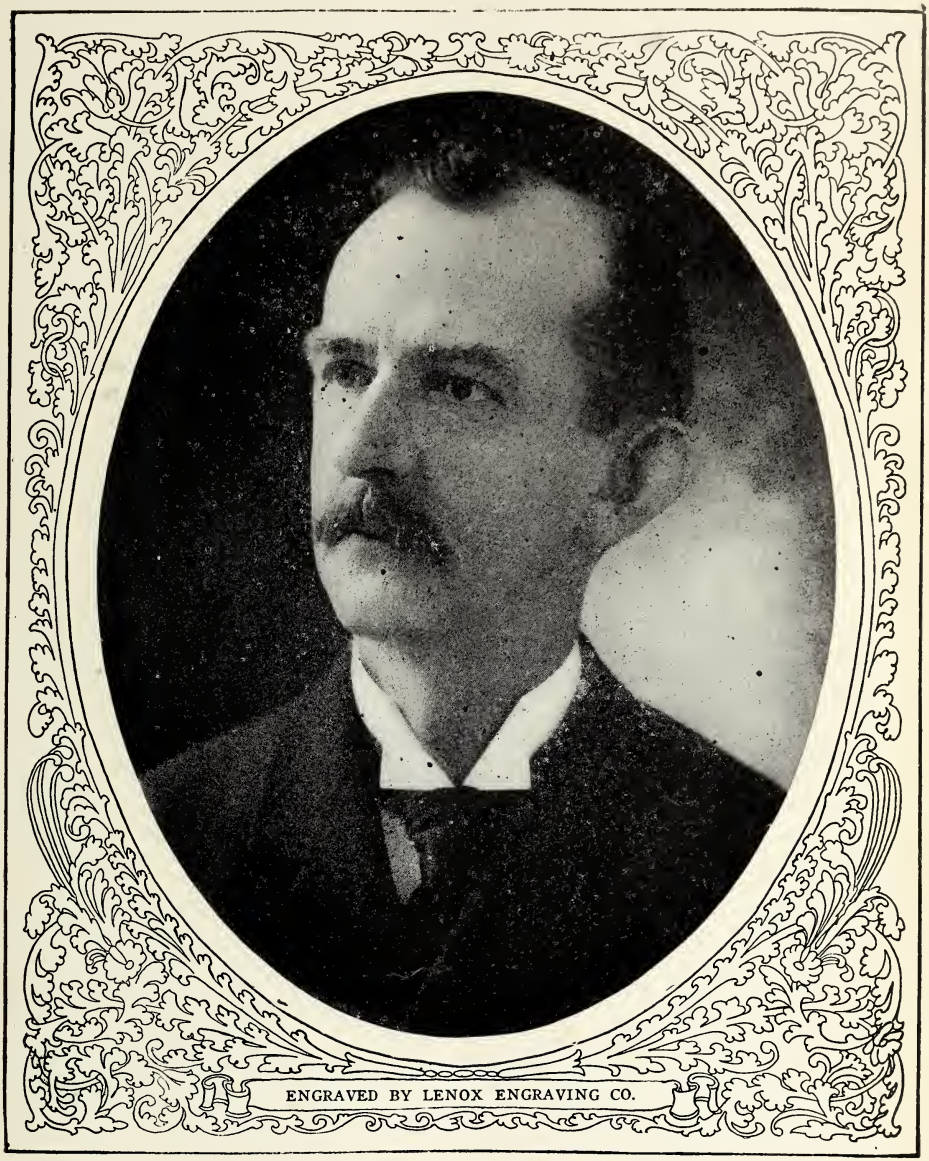
EUGENE HALE

United States Senator from Maine 1881-1911, Republican. Has served as Chairman of Committees on census, private land claims and naval affairs and continuously as member of committee on appropriations.



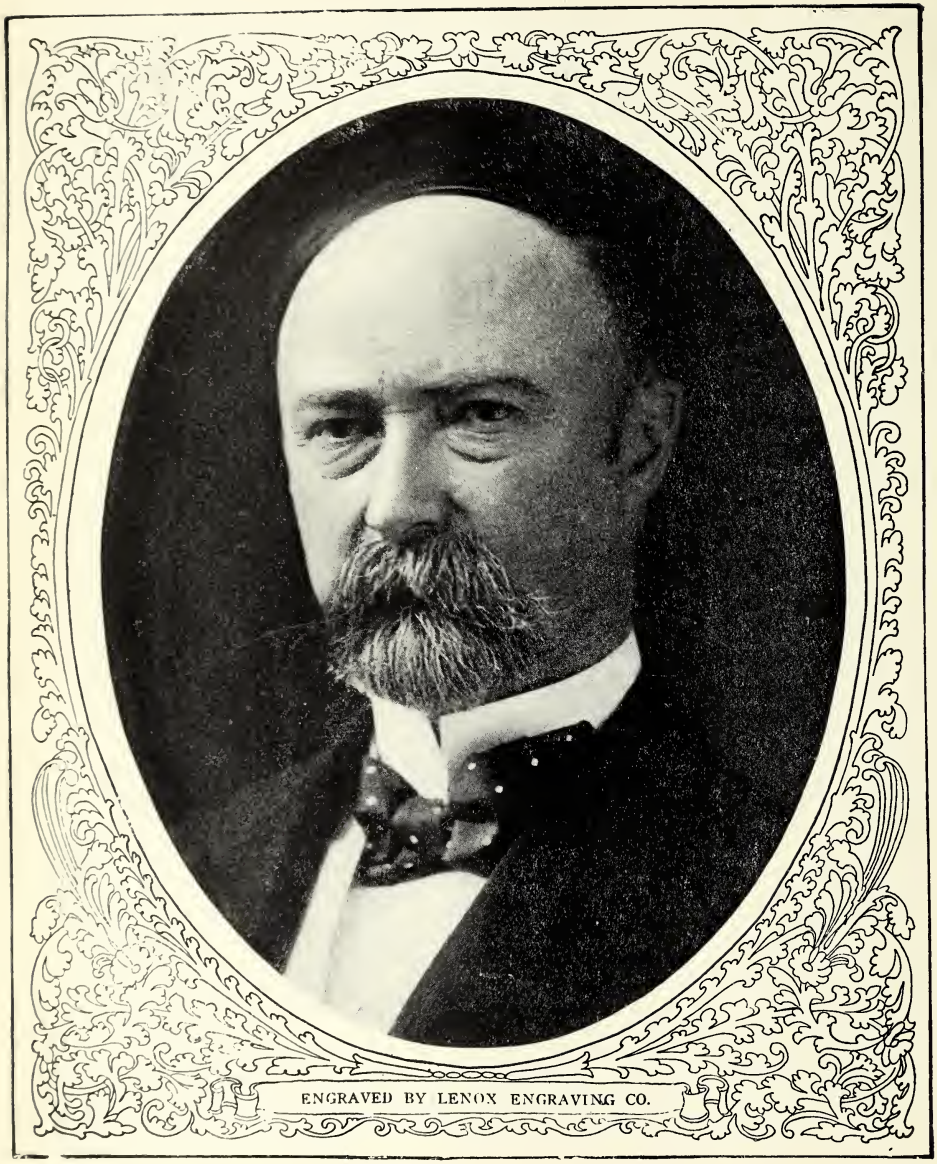
NELSON WILMARTH ALDRICH

United States Senator from Rhode Island 1881-1905, Chairman of Committee on Finance and Republican leader of the Senate.



WINTHROP MURRAY CRANE

United States Senator from Massachusetts, appointed to vacancy caused by death of Senator Hoar, later elected for term expiring 1907. Republican, Lieut. Gov. of Massachusetts, 1897-9. Governor 1900-2.



CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS

Vice President of United States, President United States Senate, Republican, Indiana, Elected 1904, term expires 1909. Elected Senator 1897, re-elected 1903.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

October, 1906

VOLUME XXXV PUBLISHED MONTHLY NUMBER 2

The Loyalty of the Senate

By DAVID S. BARRY

SIXTEEN years ago Senator Hoar, then in the very prime of his intellectual powers, wrote for the Youth's Companion an article on the Senate. It was not a defense of that exalted legislative body, proverbially known as "the highest on earth," not an apology for its personnel or its acts and not even a comprehensive explanation or description of the workings of its internal machinery. Moreover, the article was plainly not intended as a eulogy, but written with the laudable intent to set before the eyes of young America a clearly drawn and accurate sketch in outline of the upper house of the national Legislature. Succinctly the Senator, whose knowledge of his subject is not exceeded by that of any living man, laid before his readers a statement of the functions which the Senate was designed to perform by the makers of the constitution, and pointed out how faithfully its mission had been and was being fulfilled. That paper was so highly commended by his colleagues that six years later, in 1896, the publication containing it was ordered printed as a Senate document for public distribution. Its popularity was so great that there are today few copies remaining in the files.

Now, a decade later, a hot-tongued southern senator, one whose radicalism on practically every possible public question outviews that of the most thoroughly unreconstructed "Rebel" who ever appeared in Congress from any state, a man who has often startled the country by his surprising and brutal attacks upon legislators, jurists and administrative officials, the malignant foe of all sham and corruption, appears to the public in the interesting role of a knight of the pen defending the Republican Senate from the malicious and hysterical attacks of those who would have the world believe that it is a corrupt, inefficient and treasonable body whose membership

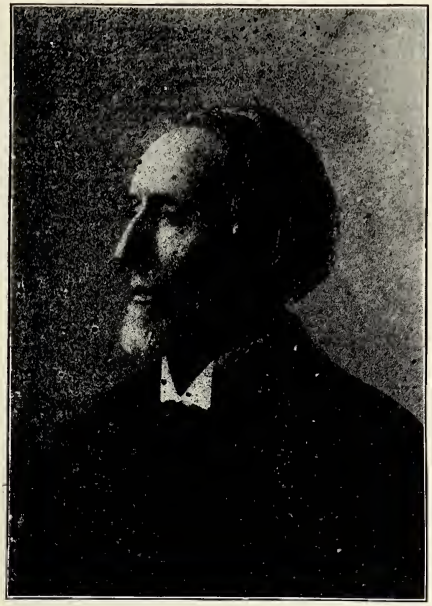


THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON

is made up of men who are dishonest, incompetent and, worse than all, traitors.

When Senator Hoar prepared his pamphlet the era of organized defamation of men in high office who were known to be possessed of great wealth or who were supposed to represent the corporations as well as the individuals among their constituents, the "special interests" as this class of the people have since come to be called, had not yet opened. There had been, of course, spasmodic and venomous attacks upon individual senators, and often, no doubt, justified by the facts, as having lined their pockets at the cost of their honor, and often, too, at the sacrifice of the public welfare. But from no responsible or effective quarter had come the bald and iterated charge that the Senate, as a body, was corrupt because dominated by those who had sold their services and their souls to Mammon. In the decade from Hoar to Tillman, however, scandal following closely upon the heels of the piling up of enormous fortunes by the Captains of Industry and the industrial armies working under their direction, fanned by the exigencies of changing politics and the necessities of politicians, spread its influence broadcast with the result that today the Senate of the United States, individually and collectively, is the target for such malevolent abuse as was probably never before heaped upon a legislative body.

At the time Mr. Hoar wrote of the



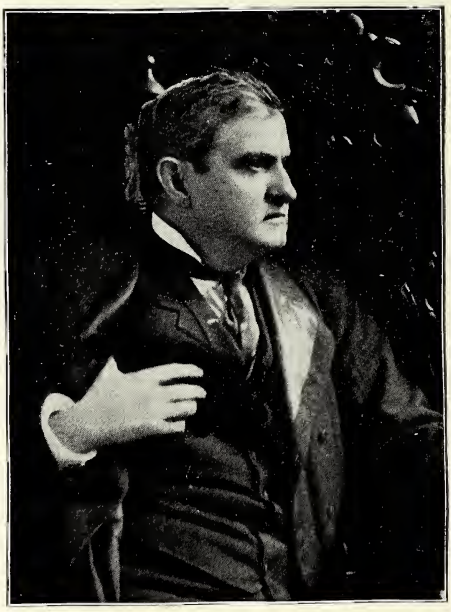
SENATOR SHELBY MOORE CULLOM
OF ILLINOIS

Senate, the word "graft" had not been impressed into the popular vocabulary, and the Captains of Industry, then known merely as merchants, manufacturers, industrial managers and the like, had not piled up the amazing fortunes which have become the wonder of the world and which have enabled them to control municipal bodies, legislatures and even in some cases the courts. Charges of corruption against men in high office were by no means new to the public and unfortunately by no means without foundation, but it had not then become the fashion for the editors of widely circulated monthly magazines and daily newspapers to hold up to public scorn as a menace to the public welfare and a dishonest and immoral person every man in public life who happened to be rich and who did not see fit to indorse every proposition of "reform" legislation recommended by a radical president or advocated by demagogues, zealots and politicians. This is the popular method of warfare today and there is evidence on every hand that the vilification of individual senators so persistently and adroitly spread before the reading public has created a deep impression and lodged in the minds of a large majority of the people of the United States and possibly of other countries the impression that the United States Senate is what it is described to be, a body of wealthy grafters selling their influence and their votes to their master, the money power, and enacting or defeating proposed legislation according to the orders received from those who have corrupted them.

It is easy, perhaps, to denounce this indictment as false and slanderous but more or less difficult to prepare comprehensive answers to the specifications that have been so speciously but at the same time so recklessly drawn. To those who know the Senate as it is, it is not necessary to present a defense for they know the baselessness of the general charge. From Hoar to Tillman there have been many distinguished men in public and private life to add the weight of their testimony on the side of those who maintain not only that the Senate is as a whole and in its integral parts both able and honorable but that in the integrity and intelligence of its personnel it has advanced rather than deteriorated since that remote and somewhat impalpable period known as "its best days," when Mr. Hoar wrote his modest little paper with no thought that it would some day

do its share in forming public opinion on an absorbing subject of right and wrong, the Senate was just beginning to be called "The Millionaire's Club," and public vituperation had not yet reached the point of daring to state boldly and specifically, and, as has since become apparent, wholly without justification, as that brilliant, honest-minded but hot-headed, free lance journalist, Henry Watterson, has done with his audacious and attractive pen, that the bulk of a vast appropriation of money for a public enterprise went into the pockets of "the gray wolves of the Senate." The Kentucky editor has, however, repeated over and over again his ridiculous assertion of thievery and without serious rebuke from any responsible quarter.

The epidemic of senatorial assault that is running riot at present seems to have had its origin in the indictment by the courts of two senators and the legal conviction of one, for having sold their influence with public officials in Washington and elsewhere for cash, supplemented by the popular indictment and conviction of others in connection with modern methods of finance. These indictments have at least been largely used as a basis for the sweeping "expose" of the Senate as traitorous to the interest of the people and subservient to the wishes of their "bosses" in Wall street and other money senators. The actual cause of the widespread outbreak of vilification against the Senate as a body seems to be an old one—the disinclination of the Senate to rush headlong into the support of propositions of radical legislation suggested by an eager president hastily presented by those who must go each alternate year before the people for a vote of confidence and advocated by demagogues without the wit or the desire to first be assured of its merits. Curiously enough the one person most directly responsible for the more recent series of attacks upon the Senate is he who was earliest to rush to the defense when specific charges of improper motives and dishonest actions were recklessly spread broadcast by an army of writers who it was at first not unnaturally supposed he had himself impressed into the unholy service—the president of

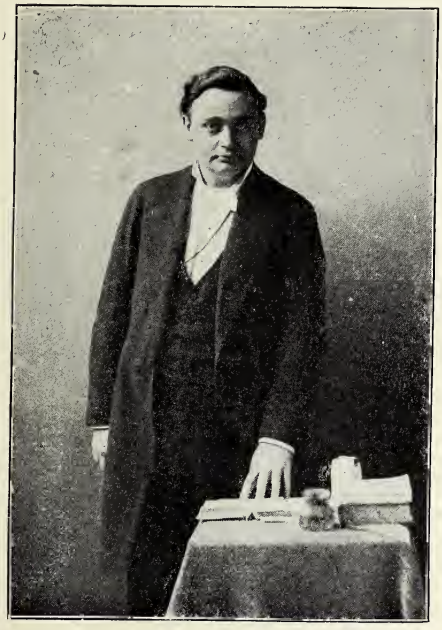


SENATOR B. R. TILLMAN
OF SOUTH CAROLINA

the United States. Mr. Roosevelt's muck-rake speech served as a call to arms but it did not cause the army of revilers to beat a retreat. Some of their misled allies fled but the strategists in the war of vituperation have continued their march. Some have dropped out of the ranks

weary from the unconfined toil and others have ceased to fire for lack of ammunition, but a few sharp shooters are still at work and their deadly fire is having more than its proper effect.

President Roosevelt does not deny



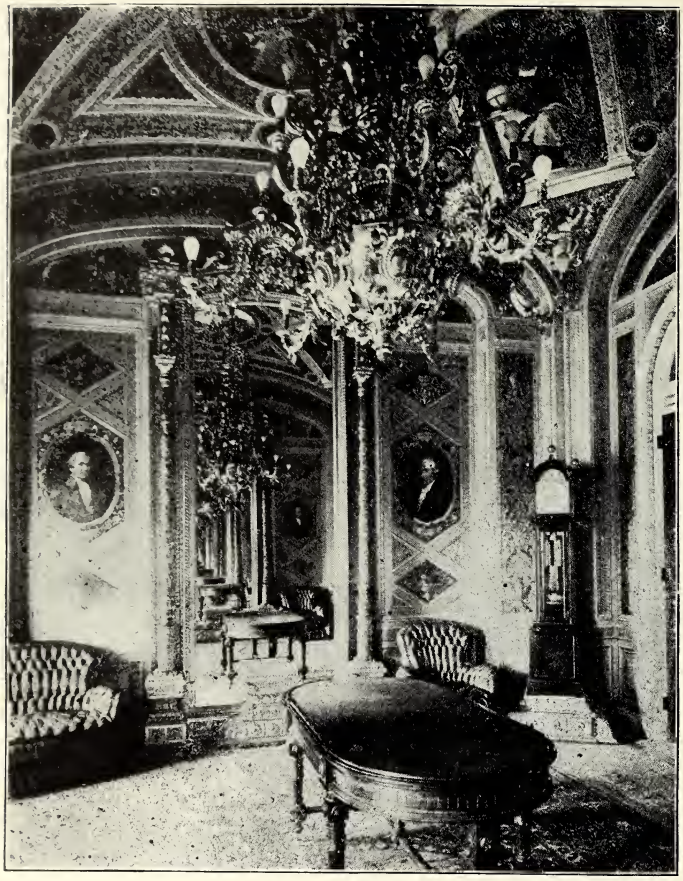
SENATOR JOSEPH WELDON BAILEY
OF TEXAS

any more than Senator Tillman does what Mr. Hoar, if he were alive, would be willing to admit, that there are among the ninety senators a few whose greed for wealth and power they make paramount to their constituents and to allegiance to their oath of office, but the solemn opinion of all whose opinion is worth anything is that the number of corrupt men among the ninety is very small. These few, moreover, are marked men to their colleagues if not to the public. It is the recklessness and ignorance of the maga-



SENATOR JONATHAN PRENTISS DOLLIVER
OF IOWA

zine critics as a class that is responsible for the poisoning of the public mind. It is a singular fact that the educated, discriminating element of the populace are prone to accept as gospel truth statements of alleged fact that would be laughed at if published in the ordinary newspaper channels of news. No matter how preposterous a story, let it be given circulation in one of the popular magazines and the public will rise to it like a black bass to a gaudy fly; whereas in a newspaper, even of the most reputable character, it would be turned aside as sensational. This indictment is particularly true of many assertions contained in the series of articles now running under the title of "The Treason of the Senate." The audacity of the word-



PRESIDENT'S ROOM IN THE SENATE

slinging and criminality of the libelous statements contained in this series of articles is astonishing for this age of denuciation of public men, and it will be an astonishing fact indeed if one or more libel suits do not follow their publication. That the owner of the magazine that is attempting to force itself upon the attention of the reading public by this campaign of vituperation is also the proprietor of the most characterless and sensational of all of the daily newspapers of this sensational age is responsible presumably for the hesitation of those attacked to strike back. They dread to run the gauntlet of the various kinds of weapons that the resourceful and daring newspaper would bring to bear. Much of the criticism of senators, including that of the magazine referred to, is legitimate, but for the most part it is based on a refusal to know the truth and an utter disregard for it when forced upon the writer.

Vilification in the shape of general denunciatory statements unsupported by evidence and lacking in specification is easy of accomplishment and difficult of denial. Some-



SENATOR JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER
OF OHIO

thing can be forgiven on the score of ignorance but malice is not easily excused. To say that Senator Depew is and always has been inherently, persistently and constitutionally corrupt, and that Senator Aldrich is the recognized representative of special corporate interests is safe because no denial will serve to convince a reader of the falsity of the statement. But when definite misstatements of fact are made it is easy to refute them. Thus any half-posted newspaper correspondent in Washington is able to deny certain propositions. When, for instance, it is said that the three tariff bills last passed by Congress were the result of improper manipulation of the finance committee through the chicanery of Senators Aldrich and Gorman, "one being chairman when the other is not," the defamer is undone by his own ignorance. Senator Gorman never was and never will be chairman of the finance committee and Senator Aldrich did not become chairman until 1899 and since then no tariff bill has been enacted. This is merely referred to as an illustration of the absolute lack of knowledge and disregard for truth which is characteristic of all the attacks. It is given here not to express an opinion as to the character of the senators mentioned or the wisdom or propriety of their action on tariff bills but to demonstrate the utter untrustworthiness of many of the attacks upon them and their colleagues.

There are, of course, millionaires in the Senate and possibly a few corrupt ones—as Mr. Bailey says from knowledge a very few—and there are even multi-millionaires but they also are very few indeed compared to the whole number. We read so much and hear so much about the great influence of senators, the luxury in which they live with their palaces and yachts, the enormous perquisites of their office, the social splendor and political brilliancy of their surroundings that a large element of the people are really coming to believe that the Senate is indeed a veritable Millionaire's Club. Well, this will do to tell the marines but intelligent citizens of the United States in this age of wide reading, extensive travel and broad and practical general information ought to be ashamed to believe it. They should know as many of them do know and as many more will know as the campaign of vituperation proceeds with its inevitable reaction that it is a false and misleading picture.

It is quite within the bounds of

truth to say that there are not a score of millionaires in the total membership which at present with three vacancies is eighty-seven. Not one in four of the senators would be eligible to membership in a millionaire's club and not one-half of them are the owners of steam yachts or devotees of any particular kind of extravagance or folly. Many senators do, of course, and it would be useless to deny this in the face of what is common knowledge, represent constituencies dominated by the influence of corporate wealth. They are sent to the Senate largely by the aid of the railroads and other combinations of capital and in some cases it is true, possibly, that they are the abject and obedient if not willing slaves of their masters. Some of these senators are able, strong, masterful; others are weaklings and exerting such power as goes with their own vote in Senate or in committee room. But all are marked men among their fellows and it does not by any means follow that because a man from a manufacturing or industrial centre is a "Stand-patter" or an advocate of broad court review protection for the railroad prosecuted for rebating or other unlawful practices that he is therefore betraying the cause of the people.

It is a nice thing to be a senator if one can afford the luxury. But unless a man is very rich or very able and brilliant or possesses all these advantages he would be better off among his neighbors and friends. Five thousand dollars does not go far in Washington although contrary to popular opinion, it is not at all an expensive city in which to live quietly and out of the glare of the lime light. To occupy a house big enough and accessible enough for entertaining on a large scale requires a fortune, but to dwell in a second class hotel or boarding house, to spend the evening by the fireside and to ride to and fro in the street cars is no more expensive than in any other city of the United States. A majority of the senators live the simple life and it is a demonstrable fact that a certain number of the whole actually save a part of their salary. The legitimate perquisites of a senator consist in a secretary or two to attend to the correspondence, a messenger to run errands, a comfortable and often luxurious committee room for his private use, the privilege of a free barber shop and bath room and an allowance of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a year for "stationery" which includes anything and everything from writing paper to playing cards. Beyond and above all a senator is quite a distinct individual from an humble member of the House of Representatives, he is able to command at all times a show of that deference due to rank that atones for many of the less pleasant features of exalted station. There are men in both Houses today who are prominent, and in a way influential, whose sole equipment is wealth. There are those who have nothing but their salary who are leaders. The late Speaker Reed was a poor man when in public life, living in modest rooms in a small hotel and never a host at entertainments. Yet he was a dominating force among his fellows, a dictator of legislation and a social lion of the very first degree.

Not everything that Senator Hoar thought of the Senate, its mechan-

ism and its membership found its way into print. He was a free commentator and, as near as any man could be, possibly, a just critic. He was a shrewd judge of men and being an uncompromising foe of rascals he could recognize one on sight. Riding with a friend to Boston one day, a few years only before his death, he fell to talking about the Senate and its personnel. As the train drew into New Haven where the station was as usual bustling with busy men going to and from the trains pursuing their customary avocations, he smiled and in a reflective sort of a way said: "Now look at those men out there. They are the prevailing American type. Study them individually and you will notice how generally alike they are and all apparently of about the same standard of physical strength and, as far as we can judge by their countenances, of intellectuality. Now, you know, a senator is regarded as in a way a man apart and above the ordinary run of citizens, but I honestly believe that taking us as a body we would not rank higher than the average of those fellow citizens of ours out there. These men are looking out for their own private business interests and we for the interests of the public. We keep our ears closer to the ground and are more au fait, perhaps, than they but I think they would average up even with the members of the United States Senate."

That is it. Senators are as a rule about on a par with the average of the better classes of their constituents. They are no better and no worse. Certainly they are no more open to the charge of being corrupt. The present epidemic of attack upon the personnel of the Senate as well as the body itself seems to have reached its crisis during the struggle over the framing of the freight rate bill which has just become a law. Under the inspiration and initiative of President Roosevelt the people have clamored for a law giving a government board power to fix rates and to put an end to the payment of rebates and discriminations of all sorts and they have got it. For this, undoubtedly, the country is to be congratulated but certainly no well informed and fair minded person capable of giving an intelligent opinion upon a popular question will contend that in order to effect the passage of this law—which may or may not fulfill their expectations and bring forth the millennium—it was necessary to assail the Senate as a body controlled by the railroads and to besmirch the public and private character of that group of senators who originally doubting the wisdom or necessity of the President's policy yet yielded to the force of public opinion and thereafter sought only to frame a measure that would surround the carrier as the shipper with the protection of appeal to the courts and put an end to such abuse as might be found actually to exist. Neither was it wise or necessary in order to offset the influence and the labors of those men to educate the country into the belief that Senator Bailey of Texas, whose tenets of character are as conspicuous to his colleagues as his virtues are to the general public, in a practical and far-seeing statement because he happened to make a plausible and lucid speech on a legal proposition afterward rejected in the Senate by an overwhelming vote; nor was it the

part of patriotism to hold up Senator Tillman of South Carolina, the crudest, most uncertain and most dangerous firebrand—albeit fearless and able—who, perhaps, ever sat in the Senate as a paragon of virtue because forsooth, circumstance made him out President Roosevelt's coworker in a common sense.

That Mr. Bailey is not a sound lawyer or accurate logician is demonstrated by the rebuke which the lawyer gave to his legal reasoning; that his abilities are not of the practical kind to enable him to hit upon the common sense solution of the vexing problem and his nature not of the philosophic mold to teach him to bear adversity bravely is shown by the failure of his compromise proposition and his childish and ill-tempered assault upon the President and the newspaper press when the failure of this strangely formed coalition was discovered. As for Mr. Tillman he may be, as he so persistently says he is, an honest man; no doubt he is but it must be a warm admirer indeed, who can assert seriously that he is one whose advice as to the wisdom of proposed legislation is worthy of serious consideration. Yet so eager were a majority, a very large majority, probably, of the people of the United States to follow lead of the President in behalf of a law to regulate and control a subject of which very few of them had the merest superficial knowledge, that they were ready to accept the advice of Bailey and Attorney General Moody as against the counsel of such other lawyers as Senators Knox, Spooner, Foraker and Lodge and Secretaries Taft and Root and to ignore the warnings of practical, successful, resourceful business men, well informed, experienced and sagacious, like Senators Aldrich, Crane, Kean and Allison, in order to hang on the irresponsible and dangerous words of such a veritable wild man as Mr. Tillman.

It is a peculiarity of the popular mind when aroused that it loses sight of the true relationship of men and things and flings temporarily to the winds logic, reason and common-sense in the burning desire to do something, whether the right or the wrong thing, to bring about some "reform" upon which it has, however thoughtlessly, set its heart. Thus it happened that the people, speaking through the public press, in the eagerness to sustain the President in his attitude of champion of the masses fell upon Senator Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island as the incarnation of wickedness because he, conceding in the earliest days of the rate bill discussion with that prescience which he possesses in a most remarkable degree, that the President and the people must have their way, sought to give to the railroads the right of appeal to the courts as against the dictate of a civilian commission of five politicians. The Senator has been denounced from one end of the land to the other as a traitor to his state and to the people at large, the "agent of the railroads," "the representative of 'special interests'" and "the corrupt protector of the Standard Oil Company," the only tangible evidence of the truth of the charges being the wholly irrelevant fact (for which possibly Senator Aldrich is in no way responsible), that his daughter is married to the only son of John D. Rockefeller. Ignoring the Senator's record of twenty-five

years in the Senate, as honorable as it has been intelligent, so far at least as the public records show, ignoring the fact that his colleagues on both sides of the chamber concede him to be the man of the most concrete ability in it, and ignoring, moreover, his consummate power and success as an astute political leader which have enabled him so long to hold his party in the Senate together in support of those measures which they have advocated, the fickle public brought to bear upon him their batteries of accusation and denunciation, forgetting, characteristically enough in their new-born zeal, that the men who upheld him in his fight are among the most able, the most patriotic, the most honorable, the most experienced and the most sincere in public life. If Senator Aldrich in the rate bill fight played the role of a railroad agent then what can be said of the part assumed by Senator W. Murray Crane of Massachusetts who as a colleague in the Inter-State Commerce Committee stood shoulder to shoulder with Mr. Aldrich and did as much, perhaps, as the latter, so far as in his possibly lesser power lay, to safeguard invested capital against the assault of those who sought ruthlessly to destroy it? Is Senator Aldrich, regarded by common consent and not designated in a more formal way as the manager of the Senate Republicans who advocated and forced the "broad court review" amendment to the Lodge-podge Hepburn rate bill, more properly the subject for reproach and contumely than Senator Crane? Yet no one has dared to whisper a word against the character or the motives of the Massachusetts Senator. What is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander.

Some one has said and justly that the American people are apt to go wrong at the outset of a discussion of any new public question but certain to get on the right side before its close.

This reflection is essentially true and especially applicable to the United States Senate. How can its verdict be regarded as other than a tribute to the sagacity of the so-called "conservative" senators who under the leadership of Mr. Aldrich supplied the one thing needful to make the rate bill a measure that if it shall ever be made to serve the purpose for which it was conceived and this in the opinion of many thoughtful men, including railroad experts, is doubtful in the extreme—constitutional and at the same time saved to the Republican party of which they are also leaders, the credit of having passed it in response to the demands of the President and the people?

No incident of the long drawn out and bitter controversy was more misunderstood than the sudden transfer of the rate bill to the tender care of Mr. Tillman when the three Demo-Republicans on the Inter-State Commerce Committee, Cullom, Dolliver and Clapp, joined hands with the five Democrats of which Mr. Tillman was the ranking one, to force it through in the half-baked shape in which it came from the House without the safeguards with which the conservative senators thought it should be surrounded. This was not "peanut" politics intended "to put the President in the hole." Nor was it a "colossal blunder" on the part of the Republican leaders. It was the logical course

for the four "conservative" Republicans on the committee, Aldrich, Foraker, Crane and Kean, constituting a majority of the seven Republican members, to take. If it was to be a Democratic bill then the Democrats must be made to father it.

There was absolutely no merit in the incoherent argument that Mr. Dolliver should take charge of the bill because he and his two Republican colleagues were a minority of the eight senators on the committee (five Democrats) who formed a majority of the total of thirteen in favor of reporting the Hepburn bill amended. Mr. Tillman, moreover, was chosen because of the rule of the parliamentary procedure and dictates of senatorial courtesy which gives the ranking men of the majority side favoring the bill the honor of reporting it. Instead of a blunder or a trick this proceeding was the essence of strategic leadership and fair dealing which it is not too much to say Mr. Aldrich alone had the wit and courage to inaugurate at the instant the unprecedented situation arose. It may be worth while to those who have formed a hasty judgment on the phase of the controversy to examine carefully this truthful but possibly clumsy analysis of it.

To reach a determination of whether the President or Senator Aldrich won the honors of the combat it is only necessary to read the speeches of Tillman and Bailey, who having conspired with the President to outwit the majority of his party in the Senate were directed by him at the moment of victory and looked shocked, indignant and tearful while the Republicans of the Senate almost to a man filed up in support of the amendment advocated by Senator Aldrich and his conservative colleagues. But the consideration of who was victorious and who was defeated pales into insignificance in the face of the more important consideration that the Senate once more stood up bravely and doggedly in the face of misrepresentation and abuse a veritable stone wall against the assault of the demagogic House of Representatives, whose members have their ears always close to the ground, upon the rights of that large class of the American people who are the owners and operators of lines of transportation. Unlimited freedom of debate and the unrestricted liberty of a body each of whose members is the "Ambassador of a sovereign state" again rendered a service to the people of inestimable value and for which at no distant day the people may make due acknowledgment.

Continued in the Next Number

Democracy

By Eugene C. Dolson

Not the vain dream to level man with man,
But freedom for each soul to rise unto
That work which Nature's great, unerring plan
Has fitted him to do.

A Radical Forecast

By Frank Putnam

LET me say in the beginning that my point of view is that of a man who hopes for that which he predicts. You will then be able to discount my prejudices; yet I caution you against too complacently waving aside the predictions here to be set down on the ground that the wish is father to the thought. It is entirely possible, at least, that what I shall say to you may be worth serious consideration.

I

Roosevelt the Last Republican

Firstly, Theodore Roosevelt, in my opinion, is the last Republican president. His party, so strongly entrenched in office, is nevertheless on the verge of dissolution, to which end it moves as certainly as did the Whig party in the years just before the Civil War. It is possible that the Republican party could win in 1908 with Mr. Roosevelt as its standard-bearer, but he has said he will not make the race again, and he is a man of his word. Should his party nominate Fairbanks, Taft or any other conservative, he would be beaten worse than Parker was beaten in 1904. And should the choice of the Republican Convention be some such "progressive" as Cummins of Iowa or LaFollette of Wisconsin, he would be equally doomed to defeat, for two good and sufficient reasons: primarily, he would not receive the support of organized capital, but would be fought by it; secondarily, he could not hope to win the favor of radical voters, however much they might admire him personally, because of the certainty that the princes of special privilege would balk him, if they could not rule him, in office.

II

Hearst's Fatal Blunder

Secondly, William R. Hearst has committed political suicide by his twin declarations, of recent date, that he "is opposed to Socialism," and that he "does not menace Capital." And, say what you will, he was, until the publication of these declarations, a dangerous contender for his party's nomination to the presidency in 1908. He has now destroyed his chance of victory in not only 1908, but in any later year.

Needless to say, Mr. Hearst as the "conservative" friend and protector of organized capital, and as the foe of "socialism," in a day when, according to the conservative Republican Boston Journal, every American is more or less a Socialist, will swiftly lose his hold on the hearts of the radical millions who lately looked to him for leadership. As long as he stood flatly for the radicals, he was a presidential possibility; but the minute it appears he is playing both ends against the middle, he will "fade away," never to return.

Thirdly, since I have decided not again to permit the Republicans to elect a president, I must indicate from what direction the next president is to appear. Obviously, we must have a president. Very well, then, I predict that the next president of the United States will be a Democrat, and that his name will be William J. Bryan. I predict further that he will win on the issue of public ownership of railroads and that his electoral plurality will exceed that of Mr. Roosevelt in 1904.

III

The Weight on the Safety Valve

Organized capital in the United States has no saner, wiser friend than Theodore Roosevelt—but, unfortunately for its future, it doesn't appear to have sense enough to grasp that fact. Had it possessed the simple, candid wisdom of a ten-year-old child, it would have directed its Senate and House of Representatives at Washington, during the late session, to grant promptly, and with a handsome air of pleased acquiescence, every single item of the legislative program offered by the president. That it did not so, that it directed its Senate and House of Representatives to fight the president's popular policies at every step in the road, and that it defeated at least one vital factor in his program—free trade with our Philippine dependencies — besides crippling most of the measures in which it pretended to enact the other main items of his program,—was its fatal error. By that course of action, organized capital proved itself penny wise and pound foolish. It fixed a weight upon the safety-valve of popular feeling and so insured an explosion, or, more likely, a series of explosions, that will scatter it across a great deal of scenery during the next ten years. Happy is the party that has the gift of compromise, for it shall dwell long in the land. This gift of compromise has for two-score years been the most valuable asset of the Republican party, the means by which it took the lead in constructive legislation and wrote its early glorious record into American history. Its finish became evident when, under the Louis XV. leadership of Mark Hanna, it forgot the gift of compromise and began stubbornly "standing pat." The eternal law of change has no mercy on man or institution that attempts to stand pat. Either must move forward or perish under the wheels of progress. The slave-holders, you will recall, also stood pat.

IV

Colonel Bryan of Nebraska

It is worth noting that Mr. Bryan's declaration that he is today more radical than he was in 1900 has put an end to his booming in the journals of organized capital. Only a few months ago they hailed him as the "conservative leader of his party." His essay in the Century Magazine, defining his attitude in opposition to extreme theoretical socialism for American use, awoke in their breasts a hope that Bryan had decided "to be good," as they understand that phrase. So they greeted him in effusive editorials, and in the public utterances of their lawyers in and out of public office, as the conservative hope of his party

for 1908. He would do, they figured, to kill off the horrible Hearst, who had pursued them in and out of the courts with relentless ferocity, and who seemed (to them) not unlikely to win the Democratic nomination on a platform of wholesale confiscation.

Mr. Bryan, with cruel ingratitude, hastened to destroy their hopes: he had not, he said, abated one jot of the convictions that he fought for in 1896 and 1900, and he held even more radical views, in some particulars, now than then. So the newspaper exponents of organized capital called in their Bryan editorials, and have since adopted a grieved and querulous tone in their discussion of his rising boom.

Witness Mr. Hearst, on the other hand, hastening to bid for the support of organized capital, with his declarations quoted heretofore. Witness him, in the near future, falling ingloriously between two stools. And his disappointment will hardly be greater than my own, let me frankly confess, since not ten days ago, as this article is written, I would have bet my beard that he would be the next president of the United States. I figured that he would win the support of all the radicals not actually enrolled in the Socialist party, and of a majority of the progressive middle class folks as well. But it was not to be, and we must both e'en support our grief as best we can. He at least will be a better and safer editorial guide when he has been cured of political ambition.

So far as he goes — and of course he doesn't go far enough to satisfy me, though very likely he will go as far in 1908 as a majority of his countrymen are willing to follow anybody— Mr. Bryan, like Mr. Roosevelt, is time-tried and fire-tested. We know where he stands, and we know we can rely on him to keep his promises as far as in his power lies. If he was in advance of his country ten years ago, and six years ago, he is not so today. The princes of special privilege know that he will do his best to enforce existing laws against them, even though he does not gratify the Socialists by urging laws more progressive than those which now idly adorn the statute books. The great capitalists want none of him. And precisely for that reason a majority of the plain people, in my opinion, will prefer him over any other candidate that can be named in 1908.

V

Not Yet But Soon

We Socialists will work and vote for our own nominee, confident that Mr. Bryan will easily defeat any man the Republicans may set against him. And we expect to show such gains as will astonish the country even more than the phenomenal gains made in 1904. I personally do not despair of seeing Eugene Debs seated in the White House, flanked by a socialist majority in the House of Representatives and held somewhat in check by a Senate ponderously but not unwisely weighing and considering whatever schemes of equitable expropriation are brought before it.

Meantime, it is extremely comforting to reflect that there is not the slightest chance of the election of any future president more "con-

servative" than Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Bryan. Nor will there be, in my opinion, any future House of Representatives so wickedly subservient to organized capital as that one whose proceedings at the late session disappointed the president and the country, nor any future Senate so arrogantly defiant of the best sentiment of fair-minded citizens of all parties as that one which now yields to the leadership of open and unabashed agents of the chief of the predatory industrial trusts and money combines.

VI

Some Interesting State Campaigns

When I tell the editor of the New England Magazine that I believe John B. Moran will be the next governor of Massachusetts, he smiles in a benevolent, semi-paternal fashion. He doesn't believe in any such nonsense—bless you, no! Maybe you don't either. Possibly neither of you would be very deeply grieved if Mr. Moran should be elected governor—but, well, you know Massachusetts is safely Republican, and she hasn't the habit of sending anyone up to the governor's chamber on such short notice. You have both known Massachusetts longer than I have, and so you convince me, logically, that my expectation is absurd; but, like the woman convinced against her will, I am of the same opinion still. Moran for me, every time. When any public man wakes up the voters with live issues, raising elections from the level of mere partisan scrambles for office to the dignity of a combat for a principle, he is mighty likely, I have observed, to win a favorable verdict at the polls. In this instance, the Man Who Dares appeals to me as a much more inspiring character than any of the contractors and corporation lawyers who have led—or should I say misled?—the Massachusetts democracy during my five years residence in the state. Mr. Lodge is a dignified figure, no doubt; Mr. Guild fulfills admirably the polite conception of a governor of the Bay State, and Mr. Crane is without doubt a man who has not an enemy on earth; but the state has to judge, at the fall elections, not only the way in which they and their associates have managed state affairs, but also the results of their party's administration of national affairs. And there are signs, even within their party, that the state is not wholly satisfied with the way events have been shaped during the last year, either at Washington or in the State House at Boston. How far this dissatisfaction will affect the fall elections we must wait to learn. It is because I believe Massachusetts is still literally the salt of the earth that I expect to see her reward faithful and fearless public service in the case of John B. Moran.

Literature vs. Transportation, in New Hampshire, is too deep a puzzle for me. The issue seems clear enough, at this distance, and it seems the state ought to decide to limit her great railway system to its legitimate business of carrying passengers and freight; but, of course, if New Hampshire finds it cheaper or in any other way more desirable to farm out her government to the railway than to administer it herself, why, I suppose she will continue to do so. And if that kind of thing

satisfies New Hampshire, I have still enough faith in state's rights to feel that she ought to be permitted to take her own course without any calling of harsh names.

At the conclusion of the Iowa Republican state convention, one of the disappointed delegates of the stand-pat railway faction declared that the convention "had gone democratic." And I don't know but it did. The platform was mild enough, but the men on the ticket are as strongly anti-corporation, almost, as the men on the Iowa Socialist ticket, and a good deal more so than their rivals on the Democratic ticket. I fancy Mr. Cummins, the Republican nominee, will win, even though the stand-patters make good their threat to support the Democratic nominee, and that the Socialists will show decided gains.

VII

A Real "Battle-to-the-Death"

A situation quite unique in our political history appears in Colorado. Mr. William D. Haywood, the Socialist nominee for governor, is confined in the state prison at Caldwell, Idaho, charged with conspiring to accomplish the murder of former Governor Frank Steunenberg of Idaho. Mr. Haywood is one of the chief officers of the Western Miners' Federation. His friends declare the charge against him is trumped up, that it is supported only by the word of Harry Orchard, a self-confessed, all-around scamp, long a practitioner of every crime from murder down, and by McParland, a notorious "detective," retained by the associated western mine owners to break up the Miners' Federation by hanging its officers. Confined with Mr. Haywood are Mr. Moyer and Mr. Pettibone, also general officers of the Federation. There is no doubt, and no denial, of the fact that the three men were literally kidnapped by the agents of the mine owners, in collusion with Governor McDonald of Colorado and Governor Gooding of Idaho, and were hurried without due warrant of law out of their own state into another. Their advocates predict that their cases will never be brought to trial, now that the attention of millions of organized workingmen throughout the country has been focused upon the situation. When Eugene Debs was on trial at Chicago, the government's lawyers, seeing their case in danger of failing utterly, induced Judge Grosscup to take it away from the jury and leave it hanging in mid-air, where it has hung to this day—unfinished business—in spite of Mr. Debs' numerous attempts to have it brought to a conclusion. And I shall not be surprised if the Colorado-Idaho cases finish in like fashion.

I have read every scrap of news report bearing on either side of these cases that I could get hold of, and I have yet to see in any part of the reports anything to suggest a sane motive for the murder of Mr. Steunenberg by the officers of the Western Miners' Federation. It appears, too, that he had a good many personal enemies much more likely to wreak vengeance on him for old grievances. Moreover, I know that the men who accuse Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone are the same men—or their agents—who have plundered the whole country for years—witness the exposures of the "muck-rakers," the messages of President Roose-

velt and other credible witnesses. The accusers in these cases are the members, associates, beneficiaries and agents of the same Standard Oil octupus that owns and operates most of the Rocky Mountain coal and oil fields and that is rapidly acquiring ownership or control of entirely too many other big industries. The testimony of such men carries small weight with me. I doubt if I could believe them under oath in any case where they had the smallest selfish interest at stake. Perhaps I do them an injustice, but they have educated me to this belief. And in this case of the miners' leaders, they have large interests at stake, because the members of the Western Miners' Federation are socialists almost to a man. The miners advocate and vote for public ownership and operation of oil fields and coal mines. Capitalism of the Standard Oil kind, therefore, has the strongest conceivable motive for seeking to discredit and disgrace them.

The miners' leaders in prison at Caldwell, Idaho, had everything to gain by working on peaceful lines, everything to lose by meeting violence with violence. They are men of large and fine intelligence; men respected and loved by their neighbors; men in whose records nothing appears to indicate a criminal instinct; men far more law-abiding than their accusers; men in every respect, except in getting-and-keeping, superior to their accusers; men presumed to be innocent until proven guilty; men who have repeatedly been accused by their foes of grave crimes, but who have never been confronted with sufficient proof of guilt to hold them for trial, even in courts controlled by their foes, the mine operators; men who counseled peace and submission when a brutal militia fired into their peaceful assembly hall, broke up their meeting, hunted them like wild animals into the hills, drove their wives and children out of their homes, herded these innocents into cattle cars, carried them under armed guard across the Kansas line and dumped them down on the prairie to live or die as they could; men who counseled submission under all this, hopeful that in time they could get justice through the machinery of the law. These are the men who at the present day lie in Caldwell jail, charged with murder.

Pennsylvania under Quay was bad enough, and Rhode Island under Aldrich is possibly worse, but Colorado under the Standard Oil's satraps is the limit. I shall be surprised if the Centennial State does not rebuke these greedy capitalistic carpet-baggers by electing Mr. Haywood governor. Stranger things have taken place in American history. And this, please bear in mind, is a time when almost any startling shift in politics may be expected.



New England Women Humorists

By Kate Sanborn

SOME time ago, I received a letter from a person entirely unknown to me asking that I send "at once, or it would be of no avail," a sketch of myself, latest photo, my most humorous passages, and "tell me the names of the New England women you consider humorists."

I was suffering from rheumatic gout at the time and didn't feel funny at all, and this series of demands of one who does not keep photos, autobiography, and humorous passages and lists of humorous women, on tap for male searchers for copy, wearied me. I replied, begging to be omitted from this valuable article. But of no avail! I was put in as professing to think humor was a sin and of course the date of my birth (39 B. C.) was prominently conspicuous.

And he made this extraordinary statement: "I do not recall many humorists among the literary women of New England."

No? Ah me! I see I'm in for it again! I have wasted quite a portion of my life answering and contradicting men who stubbornly insisted that women had no sense of humor. It was all of no use! They will not be convinced. I am sure that no man ever bought a copy of my large volume on "The Wit of Women." I have sent it to several as a gift but they never acknowledged its receipt. At last Mr. Higginson wrote me, "Do not waste any more of your time and your good brain on that silly topic. If any man who lives is such a fool as to say that woman does not often possess both wit and humor, then he is beneath your notice."

We all know that the first wife of Mr. Higginson was a brilliant wit, noted for her clever sayings, many of which he has preserved in his novel "Malbone."

I own Mr. Higginson gave me sensible advice but this latest male to dabble with the theme does not say New England women have not wit, but simply says he does not know of it.

So I must add a few names to his meagre list.

Oh, I forgot to confess that I am "gun shy" when approached by interviewers as to my own slender achievements ever since I did accede to a similar request from a youth in California and read later: " Unfortunately Miss Sanborn takes herself too seriously as a humorist." So if one avoids "Skilly" he runs into "Scarabogus," as someone put it.

Our literary Foremothers of New England were not witty; had no humor. They were tediously satirical; tried in a cumbersome way to be humorous but failed. Mercy Warren was a Satirist quite in the strain of Juvenal, only stilted and artificial. Hon. John Winthrop consulted her on the proposed suspension of trade with England in all but the necessaries of life, and she play-

fully gives a list of articles that would be included in that word.

"An inventory clear
Of all she needs Lamira offers here:
Nor does she fear a rigid Cato's frown,
When she lays by the rich embroidered gown.
And modestly compounds for just enough,
Perhaps some dozens of mere flighty stuff:
With lawns and lute strings, blonde and Mechlin laces,
Fringes and jewels, fans and tweezer-cases;
Gay cloaks and hat, of every shape and size.
Scarfs, cardinals, and ribands, of all dyes,
With ruffles stamped and aprons of tambour,
Tippets and handkerchiefs, at least threescore;
With finest muslins that fair India boasts,
And the choice herbage from Chinesian coasts;
Add feathers, furs, rich satins, and ducapes,
And head-dresses in pyramidal shapes;
Sideboards of plate and porcelain profuse,
With fifty dittoes that the ladies use.
So weak Lamira and her wants so few
Who can refuse? they're but the sex's due."

That's enough for the early dames.

Mrs. Sigourney was amusing, because so absolutely destitute of humor: as Howells says, a woman is only unconsciously humorous; that is when she is making a goose of herself. (The women he depicts illustrate his theory.) Mrs. Sigourney's style, a feminine Johnsonese, is absurdly strained and hifalutin. She thus alludes to green apples: "From the time of their first taking on orbicular shape, and when it might be supposed their hardness and acidity would repulse all save elephantine tusks and ostrich stomachs, they were the prey of roaming children."

She preserved, however, a long list of requests for poems for special occasions which shows she had a sense of humor. Here is part of it:

"Some verses were desired as an elegy on a pet canary accidentally drowned in a barrel of swine's food.

An ode on the dog-star Sirius.

To punctuate a three-volume novel for an author who complained that the work of punctuating always brought on a pain in the small of his back.

An elegy on a young man, one of the nine children of a judge of probate."

Catharine Sedgwick showed in her letters a sense of humor as when speaking of a novel, she said: "There is too much force for the subject. As if a railroad should be built and a locomotive started to transport skeletons, specimens, and one bird of Paradise."

Mrs. Caroline Gilman, born in 1794, author of "Recollections of a Southern Matron," wrote several playful and humorous poems, "Joshua's Courtship" being comical enough to be copied entire.

"Fanny Fern," daughter of Richard Storrs Willis, and wife of James Parton, showed lots of sparkling wit as well as ginger in snappy, audacious, fearless articles in the Ledger.

The wit and humor of Mrs. Stowe needs no defence. I regard her "Canal Boat" as one of the most comical descriptions ever written of a night's horrors for travellers. It may be found in her volume of New England stories called "The Mayflower," little known now. And why isn't Sam Lawson fully as original and entertaining as Sam Weller?

Hannah F. Gould wrote many graceful and playful verses and some that would stand comparison with Saxe. Witness her epitaph on her friend, the active and aggressive Caleb Cushing.

"Lay aside, all ye dead,
For in the next bed
Reposes the body of Cushing;
He has crowded his way
Through the world, they say,
And even though dead will be pushing."

Miss Sedgwick dealt somewhat in epigrams, as when she says: "He was not one of those convenient single people who are used, as we use straw and cotton in packing, to fill up vacant places."

Epigrams in verse are very rare; the kind I mean that deserve to live. Just here I would like to quote Eliza Leslie; the "Lady from Philadelphia," and Mrs. Whitcher, of "Widow Bedott" fame, who was a New Yorker. Many of our late literary women excel in the epigrammatic form in sentences crisp and laconic.

Gail Hamilton's books fairly scintilate with epigrams, and her conversation was sparkling with them as when she told a clergyman who was living with his fourth wife and was terribly severe on the Mormons: "The only difference I see is that the Mormon drives four abreast while you prefer a tandem team!"

Kate Field left many a witty thought in this condensed form, as, "Relations, like features are thrust upon us; companions, like clothes, are more or less of our own selection."

Miss Jewett's books are full of the most delicate yet irresistible humor. Speaking of a person who was always complaining, she says: "Nothing ever suits her. She ain' had no more troubles to bear than the rest of us, but you never see her that she didn't have a chapter to lay before ye. I've got's much feelin' as the next one, but when folks drives in their spiggits and wants to draw a bucketful o' compassion every day right straight along, there does come a time when it seems as if the bar'l was getting low."

"Emory Ann," a creation of the late Mrs. Whitney, often spoke in epigrams, as "Good looks are a snare: especially to them that haven't got 'em."

Mrs. Walker's creed, "I believe in the total depravity of inanimate things," is more than an epigram, it is an inspiration.

Charlotte Fiske Bates, who compiled the "Cambridge Book of Poetry," often gives an epigrammatic turn to a witty thought, as:

"Would you sketch in two words a coquette and deceiver?
Name two Irish geniuses, Lover and Lever."

My dear friend, Mrs. Fannie Barrows, the beloved "Aunt Fanny," whose Saturday evenings in New York were renowned for the number of famous persons who crowded into her charming parlors, sure of a happy time, was always perpetrating delicious bons mots and jeux d' esprit and exquisite nonsense, which must have humor to be exquisite. She once sent a couple of peanut owls to Bryant and the aged poet was greatly amused with the accompanying doggerel:

"When great Minerva chose the Owl,
That bird of solemn phiz,
That truly awful-looking fowl,
To represent her wis-
Dom, little recked the goddess of
The time when she would howl
To see a Peanut set on end,
And called—Minerva's Owl."

Mrs. Phelps Ward is one of the wittiest women and her epigrams are as fine as they are plentiful.

"No men are so fussy about what they eat as those who think their brains the biggest part of them."

"As a rule, a man can't cultivate his moustache and his talents impartially."

"As happy as a kind hearted old lady with a funeral to go to."

Rose Terry Cooke was another perpetually witty woman. Listen to Lavinia, one of her sensible Yankee women: "Marryin' a man ain't like setting alongside of him nights and hearin' him talk pretty; that's the fust prayer. There's lots an lots o' meetin' after that."

"Land! if you want to know folks, just hire out to 'em. They take off their wigs afore their help, so to speak, seemingly."

I remember that when speaking to me of a lady who had seen better days, she said, "She's what they call a decayed gentlewoman," then added, "but not offensively so!"

Don't forget Louisa Alcott with her "Transcendental Wild Oats," or Mary Mapes Dodge, so long the Editor of St. Nicholas, with her essay on "The Insanity of Cain," and "Miss Molony on the Chinese question."

Sarah Cowell had the honor of reading this before the Prince of Wales, who was fairly convulsed by its fun. (Dear! must cut her out; a New Yorker). And Dr. Hale's two witty sisters; Lucretia and Susan. Get out the "Peterkin" letters and reread them; also the "William Henry Letters," by Abby Morton Diaz. Sallie McLean with her Cape Cod pen pictures and Arabella Wilson's "Sextant." Marietta Holley and her Samantha; Sherwood Bonner's ill-bred but excruciatingly witty hit on "The Radical Club" of Boston.

Mrs. Ellen H. Rollins with "Her New England Bygones," was eminently gifted in humorous descriptions interwoven with simple pathos as the truest humor often is.

"Mrs. Meeker"! When I read of Roman matrons I always think of Mrs. Meeker. Her features were marked and her eyes of deepest blue. She wore her hair combed closely down over her ears, so that her forehead seemed to run up in a point high upon her head. Its color was of reddish-brown, and, I am sorry to say, so far as it was seen, it was not her own. It was called a scratch, and Betsey said Mrs. Meeker "would look enough sight better if she would leave it off."

"Whether any hair at all grew upon Mrs. Meeker's head was a great problem with the village children, and nothing could better illustrate the dignity of this woman than the fact that for more than thirty years the whole neighborhood tried in vain to find out."

Some of Mrs. Spofford's work shines with a silver thread of humor worked intimately into the whole warp and woof.

Anna Eichberg, daughter of the noted violinist of Boston, who is now Mrs. John Lane, wife of the publisher, is known on both continents as a woman richly blest with both wit and humor. Read her "Champagne Standard" if you doubt this.

Boston has had an uncommon number of witty women.

Mrs. Helen Bell, Rufus Choate's brilliant daughter, remarkable for her music and her wit made that remark quoted without credit by Emerson, "To a woman, the consciousness of being well dressed gives a sense of tranquility which religion fails to bestow."

She told a friend how she was presented with a pig and did not

really know what to do with it. But she said, "Afterward we found it most convenient to put things in."

By the way, Dr. Holmes wrote me that the phrase so often attributed to him describing a ladies' luncheon: "Giggle, Gabble, Gobble" was not his at all but belonged to a clever Boston woman.

Julia Ward Howe is undeniably witty. Her concurrence with a dilapidated bachelor, who retained little but his conceit, was excellent. He said: "It is time now for me to settle down as a married man, but I want so much; I want youth, health, wealth, of course, beauty, grace."

"Yes," she interrupted sympathetically, "you poor man, you do want them all."

When Sumner was a young man, he aired his disbelief at length, in a magazine article. She said, "Charles evidently thinks he has invented Atheism." And when in later years he declined a dinner invitation excusing himself by saying, "I have lost interest in the individual," she exclaimed:

"Why, Charles, God hasn't got as far as that yet!"

After dining with a Boston family, noted for their chilling manners and lofty exclusiveness, she hurried to the house of a jolly informal friend and seating herself before the glowing fire, sought to regain a natural warmth, explaining, "I have spent three hours with the Mer de Glace, the Tete Noir and the Jungfrau, and am nearly frozen."

It was Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., who said that the Cunard steamer, Oregon, committed suicide to avoid being put on that company's Boston line.

There is much humor among the women journalists of Boston, yet I'll wager that not one of them ever tried to be funny, like all newspaper men, about baked beans and brown bread.

In puns, parodies and repartee, the New England woman more than keeps up with her brothers. Louisa Alcott propounded this awful query: "If steamers are named the Asia, the Russia and the Scotia, why not call one the Nausea?"

Susan B. Anthony was witty to the last, as quick at reply as when years ago Horace Greeley said to her, "The ballot and the bullet go together. You women say you want to vote. And are you ready to fight too?"

"Yes, Mr. Greeley, we are ready to fight; at the point of the goose quill, the way you always have!"

I would dearly like to add the numerous witty women of New York, and the West: also to make a few feeble remarks about the so-called wit of some great men. May I do this later?"

Star Tears

By George W. Oldham

When softly mother earth is dreaming—sleeping,
I question whence the fire-flies come,
The moon says: "Tears they are from stars that weeping
Have lost the path which leads them home."

The Loving Cup

By Josephine Curtis Woodbury

Stand we all with brimming glasses,
Ere the inspired moment passes,
Drinking, thinking in Life's banquet-hall
How we may exalt the Giver,
How from want the guests deliver—
So our cup shall cheer the hearts of all.

As we pour out this libation,
Pledge we faith in all creation
Toiling, moiling,—of no guerdon sure;
Though their confidence be shaken.
In them we can hope awaken;
Drink the toast! They can and will endure.

Here's to faith in slothful sinners!
Who knows but they'll yet be winners,
Waking,—breaking bonds of craven ease;
Not by us be they forsaken,
Though in grievous faults o'ertaken;
Pass the cup; Love's cup that has no lees.

This old world needs faith and labor,
Faith that counts all mankind neighbor,
Working,—shirking not the hardest test;
"Each man is to each a brother,"
By this creed and by no other
Do we work out Life's supreme behest.

Lo, there rise from mist of fable,
Gods to grace our banquet-table,
Standing,—handing down this cup divine!
May its mystic, golden nectar
Of the weak make us protector,
Make us think, "There is no mine and thine."

Some New England Superstitions

By Clifton Johnson

(With Illustrations by the Author)

SIGNS and sayings are not so rife as they once were in the New England country; but they are still extant to a considerable degree among the old people and perhaps still more so among the children. This sort of thing always has appealed to the child imagination, and very likely always will. The touch of mystery is irresistible. Youthful poetry is apt to turn to prose later, and the mystery of the old signs and sayings may be entirely outgrown; yet the charm of such early impressions is never wholly lost, and nothing takes one back more surely to a happy country childhood than to come across some of these half forgotten superstitions.



GETTING THE OPINION OF THE BEES

My most prolific source for this kind of lore has been an elderly farmer familiarly known as "Gramp" in his home village. The nickname is merely a contraction of "Grandpa," and recognizes the per-

son to whom it is applied as a patriarch in the community and as the ancestor of a numerous progeny. I first met him at the cider mill. He had a little pitcher and a glass and was enjoying a draught of the sweet apple juice fresh from the press. Of course he offered some to me, and good fellowship was soon well established.

After a little chat Gramp mentioned that the spring which supplied his barn had gone dry. "We got plenty of water in the house," he continued, "so that ain't got nothin' to do with my bein' here to get a drink of cider; but carryin' water to the critter don't agree with me, and I'm goin' to try to locate another spring that won't fail in a dry spell."

This he proposed to do with a witch-hazel crotch, which he had already secured, and I accompanied him to see the process. We went together to a hillside pasture, and Gramp wound the end of one branch of the witch-hazel crotch around his right hand, and the other end about his left hand, and grasped these ends very firmly. The crotch stood up vertically in the air.

"Now I'm goin' to walk around here in such places as seem at all likely," said Gramp; "and when I come over water the crotch'll tip away from me downward. The harder it pulls down, the more water. There ain't every one can find water this way. They ain't got the electricity or something in 'em. With me, it's as easy as falling off a log. I can't stop that crotch goin' down when it's over water if I try, and sometimes it pulls down so hard the bark will be twisted off in my hands."

Gramp wandered here and there through the pasture hollows, and sometimes the crotch remained upright, and sometimes it tipped downward. But at length a spot was found when the pull was so satisfactorily felt that my companion drove a stake there to remember the exact place.

I found him digging a few days later; but after excavating a great dry hole he abandoned the job. In explanation of the failure of the mystic crotch he pointed to some yellow stains in the dirt and said there was iron ore in the soil. "That's what raised the mischief with me," he declared; "for iron ore'll attract witch-hazel as powerful as water will."

His belief in the hazel crotch was as strong as ever, and I discovered that he was a veritable mine of ancient superstitions. Of course he did not pin his faith to all of them; yet there was a surprising number in which he had implicit confidence. Some of the more characteristic and entertaining of these I give below. They are reported in his language, just as he told them to me at various times when I chanced to meet him about his home, in the fields, or by the river where he was fond of fishing.

"Crow on the fence,
Rain will go hence.
Crow on the ground,
Rain will come down."

"Storms clear off at nine o'clock in the morning, at noon, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at sunset, at midnight or at sunrise."

Gramp said he knew this was so because he had often observed, and



A MORNING STUDY OF WEATHER SIGNS

the storms did just that way; but I thought it must be a very ingenious storm that could clear off at a time sufficiently removed from the times named not to be assigned to one of them by the weather-wise.

One Monday morning I took refuge from a shower on Gramp's piazza. The weather did not suit Gramp's wife and she said complainingly, "It's raining and it's washing day."

"Well, we'll have to do as they do in Spain," remarked Gramp.

"What do they do there?" I asked.

"Why, they let it rain."

Gramp added that he knew we were going to have a dull day; for he had heard it raining in the night about one o'clock; "and," said he, "I couldn't help thinkin' o' that old saying,

'Between twelve and two
You can tell what the day will do.'

"It may cloud up or clear off later in the night; but the day will be what it was between twelve and two.

"If our dog comes into the house and puts his head under the mat I'm certain sure there's goin' to be a cold snap, and it comes every time.

"When the wind dies down at sunset it will blow again the next day.

"A thunderstorm ain't good for eggs that are under a hen hatching. The chickens are apt to be crazy.

"March winds and May sun
Make dun cloth white, and fair maids dun.

"I keep my young cattle in the pasture during the summer; but I bring 'em in when the weather is bad; and they know a great sight better than I do what the weather is goin' to be. They'll gather at the bars a good many hours before a storm comes—often when the sky ain't begun to show a sign of it.

"Dream of picking fruit out of season,
And you'll quarrel without reason.

"When you're peelin' onions, hold a pin between your teeth and it'll prevent your cryin'.

"If you want to get rid of the rats in your house, ketch one and tar and feather it and then turn it loose. All the rats will leave in a hurry.

"When I was a boy I'd sometimes play so hard I'd have a pain in my side. To cure it I'd lift up a stone, spit under it and put the stone back in its place. I wouldn't have any more trouble from the pain after that.

"If you begin to tell something and forget what you were saying, that is a sign it was true.

"Mend your clothes upon your back
Poverty you'll never lack.

"When the world was new the devil spent a lot of time sowing it with stones. He carried the stones in his apron, and where you see spots that they are very thick, you can know his apron strings broke there.

"To stop the hic-coughs see how near you can hold your little fingers together without their touching.

"If you don't want to have the toothache, cut a little bit from each toe-nail and finger-nail. Then wrap the cuttings in a white paper or birch bark and put 'em in a hole bored in a pine tree. Close the hole by plugging and you won't have any trouble with aching teeth as long as you live, though this won't prevent your losing your teeth by decay.

"You can cure your rheumatism by putting mustard in your shoes.

"If you have the stomach-ache
Eat a piece of burnt cake.

"You can stop the nosebleed by



THE WITCH-HAZEL DIVINING ROD

putting a piece of paper under your tongue. You can stop it, too, by placing a key on the back of your neck.

"It's a good plan to fill a bottle with water at a spring on Easter morning before sunrise. There ain't any medicine advertised in the papers that can equal such water, because it'll cure more things and is sure every time. Drink a little of it if anything is the matter inside of you; and if you have a sore rub it on outside. You'll be surprised to see what it does for you, no matter what disease you got.

"When you're out drivin' in the winter and your feet get cold, take off your hat. That'll warm 'em even if they're like ice. I tried that one blusterin', freezin' day last winter when I was really sufferin', my feet was so cold, and I hadn't had my hat off more'n three minutes before they was as warm as if I'd been toastin' 'em by the kitchen stove. You see the cold air drives the blood from the head, and your feet can't help but get warm.

"Don't cut a twig to string your fish on until you ketch your first fish. If you do you won't ketch any.

"When you see the first robin in the spring notice whether it flies up or down. If it flies up you will go up—that is, you will have good luck during the year; but if it flies down you will have bad luck.

"Never carry a cat across running water if you want to have good luck. It will ruin your life. You might just as well take a dose of deadly poison and be done with it.

"If a spider drops down before you it is a sign you are goin' to have company.

"Spit for luck on your friend's new shoes and he will never wear them to a place where he will be unhappy.

"What a baby weighs at birth is just one twentieth of what it will weigh as a grown person.

"Did you ever notice the difference between the way a man folds his hands and the way a woman folds hers? With a man the right thumb is always on top, and with a woman the left thumb.

"A baby should be carried upstairs before it is carried down even if you have to take it into the garret. To carry it downstairs first would make it low-minded, and it would never rise in the world.

"If you find a cluster of bubbles on your coffee that means money is coming.

"You may know that a man has money to lend if he wears his hat pushed back on his head.

"If you shiver on a warm day you may know it is because someone is walking over the spot that is to be your grave.

"Something bad is bound to happen to you if you go to a funeral ridin' after a white horse.

"I ain't got any objections to thirteen at the table. It was always told in our family that thirteen at table wa'n't unlucky except when there was only victuals enough for twelve.

"To upset your teacup is a sign that a stranger is coming to call.

"Sneeze before seven
Have company before eleven.

"If you see the new moon through the branches of a tree, you will see sorrows.

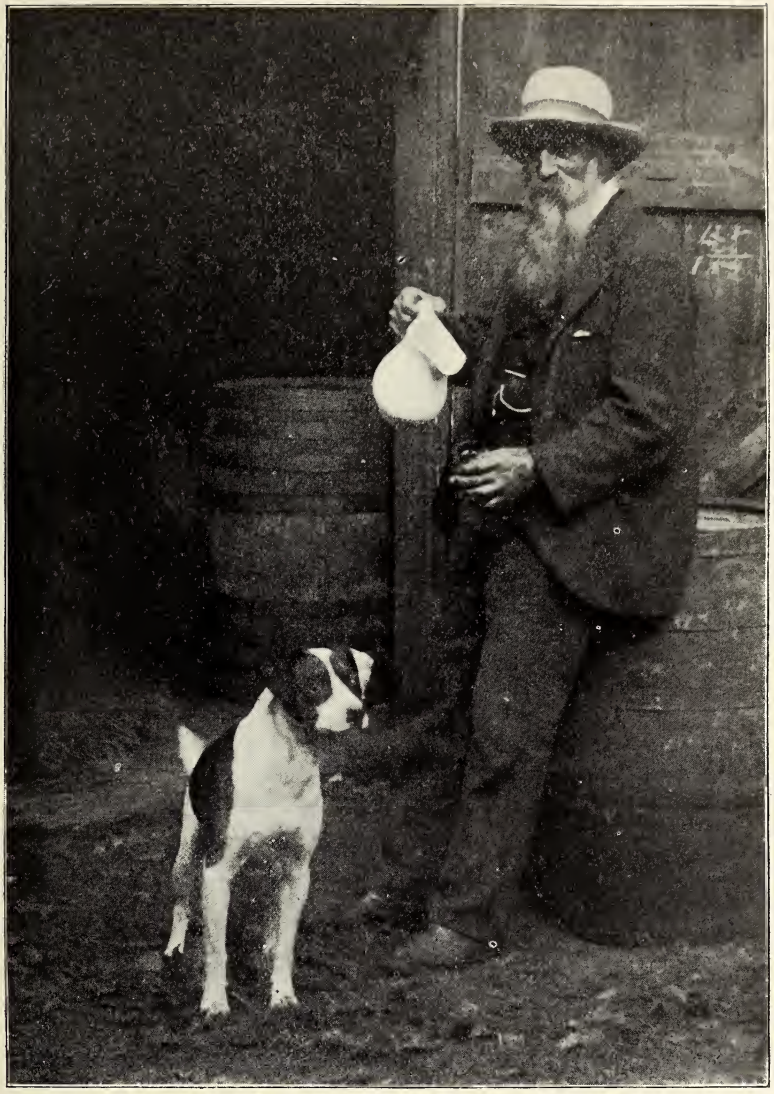
"Sleep in a bean field and it will make you crazy. Same way with sleepin' in the full moonlight.

"What you are doing when you hear the first whip-poor-will, that you will do most of the year.

"Kill a mosquito and two will come to the funeral, and you'll be worse pestered than you was before.

"An owl will turn his head to watch you wherever you move as long as you are near it. If you walk around and around him he will continue to turn his head until he wrings his own neck.

"On the first day of August the crickets begin to sing. They are

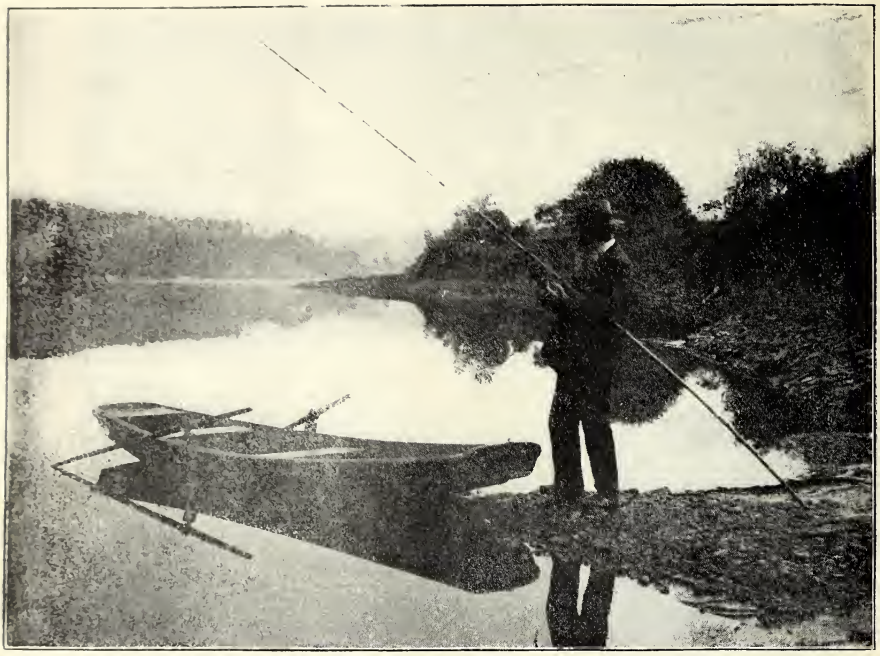


SWEET CIDER—A GOOD LUCK SIGN

sure to begin on that day and not before.

"When you think a bee or a wasp is gettin' too friendly just hold your breath. Then they can't sting you if they try. I suppose it closes the pores of the skin so they can't get their stingers in. Why, I've held my breath and seen a bee try his worst to stick in his sting and finally go off disgusted."

Besides the various sayings which I have reported Gramp told me one genuine spook story which is quite typical of the tales often related at the old-time firesides. He said,



WHERE GOOD LUCK SIGNS COME TRUE

"There was a feller in the town where my mother come from whose name was Tom Cook. Tom was a pretty rough sort of a customer and it was commonly believed that he was in league with the devil, and he was, too. Well, by and by, the devil concluded he'd like Tom's company down below. So he called on Tom early one morning and found Tom had just got up and was dressing.

"'Tom,' said he, 'you've lived in this town long enough. I want you to come down to the pit and stay with me. So make haste. I've got to keep the fires goin' down there, you know.'

"Then the devil took Tom by the arm to hurry him and make sure of him. Tom didn't like the looks of the devil and the devil's fingers were awful hot. Tom tried to pull along, and at the same time he said, 'Wait, wait, can't you, until I get my galluses on?'

"The devil looked him all over and then he grinned and he said, 'Yes, I'll wait till you get your galluses on.'

"He no sooner said that than Tom threw the galluses into the fire. The devil saw he'd lost his man and went off in great anger, and Tom never wore galluses again."

The City-Country Club Plan

By Walter S. Newell, ph.d.



MIDDLEFIELD LOOKING NORTHEAST

ONE can hardly fail to take an optimistic view of our American life when he notes the increasing number of persons who migrate, as regularly as do our birds, to the country or to the seashore to get back to nature for a short time during the summer.

It is a significant thing and we may believe a hopeful sign that the professional man in his city study or office feels the need of a broader view from some hilltop; that the counting house cannot hold a man from the scenes of his childhood's home, and that the soot of the city must be removed by contact with the freshness and purity of nature.

To the avowed student of sociological and psychological problems we leave the task of accounting for this trait of urban nature which demands change of environment periodically, and we shall devote ourselves to the more practical considerations arising from the ever-growing number of visitors to rural communities. Be we permanent residents of a rural community or summer visitors, we cannot escape the issue of being our brothers' keepers and of being in a degree responsible for the social conditions which, though temporary, are growing in importance year by year.

Does the inhabitant of a rural community have any claim upon the city visitors beyond that of patronage for store, for market garden or for the livery and boarding business? Is the selfishness of sordidness on the one side, to balance the selfishness of ease on the other and the account to be considered closed? Are these two phases of our society, city and country, to be regarded as exclusive? When the rural community has felt the first impulse of a new life which comes to it from the city visitor, shall it expect the visitor to assimilate and reverence or even respect the traditions which have come to be a part of the very fiber of the village? Shall a rural com-



STATE ROAD, GRADE ONE HUNDRED PER MILE FOR THREE MILES

munity, at the risk of casting pearls before swine, offer the traditions and associations of generations as a marketable commodity to the highest bidder? These are matters for consideration.

Harmonious interaction and appreciation form a conspicuous contrast to the exclusiveness which even a casual observer may note in many of the places where city and country meet. When viewing the irresponsibility which too frequently characterizes the sojourn of the city guests in a rural community, the verdict of the countryside is not unlikely to be pronounced in the aphorism that "summer rustication is likely to drift into summer rustiness, in which selfish laziness is mistaken for healthful rest."

As a preventive of results here cited, society has organized the ordinary country clubs which, after the order of horse-shows, and hunt clubs, are the creations and playthings of fashion. These aim merely to provide pleasure in the line of games, athletic sports, etc., for city people who fancy they are, through these media, drawing from the country the best it has for them. Apropos of conditions such as these, which the writer believes represent the general tendency in any community where these two classes meet, the following plan is described as having done a little, but that definitely, toward making both city and country recognize a mutual relation.

Under conditions not the most favorable for the successful issue of a new plan, an experiment has been tried in the little hilltown of Middlefield, Massachusetts, and the new City-Country club plan has drawn to itself considerable attention and favorable comment during the four years that it has been in operation. A town situated four miles from the railroad, upon a high ridge of hills 1800 feet above the sea level, Middlefield is naturally endowed with magnificent outlooks and large air which make many of the towns of the Berkshires attractive to city people. At the foot of the town hill, on the side toward the station is the factory village which made the town prosperous by its woolen manufactures during wartimes, but which is now only a single line of dilapidated tenement houses and falling-down factories. At the other three points of the compass as one walks out of the village toward the north, south or east, are the prosperous homes of the stock and dairy



MIDDLEFIELD LOOKING NORTH

farmers. Add to these attractions, which Middlefield has in common with other New England towns, its share of decadent and abandoned farms and we see about the conditions that existed before it became a summer place.

Among those who first became interested in this little town as a restful place for a summer colony, the serious question presented itself: "How can we make the colony the most beneficial to the town, to ourselves and to our aims for a profitable vacation for all concerned?" The more public spirited among the local people were invited to confer with the originators of the plan, and a City-Country club was the result. In the very beginning of its history, the ideal held up was to bring the city visitors and local country people into close and friendly touch with each other, "on a common footing, and to work for the permanent benefit of the community."

In the membership and board of officers of the Club, the local residents and city people are represented as equally as possible. For example, either the president or vice president must be a permanent resident of Middlefield, and in committee work, the college student spending his vacation in town is associated with the young man whose opportunities and duties have been circumscribed by the farm or the village life.

Let me quote briefly from a paper read by the first president of the Club: "The Club was organized with a four-fold aim. It seeks first to develop the social life of the village; second, to encourage such literary and entertaining features as shall be helpful and attractive; third, to direct and provide athletic diversion; fourth, to lead in village improvement and to make the premises enhance and not mar the scenic effect of the hills which nature made attractive. But it is by no means bound down to this program. It is capable of expansion so as to encourage any worthy work for the interests of Middlefield. It is an effort to gather up and organize and direct the forces that stand for progress and aggressive good. It is an effort, too, to utilize the forms of talent and help, which the summer visitors bring, and to draw them into complete sympathy and co-operation with the permanent residents."

In organizing the City-Country Club along the lines here indicated the following committees were deemed necessary.



STERNAGLE HILL LOOKING NORTH

A Village Improvement Committee directs all work of the club in the beautifying or improvement of the village and the committee now extends its improvements beyond the village limits to the more re-remote parts of the town.

An Entertainment Committee provides for the public a series of entertainments by local talent, visitors or lecturers and through these efforts the treasury is replenished.

An Athletic Committee provides grounds for tennis and golf and organizes a baseball team each season.

A Social Committee has charge of the fortnightly meetings of the club furnishing musical and literary programs and an unpretentious spread.

A Natural History Committee is making a collection of the local flora, insects and minerals, and there is installed in the town library a cabinet which does credit to the three years of efforts.

The Historical Committee has a peculiar work in hand, in its study for publication, of the local town history. The old roads and farm boundaries are being studied, the foundations of the old homes are being located and the history of individual houses, giving as far as available the names of owners and residents, is being recorded and preserved. The personnel of this committee does not change from year to year.

At the risk of repetition, let me quote from an article by Mr. Edward A. Wright: "The following are among the things accomplished by the club during its first two years: Golf links established; a lawn tennis court opened by the village roadside; a little beauty-spot made of a former mud-hole in the village centre; a piano placed in the town hall for free public use; a cabinet placed in the town library and a natural history collection well started; an old home week celebration arranged and carried out, one of the first observances of the kind held in Massachusetts; the connection of the town with the outside world by a telephone line four or five miles long (a much needed enterprise, pushed by the club but largely paid for by the town and voluntary subscriptions); the purchase of scenery for the town hall stage; the presentation each season of two or more dramatic and musical entertainments of unusual brightness and merit, besides giving a number of exceedingly enjoyable, social, literary and musical affairs informal in character and genial and hospitable in spirit. The club has accomplished



ONE OF THE OLD HOMES, THE LANG HOUSE

what it has, without ever running in debt and has closed each season with a snug little sum in the treasury. The annual dues are only $1.00 and this covers the first year's membership. Members are never assessed; voluntary contributions are sometimes accepted for special purposes but never urged upon members or others."

The membership of the club during the past season has been between 70 and 80 active members. Nothing is so characteristic of the influence which the club exerts in the community as the way in which the new-comers become inoculated with the enthusiasm of the club members, and with the desire to cooperate in order to benefit the town life and to secure the most perfect vacation for themselves. So democratic and unselfish are the aims of the club that a life which is purely selfish and self-sufficient finds nothing congenial in the atmosphere. Cooperation and a considerable regard and study of those who spend ten months of the year among conditions different from our own, maintain this organization just as a mutual good. Nearly every family of the town is represented in the membership and the association of the young people of the country with the summer people has been stimulating and beneficial.

The practical value of the City-Country Club plan in dollars and cents becomes apparent to the observer. There is a good class of people coming into the neighborhood and better prices are being paid for farm products. The demand continues and is growing from a desirable class of city residents seeking summer homes of comfort rather than of fashion in a community where the social as well as the natural conditions are inviting.

The roster of the summer visitors who have identified themselves with the City-Country Club explains in part the value of the club to the village life. Among the members of this year's colony are two college professors, three high school principals, four clergymen, several business men who spend Saturday and Sunday with their families in summer homes, one doctor, several college students and musicians. The local minister occasionally invites visiting clergymen to occupy the pulpit, and the village choir receives reinforcements from the summer visitors. The charitable and social interests of the church are appreciated and helped by the city visitors.

While notoriety has not been the



AMATEUR THEATRICALS ARE PART OF THE PLAN

character and genial and hospitable aim of this City-Country Club, its work has been of a character so diverse in the things accomplished as to win recognition from organizations which represent separate phases of its work. Reference has already been made to the Old Home Week celebration. During the past year the club has been invited to send delegates to the meeting of the Massachusetts League for Village Betterment and upon hearing of the work of the City-Country Club, the Middlefield organization was given a membership in the League. But this is only one of the lines in which the City-Country Club crosses the path of other organizations which are striving to meet specific needs of the rural or civic life. These instances of federation are cite merely to indicate how comple may become the interest and hov rich the possibilities of a clu which unites all classes in the in terest of the common weal.

While the experiment of organiz ing the city and country element into harmonious action, has bee given a concrete application to th local conditions of a particular town these modifying conditions are no such as would render the City Country Club plan inapplicable t other rural communities whose pe culiarities may enhance the benefit derived. A good deal depends upo the ideals of the individuals who ar attempting to organize the two ele ments which are so likely to becom sordid and selfish.



THE IMPROVEMENT COMMITTEE DEMOLISHING RUINS

It has not been the purpose of this article to dwell upon the details of a club's activities or to weary the reader with a recital of trifling concerns with a local setting, but merely to indicate the general lines which may serve as an outline which another community may, in the future with some modification, extension or expansion follow to the same end in its own social and economic problems.

The Passing of Summer

By Harley R. Wiley

She smiled to the hearts that enshrined her,
Then the gold of her banner unfurled
And trailing her glories behind her
Passed over the rim of the world.

Legends of Old Newgate

By George H. Hubbard

(Continued from the May issue)

VI

Barnes Brothers, Burglars

IN the year 1803 there came to Newgate three men whose names are familiar to all versed in the lore of the old prison. They were the notorious Barnes brothers, John, William and Henry, from North Haven who had been sentenced for burglary. Fine looking men they were, and, to the eyes of the unsophisticated, bore no marks of criminal character. In appearance they contrasted sharply with the other inmates of the institution. The majority of the convicts were somewhat heavy, dull or brutal looking. But these men, on the other hand, were slight of form, and delicate of feature, with handsome faces and keen, dark eyes.

Those experienced in tokens of criminality might observe an uneasy restlessness of the hands, a sly catlike tread, a want of directness in the look, a cruel gleam of the eyes. But the ordinary visitor to the prison saw only a trio of refined and intelligent looking gentlemen who seemed wholly out of place in the company of the roughs by whom they were surrounded. To such persons it was always a matter of no little wonder that these men were the most heavily ironed and most carefully guarded of all the prisoners. Usually they wore two sets of extra strong manacles, and each one had an iron collar to which was attached a chain fastened to the ceiling of the shop in which he worked, or was secured by a chain from his ankle irons to his anvil block. Many a tender-hearted woman or philanthropic old man inspecting the prison protested against such wanton cruelty; but the authorities quickly assured them that among all the inmates of the jail there were no others so dangerous or so slippery as these same quiet looking gentlemen. More than once they had instigated and directed a rebellion throughout the entire prison, and on one occasion had nearly succeeded in overcoming the full force of guards and setting the whole company of convicts free. Their intelligence and skill gave them greater power for evil than was possessed by the duller minds about them.

The home of the brothers was in North Haven where the family had lived for three generations enjoying the respect and confidence of the entire community. Mechanical skill was a marked trait of the family. The grandfather had been one of the first manufacturers of the brass clocks which made Connecticut famous; and the father had been a locksmith of unusual ingenuity. His locks were in demand throughout all that region of country, being the

forerunners of the Yale lock so popular at the present day. The three brothers inherited all the skill and cunning of their ancestors, but while the father's skill was displayed in making locks, theirs revealed itself in picking and breaking them.

Their career of crime was the direct fruit of a certain kind of novel reading. Brought up with great strictness and limited in their legitimate reading to a few uninteresting books, they chanced to fall upon some of the worst literature of the day, thrilling stories of crime and wild adventure which their eager minds quickly devoured. Working as they did in the shop of their father, they found themselves equipped with the very best instruments for criminal achievement, and they were tempted to rival the reckless deeds of which they read. At first they tried their powers chiefly as a matter of joke. They would astonish their acquaintances by coming in on them at night just after the doors were locked, or they would make use of their skill to play some prank upon an offending neighbor.

In time, however, their escapades took a more serious turn, and by harsh treatment they were hardened till at length they became full fledged criminals. Many were the burglaries attributed to the brothers, but they were so adroit that it was difficult to fasten a specific crime upon them. In the making of skeleton keys they were adepts, and it was their boast that they could open any store or dwelling house in New Haven. Certain it is that the stores of that city were frequently raided at night by persons who made no break and left no trace in the morning except the evident loss of goods of one kind or another. In one instance several thousand dollars worth of jewelry were taken from a safe, yet in the morning both store and safe were locked as when left the night before. It was a peculiarity of the brothers' work that they never seemed to have been in a hurry, but took time to replace everything as they found it.

Naturally suspicion fell upon employees at first, because of the evident use of keys. But after a time the common exclamation on the discovery of such a piece of work was, "The Barnes boys have been here!" Yet so artful were they in hiding and disposing of their booty that for a long time they baffled conviction. And woe to the man who had them arrested and failed to convict them. He was sure to be visited with vengeance worse than the crime.

In the life of the period the Barnes brothers held about the same position and inspired about the same terror that in later times in the western country attached to the names of the James gang or the Younger brothers. True, they were never guilty of murder and never committed robbery in broad daylight in a spirit of bravado. In fact theirs were not so much crimes of daring as of skill. But so numerous and so ingenious were their midnight raids upon banks, stores and private residences that the entire state lived in nightly fear of their attacks. Yet women who trembled at the mere mention of their names, when they saw them in prison wondered at their fear and remonstrated with the officers against the harshness of the treatment accorded to them. It was difficult to believe that such quiet appearing men could be

the heroes of such terrific stories.

After many futile efforts to entrap them, they were finally caught by a mere accident. The cashier of a bank in one of the cities not far from New Haven chanced to be returning to his home one night an hour or more after the clocks had struck twelve, and passed the bank on his way. Almost at the door he met a man walking leisurely along and it flashed upon his mind that this stranger answered well to the descriptions which he had heard of the famous burglars. Possibly he was a patrol.

Continuing his course unaltered till well out of sight, the cashier then took the shortest route to the police station. He told his story in a few moments and asked for a number of officers to accompany him to the bank in hot haste for an investigation. Quickly the officers armed themselves and sallied out. Taking different routes they approached the bank in two squads from opposite directions. The cashier and chief coming suddenly around a corner found the man still walking close to the door. Before he could speak or give any warning a pistol was pointed at him and he was ordered to surrender and keep silence. Seeing that resistance was useless, he obeyed. A moment later the remainder of the force arrived and quietly waiting till the two brothers completed their work and came out of the door they arrested them with the evidences of their guilt upon them. They were soon lodged in Newgate for a long term.

When first brought to the prison, the officers observing their slight stature and quiet manners imagined that they should have little difficulty with them. They were even disposed to allow them the largest freedom that the prison rules would permit.

Indeed, it was thought impossible that they could tamper successfully with the heavy locks and bars of the prison. Their extraordinary skill in all forms of mechanical work made them a valuable addition to the force at the smithery. The work done by them was of a superior quality for they took pride in displaying their powers, and their ingenuity was often called into requisition for the improvement of the machinery then in use.

While they were thus rendering good service to the state they were also making good use of their opportunities for their own advantage. From time to time they secreted various bits of metal about their persons when they went down to the caverns at night, and from these they soon had a complete set of tools made to aid them in escaping. There were files and saws and skeleton keys and numerous other devices such as burglars know how to use. And it was their custom immediately after the departure of the guards to unlock their own fetters and those of as many of their fellow prisoners as they thought best, so leaving them free to work at any proposed scheme of escape. The fetters were carefully replaced before the men were called up in the morning and the work below ground was hidden away from sight. The conspirators were betrayed however by some unknown person, the tools were confiscated, and after this the brothers were ironed with special care and every night their feet were made fast in the stocks. But it was

not very long before they succeeded in once more unlocking their fetters and setting nearly all their fellow prisoners free for an attempt at escape that nearly proved successful.

So quick were the brothers in all their motions and so dextrous in unlocking fetters and similar feats that some of the guards and nearly all the convicts believed them to be in league with the devil. They were known as the wizards of the prison, and sometimes gave exhibitions of their skill for the amusement of visitors.

Of the three William was the most dextrous. On one occasion he was sent to Southwick under care of a guard to open a safe, the lock of which had been injured and refused to act. The refractory mechanism offered little difficulty to the expert cracksman and he was soon on his way home again with a good fee for his services in his pocket. The guard accompanying him, though much larger and stronger than he, was a man of slow motions and slower thought. When they were at a lonely spot on the road Barnes called his attention to something in the opposite direction and in a moment slipping off his shackles struck the guard with them and felled him to the earth. Before he could recover his wits the manacles were on his own wrists and he was prisoner. Barnes then gagged him and dragging him several rods from the road concealed him in the underbrush. He then fled to New London where he was recaptured.

Even the convicts seem to have been deceived at first by the appearance of these men. "The gentlemen convicts" they called them because of their refined manners and their refusal to enter into the low conversation and lower amusements of the underground life. Total abstinence from the drinking habits so common among the inmates of the prison was also a distinguishing mark of the trio, and was looked upon as a sign of weakness. Noting these things and also perceiving their slight stature, some of the stronger ones thought it would be safe to bully them. But they quickly learned that although not large in body the men could more than make up in skill and determination what they lacked in brute force. They soon made it plain that they feared nothing. One or two encounters with the leading bullies of the place served to establish their supremacy, and even Aaron Goomer, the gigantic negro, who weighed almost as much as the three together and who could fell an ox with his fist, had a wholesome fear of the little wizards. Within a week from the day of their arrival they were the recognized leaders of the convict body, and John, the eldest, was leader of the three.

With all their skill their schemes for escape were unavailing. More than once each of them succeeded in getting outside of the walls; but they were so well known throughout the state that they were sure to be recaptured and brought back again before they could put themselves beyond the state's jurisdiction. So they served their full term of seven years with some added months because of insubordination.

The system of prison discipline employed at Newgate and the spirit of the institution were not calculated to bring about the reformation of the convicts. The custom of loading them with irons and chains while at

work, the frequent and severe floggings for failure to fulfil their tasks or for any breach of discipline, kindled in their hearts the desire for revenge. And in several instances the murder of a prison officer was the immediate outcome of this treatment. Scarcely less harmful was the practice of herding the prisoners together in the mines instead of putting them in separate cells at night. There the better and worse elements, the young and old criminals congregated together to brew mischief, so that it was a regular school of vice. The midnight revels, too, often turned the caverns into a howling den of wild beats making sleep impossible and destroying all hope of rest.

It is not strange therefore that the seven years' sojourn of the Barnes brothers intensified rather than cured their criminal propensities and that they went forth to continue their career as burglars. Their release was almost immediately followed by new breaks and it was only three years later that they were committed to the old prison for a second and longer term.

VII

A Pre-Millennial Resurrection

Escapes form a part of the record of every prison: and the record of Newgate is no exception. Being considered exceptionally secure, the gloomy dungeons in the heart of Talcott mountain became the natural place of confinement for the most desperate criminals or for those who had proven their skill in prison breaking. To be sure the number of escapes even there was not small; yet few, if any other prisons of the time had so good a reputation.

The committee originally appointted by the General Assembly to explore the place and pronounce upon its availability for the purpose had reported that by expending less than fifty pounds the caverns could be so perfectly secured that it would be "next to impossible for any person to escape from them." And we smile when we read in connection with this statement the testimony of the prison records that during the first ten years of its occupation more than half of the persons committed to Newgate effected their escape from its caverns. Yet most of us would doubtless have agreed with that original committee in pronouncing the mines an absolutely secure place of imprisonment.

To the uninitiated the most ordinary stone walls seem to present an impassible barrier to freedom. And when there are added to these heavy manacles, subterranean caverns, numerous guards, and all the other restraining forces of prison life, we wonder how any man can ever overcome such obstacles and regain his liberty. But a company of criminals, familiar with all the arts of deception, skilled in house breaking, alert for opportunities, is not easily discouraged. Herded together as they were at night, these men had every chance to compare notes, to exchange bits of information regardingthe weak points of the prison or negligent habits on the part of any of the guards, and to assist one another in contriving tools and laying plans for escape. The dark recesses of the caverns also afforded the best of places in which to conceal any materials that might be of

service in an emergency, or any litter resulting from efforts to dig out. And although the average mental power of the criminal class is low, many of these people display remarkable acumen in the particular sphere of crime.

At first escapes from Newgate were generally effected by direct means such as climbing out of the seventy foot shaft by the aid of confederates without, or crawling through the drain which opens upon the mountain side. One small man even made his way to freedom by lifting a square stone from the floor of the "stone jug" as the basement of the warden's house was called and digging a tunnel under the wall to the outer world. Others would have accompanied him had not the one movable stone been so small that a full-sized man could not crawl through the opening thus made. With the improvement of the buildings and the increasing watchfulness of the keepers, however, such methods of escape became more and more difficult; consequently the inmates were obliged to rely more upon their wits than upon skill or force to get themselves outside the prison walls.

For a time the Newgate colony included in its number a convict named James Newman. This man was a famous prison breaker, and came to the mines with a record of which he boasted not a little to his companions. He had unlocked or scaled or dug out of more prisons than any other man in New England, unless perhaps the notorious Stephen Burroughs should be excepted. And after a wide experience of prisons both in Canada and the United States, he declared that Newgate "was the hardest and most secure prison he ever entered." Still he did not hesitate to assert he would find a way out of it.

The first few months after his committal witnessed a number of experiments with the locks, walls, etc., in the endeavor to break out by his usual methods. He knew by heart the history of every previous escape from the dungeons, and the air shaft, well, drain, and all other outlets that had been employed by others were thoroughly tested by him and found impassible. Everywhere he was foiled by the strength of the improved fortifications or the vigilance of the guards who had been specially warned to watch him with extraordinary care. Once he attempted to imitate Dublin's feat of scaling the wall and nearly paid for his temerity with his life. He had succeeded somehow or other in gaining possession of a rope which he successfully threw over the wall and was already near the top when the guard on the parapet caught sight of him and brought him to the ground with a bullet. Another effort to steal out while the gate was open for business in the afternoon, although carefully planned, was nipped in the bud by the sudden appearance of an officer who chanced to be returning from a business trip to one of the neighboring farms. He entered the gate just as Newman made a rush from behind one of the prison buildings, and catching him in his arms threw him to the ground after a desperate struggle and secured him. The flogging administered to the foiled prisoner impressed him with the uselessness of attempts in that line, and he determined to try new tactics.

He realized that he must escape by stratagem if at all. He therefore pretended complete submission. A remarkable change took place in his conduct. For months he committed no breach of discipline, and he even gave up his habit of shamming sickness by which he had been accustomed to escape the daily work assigned to him. Formerly he had surpassed even the hypocritical Parker in this art, giving the authorities no little trouble. Besides the ordinary tricks of spitting blood, producing nausea, and varying his pulse, he was credited with being able to reduce his flesh quite perceptibly in a few days by sucking a copper cent in his mouth each night and swallowing the saliva. But now he desisted from all these practices and gave himself to whatever task might be assigned with apparent good will. With well feigned modesty and penitence he gave his keepers to understand that he had reformed and should lead a different life after his release. The officers had not sufficient confidence in his professions to trust him with errands outside the walls. He was not even allowed to go under the escort of a guard to work for farmers in the vicinity, as was the case with some of the convicts. But as the weeks grew into months and no outbreak occurred to indicate any insincerity on his part, little by little they relaxed their vigilance within the walls so far as he was concerned.

Meanwhile the wily rascal was on the alert, determined to seize the first opportunity that gave good promise of success, but equally determined not to risk another experience of the whipping post. Working at different tasks he became familiar with the various buildings in the yard and was often called upon to go from one to another in the course of his work, so that no attention would be paid to him so long as he appeared to be going about his business.

At length the opportunity for which he was waiting presented itself, and he was quick to seize it. One of the convicts in the prison, a negro named Charles Mears, died; and his body, encased in a rough wooden box, was left in the building known as the chapel awaiting interment.

In such cases it was the custom to detail two of the prisoners with a guard to convey the body to the prison cemetery, dig the grave and attend to the burial without the formality of a funeral service. Accordingly at the dinner hour Newman heard orders given for two Irishmen, John Shea and Dave Kently, to be ready to perform this service for the deceased negro at two o'clock that afternoon. It was now almost one, and the dinner hour would soon be over.

Before his dinner was finished Newman was taken suddenly and violently sick and asked the privilege of going to his cell. This was readily granted, as he had not been guilty of shamming for nearly six months. He hurried from the shop and, finding the yard empty, walked quickly to the chapel, his manner being so thoroughly business-like that the guard on the parapet took it for granted he was going there on an errand.

Once within the chapel walls he was comparatively safe from observation for a time. Still he dared

not waste a moment. With a quickness and dexterity acquired by long experience in house and prison breaking, he pried off the cover of the rude coffin, taking good care to leave no marks and to keep the nails in their proper places in the top. This done it was the work of but a few moments to lift out the corpse and place it on the floor at the back of the room. Now the chapel was used not only for religious services, but also for gatherings of a more jovial nature when the prison officials invited friends from the neighboring farms to spend a pleasant evening with them in dancing and similar festivities. One of these junkets had been held in the room only a few nights before, and the walls had been decorated with flags and bunting which had been taken down after the affair was over but were not yet removed. These Newman threw over the body of the dead negro, and placed a bench carelessly in front of all. With the aid of a nail rod, purloined from the smithery and kept about his person for such emergencies, he then enlarged the nail holes in the sides of the coffin so that on replacing the cover each nail would slip easily into its place. This done he took his place in the box and, carefully adjusting the nails to their holes, let the cover down over him. As the cover was made of two narrow boards, these were fastened together with thick cleats, and by holding tightly to these in case anyone should take it into his head to test the firmness of the cover, the occupant could effectually conceal the fact that the box had been tampered with.

Newman had not long rested in his narrow quarters when Shea and Kently, under convoy of Moses Talcott one of the under officers of the prison, came in and took up the coffin to carry it to its last resting place. The burial ground was a secluded spot a little more than a half a mile to the north of the prison on the hill side: consequently the coffin was not carried by hand, but was put into an express wagon. This was driven by the convicts while the guard sat in the rear seat, immediately over the coffin, with his loaded gun directing the whole affair.

During that half mile drive Newman scarcely dared breathe for terror lest the guard should examine the box beneath him too carefully. Fortunately for him, however, Talcott was utterly unsuspicious, and in due time they reached the burial ground. The horse was hitched to a tree, a grave was hastily dug, and after a short time, which seemed extremely long to the man shut up in the box, the two Irishmen came to carry the coffin to the grave.

Now the critical moment had come. Thus far the plan had worked to perfection. The rough wooden box had not furnished the most comfortable resting place for the supposed invalid; but it had provided the means for getting outside the prison walls. The next thing to be done was to secure a stay of proceedings before he should be placed in quarters even more restricted than those of Newgate prison.

The bearers were ignorant fellows and superstitious like many of their class. The guard was not a very intelligent man. And the place was well adapted to produce in all

a sense of awe. Just before they reached the grave there came from the coffin the sound of a supressed sigh. The two bearers turned pale, looked at one another in fright and came to a stand still. The guard came close up to them and demanded the reason of their halt. Just as he caught sight of their blanched faces an unearthly groan followed the sigh. "Howly Moses!" yelled Shea, "the naygur is comin' to loife!" "Ow! Ow! It's his ghost!" howled Kently, utterly demoralized. And with a common impulse they dropped the coffin and made a bee line for the prison shouting "Och murther, he's afther us! He's afther us!" mistaking the guard who was close behind them and only a trifle less terrified than themselves for the ghost of the dead negro. In their frantic haste they forgot the horse and wagon, and covered the entire distance in time that would have done credit to professional sprinters.

Arrived at the prison the men panted out their story in a manner that left no room for doubt as to the genuineness of their fright. Talcott, however, having somewhat recovered from his panic in the course of his hard run, tried to make it appear that his haste was due simply to anxiety lest his prisoners should escape: but he could not quite account for the absence of his musket which he flung down at the beginning of the race. And the suggestion that he return at once for the abandoned team was promptly met with the reply that he was so exhausted by his chase after the stampeding Irishmen as to be unfit for the tramp.

The more intelligent officers suspected some trick, and a couple of them were preparing to go to the cemetery and finish the job so rudely abandoned, or at least to ferret out the mystery connected with it, when the guard on the parapet suddenly called out, "Where's Newman?" He then told of seeing Newman go into the chapel just before the close of the dinner hour, and he did not recall seeing him return, though he might have done so without being observed. A hasty search failed to discover the missing man, and an examination of the chapel quickly brought to light the body of the negro concealed under the pile of cloth. The secret was now out, and the guards made all speed to the cemetery, where they found the empty coffin lying on the ground; but the horse, wagon and musket had disappeared and their utmost activity failed to recover them.

Meanwhile, with the dropping of the coffin the revived corpse rolled out, and lost no time in taking possession of the abandoned musket, mounting the deserted express wagon and putting the horse to his best speed in a direction opposite to that by which he had come to the cemetery. Newman had a full hour the start of his pursuers, and he made good use of it. After travelling about a dozen miles he came to a farmhouse whose occupants were temporarily absent and effected a change of clothing that rendered him safe from suspicion besides obtaining a sum of money that had been carefully stored up against a rainy day. Later he sold the horse and wagon for a good sum, and taking to the woods, escaped to parts unknown.

A Warren of the West

By Edward H. Clement

THERE is another Warren besides Dr. Joseph Warren of Revolutionary fame though of the same Pilgrim-descended family. Josiah Warren, born in Boston in 1798, in Mr. William Bailie's able sociological study (Small, Maynard & Company), is apotheosized as one of the heroes of the larger Social Revolution. This revolution is always going on—but it was particularly active in the years of Joseph Warren's young manhood and middle life or until the grim realities and actualities of the Civil War swept away, like cobwebs and mists, all mere word spinnings and thought refinings upon social philosophy and social reorganization. Josiah Warren was one of the pioneers before Robert Dale Owen, and he had his own individualized ideas which he did not surrender even in his provisional partnership with the great English reformer. He lived continually experimenting with society-building and town-planting, with perhaps half a dozen or so new communities to his credit, west and east. He was a part, and a large part, of the great Fourierite movement of the second quarter of the nineteenth century which culminated in experimental communities throughout the land. Horace Greeley became its sponsor in the press and Brook farm gained for it a place in American literature.

But Josiah Warren stood apart from this also, as from Robert Dale Owen's co-operative movement. As his biographer says: "Until this wave subsided and the sincere but mistaken communists had time to learn by experience the inevitable but melancholy lesson, the Individual reformer decided to remain quiescent." He then spent some years in mechanical pursuits during which he invented the cylinder printing press though others patented it twenty years after. But his most enduring achievement and monument is his doctrine crystallized in the phrase. "Sovereignty of the Individual." This was coined by Warren and was borrowed, with due acknowledgment, by John Stuart Mill in his famous essay on Liberty. In his autobiography Mill speaks appreciatively of "A remarkable American, Mr. Warren" who "formed a system of society on the foundation of the sovereignty of the individual." Herbert Spencer has made the same principle the apex of his synthetic philosophy. In his "Principles of Ethics" he formulates it in the law of equal freedom: "Every man is free to do that which he will provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man." Whatever merit attaches to the discovery of this principle of human conduct as the basis of a clear conception of justice, Mr. Bailie insists, must be credited to Josiah Warren who first saw its full significance and demonstrated its practical applications. Indeed it may be said that to this end he

devoted with admirable singleness of purpose his whole life. "When mankind comes to recognize this great fundamental truth the need of compulsory cohesive authority as embodied in government will pass away," says the idealist anarchism of the Tolstoi stripe. "Under the plausible pretext," wrote Warren, "of protecting person and property, governments have spread wholesale destruction, famine and misery all over the earth where peace and security might otherwise have prevailed. They have shed more blood, committed more murders, tortures, and crimes in struggles against each other for the privilege of governing than society would or could have suffered in the absence of all governments whatever."

After a strenuous life, thickly strewn with apparent failures, this Warren of the West came back to Boston and its neighborhood. Several years were spent hereabouts in authorship and parlor lecturings, with his home at Cliftondale and at Princeton, Worcester County, where he died in 1874, at the age of 76.

The unpatented early Warren "speed press" was capable of throwing off from its cylinders and endless roll of paper, sixty or more copies a minute, whereas the pressmen who operated it had never seen a press print more than five or six copies a minute. The mean instinct of self-preservation in the printers led them to throw the press out of order at every opportunity. It was a physical illustration of the fate of all his schemes for the reformation of society by doing away with capital and creed in business. The immediate examples were failures—the principles are "marching on."

The germ of his idea was the "Equity Store" which he opened in Cincinnati in 1827. It was a little country store but it was believed by its founder to the day of his death to have contained the germ of the co-operative movement of the future, a fairer and finer co-operation than that of Robert Dale Owen.

In the early decades of the nineteenth century Cincinnati was on the outer edge of civilization, and as, at home in Boston, Josiah Warren had played with his brother George in brass bands as a professional musician, when the young man gone west reached this frontier town he decided to settle there as an orchestra-leader and teacher of music. He devoted his leisure at first, however, to several mechanical inventions, one of which was a lamp for burning lard that would furnish a cheaper and better light than tallow. In a year or two the young Bostonian was running a lamp manufactory in Cincinnati.

But this was sold almost as soon as started, in order that Warren and his family might join Owen in the grand experiment which was about to begin at New Harmony, Indiana, where 900 enthusiasts were gathered from all parts of the country on the Rappite estates (owned by Rapp, the founder of this German social reform) and laying the foundations of the intelligent community which is today a centre of light and leading as it always has been for the Middle West—"The Athens of the West, a home of culture and a centre of reform" as it is called in a recent number of Unity. Two years sufficed for Warren of the vicissitudes, disappointment and inharmony of the New Harmony community as it

then existed. He left there thoroughly convinced of the inadequacy of communism to correct the evils of private capital and the failure both of paternalistic authority and majority rule as forms of government. Twenty-nine years later, writing of his New Harmony experiences, Warren thus records his mature judgment: "What a world of disappointment and suffering this experience might have saved others who have kept on organizing communities, phalansteries, political parties, and national revolutions, only to fail of course as we did, and to destroy by degrees the little hope that exists of making the world more fit to live in." All the affairs of the community were decided either by Owen as proprietor, or by the will of the majority; personal liberty was at a discount and incentive to sustained individual effort was lacking. Cured here for good of all faith in any scheme based on community of goods and authority of organization, Warren returned to Cincinnati at twenty-nine a confirmed Individualist—today his panegyrist hails him as "the First American Anarchist"—an American Tolstoi before Tolstoi.

He was not long in elaborating an experiment which was either to prove the practicability of Individualism or demonstrate its futility. His invention was then and long afterwards known as the "Time Store," or as he called it the "Equity Store." Its business was conducted on the principle of the equal exchange of labor measured by the time occupied and exchanged, hour for hour, with other kinds of labor. All goods were marked with the price in plain figures which was their Cost price, plus a nominal percentage to cover freight, shrinkage, rent, etc., usually about four cents on the dollar. Business was done in this manner: The purchaser selects what he needs; the time spent by the merchant in waiting upon him, is found by reference to the big clock of the store; and the customer gives his labor note for so many minutes in carpenter work, or if the customer be a woman, say, so many minutes in needle work. The store keeper thus agreed to exchange his time in distributing goods for an equal amount of the time of those who bought goods. Profits on the goods there were none. Here was the application and the principle of pure labor for labor, the Cost principle in its most primitive form. His store was also a depository for salable products. The depositor of goods when his wares had been accepted was at liberty to take other goods to an equal amount from the store or to take Josiah Warren's labor notes instead. The Equity Store had many sympathetic friends who wished to raise capital for its enlargement, but Warren discouraged them, as it was inconsistent to ask capital's aid while trying to kill capital. One wholesale merchant assured Warren that the time would come when all the world would conduct its business on those principles.

During Warren's first residence in Cincinnati he had obtained a lease for ninety-nine years from Mr. Nicholas Longworth, the well known Cincinnati merchant, giving him eight blocks of the best building land in the middle of Cincinnati. Upon this estate the young genius from Boston built a few brick houses in one of which he lived for several years.

But it was in one of these blocks that the first Equity Store was set up, to furnish a concrete example of the meaning of Cost as the limit of price; and in order to engage in the broader dissemination of his principles the Boston reformer decided to terminate the store experiment, and soon after that his conscientious scruples as to holding land for speculative purposes, in order to acquire wealth by rise of land values not due to the creation of the individual owner but to social causes beyond his control, caused him to go to Mr. Longworth and return unconditionally the lease which would have made him a multi-millionaire.

Warren and Robert Dale Owen were close friends for a while and Owen invited Warren to come to New York and found an institution devoted to educating the world to Equitable Commerce, for which Owen would furnish the funds. But Owen's previous arrangements delayed action until Warren tired of waiting for him, returned to Ohio, and there his next move was an "Equity" village. At this time in a sparsely settled country village he supported his family by his precarious earnings as a band musician. But inspired by his steadfast faith in the ultimate regeneration of the race he began the building of his village, with half a dozen families. Malaria and constant sickness soon carried off the less robust of their members and deterred others from coming. So he again returned to New Harmony, which despite the failure of communism had grown into a prosperous town. Here a new "Time Store" was inaugurated and "no institution political, moral or religious ever assumed a more sudden and extensive popularity than the Time Store of New Harmony," writes Warren. His own account of its ending is this: "When all the stores in the surrounding country had come down in their prices to an equilibrium with the Equity Store, the custom naturally flowed back again to them and the next step was to wind up the Time Store and commence a village." With the money which his typographical inventions had brought him, $7,000 for stereotyping patents, he secured land and began another model town, in which he was to show the victims of capital how they could escape from its tyranny. When they began on the new plan in July, there was not $10 in the possession of all the settlers. But by the following December most of the families had good houses, some being built of brick two stories high, nearly or wholly paid for. The owner of the mill issued his notes payable in lumber; a man paid for his lot with his labor notes; the mill needed that man's labor and the owner of the mill needed lumber. The man who sold his labor issued his notes promising his labor in the mill, the owner of the mill took them of the land owner for lumber, and the laboring man redeemed them in tending the mill. "With all my hopes,' said Warren, in writing about this new town (which was called Utopia), "I did not expect to see land bought with labor notes so soon as this."

But still another settlement was to be among the fruits of this indomitable optimist's propagandism. Having taken up his abode in 1850 in New York City, where he converted Stephen Pearl Andrews, the philosophical writer and reformer,

to the philosophy of "Equity"—a following arose both in New York and in Boston for Warren's Individualistic form of co-operation. Warren was accustomed to hold informal meetings in "parlor conversations," in which he disseminated his ideas. The Fourierites were easily won over to Warren's improvements on their ideas in these gatherings for the discussions of social problems in the light of the now varied experience of the veteran. A colony was founded in Long Island 40 miles from New York and called "Modern Times." The publicity which the New York papers gave it in the '50's drew to it an undue number of cranks and disreputable and "otherwise obnoxious" persons of both sexes. But the village finally shook itself free of them—and broad avenues, tree shaded streets, pretty cottages, surrounded by strawberry beds and well-tilled gardens with a population of honest and industrious people, formed the community. Moncure D. Conway who visited Modern Times in 1858, described Warren as "A man to whom all show a profound respect, and who was introduced as the reformer to embody whose ideas the village had been established. He was a short, thick-set man about fifty years of age, with a bright, restless blue eye, and somewhat restless, too, in his movements. His forehead was large, descending to a good full brow; his lower face, especially the mouth, was not of equal strength, but indicated a mild enthusiasm. He was fluent, eager, and entirely absorbed in his social ideas. It was pleasant to listen to him." The panic of 1857 wrecked the enterprise of Modern Times, but though the original aims of the pioneers were lost sight of in the struggle for existence, the village of Modern Times, like the town of New Harmony, has never wholly departed from its original spirit and character.

It is impressive, in looking back over the career of this Massachusetts genius whom Mr. Bailie has restored to public knowledge, to see that whatever he did, whether in achievement, or in martyrdom, was done in the name and for the good of all. His surrender of his ninety-nine year lease of eight blocks of land in the heart of Cincinnati, his throwing open to public benefit the idea of stereotyping a cylinder of type and printing from the endless roll now in universal use, for better dissemination of knowledge, and with the naive design of "taking the printing power out of the exclusive control of merely mercenary managers and making it as accessible as the use of speech or pen"—all is of the fine altruism which has come to be recognized as the highest test of character—that "feeling which if perfect, would make a man never think of, or desire, any beneficial condition for himself, in the benefits of which all the rest are not included," as John Stuart Mill simply and nobly formulated it.

Ballads of Old Boston

The Flying Irishman

(1754)

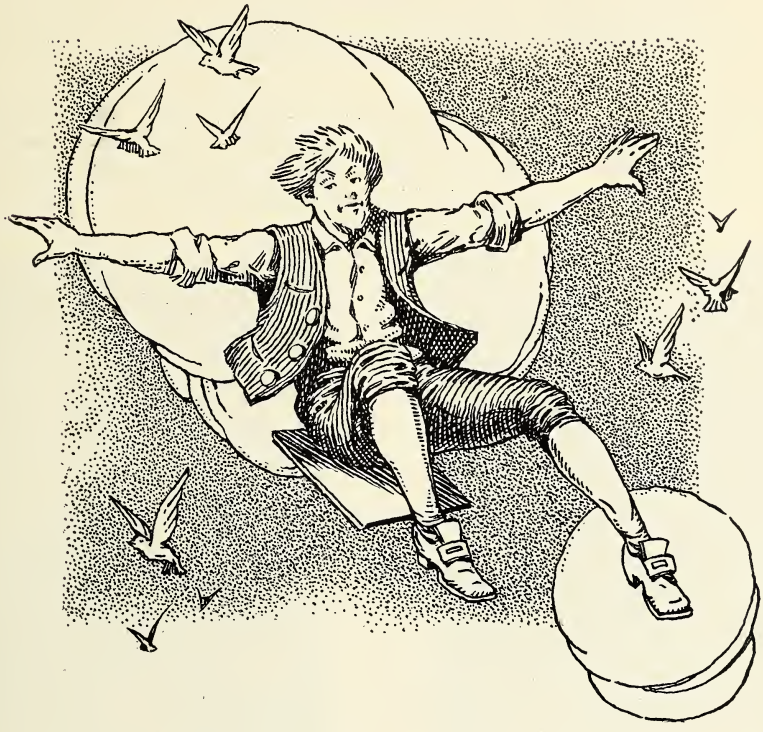
By M. A. DeWolfe Howe

With a rural clamor in urban air,
Chattering, twittering everywhere
Over the mouldered slabs that say,
"Here lie the elect of the royal day,"
The sparrows flutter on restless wing—
English sparrows to honor the King
Whose name the ancient Chapel saves:
Mark them when next you pass the graves,
Then another flight, of a stranger kind,
Over the tombstones, bring to mind.

No English bird, but an Irish wight,
Was the aeronaut who made this flight.
The Chapel was building, and nearly done;
At least the roofing was well begun,—
And the workmen unawed by the holy place
Established a most unholy race.
For every day at the noontime bell
They scrambled down to the ground pell-mell,
And who came last must ever be first
To pay for quenching his comrades' thirst.

Now Pat was the nimblest of all the lot,
And vowed that never he'd pay the shot
For so dry a crew:—they vowed he would,
Or the reason why must be understood.
So they plotted, and hatched a flawless plan
To drink at the cost of the Irishman.

One summer's day as noon drew nigh
They followed Pat with a watchful eye.
To finish the task he was set to do
There were minutes to spare—if the bell rang true!
But bearing slate to the roof's far end,
He needed Time at least for a friend;



Then Time betrayed him, for, hark, too soon,
The planned precipitate stroke of noon!
He turned to look at the belfry steps—
Packed, like a caucus! each *particeps*
Criminis jeering and joking Pat!
But quick! there's a trick worth two of that,
And playing it now he may save in a trice
His pride and his purse from sacrifice!

He draws a slate from out of his pack,
Slips it sled-wise under his back—

And coasts away like the School-street boys,
With less of laughter, and more of poise—
Every bit of it needed, too,
When forth from the eaves he cleaves the blue;
Say rather the green, for he sails clean through
A tree's thick leafage, and lights at last,
Still on his slate, all dangers past,
Sitting upright on an ancient tomb
Like a rising saint on the day of doom!

No English sparrow—an Irish wight
Only could make so grand a flight,
With time at the end of it, sound and tight
To run to the foot of the belfry stairs,
And taking the plotters unawares
To greet them: "Bedad, have ye never heard
Of the early worm and the Irish bird?"

The Empty Vase

By Emma Beatrice Thayer

It stands complete, yet strangely incomplete;
An empty vase, where faint sweet odors cling,
Soft memories of blossoms fair, and sweet,
Long faded with the light of vanished spring.

My heart resigned, yet conscious of unrest,
My empty life, its faded flower hath known,
That dear dead blossom, which my life hath blest,
Naught can recall save memory alone.

And yet, I know, that in some garden fair,
God's mercy tendeth some sweet bud for me,
And so this rose, with heart of beauty rare,
I pluck, dear empty vase, and give to thee.

The Massachusetts Bench and Bar

By Stephen O. Sherman and Weston F. Hutchins

V

Ancient and Modern Judicial Events

Sweetser's Great Legal Victories—Governor Andrew's Controversy with the Supreme Court—Removal of Judge Day from the Barnstable Probate Court—Where the Courts of Suffolk County Were Formerly Quartered—Faneuil Hall Used for Murder Trials—Churches Also Availed of in an Emergency.



WILLIAM G. RUSSELL



PELEG W. CHANDLER

THEODORE H. SWEETSER was an intellectual giant and his physical powers were proportionate to his mental ability. He was a natural leader of men, and if he had been called to represent Massachusetts in the Congress of the United States he would have taken his place with the great men who have done honorable service for the country. Law instead of politics was his chosen life work, and the only exception was when he consented to become a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives from Lowell in

1868. As a Democrat he championed the cause of his party in the Legislature, but he had his match on the Republican side in Charles R. Train. Compared with men like Sweetser and Train the so-called leaders of both political parties today are pigmies. Mr. Sweetser had as lieutenants Benjamin Dean, Patrick A. Collins, William Gaston, Melville E. Ingalls, afterwards president of the Big Four Railroad Company, Alonzo M. Giles, Thomas J. Gargan and Charles Levi Woodbury of Boston, John Quincy Adams of Quincy, John K. Tarbox of Lawrence, Thomas F. Plunkett of Pittsfield and Edward Avery of Braintree.

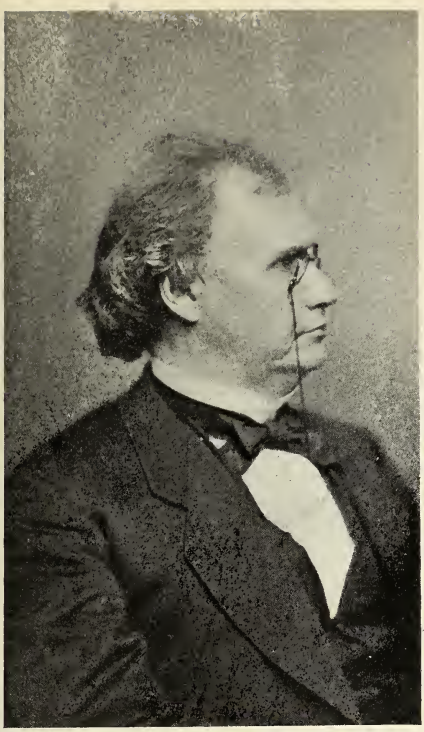
Mr. Train could count upon the support of Francis W. Bird of Walpole, Joshua N. Marshall of Lowell, Avery Plummer, Moses Kimball, Harvey Jewell, Linus M. Childs, Nathaniel C. Nash, Alvah A. Burrage, Lansing Millis and Life Baldwin all of Boston, William A. Russell of Lawrence, afterwards member of Congress, John I. Baker of Beverly, Charles J. McIntyre of Cambridge, now judge of probate, John B. Goodrich of Newton, Theodore C. Hurd of Framingham, now clerk of courts for Middlesex, Colonel William T. Grammar of Woburn, James B. Francis of Lowell, the eminent hydraulic engineer, Thomas L. Nelson of Worcester, afterwards judge of the United States District Court, Stephen M. Crosby of Williamstown, Shepard Thayer of Adams, Colonel Eliphalet Stone of Dedham, Rodney French of New Bedford, Tracey P. Cheever of Chelsea, General William Schouler of Lynn, Adjutant General of the Commonwealth during the civil war, General William Sutton of South Danvers, Marshal Wilcox of Lee, Samuel W. Bowerman of Pittsfield, Richard H. Dana of Cambridge, and Thomas Parsons of Brookline.

When Mr. Train and Mr. Sweetser were arrayed against each other it was a battle royal and the best interests of the Commonwealth were the issue.

Mr. Sweetser in the practice of law had an able associate in William Sewall Gardner, afterwards one of the justices of the Superior, and later of the Supreme Court. Mr. Gardner had a well balanced mind and at the bar and upon the bench his merits were appreciated. Together Messrs. Sweetser and Gardner presented many important questions to the full bench of the Supreme Court, and their contentions were almost invariably sustained.

One of their great victories involved constitutional rights never in dispute before. In 1871 there was an investigation by a Legislative committee of charges of corruption against the State police which subsequently led to the abolition of that force. Much of the testimony to sustain the allegations came from liquor dealers with whose business state officers were brought into close relations. Realizing that testimony along that line would not in every instance be voluntary, the legislature passed an act granting immunity from prosecution to all such dealers who should be called before the committee, and further provided that they should be compelled to testify.

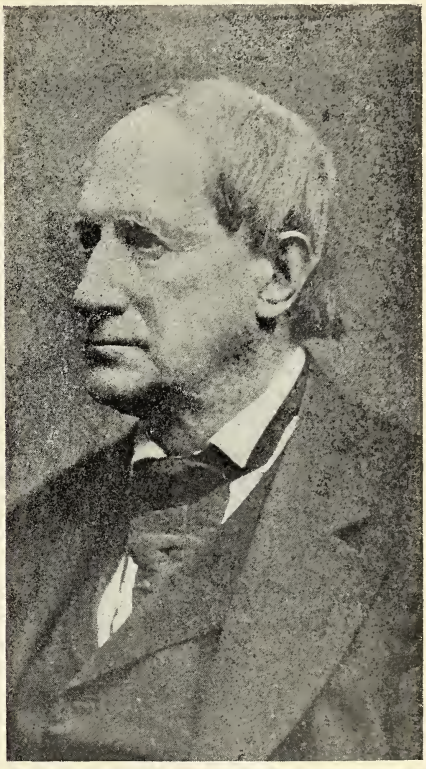
Henry Emery, proprietor of the Merrimac House at Lowell, when called before the committee refused, on the advice of Sweeter and Gardner, to testify. The committee reported the facts to the House of



THEODORE H. SWEETSER

Representatives which adjudgd Emery guilty of contempt and sentenced him to imprisonment for twenty-five days in the Suffolk County jail.

In less than an hour afterwards Emery was before Judge Wells of the Supreme Court upon a writ of habeas corpus, and Judge Wells, after a brief hearing reserved the legal questions raised for the determination of the full court and admitted Emery to bail in the sum of $5,000. The action of Judge Wells in permitting Emery to have his freedom while the case was pending before the full court made a good deal of talk among the lawyers at the time, especially in view of the fact that Emery had been committed for contempt by one of the branches of the General Court, and it was predicted that Judge Wells would not have allowed bail unless he had been convinced that the ultimate decision would have been in favor of Emery. Judge Wells must have heard of this talk for in a foot note to the opinion of the full court written by him, he says: "Bail allowed to be



CALEB CUSHING

given without any regard to the question whether or not the petitioner was entitled to be released finally upon the writ.

"Gen. Sts., See 144, Sec. 24 provides that until judgment is given, the court or judge may remand the party, or may bail him to appear from day to day, or may commit

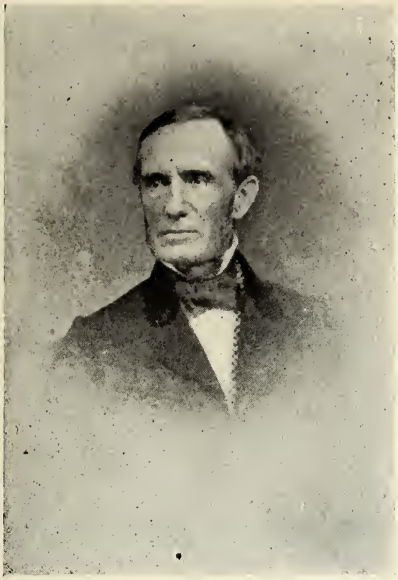
him to the sheriff of the county, or place him under such other care and custody as the circumstances of the case may require.

"It is the special authority and not the general power to admit to bail, that has thus far been exercised in this case."

The full court in declaring the act unconstitutional and ordering the discharge of Emery said: "The provision of the Declaration of Rights, that no subject shall be compelled to accuse or furnish evidence against himself, exempts the subject from disclosing circumstances of his offense as well as making confessions of guilt; applies to investigations ordered and conducted by the Legislature, or either of its branches; is regulated therein by the same rules as in judicial or other inquiries and is not dispensed with by any statute which fails to secure the subject from future liability and exposure to be prejudiced, in any criminal proceeding against him, as fully and extensively as he would be secured by availing himself of the constitutional privilege."

At about the time the Emery case was attracting public attention Messrs. Sweetser and Gardner won in another case involving new and important questions. One Frederick Lockwood had been convicted in the Superior Criminal Court at Boston on a charge of the embezzlement of a large amount of money in cotton transactions. Exceptions were taken to the Supreme Court and pending their disposition the Governor and Executive Council, in view of mitigating circumstances, granted a pardon to Lockwood. When he was called for sentence in the Superior Criminal Court he pleaded the pardon as a bar and Judge Lord reported the matter to the Supreme Court. That tribunal in an opinion written by Mr. Justice Gray held that the Governor had the right to grant a pardon after conviction before sentence, and that the defendant by waiving his exceptions and pleading the pardon was entitled to discharge.

During the administration of John A. Andrew as Governor of the Commonwealth he had quite a controversy with Judge Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar and his associates of the Supreme court arising out of a murder case in 1863. Among the officers in the bank in the town of Malden was Frank E. Converse, son of the late Hon. Elisha C. Converse. Young Converse was the assistant cashier of the bank which at the noon hour was left entirely in his charge. The dangers of daylight robberies were never thought of in those days and there were no such precautions as are found in every country bank today. One afternoon on returning to the bank one of the officers found Converse dead with a bullet wound in his head and much of the cash missing. No person was seen going in or out of the bank at about the hour when it was thought the murder had occurred, and the authorities of Malden had little to work upon. But the City of Boston at that time had a detective force of able men, and a reward for the arrest of the murderer stimulated them to action. They became suspicious of Edward W. Green, postmaster of Malden and an intimate friend of young Converse. It was learned by the officers that before the murder Green was quite heavily in debt and that immediately afterwards he began to pay his bills. Within a few days,



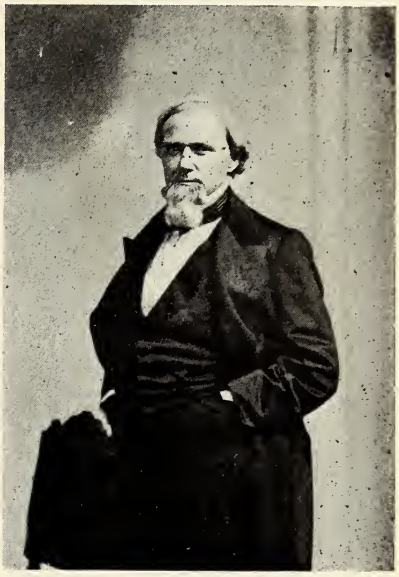
GEORGE C. WILDE

while Green was in Boston, the detectives arrested him and he made a full confession of his guilt, saying that his only motive for the crime was his sore need of money.

Green was indicted by the grand jury of Middlesex County, and when arraigned before Judge Hoar pleaded guilty to murder in the second degree. The Attorney General refused to accept that plea and Judge Hoar instructed Green that he must either plead guilty in the first degree or not guilty. By advice of counsel Green accepted the first alternative and was sentenced to be hanged.

Governor Andrew refused to sign the death warrant of Green, contending that under the provisions of the statute the degree of murder must be fixed by a jury. In October of 1864 Governor Andrew asked the Supreme Court for an opinion as to whether Judge Hoar should have allowed the prisoner to plead any more than simply "guilty."

The full bench of the Supreme Court sustained the action of Judge Hoar, and Governor Andrew then asked the Executive Council to commute the sentence of Green to life imprisonment but the Council



HARVEY JEWELL

refused to comply with the request.

At the beginning of the year 1866 Governor Andrew retired from office and was succeeded by Alexander H. Bullock who in March of that year signed the warrant for the execution of Green. Governor Andrew made one more effort to save Green's life and on March 21, 1866, filed a petition for a writ of error praying for a reversal of the judgment rendered against Green. The court, however, reaffirmed its previous decision, and held that under the

General Statutes it is competent for this court when held by a single justice to arraign a person indicted for a capital crime, and, if he pleads guilty to proceed and award sentence against him, according to law.

There has been no legislation on the matter since Green was hanged, but it has been the invariable practice of the courts not to accept a plea of guilty of murder in the first degree. If a defendant offers such a plea today the court will order a plea of not guilty to be entered on the record and leave the question of degree to be determined by a jury.

In a previous article reference was made to the removal from office of Edward G. Loring, Judge of Probate for Suffolk County, who at the same time held the office of United States Commissioner and remanded fugitive slaves to the custody of their owners. The removal of Judge Loring was in accordance with a provision of the constitution of Massachusetts that a man cannot hold two offices at the same time. In striking contrast with the position of Judge Loring was that taken by Ellis Gray Loring, a distinguished member of the Suffolk bar, who was one of the twelve who formed the Anti-Slavery Society in Boston in 1833. In defence of the slave child "Med" in the Massachusetts Supreme Court he succeeded in obtaining the decision that every slave brought on Massachusetts soil by the owner was legally free; a case precisely analagous to the celebrated "Somerset" case in England. By this argument he achieved the unusual success of convincing the opposing counsel, Benjamin R. Curtis, afterwards a justice of the United States Supreme Court, who shook hands with him after the trial, saying: "Your argument has entirely converted me to your side, Mr. Loring." This incident probably influenced Judge Curtis to hold in his dissenting opinion that Dred Scott as a resident of Missouri, a free state was a citizen of that state and was entitled to all the privileges of a white man.

Joseph M. Day, a democratic war horse of Massachusetts, was removed from the office of Judge of Probate for Barnstable County on grounds similar to those which prevailed against Judge Loring, although the motive which prompted action differed from that in the case of Judge Loring.

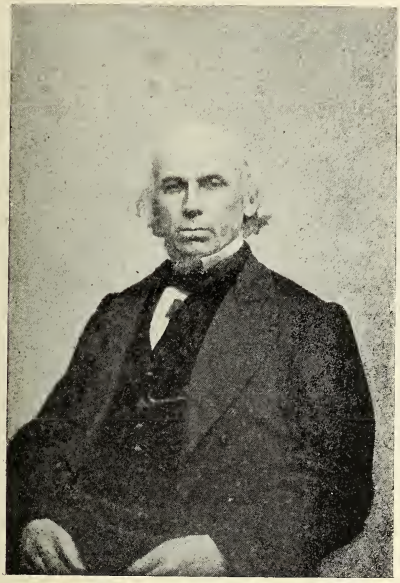
Mr. Day became Judge of Probate in 1858, and while holding that position was appointed Collector of Customs for the district of Barnstable with the understanding that he would resign the office of judge of probate.

It appeared in evidence before a legislative committee that while holding both of said offices Day corruptly demanded and received from officers recommended for appointment by him, sums varying from $35 to $100 each, amounting in all to about $1500; and that after holding said offices for some months he resigned the collectorship for a pecuniary consideration, and with the understanding that the officials then appointed on his recommendation should not be disturbed during their terms of office. The committee found that the amount received by Judge Day from his successsor as Collector of Customs was $1800; and the evidence also showed that as Judge of Probate he had taken money for ad-

vice in probate matters which he was called to act upon.

The legislature on the report of the committee requested the Governor to remove Judge Day, and in June, 1882, Governor Long did remove him.

Julius Rockwell served on the bench of the Superior Court for



JOHN W. BACON

many years, and his rulings and decisions were always based on good sound common sense. Before entering upon a judicial career he had served in the Senate of the United States, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Edward Everett, and was also a member of the National House of Representatives for three terms. While in the latter branch he served upon the Committee on Territories, of which Stephen A. Douglas was chairman. In the important debates that arose out of the report of the committee prior



MELLEN CHAMBERLAIN

to the civil war Judge Rockwell took a prominent part, and few men could excel him in presenting his views from a Whig standpoint. Judge Rockwell was also the first Republican candidate for governor of Massachusetts, and although defeated received a very large vote. In speaking of that campaign to the writer years afterwards Judge Rockwell facetiously remarked that if every man had voted for him who told him he had, he certainly would have been elected. In personal appearance Judge Rockwell was of the Abraham Lincoln type, and had a most kindly heart.

John W. Bacon will be best remembered as chief justice of the Municipal Court where he rendered valuable service. He possessed an impulsive nature, and often seemed to be severe when he meant to be humane. He realized as fully as any person his weaknesses, and frequent-

ly paused in an outburst of temper and did the things that his good inclinations prompted. As one of the associate justices of the Superior Court he was hardly equal to the requirements of that position although his previous experience in the lower court was often valuable in the criminal session of the Superior Court.

Mellen Chamberlain made quite a record as Chief Justice of the Municipal Court, but literary pursuits were more congenial to him than the administration of the law, and after he resigned his seat upon the bench to become Librarian of the Boston Public Library he entered upon a field of work that he enjoyed and which the public appreciated.

Before Faneuil Hall was built the public meeting place of the inhabitants of the town of Boston was in what is now known as the Old State House then called the "Old Town House." The courts for Suffolk County were also held there from about 1713 to 1747, when the building was seriously damaged by fire, with occasional sessions when necessary in the First Church on State street, which stood on the land now occupied by the Brazer Building. In the fire of December 9, 1847, valuable records were destroyed except those of the inferior courts which were deposited on one of the lower floors that the fire did not reach. The walls of the entire building remained intact.

When the interior of the town house was rebuilt a room was reserved for the use of the court on the westerly end of the second floor with dimensions of twenty by fifteen feet. The clerks' offices were on the lower floor and for all important trials the Representatives Hall was available. In the years 1746 and 1747 murder trials were held at Faneuil Hall.

The first movement for separating the courts from the Town House was to build a brick building on land near the jail in 1754, the latter being situated between Court street (then Queen) and School street.

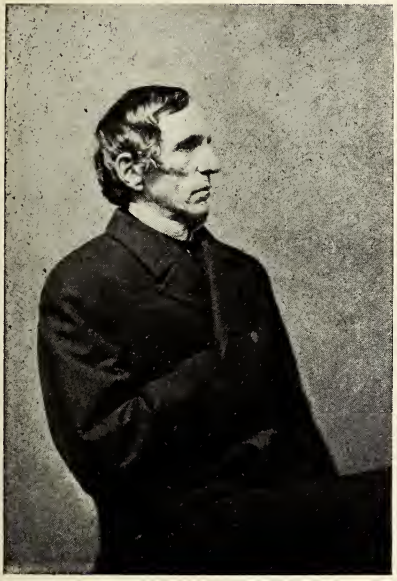
The area between Court and School streets, where the old court house and the City Hall now stand, was set aside for public uses at the settlement of the town and was called the prison lot. On this site more than one court house and jail were erected as the population increased, and a court house once stood on the site of the present city Hall.

Suffolk County in 1754, when a new court house and jail were completed at a cost of $15,000, consisted of Boston, Roxbury, Dorchester, Milton, Wrentham, Brookline, Needham, Stoughton, Braintree, Weymouth, Hingham, Dedham, Medfield, Bellingham, Hull, Walpole and Chelsea.

In 1768 the probate court building was torn down and a new court house was erected on the site of the present City Hall. The new building was of brick, three stories in height, and was surmounted by an octagon cupola. On the lower floor were offices for the United States Marshal, the Sheriff of the county, the Provident Institute for Savings, and several private offices. The second floor was occupied by the United States Circuit and District Courts and the third floor was used entirely for jury rooms. From 1810 to 1840 this building was substantially the United States court house. The offices of the state courts re-

mained in the Old State House, and when sessions were held the judges would meet at the Old State House, don their robes, and in solemn procession march to Court Square.

In about 1832 the needs of a more commodious court house became so urgent that the existing one was demolished and work was begun on



JULIUS ROCKWELL

the sombre looking structure which now stands in Court Square. This building was completed at a cost of about $196,000, and it was supposed at the time that it would meet all requirements for a hundred years at least. It is a massive and unattractive structure and was first used in 1836. In its Doric front on Court street are granite columns weighing twenty-five tons each. These were hauled by oxen from the quarries at Quincy. A similar portico was constructed at the end nearest City Hall and was removed about 1868 in order to lengthen the ancient building.



LINCOLN F. BRIGHAM

In the additional rooms thus secured a place was provided for the Social Library which from a small beginning has attained large proportions and today requires a considerable part of the front of the second story of the Court House in Pemberton Square. A feature of the old court house which many persons remember was the "Tombs" in the basement where prisoners from all the police stations were sent before being taken to the Municipal Court.

Court Square ceased to be a site for jails in 1822 when a new building for that purpose was provided in Leverett street. This was also occupied by the Municipal Court and House of Correction. The present jail in Charles street was in use in 1852.

The new Court House in Pemberton Square was completed in 1890 and it was then believed that

it would be ample for many years. The rapid growth of civil business has already overcrowded it and two additional stories are to be built at a cost of $800,000.

The first court house in Court Square has been made famous by Hawthorne who planted a rose bush on the grass plat near the front door which was a sharp contrast with the gloomy surroundings.

In this building persons accused of witchcraft had their trial and its heavy oaken doors stood between the pirate Kidd and liberty. In the old court house in Court Square Professor John W. Webster was tried for the murder of George Parkman —one of the most celebrated cases in the history of criminal jurisprudence. After the Dred Scott decision and the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law there were exciting scenes in the old court house when fugitive slaves were brought before Edward G. Loring, United States Commissioner, and remanded to their owners. The rendition of Burns created intense excitement in Boston among the Abolitionists and public meetings were held at Faneuil Hall and elsewhere to "protest against this outrage on Liberty." At Faneuil Hall Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker and Francis W. Bird spoke. While the meeting was in progress word was received that a party of negroes was attempting to release Burns. The meeting dissolved and the large crowd present headed for Court Square where a riot was then under way. The heavy oaken doors were battered in but the police and militia restored order after one officer had been killed and several persons injured. Indictments for inciting a riot were found against Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, Thomas Wentworth Higginson (who with Albert G. Browne, Jr., afterwards military secretary to Governor Andrew and Reporter of Decisions of the Supreme Court, Seth Webb and John L. Swift, had formed a plan to rescue Burns), and a few others. The defendants had as counsel John A. Andrew, Henry F. Durant, John P. Hale, William L. Burt, afterwards Postmaster of Boston, and Charles M. Ellis. The cases never went to a jury, the indictments having been quashed. The interest in Burns was such that after he had been returned the South Boston men purchased his freedom, and he died in Canada in 1862.

The Supreme Court room on the second floor of the old Court House in Court Square, which is now a part of the room occupied by the office of the city board of health, was the scene of many important murder trials and has often resounded to the eloquence of Webster, Choate, Cushing and other great advocates. Charles Dickens referred to this room in his visit to the Court house as described in American Notes. It was in the corridor just below this court room that Joseph Willard, the veteran clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, parted with Mr. Choate on the eve of his departure for Europe, a trip from which he never returned alive. "Mr. Choate," said Willard, "I hope you will have a pleasant and prosperous trip, and that you will return much improved in health." "I shall return," replied Choate, "in a thousand years."

The feelings of the people of Boston became so intense on the slavery question that the city authorities were obliged to ask the United

States Court to vacate quarters then occupied in the old court house. These courts first removed to a hall in Bowdoin Square, and later secured the old Masonic Temple at the corner of Tremont street and Temple Place now occupied by R. H. Stearns & Co. The United States Courts remained there for a number of years and when the federal building in Post Office Square was completed they were assigned rooms there which they now occupy.

Mr. George C. Wilde was Clerk of the Supreme Judicial Court for more than forty years and his father, Samuel Sumner Wilde was an associate justice of the Supreme Judicial Court thirty-five years. A clerk of the court in the days of Mr. Wilde occupied an entirely different position from the clerk of today. Then in matters of procedure and practice the judges relied almost entirely on the clerks; but those days have passed and the judges are now as familiar with the rules as any person who has had a special training along that line. Politics had a good deal to do with the change. In old times the clerk was selected because of superior qualifications for the position and after the legislature had changed the law so that clerks should be elected by the people instead of being appointed by the judges great care was exercised in candidates and a good clerk once installed was sure to receive when his term expired the nomination of both political parties. The people have always seemed to regard the offices of clerks of courts as an important part of the judicial system of the Commonwealth, and even in later years, when politics has invaded the field, the people have resented any attempt to oust the trained and valuable official. There has not been an instance in Suffolk County, where all the offices have been attacked by the politicians within a few years, that a change has been made except where a vacancy had to be filled on account of death.

The old clerks like Mr. Wilde seemed to have a feeling that all documents filed in their offices were exclusively under their jurisdiction, and that without their consent no person had a right to look at them. These clerks did not mean to be offensive, as they would be regarded today, but the traditions of the years had formed habits that had limited their view-point.

For years the Boston Daily Advertiser had an exclusive field for court proceedings, and it contributed in a great degree to the financial success of that paper. To do the work a well known lawyer was employed and there was hardly a lawyer in Boston who did not consider it necessary to have the Advertiser in his office every morning. Under a single headline of "The Courts," a column or two would frequently appear and important matters were often included. To make what would now be regarded as valuable news matter as obscure as possible the Advertiser had it set in agate type.

Soon after entering the service of the Boston Journal the writer realized that the courts were worth looking after and decided to explore that field. The very first day he ascertained that a case had come before the Supreme Court upon which action had been taken that made it of great public interest. To get a good idea of the matter it was necessary to see the papers on file in

the clerk's office. When Mr. Wilde was requested to show the papers he said in the most kindly way to the writer, "You don't want to trouble about that. You will find it all in the Advertiser tomorrow."

The information was obtained, however, and that innovation revolutionized the system of secrecy that had prevailed from time immemorial. Every newspaper has a corps of men at the court house today and every paper filed is made public if it has any news feature. Reporters do not even have to ask for papers as the clerical force in the several offices appreciate what the public may desire and produce documents for inspection without solicitation.

For thirty-one years Lincoln Flagg Brigham was upon the bench of the Superior Court and for much of that time was its chief justice. It would be difficult to find a man who in personal appearance and in every other respect would make so ideal a judge as did Chief Justice Brigham. In early life it was intended that he should have a mercantile training but he was permitted to follow his inclinations and chose the profession of law. It was indeed fortunate for the Commonwealth that the change was made and it was always a pleasure to be brought into contact with him either personally or professionally. He studied in the office of John H. Clifford of New Bedford, who as Attorney General made such a reputation in the trial of Professor Webster for the murder of George Parkman that the people elected him governor of Massachusetts. Mr. Brigham formed a partnership with Mr. Clifford and while in that office was elected District Attorney for the South Eastern district.

Although not one of the greatest lawyers of his generation Chief Justice Brigham possessed a good deal of ability and judged by the recognized standard—the test of rulings by decisions of the Supreme Court—the rank of Chief Justice Brigham was high.

In discriminating between right and wrong the senses of Chief Justice Brigham seemed to be acute. A case in point well illustrates that element of his nature. Several years ago a police officer attached to the Court Square station in Boston was detected in systematic robberies by which the goods of merchants had been stolen in the night time when this and another officer were on duty. The confederate was defaulted after being arraigned in the Superior Criminal Court and fled the country from which he has since been a fugitive from justice.

The other officer, who was really the principal, secured the late Augustus Russ as counsel and several months after the indictment had been found retracted his plea of not guilty and pleaded guilty. In the meantime restitution had been made to the owners of the stolen property and John P. Squire, a relative of the officer and then in the height of his business prosperity, had agreed to take the officer into his employ at a good salary.

With this condition of affairs presented to the court Mr. Russ confidently expected that his request that the case be placed on file would be granted. But Chief Justice Brigham was upon the bench and much to the surprise of Mr. Russ the officer was sentenced to state prison for several years. It was not so much as a punishment to the officer

that the chief justice imposed so severe a penalty but as an example to others sworn to protect the property of citizens. Had the officer been a man engaged in other occupation the chances were that, in view of all the circumstances and his future prospects in life, the chief justice would have permitted the case to be placed on file, but he could not overlook the fact that the defendant had betrayed a public trust and had seriously menaced the well-being of society. The officer after serving his term in prison entered the employment of Mr. Squire and died in his service.

William G. Russell must be classed as one of the great lawyers of Massachusetts and for years he enjoyed an extensive practice. His name appears upon the dockets of the courts in many important causes and whether in trying facts or arguing questions of law he had a remarkable success. He could have been chief justice of the Supreme Judicial Court but preferred to remain at the bar where he was honored and respected by his associates.

Thomas Russell, first in his class at Harvard and brother of William G. Russell, was a brilliant and successful lawyer, performing admirably everything he undertook. He was a good judge of the Superior Court and while upon the bench soon after the close of the war broke up an epidemic of garroting that existed in Boston by sending the offenders to state prison for terms of twenty-five years each. He was minister to Venezuela under President Grant and was afterwards Collector of the Port of Boston. He was a good advocate and an excellent speaker. His wife was the daughter of Father Taylor, the founder of the Sailor's Bethel. One of the daughters of Judge Russell married an officer of high rank in Venezuela.

In 1847 in the State Senate of Massachusetts Mr. Thomas G. Carey, an eminent Boston merchant, deprecated some proposed Anti-Slavery resolutions by saying that they were likely to make an unfavorable impression in the South and be an injury to business interests. This led Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar to reply that he thought it quite as desirable that the legislature should represent the conscience as the cotton of the Commonwealth. The names "Cotton Whigs" and "Conscience Whigs" were coined in this debate and were frequently used in the exciting political days just preceding the Civil War.

In 1843 William Wyman, president of the Phoenix Bank of Charlestown, was tried for the embezzlement of bank funds. He was represented by Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, Franklin Dexter and Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, the latter then being a very young man. Ashael R. Huntington appeared for the government and had frequent altercations with Webster during the trial. The latter argued that it was unlikely that Wyman could have abstracted large sums from the bank and no trace of money be found in his possession. He was, said Webster, a man of small property, living simply, but having plenty without extravagant habits which would have been likely to tempt him to such a crime. When Huntington came to reply, he said: "They want to know what's become of the money. I can tell you what has become

of the money. Five thousand dollars to one counsel, three thousand dollars to another, two thousand dollars to another," waving his hand in succession toward Webster, Choate and Dexter. Such fees, although common enough now, sounded enormous in those days. Choate smiled in his peculiar fashion and said nothing; Dexter looked up from a newspaper he was reading and exclaimed: "This is beneath our notice;" but Webster rose to his feet and said with great indignation: "Am I to sit here to hear myself charged with sharing the spoils with a thief?" The court remarked: "The counsel for the government will confine himself to the evidence," and the incident was closed. Webster, however, never forgave Huntington for what he regarded as an insult and friends could not bring them together.

In view of a constantly increasing number of opinions by the Supreme Court of the United States and also of Massachusetts, it may be interesting to learn that the Hon. George F. Hoar did not believe in dissenting opinions and disliked the phrase often used, "A majority of the court is of opinion." Mr. Hoar claimed that the courts could not retain public confidence and respect when nearly all its opinions in important matters were accompanied by a powerful attack on the soundness of the opinion and the correctness of the judgment from the bench itself.

It was in the old court house on Court Square that Webster, Choate, Cushing, Sweetser, Ranney, Gaston and many of the other prominent lawyers spoke, and it was there too that some of the most amusing incidents recorded in the history of the courts happened. One of the neatest turns ever made in a court of law occurred in a case in which William Gaston appeared for the defence. Considerable evidence of a nature not generally recognized in a court of law had been put in for the plaintiff, vague statements, hearsay reports; intangible, in no sense reliable, it was largely made up of rumors, and in his argument Mr. Gaston naturally referred to this. He said it was not legal evidence, and the jury did not need to be told that it was not admissible and should not be considered by the panel. "Gentlemen," he said, "you must decide this case not upon what has been heard by some one, not upon what has been reported by someone else, not upon things that are intangible, not upon rumors and reports that are in the air—these things are not evidence—you must decide it simply, solely and entirely upon the legal evidence, and you must decide it upon nothing else."

As Mr. Gaston resumed his seat everyone in the room thought he had won his case. It certainly did look as though he was on the point of one of his greatest triumphs. Rising slowly to his feet his opponent began by referring to the closing remarks of the ex-Governor: "My friend on the other side," he said, "has referred to circumstantial evidence as 'rumors and reports, as things that are "in the air," and because they are in the air he says they are worthless, are not to be received in a court of justice, and are not to be credited by you. Circumstantial evidence, Gentlemen, is frequently the very best kind of evidence we can have, and yet this is

the very kind of evidence that my brother has described to you as being 'in the air.' You could not come into this court room and by legal evidence sustain the proposition that William Gaston, my friend here, was one of the best governors this state ever had. As a legal proposition it might not be susceptible of proof, but Gentlemen it is a fact nevertheless. It is in the air."

The laugh that followed was so hearty that even the grave and dignified Gaston had to join. It was one of the few times that his own guns were successfully turned upon him.

Nathaniel J. Bradlee, the well known architect, was once called to testify in a civil case which was tried in one of the Sessions of the Superior Court in the old court house. The young attorney who had summoned Mr. Bradlee apparently was not over well posted on the "Who's Who"of the Boston of that day, and when the architect took the stand the examination began in this way.

"Mr. Bradlee, what is your occupation?"

"I am an architect, and a trustee."

"Oh, you are a trustee, are you?"

"I am."

"Well, now Mr. Bradlee, what are you trustee of?"

"Real estate."

"What is the value of the real estate of which you are trustee?"

"I don't know."

"Ought to have some idea of its value had you not?"

"I don't think I've reckoned it up."

"Not so large you couldn't reckon it up."

"O no!"

"Is it five thousand dollars?"

"I guess it is."

"Well, is it ten thousand dollars?"

"Yes."

"Twenty?"

"All of that."

"Thirty thousand dollars?"

"I presume it is."

"Forty thousand dollars?"

"Yes."

"One hundred thousand dollars?"

"More than that."

By that time the young attorney began to realize that he had caught a Tartar, and as he stopped to catch his breath and look around, he found every face in the room wreathed in smiles. The judge, the court officers, the clerk, the lawyers and spectators as well as the jurors were quick to size up the situation, a good deal quicker than the lawyer was, and when he saw how much behind the game he was and learned that Mr. Bradlee as trustee represented millions on millions of dollars, indeed at that time was the largest trustee in Boston, the examination begun with so much confidence was cut short, the witness was allowed to depart, and the young lawyer learned a lesson he probably never afterwards forgot.

In former days when the courts were in the old court house, Captain James Goodwin, a retired shipmaster,a gentleman of the old school and a most excellent officer, served as crier in the Supreme Court. While the bitterly contested Ely case was on trial and the Ely brothers sat at either end of the long table inside the bar one morning waiting for the court to come in, Captain Goodwin was explaining to a few friends the method of taking observations on board of the old packet ships which were the pride of our commercial marine in the days when the gallant

captain "sailed the seas over." In taking these observations Captain Goodwin said the master of the vessel and the first and second officers stood on deck. When everything was ready the captain shouted "Time" and the observations were taken simultaneously. Just as Captain Goodwin had reached this point in his recital, Judge Morton entered the court room, ascended the steps leading to the bench, paused for the crier to open court, and was not a little surprised to hear Captain Goodwin roar out "Time!" The laughableness of the situation was increased by the fact that it occurred at the time when the redoubtable John L. Sullivan was in his glory as a fighter and the shout of the court officer was at least suggestive of the call of the prize ring.

The Spinster

By Frances Weld Danielson

In girlhood's days she spins, her young heart light,
The flax threads twisted gold, in her glad sight;
For love looks from her eyes, makes her face fair,
Easy the spinster's task when love is there,
Happy the heart which love's first joy doth feel;
While throbbingly and gayly hums the wheel.

A wife, she spins, a thread full soft and fine,
That shines pure white, tinged with a light divine.
While fash'ning tiny caps and wee, small things,
Her task seems brooded o'er by angels' wings.
More fitting would it be for her to kneel,
As hushed and sweetly tender hums the wheel.

She spins again, quietly the distaff takes,
Her eyes are calm, her heart with anguish aches.
A soldier's mother brave and true must be,
But look! the thread is dyed blood red—"Ah me!"
She sighs, while down her cheeks the slow tears steal,
And sternly, bravely, sadly hums the wheel.

Once more she spins, but slowly and more slow.
A thread of gray it is runs to and fro.
Peace rests upon her brow, though lined with care,
Peace forms a halo round her snow-white hair.
The years, the kindly years, all griefs will heal,
So tremulously and gently hums the wheel.

A Stern Chase

By Thomas J. Partridge

THE Gloucester mackerel fleet had weathered the two days' gale in the harbor of Georgetown, Prince Edward Island. At the first glimpse of fair weather every vessel made sail, and away we went, streaming down the coast, the sunlight shimmering on the sails.

We were in high spirits; all our salt was wet, every barrel was full, excepting some dozen standing about the decks, and the word was: "Homeward bound." The Skipper went below, brought up the flag, bent it to the halyards, hoisted it aloft, hauled it out to the peak, and "Old Glory" began rippling the news out to the rest of the fleet. We were well in under the land, in a light wind and the vessels outside, one after another, rapidly passed us. Suddenly some one cried out: "School O!" There, right ahead was the dark and fretted circle on the calm and level ocean.

It was before the treaty; we were within the three mile limit, and for an American fisherman to be caught taking fish within that proscribed line meant seizure of the vessel and confiscation of her cargo and outfit.

An older man would have turned his back on the temptation, but the prospects of arriving home and having it noised about the wharves that Sid Gardner, old Sid's son, had come in with his scuppers awash, even the water and pork barrels full, was too much for our young Skipper. He looked at the few empty barrels on deck, hung for a moment between two minds and then called out impulsively: "Let your jibs run—foresheet—hard down your wheel!" As we rounded to, the Skipper threw bait into the school, and in a moment the rails were manned and we began to pick up a fish now and then.

The "Nellie M. Brent" ran down on our quarter and her Captain hailed: "That's pretty risky business Gardner; you're well in; Fox was in Charlottetown yesterday."

Fox was the Captain of the Canadian Cutter "Sweepstakes," patrolling the coast. He was an individual. When anyone said "Fox," it seemed to include himself, his vessel, his crew and the whole Canadian government. In 1776, his horse-racing Virginian ancestors picked the wrong George. There was some of the old venom left in the veins of this "Blue-Nose" descendant, and it was generally understood that when Fox found himself towing a Yankee fisherman into port with the King's broad arrow nailed to her mainmast he was in his element.

As I said, we began to pick up a fish now and then. It was a small pod we had run into, and it soon became evident that the result would not pay us for the trouble of hoisting our sails. Twice I saw the Skipper slowly coil in his line and I'm sure the command to haul in and make sail was on his lips, and twice he drove his jig back into the sea. Suddenly, every line straightened

out from the rail. Our bait had reached bottom and brought up a big, hungry school. We shortened up our lines and went at it and in no time the dozen strike barrels were brim full and running over and the mackerel went flipping and trimming over the planks.

"Strike them on deck, now, boys!" cried the Skipper. "We'll run into Canso and get barrels and salt!"

In the excitement of fishing—the breach of the law, the risk we ran if detected—everything was forgotten, and slowly but surely the living fish began piling up above the dead.

"Look at the 'Brent'!" cried some one. The "Brent" was behaving in a strange manner. From being close-hauled and about to follow the rest of the fleet around East Point, the eastermost end of Prince Edward Island, she was rapidly paying off and her flag was going aloft.

"She's signalling!" I said to the Skipper, in the berth next to him.

The "Brent" wore ship. The next moment the flag appeared on her starboard side going frantically up and down the rigging. Things did look a bit suspicious.

"Hoist your jib—haul aft the foresheet—throw that wheel up!" The commands were scarcely out of the Skipper's mouth when we saw the "Sweepstakes" slipping from behind the low-lying "Point," a bone in her teeth, every sail drawing, running free.

There was nothing in the fleet that could touch us that season, but after our long trip we were foul. Everyone knew the sailing qualities of the "Sweepstakes,"—she was built to overhaul anything in the bay. We determined to make a fight for it, however, and everything was crowded on—topsail, flying jib and staysail and we began to wet down the lower sails. Overboard went the mackerel, the fish we had jeopardized our summer's work for, and every vestige of our transgression was hastily washed from the decks. Alas! one of the crew in his nervous haste allowed a barrel half full of the fish to slip from his grasp before it was emptied, and the damning evidence floated away. We dare not stop to pick it up.

Every Skipper on the grounds had some boy left in him and with a desire to see the fun the fleet came out from behind the "Point" and ran broad off.

Before the "Sweepstakes" could haul up, she must run a full half mile to leeward, in order to clear the shoal that ran out from the "Point." This gave us a good start, but luck seemed against us. The wind followed the Cutter up the coast while we ran into a flat calm. Running into the light wind, the impatient Fox lowered his boat. Pausing long enough to pick up the telltale barrel bobbing in our wake, he pulled straight for us.

"D'ye know the way old Jim Battillo received one of them fellers?" said an old fisherman, suggestively. "Thinking it was pork they were after, he hung a barrel of it over the rail, and I'm blamed if the topunlifts didn't part just as he came up and the pork went plum through the bottom of their boat."

"'E won't take un my share out un that hold!" said a massive Newfoundlander. He picked up the pump handle. The crew came crowding aft on the quarter with anything they could pick up in the way of a weapon. It was clear, it

needed but a nod from the Skipper and there would be bloodshed. The boat had covered half the distance between the two vessels, when, all unlooked for, a puff of wind came along and drove us ahead.

"Raise your sheets—keep off at your peril!" yelled Fox, standing up in his boat. "In the name of Her Majesty's Government—surrender!"

For answer, the gallant Fox received a Cambronne-like reply, the mainsheet ran off to the knot and away we went for the fleet bunched to leeward.

Boom!—the Cutter fired her cannon—it was a blank. The next was a ball, meant to go across our bows, it passed between the leach of the foresail and the mainmast, knocking a chip out of one of the hoops. The wind freshened, the old boat seemed to realize what was required of her and down we raced through the fleet. the crews cheering us as we passed them. For more than an hour we tacked and filled away to leeward keeping the fleet between us and our enemy. These tactics would have continued until nightfall, under whose friendly cloak we would have escaped, but a black, crescent-shaped cloud began to gather in the eastern sky. In summer, such a thing may vanish in sunshine—it may develop into a howling gale. This one was loaded.

The fleet, alarmed for their own safety began to scatter. This uncovered us, there was nothing to do now but to run for it. A chill in the air, a black streak on the ocean swiftly prolonging itself, driving before it the flying spray, and the squall was upon us. We calculated the force of the blow and met it with everything standing. Over we went —over till we wet the third reef-points and the sea was surging up to the hatches. In the meantime, the Cutter, off our port quarter, was up in the eye of the wind, her sails slatting and banging. It did seem every instant as if the groaning spars must go by the board, but she shook herself clear of the smother at last and leaped forward.

Both vessels got away together, but we now had the advantage. We were loaded to the hatches and, although the Cutter was well-ballasted, she was comparatively cork-light, hence, the harder it blew the better our chances of escape became. For the first five miles it was nip and tuck, we doing everything in our power to get out of the old boat all the speed there was in her, the Cutter with tons of water pouring over her rail, hanging on to our quarter like a hound on the flank of a stag. Twice she fired her cannon, but her gunnery was wretched and wide, and seeing the futility of such tactics, Fox gave over his efforts to wing us and it settled down to a dead race for the black land far ahead.

A glance at the chart will show you that the field before us was shaped exactly like a funnel; its sides, the highland of Nova Scotia on our right, the dome-like hills of Cape Breton on our left; its outlet, the Strait of Canso, a narrow passage of water separating the places above named. The southern end of the Strait opens into the wide Atlantic. We must leave one harbor, Port Hood, on our left. It is made by a small island set in the bend of the coast. Behind the Island is a sheltered bay. There is, in consequence, a northwest and a southeast

entrance. The northwest entrance is at all times navigable, but the southeast one has a treacherous, shifting bar and, after a heavy gale of wind, such as we had recently experienced, frequently breaks clear across.

Our crew were a mixed lot; the majority being fairly divided between the sons of the pioneers who went with Roger Conant from Salem to erect fish-stages on Cape Ann, and the descendants of those people who were convoyed by the British fleet to Halifax when Washington crowded all the "Gentlemen" out of Boston, the Newfoundlander mentioned above, a Frenchman whose forbears followed La Salle into the Canadian wilds and one little Cape Breton Scotchman, native of the harbor on our left.

I had the wheel. If I do say it, I was the best steersman on board. I came honestly by it. When the Rebel Privateer, Tacony, swept everything from Mt. Desert to Minot's out of a fleet of seven vessels my father's was the only one that escaped—due to trimming and clever handling, the crew all said, when they stood on the wharf. But that's neither here nor there.

By this, although we were dropping the Cutter astern, she was eating well to windward and carrying her muslin, despite the half gale that was blowing, in a style that drew admiring comments from every one of us, while we, in our anxiety to give her a good full found ourselves well down on the lee coast. It soon became evident that we must make one short leg before we could fetch past the headland, that now hid the mouth of the Strait. In this event it was clear that Fox would be with us at the line. Caught under the sheltering Highlands there (their resemblance to the Hudson at West Point, by the way, is remarkable), the Cutter, re-enforced by the Custom House officer, would have us at her mercy.

As we came abreast of Port Hood, the Skipper who had been talking earnestly with the little Scotchman, came aft and said: "Ned, you'll take the word from Donald; we're going through Port Hood!"

I stared into the Skipper's face. "The southeast entrance!" I gasped —"after such a gale?"

"The southeast entrance, Ned." He pointed to the light breaking from behind the windward clouds: "He'll catch us in the Strait—Donald says he can carry us through—swing her off!" He uncoiled a rope he held in his hand and lashed me to the wheel.

Slowly I put the wheel down; the crew began to give her sheet and the vessel, catching the full strength of the gale and the impulse of the heavy swell rolling in on the land, began to fairly fly for the dome-like hills to leeward. The moment the Cutter caught sight of our movement she swung off in a great burst of speed, the spray and foam churning over her knight-heads.

This is what we hoped to gain by this bit of strategy. If Fox was dare-devil enough to follow us through the entrance the chances were fair, lacking a native pilot, he would meet with disaster. If he balked at the bar, before he could beat out of the bend of the coast and lay his course for the mouth of the Strait we would be across the harbor, through the northwest entrance and away. Once on the

broad Atlantic, the men who would board the "Crest of the Wave" and take our summer's work out of her hold would have something to tell to their children.

Driving on at such a rate, it was no time before we raised the Lighthouse, tall and white; then out of the distance came the spires of the village, the trees, the meadows—and now as we opened up the entrance we were horrified to see that the harbor's mouth was barred by a long line of tumbling surf.

"The bar has shifted!" Someone said it. They might have saved their breath.

Two breakers, one from the main land, the other from the island opposite, broke, wool-white, and raced for each other, the blue water between them ever narrowing until they met and went up in the air like the explosion of a submarine mine.

It was too late to turn back. The vessel, now fairly caught in the long, ground swell began to yaw fearfully, her mainboom slicing deeply into the crest of every wave as she rolled down. To haul her to in such a sea, under such a weight of canvas would trip her up and we would be upon our beam ends before you could whistle. But one thing was left us, on one thread hung our lives—the clear eye and swift judgment of the little Scotchman, who was now perched in the fore rigging every eye fastened upon him, a very dial of fate.

"We must get—McDougall's barn—and the lighthouse—in one—before we dare—haul her to!" were the words the wind tried to drive back into his throat. I could see what that meant. The last inch of mainsheet was now on the bitt. If the mainsail came over in that wind and sea it would rip the spars out of her as if they were pipestems and we would be tossed a dismantled wreck on the rocks.

Could we bring the barn and the lighthouse together before we jibed the mainsail was the question that agitated me as I watched the space lessening between the points indicated.

By this, we were fairly kiting, and to add to our danger, squall after squall, so common in these parts, broke upon us. One caught the half clewed up topsail and tore it from the bolt-ropes and in a moment it was streaming in ribbons, it and the old flag, standing out stiff as a board pointing out the way to our salvation or doom.

Once she yawed to fearfully, like a runaway horse that is trying to shake the bit from his mouth, and as the sea slipped away from under her quarter and her stern plunged down there was a spiteful kick of the rudder-head that sounded ugly.

"Steady, old girl," I said, making believe she was alive. "You wouldn't play us any dirty trick in a pass like this would you?"

The vessel, gathering way every moment, was now driving down on the land with terrific speed, every successive sea in that awful ground swell was longer and higher and faster; every green comber that rolled up astern, exploded and then fell short, seemed the one that would board us, and every black chasm in which she buried her bows till her hawse-pipes were cataracts, seemed the gulf from which she would never emerge.

So, racing like mad, we drove into the entrance, a long, jagged reef on

our right over which the sea was piling in tumultuous fury, on our left, the red base of the cliff, now bared and distinct, now covered with blankets of foam, straight ahead, the bar, ever and anon unsheathing itself like a great white sword across our path.

"Starboard!" came the call. With a glance at the rippling foot of the mainsail and one at the Skipper that said: "You've got eyes!" I grimly obeyed.

"Starboard—starboard!" again came the order. Gingerly, as if I was walking on eggs, like a man that is staking the last dollar left of a million, I gave her one more spoke. The foresail came over with a vicious jerk that made the vessel tremble and set the rigging vibrating. We were now flying wing and wing.

"Starboard - *starboard* - STARBOARD," yelled Donald. I looked aloft. The luff of the mainsail was lifting. If the boom came over it would come with the force of an avalanche. We had dropped the peak, of course, the moment we swung her off and the boom was now sagging heavily. I could see that it would barely clear the rail; that it would sweep away the boat and the davits as a sickle sweeps away grass and I would be crushed, for, lashed to the wheel as I was, I could not escape. I faltered.

"PUT THAT WHEEL UP, MAN!" roared the Skipper.

In the face of death I obeyed. The vessel swung her nose off like a sentient thing in search of that gap in the bar that would be our salvation. The mainsail lifted, then flapped with the report of a pistol, the sheet doubled up, the boom began to dance and come in over the rail. I shut my eyes. Then to the deep relief of all came the welcome cry: "Meet her—meet her—hard down your wheel!"

McDougall's barn and the lighthouse were in one! Up to this, that is, from the time we swung her off, I was scared to my finger tips. My heart was pumping a thousand frightened thoughts into my head; what they would say of it at home, the list of the crew in the papers, the awful race on the crest of one of those combers ahead, my bloody fingers holding fast to a boulder as the undertow tried to break my hold, then how it felt to have one's head smashed to a pulp on the hard rocks; but now, right in the very jaws of death—I swear I could have threaded a needle.

What passed, passed quicker than I can tell it. Three waves came on in swift succession. The first one rolled up and slipped away past our sheer, a long, majestic, undulation, running level with our scuppers. The next one was higher—it curled over our rail and flecked the decks with a thousands eyes of foam. The third wave came on with a roar.

"Make yourselves scarce!" yelled the Skipper. He leaped straight down the after companion way and drew the slide.

"Put her over, bully boy, Ned!" came the cries of encouragement from the crew as they scattered like a bevy of quail, those who had faith in the outcome diving into the forecastle. The non-believers leaped for the rigging. The port breaker struck us obliquely and went smashing across the decks, carrying away our lee bulwarks as if they were so much tinder. The starboard sea piled in over the stern, tore the boat from

the davits, swept with mad force the whole length of the deck, lifted our starboard cable bodily and turned it over (our port one was chain) and poured like a cataract over the bow. I remember the thunderous roar of the waters as they swept past and over me, the sharp wheel spokes against my chest as I was pressed down upon them, the fruitless efforts to kick myself clear from the lashings and reach the top of that wave—where the air was, the sand in my mouth and eyes, the earthquake sensation as she struck, the skipper's last call in my ears: "Don't let her broach to when she crosses the bar!"; a nightmare-like effort to jam the wheel hard up, and then my senses left me.

When I came to they were rolling me on a barrel, the sunlight was dancing on decks covered inch-deep with sand, we were racing across the placid harbor, past the old wharves and the moored fishing smacks, headed for the southeast entrance.

The Cutter hauled to in the grim face of things. The pace we cut was too stiff even for Fox, dare-devil that he was. They saw him rolling outside in the trough of the sea, his topmast that he had carried away, punching a hole in his mainsail every time he rolled down.

In two hours we were in the Straits of Canso, the wind behind us, a fair five knot tide under our feet.

At sunset we were on the wide Atlantic, footing it for home, the Flag still at our peak.

Luna, the Sorceress

By Stacy E. Baker

The thaumaturgy of a moon-thralled night!
  Luna, the sorceress; her subtle wand,
  Wins poesy from Frere Dusk's ebon hand;
Bathes fields a-gloom, and dales, in mellow light,
And binds the breeze, upon its wayward flight,
  To sing in numbers poets understand——
  No dreary cadence for a gnome-won land,
With fen and forest fastness moon-bedight!

The magic of it! in a circled spot,
  Mab, and her fairies, are a-rioting,
    Dew-jewels thick upon each precious head;
The shadows move from wooded plot to plot,
  Like wistful ghosts who wander, sorrowing,
    Up from the hazy Lowlands of the Dead.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

FOUNDED 1758



Published monthly at

8 DIX PLACE, BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

EDITOR, WINTHROP PACKARD.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

United States, Canada and Mexico $3.00 per year

Foreign Countries . . . $3.75 per year

Remit by draft on Boston, Express or Post Office Order, payable to

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

STUDENTS in Social Economics are more and more inquiring the nature of the elements which make up the cosmopolitan character of the American people. The problem has become complex and difficult. In the early days the Pilgrim and the Puritan of New England, the Dutch of New Amsterdam and the Cavalier of Virginia were all the important elements that were to be blended if the people of the new nation were to be homogeneous, but to-day almost every nation under heaven is contributing something to the mass of immigration, and each sends something peculiar to itself which demands incorporation into the body politic and assimilation into what we designate as the social and economic unity of the one people. Great Britain and Germany sent their contributions quite early and the character and possibilities of these are now well comprehended. Only within the last quarter of the last century was begun the addition, in effective numbers, of the Latin races, and only within a shorter period has Italy's countribution attained such proportions as to introduce another considerable factor into the problem.

By the census of 1890 this country had only 182,580 Italian residents. Perhaps three times as many had arrived but the larger proportion made but a temporary stay. This is a peculiar feature of the Italian immigration and complicates in some degree the study of the problem of permanent assimilation. It is probable, however, that of the arrivals since 1890 a larger proportion come as permanent residents, and it is also probable that this proportion will be increased in the future.

During the census period between 1890 and up to 1900, Dr. J. H. Senner, formerly United States Commissioner of Immigration, reports the total arrivals at 555,753 and the census of 1900 reports 484,703 Italian residents. From and including 1900 to and including 1904, Dr. Senner reports 838,424 additional arrivals. These figures suggest that the Italian contributions to the population of this country is as yet hardly more than one per cent. of the whole, and if it were uniformly distributed would not seriously embarrass the problem of racial assimilation which is the problem of the age.

Of the 484,207 people born in Italy, in the United States, by the

census of 1900, 72.7 per cent. were in New England, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, 11.3 per cent. were in theNorth Central Division, 8.3 per cent. were in the Western Division, 5.3 per cent. were in the South Central Division and only 2.1 per cent. were in the South Atlantic Division. The immediate problem is therefore most pertinent and practical in the North Atlantic Division. The census shows a marked tendency of the Italians to settle in the cities. Over one-half the whole number recorded were in ten cities, as follows:

New York	145.433
Philadelphia	17.830
Chicago	16.008
Boston	13.738
Newark	8.537
Providence	6.256
New Orleans	5.866
Pittsburg	5.709
Buffalo	5.699
New Haven	5.262

No other city has as many as 5,000 Italian residents.

In the total of Italian immigration it is estimated that the proportion of males to females is at least four to one, but in the last decade the equalization has advanced, indicating that a larger proportion of the immigrants come as permanent residents. A notable feature brought out by the statistics is that of the Italians arriving here in 1903, about 85 per cent. were between the ages of fourteen and forty-five years; this shows a large proportion of people who are of the productive rather of the dependent class. In the estimate of Frederick Knapp, New York Commissioner of Immigration for 1870, the economic value of male immigrants over twenty years of age was $1125. Accepting this the 197,267 able-bodied Italians coming here in 1903 added an economic value to the country of about $212,000,000.

The quality of these immigrants is shown by a statement quoted from Adolpho Rossi, Supervisor of the Italian Emigration Department, that emigration is taking from Italy the flower of the laboring class, who leave home not merely to seek a living but to secure greater advantages. They are not dependent, but are producers. He says every Italian costs his country $1,000 to bring up; by his emigration his country loses this investment; "we spend a thousand dollars to bring up and develop a young man, and you reap the profit of the investment."

Investigators admit the existence of a prejudice against immigrants from Mediterranean ports, the ground being, as stated in a Congressional speech by Hon. Samuel W. McCall of Massachusetts, that the exclusion of immigrants through a test of illiteracy was desirable on the ground that the influx from those ports was "from races not suited to our civilization, because radically different from us in education, habits of life, and institutions of government" and this class did not go "to our unoccupied territory, but settled down in our large cities, in our congested districts. They add to the labor problems that are vexing them, and most of them go into the dangerous slums of our eastern cities."

Emil Rich, in a recent article on "The Future of the Latin Races," in the Contemporary Review says of the Italians—"There can be little doubt that they are the most gifted nation in Europe. What character-

izes them above all is their iniative. It is the first step which is the hardest to take, but it is the Italians who have been ready to take the first step in action, and able to take the first step in the new paths of science . . . we cannot help being impressed by their extraordinary mental activity and by the diversity of their attainments, which is almost incredible."

The causes of Italian emigration are numerous and variously stated. About the close of our Civil War Howells wrote: "It is difficult to tempt from home any of the home-keeping Italian race." There was a widely disseminated prejudice against emigration as unpatriotic; every Italian who left his country was esteemed a traitor. But the unification of Italy had the curious result of a more vivid comprehension of the widespread opportunities open to emigrants through the awakening of animation and intelligence, and hope of deliverance from discord and oppression. The underlying cause was the pressure of population nearly doubled between the beginning of the eighteenth century and the birth of United Italy. In 1881 the population was 257 to the square mile; twenty years later it had risen to 294, and there was no industrial development to compensate. Land monopoly among aristocratic proprietors, and burdensome taxation upon the agricultural classes, monopolies in milling, salt, tobacco, and heavy duties on food stuffs, are among the contributing causes to the emigration movement.

Since the unification of Italy the government has been making earnest efforts to improve the situation of the common people, but adequate relief has not yet been effected. The military establishment, and the large expenditures for internal improvements which over-ran immediate needs, were large factors in the demand for heavy taxation. In spite of these inciting causes to emigration it is noted that within a few years a marked diminution is noted besides an unprecedented return of emigrants to their native country.

Since 1888, the beginning of any considerable emigration to this country, the matter has been under governmental control. Emigration is held to be free, subject only to military restrictions and the restrictive laws of foreign countries. No one can lawfully collect emigrants or distribute tickets, or assist in any way unless formally commissioned for the purpose, or duly licensed. No male is permitted to leave unless twenty-one years of age, in possession of his civil rights, not under surveillance in the interest of public safety, nor condemned for crime. The government has also been careful to collect and publish such facts pertaining to conditions in foreign countries as would be of interest or value to prospective emigrants. The government studiously opposes any project for inducing emigration to points where Italians are to be used to depress the price of local labor.

The causes for the usual settlement of the emigrants in or near sea-board cities of the United States are soon stated. Employment is more readily secured; the emigrant has but moderate means and cannot speak the language; he takes the first work at hand, especially if he can be among his own people. They

are classed as "unskilled" although most of them have had some experience in gardening, farming and home industries. Few of them are trained to the subdivision of labor and single specified employment. In the returns for the year ending June 30, 1903, there were reported 785 Italian immigrants of professional occupations and 31,661 who had definite trades. By the census of 1900, the nationalities showing the largest percentage of unskilled labor among immigrants of the year the figures were: Italy 34.15, Hungary 32.44; Ireland 25.16, and French Canada 16.43.

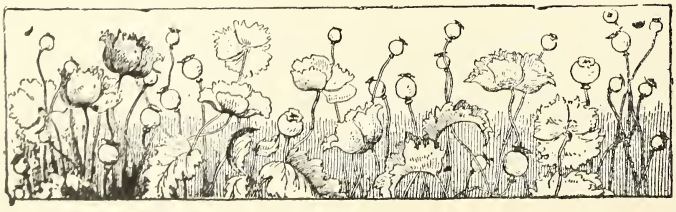
At present the Italian emigrant is content to accept the occupation first offered, until he can gain a foothold in the country, but his children will be sure to advance, even if he does not. The Italian is sensitive to ridicule and feels the injustice of abuse whether he resents it or not; hence he is slow to venture alone in a strange community, or to seek employment where he is ignorant of the language, ways and requirements of a new environment. In the cities for a time they were the rag pickers and refuse sorters, but they soon advanced to fruit peddling and the keeping of permanent stands. Boot-blacks, barbers and tailors are numerous. Naturally they herd together, and their colonies give them the social life they so much enjoy.

Like all indigent newcomers, the Italians at first over-crowd their habitations, but as their conditions improve they are quick to seek improvement, and they spread into the outlying wards, and into the suburban towns where a bit of garden is a strong attraction. They are desirable tenants as is shown by the steady advance of values of tenement property wherever Italian colonies are located, and the Italian, as soon as he becomes "forehanded" invest in real estate and becomes a landlord to his countrymen. One who speaks with authority says the Italians in New York City have over $15,000,000 on deposit in savings banks, and they hold over $20,000,000 of real estate. He finds also over $15,000,000 invested as capital in business enterprises. He also states that this record is relatively below that of his countrymen in St. Louis, San Francisco, Boston and Chicago. New York has its Italian Chamber of Commerce, with over two hundred members; it has 115 registered physicians, 63 pharmacists, 21 lawyers, 15 public school teachers, nine architects, four dentists, and numerous others in various professions. There are also over three hundred "banks" so called, most of them only remitting and transportation agencies. There are also sixteen weekly newspapers in the city. The Columbus Hospital, founded and maintained by Italians is a valuable and flourishing institution. The Italian Benevolent Institute is also a general bureau of charity of considerable importance, and there are over 150 Italian Societies for mutual aid. Similar organizations are duplicated in every city where Italians are gathered in any considerable numbers. Reports from numerous cities are given, all testifying to the capacity and thrift of the Italian residents.

It is clear from the statistics and observations presented that the Italian immigrant to this country can make his way against competition

and adverse influences. He is industrious, economical and saving, and betters his condition quite as rapidly as do others of his class, of other nationalities. Laws controlling immigration and emigration, and in suppression of the "padrone" system have helped him to secure a standing here, and he has proved himself quite the equal of others in his aspirations and progress toward full citizenship. Next to the opportunities for employment in and near the sea-board cities, the unskilled Italians found attractions in the various mining fields, and as they have acquired some knowledge of the language they have scattered among the farms of the great west and south and the mechanical shops of the inland cities, thus broadening their field of opportunity, and more and more assimilating with the mass of the general wage-earning population.

The Italian has thus proved his capacity and adaptability, even under adverse conditions; many of these have already been overcome in large measure, and he is being more generally welcomed. That he is liable to crowd out the native population, or the earlier immigrant, is not to be feared. Statistics show that in the southern states not one-third of the available land is yet occupied, and this is not under such occupation as results in its best productiveness. The introduction of Italian settlement, it is pointed out, will hasten the day when diversified farming will take a share with cotton in the cotton states, to the economic advantage of the country, with a marked decrease in total number of immigrants to this country which is recorded within the last few years, and the persistent stimulus to all industrial pursuits incident to the rapid progress and development of the country, there is abundant room for the Italian. Under fair treatment and with equal opportunity, he has proved himself worthy of a place in cosmopolite America, and his several characteristics offer an element which may be made of great value in the development of the American race of the near future.



Tickle-Town Topics

Mr. Tupper's Trousers

By Nixon Waterman

It was Pumpkinville's big picnic; Tupper had no "pants"
Good enough for the occasion, did not have a chance
To go after any other till the night before;
Too rushed then to have them fitted at the clothing store.



Hurried home and in the evening tried them on and found
That unless the legs were shortened they would sweep the ground.
Mrs. Tupper didn't like them. Told him, "I declare
I shan't fix them." Tupper left them hanging on a chair.

Tupper's daughter, Angelina, thought that her mama
Was quite cruel. She would shorten trousers for papa!
Waited till the folks were sleeping, did the task and
then,
Hung the trousers as she found them on the chair
again.

Tupper's maiden sister, Martha, to herself she said,
"Brother is too good a husband for the wife he wed,
I will fix his trousers for him!" Rose up in the night,
Shortened them until she fancied she had made them
right.



Well toward morning Mrs. Tupper, thinking matters
o'er,
Rose and shortened Tupper's trousers quite a good
deal more.
Didn't say a word to Tupper, though it would be wise
Just to let the change confront him as a glad surprise.

In the morning Mr. Tupper, choring to and fro,
Kept at work till, ere he knew it, it was time to go!
Fairly jumped into his clothing, and in leaps and bounds.
Caught the train that was to take them to the picnic grounds.

Folks all shrieked at Tupper's stockings, striped in varied hues,
Blazing like two barbers' sign-posts, up above his shoes.

* * * * * * *

Every one enjoyed the picnic—all but Tupper; he,
In his little, sawed-off trousers, stood behind a tree.



Harvest Time

By CLARA H. DODGE

You may talk about the beauty
Of the Summer and the Spring,
Of singing birds and fragrant flowers,
And all that sort of thing;
But the lazy, hazy harvest time,
Is good enough for me,
With daubs of scarlet coloring,
On every bush and tree.

Oh! the lazy, hazy, harvest time,
With plenty everywhere,
With scent of spicy apples,
A-floating in the air;
With yellow pumpkins in the fields,
And sound of humming bee,
Oh! the lazy, hazy harvest time,
Is good enough for me.

Art

By THOMAS J. PARTRIDGE

The sun comes up; and I doubt if e'er
Man's eyes beheld a morn so fair.
Yet 'tis not new—the breaking day—
But an old, old thing in a new sweet way.

The orchard blooms; and never the skies
A season saw in fairer guise.
Yet leaf and flower and trembling spray
Are but old, old things in a new sweet way.

Dive not for tropes,—for the pearl you get
Is only burnished and reset.
Art, dreamer, is to do or say
Just the old, old things in a new sweet way.

The Coreless Apple

By Minnie L. Upton

Lost is the fine old-fashioned leisure,
Gone with the gracious days long vanished;
Held in the clutch of the tense time's seizure,
"Yes, ma'am," "No, ma'am" are banned and banished.

Dreams are "dyspepsia," or "wrong position,"
Out of date are both elves and witches,
Science with scalpel and definition
Has harried them all from their last lorn ditches.

Santa's a myth and his team a fable,
Like the pot of gold at the rainbow's ending,
Joyous we sit with thirteen at table;
Friday's as good for beginning as ending.

Hail, Queen Culture and calm King Science!
With thy royal dictates we would not grapple;
Meekly we bow, nor raise defiance—
Yet prithee take back the coreless apple!

Think of the anguish of each fair maiden
Whose apple is "named," with thought prophetic,
When she finds that the sphere with import laden
Is dense, dumb, seedless! Ah, thrice pathetic!

Think of our dimpled Rose, Lou, Jennie,
Breathless, agog, for the seeds' revealing
Of who shall be "It." "Why, there aren't any,"
They gasp, and, the round tears come a-stealing.
Pray put yourself in the place of Benny,
Promised the core by opulent Teddy,
When the big bites show that there won't be any,—
And Ben with his mouth all watering, ready!

For the sake of peace we here made concession,
Have yielded much that we prized right dearly;
We blush, yet we make the frank confession,
But here we stand—we declare it clearly;

Though we've let you stamp on both faith and feeling
Yet—keep off the grass that the sunbeams dapple
As they softly sift through the orchard's ceiling;
Hands off of the dear old-fashioned apple!

A Sure Sign

By Evelyn J. Hamant

"Superstition," says Aunt Martha
"Is a thing I can't abide,
But there's just one sign I've faith in,
And that cannot be denied.

"Ev'ry time I drop my dish-cloth
Whether morning, night or noon,
Jest as sure as you are livin'
There is comp'ny comin' soon.

"Once, fer instance, jest to show yer
When I'd tore my cloth in two,
All I dropped was half that dish-cloth.
Well, I wondered. Wouldn't you?

"Comp'ny come? O, yes, a man come.
(Never doubt the sign I beg!)
All I dropped was half my dish-cloth,
And he had a wooden leg!"

The Return

By Ruth B. Canedy

IT was near the end of August in New England, and dogdays were lagging toward their close. The valleys and all creatures that moved within them, or lay and panted in the shade, deceived by its false promises of coolness, were drowned in seas of heated air. Only on the hilltops there stirred a little breeze beneath a heaven of a purer blue, prophesying to those hearts that know and love the New England autumn perfect days to come.

Complaining of the heat, yet encouraged by the softly cooling touch of the breeze upon perspiring faces, the farmers gathered their second crop of hay, an unusually heavy one this season; and indoors their wives, less fortunate, bent above heated ovens, or devoted the last hours of the still Saturday afternoon to cleaning in preparation for the morrow. They worked restlessly, overcoming with determined will the influences of the weather, which are for a short season in New England not less enervating than in climes where men and women yield themselves without resistance to lassitude and drowsing.

In the scattered farm houses that gave its reason for being to a certain road leading over the hills from the "middle" town to its remoter districts, not even the busiest housewife failed to glance out of the window with interest at a young couple passing idly along as chance and the highway willed. And the sight stimulated remarks of similar tenor among all the observers, though not interrupting the activities of mop or doughnut cutter.

"There's the school teacher and her city beau." And "Every year I think she'll get married and one of our girls 'll get a chance at the school."—"But they say he hain't got any money nor much know how to get along in the world, 'n I guess she's pretty glad to keep along teaching."—"Well, the scholars do like her awful well."

The "school teacher and her city beau" walked on, their conversation as unanimated as their gait. The girl had a sweet face, yet too pale and anxious for one who had the summer vacation behind her and a long term of teaching before her. Her expression was wistful and she cast little worried glances at the young man, who was gloomily kicking up the dust in the wheel-track at the other side of the road. The silence troubled his companion. She cast a preoccupied glance around her, searching a suggestion for conversation.

"It must be terribly hot in the city today," she said.

But he glowered with an even more lively discontent.

"My, how I hate to go back there! A precious vacation I've had this year. You came day before yesterday and I go to-morrow."

The words hardly warranted the deep flush that visited her cheek.

The knowledge that her absence had disappointed him made her eyes shine as she answered with gentle regret.

"I am very sorry, too. But my sister's little girl was sick and she needed me very much. They haven't any help, you know. They are quite poor."

She did not add that she had helped pay the doctor's bill with the little that she had saved during her last year's teaching.

"Poor! Everybody's poor!" cried the young man. "It's just slave away year after year and have nothing to show for it. There was a place in our business that I'd been hoping to get for a long time, and when it fell vacant they advanced a chap right over my head, who hadn't been with the firm but six months. That's the way things go."

"Oh! was that the place you told me last year was going to be vacant? What a disappointment! And how mean of them! Of course it was just favoritism."

His brow smoothed a little at her sympathy.

"Yes, he had a pull. But then I guess he is quicker than I am, and hustling is what gets you ahead. But it looks as if I am going to be poor always. Do you know," his voice fell and he spoke solemnly, "sometimes I feel as if Mother was lucky to be out of it at last. How she hated being poor!"

"I suppose it's ever so much harder when you've had money once," the girl said softly.

"And father and mother had a lot at one time. When great grandfather died—you know he lived around in these parts somewhere—he left a pile of money, and father and Aunt Abigail were the only heirs. You know it was Aunt Abigail's funeral that first brought us up here. She would never have anything to do with us, but Mother was determined to come. I guess she thought Aunt Abigail's share—she hadn't spent a penny of it—would come to us; and it would have if there hadn't been any will.—Well, I suppose you've heard the story from people around here."

"I have heard something about it," she answered, for it was an oft repeated tale in the community and received many embellishments from its various narrators. "Your aunt left her money for building a new church, didn't she?"

"Yes," he said, bitterly, "and kindly referred in her will to her desire to save her property from the frivolity and extravagance of worldly-minded people. Poor Mother! I'm afraid she didn't know very well how to save. That's one reason why I'm poor."

The girl held back the tears, her lip caught by her teeth, as she looked away at the distant hills. Far down in her heart she knew that her own happiness was involved with his. But she saw only weary years of lonely waiting stretch out into the future. There was no way of escaping them.

As they talked they had passed out of the well-worn highway, beyond the frequent farmhouses and moved now among the patches of light and shade that lay listlessly on the ridges of a little used mountain road. The day dwelt very still about them. Even the birds seldom twittered at this hour and only occasionally a chipmunk slipped along the top of a stone wall among

the brush at the roadside. The impassive calm of Nature seemed to the girl to make more poignant the aching care that lay within her heart. And at the same time the beauty of the afternoon called to her to put herself in harmony with it. She was no poet, but she was country-bred and loved the woods. A half-hidden opening in the trees and bushes at their right hand caught her eyes.

"Oh, lets go down there," she said. "It's so pretty, and there's a clearing about an old deserted farm a little farther on. My children brought me down here last June after strawberries and I thought then that I would surely come again."

They turned and followed the new path. It was evidently a long disused road, rain-washed and stony, with an unkempt profusion of weeds and bushes among tall trees at its sides, the green luxuriance, mingled with golden-rod and the delicate purple asters, encroaching upon the ruts of the road itself. It led them by a steep descent down to a brook, the noisiest babbler of the August afternoon, across a somewhat perilous bridge, and up again to the clearing of which the girl had spoken. Here were old apple-trees, veterans of a hundred years' strife with wintry winds and snows, bearing fruit that had grown year by year more sour and small and was no longer worth the picking. Yet the meadow beyond showed the long parallel traces of recent haymaking, and from some not distant region, hidden by the curve of the hill, arose the sharp monotonous sound of the mowing machine.

The girl seemed surprised. "The place is quite deserted, I understand," she said. "But I suppose that someone has bought the right to cut the hay off from it. Let's go and sit down at the edge of the woods up there. There is such a pretty view down into the valley."

But that which interested the young man more than the beautiful view down over the mountain side in its billowy dress of rich green, to the distant river sparkling here and there through the faintly bluish haze about it, was the dilapitated buildings of the long since deserted farm in the foreground. The barn was a complete ruin, a heap of dark slate colored timbers, quite thin and brittle now, and slowly devoured by the weather to which they had once offered so bold resistance. Of the house two tottering walls still clung together at the angle and sadly suggested the simple lines of the small enclosed square of ground where once had been a home. In the centre the massive lower part of the chimney was choked with the white and red debris of its own fallen sides. Even to the unimaginative young clerk, over all the picture seemed inscribed the words, owneless, useless, purposeless.

"Somebody worked hard here once, I suppose," he said, after he had surveyed the scene for some time in silence.

"And perhaps they didn't get ahead much either," suggested his companion. "People did work and have little years ago, but perhaps they were as happy as people are now, on the whole."

"I wonder if they were happy," he said, ponderingly. "They didn't know any other way of living, like we do."

"And didn't they have around them all the time a good deal of what people work for, nowadays! I guess you'd be willing to work hard and save for the sake of being all the spring and the summer and the fall up here when you come now for your little bit of vacation."

"I notice you don't say anything about the winter." The young fellow smiled a little mockingly.

The loyalty of a country-bred girl fired her answering speech.

"I don't believe that the winter's so bad, even way off here. Anyone gets used to being out in cold weather. And I suppose the people who lived here were always working and planning to make their home comfortable and have things to enjoy, even if they were simple things. And I don't see how they could be lonesome, when they were working together."

She stopped abruptly. A tinge of red beneath her skin deepened on brow and cheek and set her ears glowing like coals against the brown of her hair. Conscious of her unwarranted confusion, she turned her face away and stared at the irregular line of the wooded mountain against the sky. The awkward silence seemed to last interminably. Then a sound of movement on the slope that stretched down toward the old farm, brought welcome relief.

A man was heavily advancing toward them, mopping his forehead under the bulging brim of the big straw hat. The sound of the mowing machine had ceased, and farther down under the shade of one of the old apple-trees two other haymakers could be seen refreshing themselves with alternate draughts from a jug of cider.

The old farmer halted at the edge of the wood where the two young people sat.

"How d'ye do?" he said to the school teacher, eyeing the young man with furtive curiosity.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Simms?" The girl's relief at the interruption gave her voice an unexpectedly cordial ring. "So you're cutting the rowen off this place. We were just wondering who had the right to the crop here."

The man sat down on the grass beside them, lowering himself carefully, then subsiding with a little jerk that told of joints stiffened by rheumatism.

"Yes," he said, drawing out the vowels in his speech, "I cut the grass, but 'taint hardly worth the trouble. It's all runnin' out, the way it always does where there ain't nobody livin'."

He cast a pondering dissatisfied glance over the meadow before them, and seemed, in his slow calculatings, to have forgotten the conversation, until the young man said,

"We should like to know the history of this place if you can tell us. Though it's just like a hundred others, I dare say."

"Well, I dunno but 'tis and I dunno as 'tis. It must be pretty nigh forty years since the old folks died, both of 'em the same winter, and there hasn't anybody lived here sence.

"They was children, too, but the boy went off to the city, and the girl couldn't run the farm alone, an' so she went up to the village. Dressmaked some. Now she's dead, too."

"And the people that lived here had to work hard and have little, I suppose?"

The farmer turned shrewd eyes, narrowed by numberless fine wrinkles in the sheathing skin, upon the young man, who had asked the question.

"Work hard? Well, I guess they did, like most everybody round here. And I don't s'pose you'd call it havin' much"—he chuckled privately for a moment—"bein' as the old man was tight as the bark of a walnut. But they was richer 'n anybody that's lived in this town before nor since."

He seemed aggrieved that his announcement brought no greater surprise to the face of his hearers. "Why," he went on, "there's a story I've heard tell over 'n over again, how some strangers wanted to be kep' here over night once, an' the old man took 'em in, an' the next mornin' they wanted to pay him. Well, the deacon said at fust he wouldn't take anything, but they said they wasn't tramping for their livin' and handed him out a bill. An' when he went to get the change for 'em he lugged out an old stocking chuck full of money, an' gold, too. An' besides that he had wads of greenbacks hid away. He didn't trust to no savin's banks, didn't the deacon."

Still no exclamations of surprise rewarded the narrator's effort. The young man said only,

"H'm! It must have been a pretty profitable farm."

"Well, 'twas. Cause the deacon come when the land was new, but it's a good farm. Anyone could git along here now who was a mind to put out a little capital and a good deal of elbow grease—"

"It's too bad," said the school teacher, "that there wasn't any son to keep up the farm after the father died."

"Where did the money go to?" the young man asked.

"That's the funniest part of it. Of course it went to the heirs an' they got red of it in no time. They hadn't earnt it and didn't know how to save it. They didn't live around here, leastways not them that spent it. The girl she lived here. She was a chip of the old block, kept all her father had left her, and added to it, by Gum! she did. An' if you come round here again next summer you'll see the finest church building in the country right up here on this hill. An' there's where'll be the last of old Deacon Willis' money."

"Deacon Willis!" the exclamations of surprise came at last. The two young people looked at each other, wide-eyed and oblivious of the sharp scrutiny under the farmer's rough gray brows.

"Yes, they call this the old Willis place," he said.

For a long minute no one spoke. There was a flutter of excitement in the girl's manner and the young man looked frowningly, absently down at the two heaps of blackened rotting timbers.

"Well, I guess I'll go back and finish up." The farmer rose jerkily. "It's goin' to be another hay day tomorrer," he added, glancing at the sky where the sun was sinking out of the blue into the faintly whitish haze above the horizon.

The young clerk stopped his going with another question.

"To whom does the farm belong now?"

"Ask me something easier an' I'll tell you. I s'pose 'twould belong

by law to the heirs of the heirs of the old man Willis—" again the girl started and shot a glance, excited, radiant, at her companion, which was not lost on the speaker, although he drawled on, "But no heirs appearin', it kinder belong to the town, and as I live the nearest, down below there, I cut the hay off. But it don't hardly pay for the trouble."

He surveyed the two a moment thoughtfully, then, without any formality of farewell, went down the slope with his slow and labored gait of an old man, but of one accustomed through long years to tramping over pastures and meadows."

When he had joined his two assistants, stretched comfortably on the grass under the apple-tree, he first helped himself to a long pull at the cider jug; then said, jerking his head toward the couple that he had just left.

"You see them two? Well, I'll bet you a hundred to one that the feller is the great grandson of old Deacon Willis that lived here. I've heard how a Willis comes up here and boards a while summers, that's beauin' the school teacher. He never knew he was on the fam'ly place!"

Meanwhile the two who still sat on the hill where the woods met the meadow were looking into each other's eyes. A new and wonderful thought had been born in the mind of each, a thought full of uncertainty and full of joy, at which they caught their breath in fear, but which came attended by conviction and desire.

"I should have to build cheap, and put on a mortgage at that," said he.

The girl's quick hand touched his sleeve and a fire of inspired courage leapt into her eyes.

"We could work it off," she said.

Then in an instant she was caught again in the cruel hot wave of her shame. She sprang to her feet with an impulse to flee, anywhere, to escape the horror of her own revelation. But her flight was stopped before its beginning, for his arms were around her. A man's courage and a man's confidence planted his feet firmly in the present and sped his hopes on into the future.

"Will you be ready to come next fall?" he asked.

And she wept with joy upon his breast.

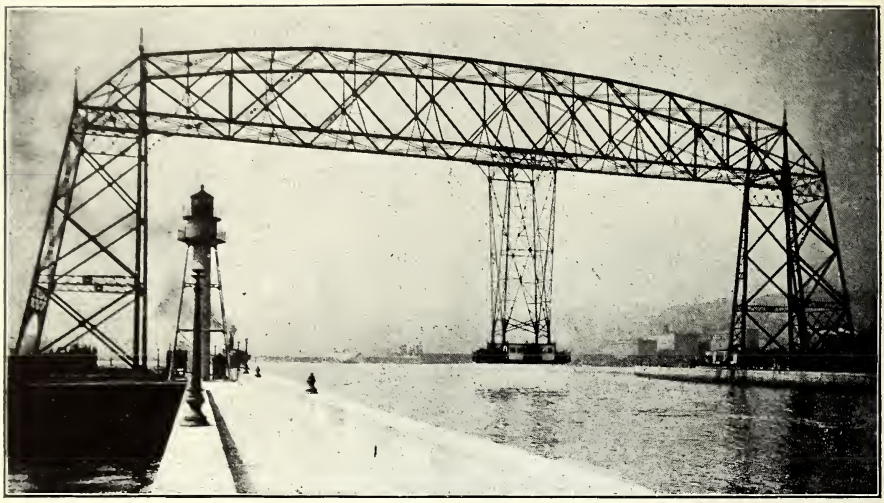
Duluth

By Dwight E. Woodbridge



THE editor has asked me if the Duluth of to-day is sufficiently changed from that of ten years ago to warrant another sketch in his magazine. And therein, I take it, is typified the conservative thought of the East. Change enough in ten years! Why, it is a generation, a cycle, in the life of a young western community. One who would answer no to such a question would admit the ossification of his city; not to grow in the West is to dry up, to die, to become the mere withered shell of former activity. My predecessor in this matter of describing Duluth pictured a city of brave front, looking outward and up with the nonchalance of assured success. But the time was 1895, and those who know the struggles of the lean after-boom years that were then upon the West, the chilling depression, the griping pain at the heart and the fear when, one after another, a man's fortunes and prospects were swept away, leaving no trace but that of debt and the overwhelming shadow of sickening loss, the paralyzing sense that however one might beat the waves of adversity in his struggles toward a safe haven they were sure to engulf him in due course; to one, I say, who remembers these things the Duluth of ten years ago was but a disheveled and disconsolate hoyden after all.

Few cities in the country suffered from the panic of the early nineties more severely than Duluth. It was over-boomed and over-built; top-heavy with debt incurred in useless and burdensome undertakings, public and private. It had miles of streets graded through rock and clay, along which no man dwelt. It had suburbs established for the sole purpose of transferring the elusive dollar from the pocket of one man to that of another. It had been fictitiously prosperous upon bonused industries, manufacturing enterprises that, for one reason or another, had sought to change their locations and had gathered at Duluth like flies about a sugar lump. Its people were heavily in debt, and



THE AERIAL BRIDGE, CAR IN TRANSIT

interest payments both private and municipal were pouring eastward and continually draining the city of the money it earned or could borrow. In short, it was like all western communities that had experienced a boom. During those years when municipalities of the younger era were passing through the furnace, to come out wrecked or tried and vigorous, young men grew old and decrepit, old men lost their grip and their courage, and the bonused industry passed the way of all unnatural and bolstered efforts of finance. It would be difficult for one who remembers them well to overstate the facts, and an analysis of the economic situation as it then presented itself, not only so far as Duluth was concerned but all through the West and Northwest, would be one of the interesting contributions to sociology.

It was from such a foundation that the new Duluth was necessarily erected. It was a new Duluth in more senses than one. Men who had borne the brunt of the battle had fallen by the wayside. Others must take their place. One crowd had planted, another was to reap the harvest that was far riper and closer than then seemed possible. That this was inevitably true was one of the mournful and unhappy results of the conditions of the time.

The present day prosperity of Duluth dates, so far as any exact date can be assigned that which is a gradual effect, from the close of the Spanish war. The West is always later to feel improvement in business conditions than the East, just as the effects of depressions reach it later. The "iron barometer" affects this northwestern city with singular force, for Duluth is the centre and distributing point for the great Lake Superior iron ore region, from whose mines comes more than three-fourths of all iron produced in the United States. In 1896 the iron ore output of the United States fell from 10,500,000 to less than 10,000,000 tons, but the following year saw

a revival and a gain of 2,500,000 tons. Then in 1898 there was a further gain of 1,500,000 tons and what seemed an assured prospect for the future. After 1898, too, came the various consolidations in the steel and mining trades, culminating in 1901 in the agglomeration



SUPERIOR STREET, EAST FROM FIFTH AVENUE

of many combinations in the stupendous United States Steel Corporation. These all had a tremendous effect upon Duluth, for they all increased the demand for iron ore in the ground, for undeveloped mines, for prospects, for explorations, for lands upon the ore bearing formations, especially of the Mesabi range. This Mesabi was Duluth's near neighbor, and as closely identified with the city's growth as though it was a portion of the municipality.

These steel making combinations, those of them, at least, that were dominated by practical men of the trade rather than by market riggers and tape gamblers, appreciated the fact that their long life and their chief value lay, not so much in steel works and mills, as in the control of ore in the ground, and they proceeded to gather it in. There were none so active along this line as the Oliver Iron Mining Company. Backed by the millions of the Carnegie Steel Company and the combined genius of Henry W. Oliver and Andrew Carnegie, it distributed money wisely, indeed, but generously, to owners of mines and lands upon the Mesabi. Other companies did the same, so far as their means or their prophetic vision permitted. Exploration became general, and the business done in mining lands and leases grew to enormous proportions. It meant a golden harvest to Duluth. Prior to that time, though the city profited to a considerable extent by the proximity of these, the greatest iron ore deposits known to man, they had been

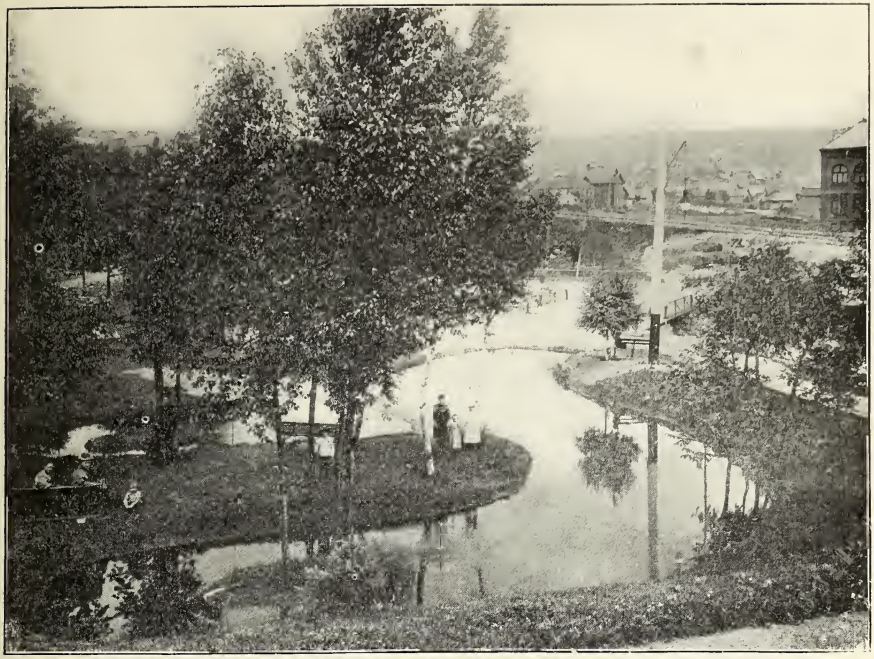


HARBOR AND WATER FRONT

of comparatively little benefit to it, because the ownership of operating mines and railways had been filched from the hands of local people, and because of a determined and hitherto successful effort to maintain the selling values of undeveloped ore lands at far below their real worth.

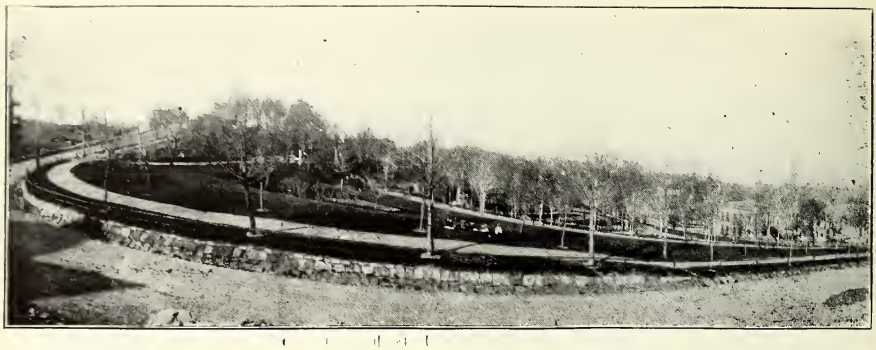
The advent of the United States Steel Corporation brought to Duluth the headquarters of all its mining and transportation interests; the former embracing the employment of many thousands of men, from skilled operators and managers, scientists, engineers and geologists, to day laborers; and the latter including two railroads and the most powerful fleet flying the American flag. What was perhaps even more, it located permanently at Duluth, in close touch with its people and their life and affairs, a group of big men, broad-minded managers of these interests. The managers of this corporation appreciated the overwhelming importance of mines, and knew that the control of the steel trade of America rested, not in smoky mills and giant furnaces, that money could construct, but in monopoly of the raw ore, that had been laid down along Superior's hills by the dim processes of nature in ages far remote. This was to be a monopoly that would not require rate discriminations, false charges, rebates, the crushing of competition by underselling; but could assert itself by saying: "We do not care to sell our ore, we need it all in our own business for the conservation of our values and the maintenance of our works in future years." From that time till now the value of ore in the ground has gradually risen and a great amount of money has been poured into the city.

A few years after the recovery of the West from the panic of the early '90's pine timber began to appreciate in value, as its worth and growing scarcity were more and more fully understood. Northeastern Minnesota, the country directly tributary to Duluth, held the only virgin tract of white pine left on the American continent, east of the Rocky mountains. Ten years ago there were, in the three counties along Superior's northern coast and of which Duluth is the only city of importance, not less than fifteen thousand million feet of standing white pine. Big figures, those, but easily susceptible of proof. This was in addition to correspondingly enor-



LINCOLN PARK

mous quantities of cedar, spruce and deciduous woods. In the decade that has since elapsed more than eight thousand million feet of the pine, as well as somewhat relatively smaller amounts of other timber, have been cut, sawn and marketed. It has been a main source of supply for New York and New England, has been generously distributed throughout the central West. The tremendous rate at which this timber has been cut, the growing appreciation that it is the last, has enhanced the value of that left, and this has been another source of increase in the financial strength of Duluth. Then, too, it costs about twelve dollars for the labor involved in getting a thousand feet of lumber from the tree in the woods to the ship in the harbor, this figure including the logging, towing or hauling to mill, sawing and loading aboard ship. There has been spent, therefore, in the ten years no less than one hundred million dollars in this single productive industry in the Duluth district; of this the greater share has been paid out in and close to this city. To get this timber to mills long railway lines have been built, almost always through wild and forbidding regions, rivers have been improved at great expense, intricate and costly systems of dams and controlling works erected. In the ten years the process of lumbering has been revolutionized, and is now no more like that of the preceding period, or still common in the East, than one of the northwestern mills capable of cutting six hundred thousand



A CORNER OF CASCADE PARK

feet in a day resembles the old time "muley" mill, with its fifty thousand or sixty thousand feet weekly. In all this progress, of invention and adaptation, Duluth has been well at the front, and has naturally profited financially as well as in the stability of its industrial life.

Five years ago certain Duluthians became probable factors in the world's copper market by investment in a comparatively new and little known mining region in the far southwest. Greatly aided by friends in other cities these men have put more than twelve million dollars into a group of mines in southern Arizona and in Montana. The story of their daring operations and their successes reads like a romance and is far too long to detail here. In Bisbee and Butte, the two camps which they entered, they have mile after mile of underground openings, with rich copper blocked out for mining in years to come; they have nine big shafts sunk more than one thousand feet and are driving more; they are making daily, from the first three mines that have reached the producing state, about two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of copper, in addition to gold and silver, and their first mines are earning more than their entire capital stock every year in net profits. The day is not far distant, when all these shafts are producing as vigorously as the first two, when these combined copper interests will be among the two or three leading groups of the world, and when Duluth will be recognized as a most important factor in the metal trade.

Ten years ago there was no ownership of shipping at the head of the lakes; other than that of a few tugs and dredges, no trans-lake shipping was held or operated from this end of the great lakes. This in spite of the fact that even then the port furnished more tonnage for vessels than any other lake point. With the advent of men of means and courage, interested in shipping, with a knowledge of the trade, and controlling traffic, a change began. Now there is more shipping registered from Duluth, as home port, than anywhere on the lakes. Even Cleveland, long the home of the shipping industry, has now fallen behind in this race. The largest fleet of the lakes, that of the Pittsburg Steamship Company, with its one hundred great vessels, capable



LARGEST PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING IN THE UNITED STATES

of moving two million tons a month, is registered from Duluth as its home port. Many fleets are owned here, and of the forty-two ships for the bulk freight trade that were this spring under construction or had been recently launched eleven were for Duluth owners. To-day there are under Duluth registry lake shipping of a total gross tonnage of 600,000 tons in 400 vessels, while ten years ago the total was but a paltry 5,009 tons in fifty-six vessels. In this connection it is an interesting fact that, where ten years ago the average capacity of the new freight ship in the great lake trade was but three thousand tons, it is now above ten thousand tons. The total registered tonnage of the northern lakes is two million, of which Duluth has more than a fourth.

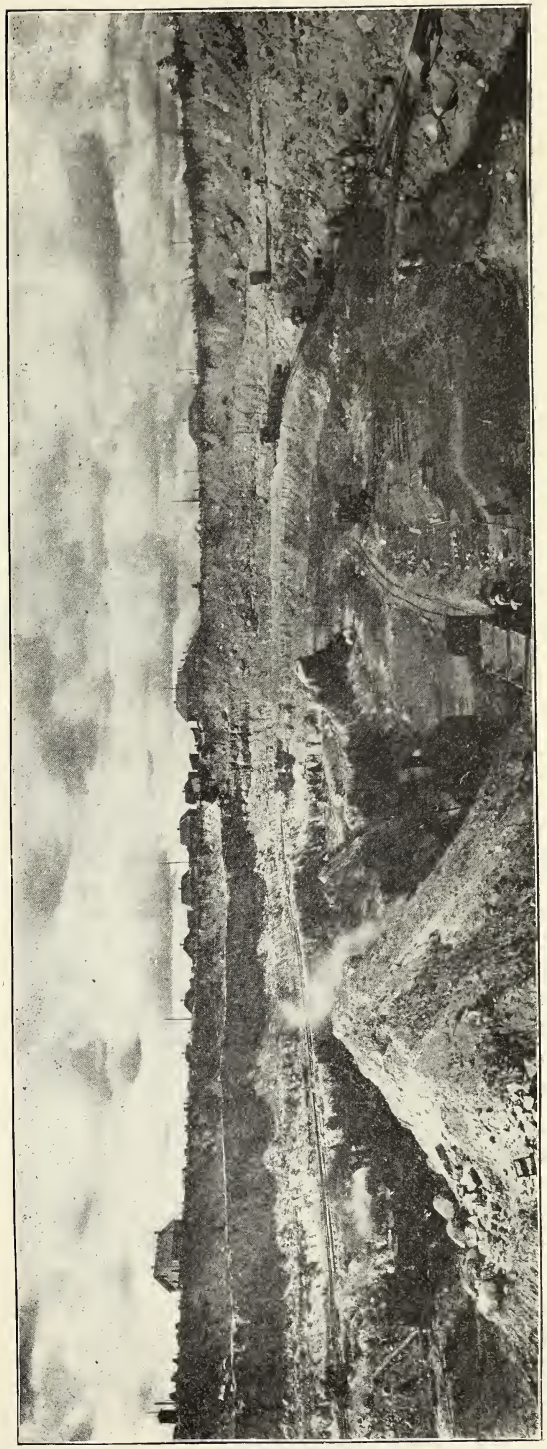
For thirty years one of the dreams of Duluthians had been the utilization of the vast power running to waste down the rapids of the St. Louis river. In ten miles of its lower course, above where it widens into the splendid harbor of Duluth-Superior, is a fall of five hundred feet, in a succession of rapids and cascades. A magnificent water-shed of twenty-five hundred square miles, half swamp and natural reservoirs, is back of it and aids materially in maintaining the water at a fairly steady flow and even level throughout the seasons. In the early days of the Northwest, when Jay Cooke was furnishing the funds for the construction of the Northern Pa-

cific road, he saw the possibilities of that fall, and bought the shores for many miles. Several attempts were made to improve the rapids, but they all failed and to none of them did Mr. Cooke lend much assistance. The times were not propitious, the plans were not favorable, or the men attempting the enterprise were not such as he could endorse. But now that power is being harnessed. Tomorrow wheels to generate an initial installation of thirty thousand horse power will be whirling. That is the beginning. There is an ultimate possibility of two hundred and fifty thousand horse power in those rapids and the day does not seem far distant when most of it will be in service. It will cheapen the cost of manufacturing in Duluth to a point that will neutralize some present disadvantages; it will mine the iron ore of northern Minnesota and run the trains that bring ore to the lakes; it will flow to the splendid twin cities at the head of Mississippi navigation, to aid in their commercial development; it may even cause the construction of electric railway lines for a hundred miles or more. Men prominent in business at Duluth, together with bankers in New York and Boston, are at the head of this enterprise. So long have the people waited in vain for this development, so many times have they been baffled on the very verge of apparent success, that it now is hard to realize that the work is actually in progress and that it will soon be completed. Statistics prove it to be one of the chief water-power developments of the American continent; this, too, is difficult of appreciation, so quietly is the work of progress being carried to a conclusion.

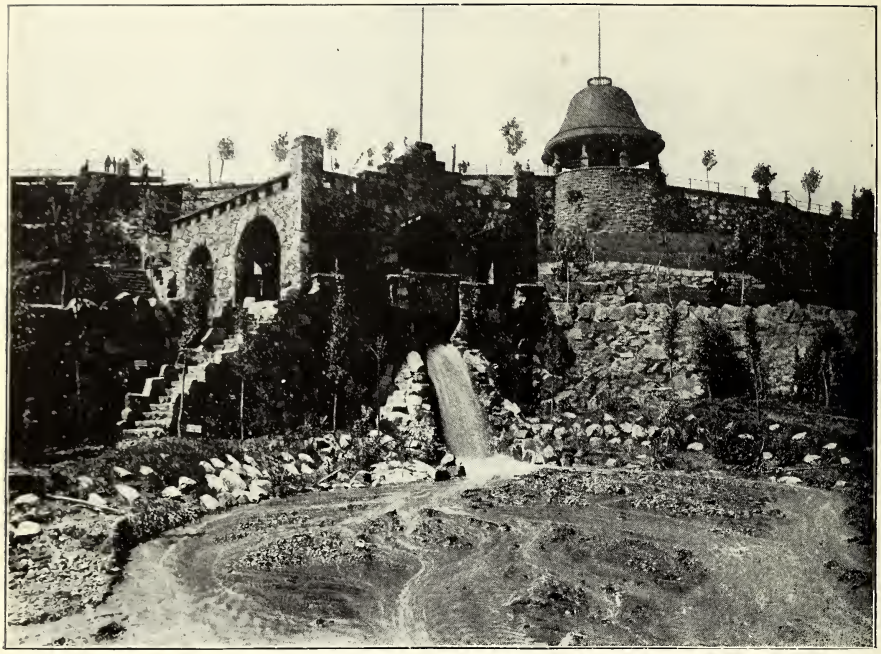
Minneapolis and St. Paul have long dominated the wholesale trade of the Northwest. Their age, wealth, commanding position on the Mississippi river reached by many lines of railway, and the fertile and thickly settled country surrounding them, all drew business to their doors. But within a few years Duluth has come to a position where it is dominant in some lines of wholesaling, especially lines of heavy goods where its position, on deep water navigation, with cheap freights to the East, has had important bearing on the situation. The twin cities of the head of the Mississippi no longer control the wholesale trade of the vast Northwest, it is divided with their younger sister of the head of the great lakes. One leading wholesale house at Duluth is the second or third in importance in its line for all the United States, has branch houses on the Pacific coast and in Canada, sends its travelling men across the western ocean and maintains an office force of two hundred people. Where rail and water meet is the logical position for a great distributing centre and this fact, with brains, enterprise and the sinews of financial ability, will make Duluth still more important as a wholesale point as the years pass.

The day is forgotten when the ardent Duluthian, the boomer, could see good in large things alone. That time was, and it was but a few years ago, when lavish assistance, financial and otherwise, was to be had by any enterprise that promised a big thing. The Duluthian was essentially a gambler, and if

the stake was big, it was the more attractive. "Who wouldn't gamble for a star?" Who wouldn't put up his last dollar and mortgage his realty to swipe from a competing neighborhood burg some manufacturing enterprise that promised to bring in hundreds of men and build up a new suburb? But now they appreciate the fact that such transplanting does not pay, the tree torn up and reset where soil, or climate, or some other condition is passed and that of the not favorable, will not flourish. It is better to start with the seedling, even though small, and enrich it with business that shall make it grow. So the day of big things, as such merely, has small enterprise, located right, studied for adaptation to its situation, has come. In other words there are to-day in Duluth far more manufacturing enterprises than ever before, but they are growing ones. Some are small, some have reached the day of girth and towering importance. It is no longer the dream that Duluth shall have a steel rail mill of one thousand tons daily capacity, to blossom out at once, but the hope that at the head of the lakes, at the door of the iron mines, where



A MESABA IRON MINE, STRIPPING THE SURFACE



IN CASCADE PARK

there is both raw material and the market for the finished article, there shall ultimately be iron manufacturing on a large scale, is still as strong as ever.

There is good reason for such hope and desire. Duluth has long been the funnel through which the riches of western mines have poured forth to enrich the iron coast of Erie and the cities of Pennsylvania. The ton of iron ore that pays a tribute of a few cents to labor makes the steel beam or the plate or the bar that gives labor dollars. It may be further fabricated and pay a hundred times as much to the artisan. The argument has been that Duluth was too far away. Too far away from what? Not the iron ore surely; not the market if that market is rightly considered. It is true that most users of steel are in the East, but they ship no small portion of their products into the Northwest, paying freights on the raw material one way and on the finished product the other. It is also said that it is cheaper to bring the ore to its fuel than the fuel to its ore. This is untrue. For the smelting of ore to make a ton of pig iron is required little more than a ton of coal. Freight on coal from Lake Erie ports to Duluth is from thirty to forty cents a ton. But to make this ton of pig iron more than 1.6 tons of ore are necessary, and the freight on this from Duluth to Lake Erie is seventy to eighty cents per ton. This favors the West in both tonnage and the rate per ton. That the time will come when iron will be made in quantity on the shores of Lake Superior cannot be questioned. A successful beginning has been

made here, not alone in the matter of pig iron but in many refined forms, and the business is steadily growing. If the time ever comes when that glittering dream of the manufacture of iron and steel by the heat of the electric arc shall become reality on a commercial scale, the Northwest as an iron making centre will have arrived.

Duluth has not so many banks as ten years ago; the panic tried them out; but its bank statements in the spring of 1906 showed an average deposit, estimating the population at seventy thousand, of two hundred and forty dollars. This, to be sure, is far above the average for the country, or for all but a very few of its wealthier cities. Ten years ago it was a fortunate local bank that had deposits of double its capital stock, now they run to twelve or fifteen times the capital.

In the past few years the city has fought out and won a battle for municipal ownership of its public utilities that has been of the utmost benefit to it, from an immediate as well as an educational standpoint, and that has put it well to the front among the municipalities favoring public ownership. Its water and light services were by a private company. With the largest and purest body of fresh water at its foot Duluth was drinking sewage contaminated by typhoid germs. There was a series of epidemics in which hundreds were killed. Recent typhoid scourges in Butler, Ithaca, and other cities were mild compared to what Duluth suffered in silence. And so great was the forbearance, or lethargy, of the stricken city, that the company was permitted continued control and the manager of its works was allowed to walk the streets and laugh his victims in the face. But the lesson was not lost, and after continued agitation and a campaign or two the city bought the water and gas works and proceeded to remedy conditions that had long before become unbearable. Typhoid disappeared, the costs of water and gas have been reduced to one-third the former price, the works have been operated on a splendid basis and far more satisfactorily than before, and the city has been so converted to the municipal ownership idea that it is not long before it will take steps to widen control of corporation interests.

By a happy combination between the city's water and light commission and the company operating the Zenith blast furnace and its attendant battery of by-product ovens the cost of gas to the citizens is lower than in any western city, so low in fact, that gas has supplanted other fuel for many purposes and is used almost exclusively for cooking. These same ovens, by their saving of tar from the retorting of coal, are permitting the paving of the city's streets by tar macadam, at low cost and in a most satisfactory manner. Out of these customarily wasted by-products of cokeing and iron making are coming, also, a number of other industries, among them that of making tar felt and building paper, of slag brick, cement, the refining of ammonia and so on.

It would be an easy matter to give startling figures to illustrate the growth of the city's shipping and kindred trades, to show that its freight is handled with greater celerity than that of any other port

on earth, that its general business statistics increase exceedingly year by year, but figures are of little value; they quickly reach a point where interest palls and where relations are lost: they become so large and weighty that the sense of comprehension escapes.

But I must, at the risk of tediousness, call attention to a fact brought out by the secretary of the city's grain exchange in his last annual report. This showed that, of the great marine ports of the world, Duluth harbor stood third. The respective rank in 1905 was: First, London, with 33,478,000 tons registry; second, New York with 30,314,000; third, Duluth with 27,663,000. Liverpool, Hong Kong, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Chicago, Shanghai and Singapore followed in the order named. In average size of ships Duluth led all ports, with vessels almost three time the average capacity of the other ports mentioned.

It has been said by those who should know that a city whose site permits the concentration of railway operation away from the business part of town is especially favored. This is true of Duluth, and the grade crossing, that deadly Juggernaut, is almost unknown. In a city whose railway business is of enormous proportions, amounting to scores of thousands of carloads of freight monthly, this is a matter of importance. Duluth slopes toward Lake Superior, at times in a gentle inclination, again with almost cliff-like sharpness. In the manufacturing sections the level plateau formed by the river is of considerable width and the residence districts are, generally speaking, of easy slopes. Natural lay of land has produced that separation into districts that is often attempted but is sometimes impossible.

The beginning has been made of a system of beautiful parks, in which waterfall and cascade, stream and rivulet, forest and cliff, lake and hillside, are taken advantage of in a most charming manner. It would be difficult to find a more delightful park site than that formed by the two rushing brooks, one at either end of the city, that have been connected by a boulevard driveway several miles in length on what was the beach of the Lake Superior of glacial times, more than four hundred feet above the shrunken lake of to-day. Minnesota point, thrusting its scimetar athwart the end of the great lake, is a natural park for its seven miles of length, and is dotted with the summer cottages of city people. A great aerial bridge, the first of its kind in America, solves the vexing problem of crossing to this point over such a waterway as the Duluth ship canal, crowded day and night with the shipping of the lakes. Other streams than those already taken, spots of beauty along the rocky shores of Lake Superior, occasional city blocks, are either now parked or will be when the city finances permit. For picturesqueness of situation, environment, and general effect there are few cities more remarkable.

In population this city is decidedly cosmopolitan; it has been the centre for a vast immigration from the north of Europe, from states that are scarcely known by name, from Italy and Austria and a score of nations and principalities. People of every religion and of no religion

have come this way, and many of them have made the city their home. It has been Duluth's task to make Americans out of much material, good, bad and indifferent. The work is being done, and done well. It is by the schools and the churches that this task is carried out. Nearly two million dollars has been spent for the building and equipment of the city's schools. A year or two ago the chief honor speaker of the graduating class of the high school was a young girl whose parents came to America not long ago as exiles, driven from the land of their birth by despotic rule, poverty and hopelessness. Her address betrayed no trace of foreign accent and her appearance was that of a refined American woman. The benevolent assimilation of foreigners proceeds with wonderful speed and sureness. It is, in wider bearing, one of the larger facts that make toward the future of the republic. Hand in hand with the schools are churches, and a roster of them all, with many strange foreign designations, would indicate how exceedingly broad is the field they touch. There are seventy-six church organizations and church homes in Duluth.

A centre of the city's business life is its Commercial club, with more than one thousand members, and a convenient home overlooking the harbor. It is a meeting place for associations, committees and semi-public bodies of all sorts. The Kitchi Gammi club is a social organization of more than local prominence and has a handsome and commodious building almost entirely devoted to its use. There are many other clubs, but none of the importance of these two. Seats on the Duluth board of trade, which governs the grain and shipping trade of the head of Lake Superior, are selling at three thousand dollars and upwards, each, and the association is one of the leading exchanges of the world. It handles a yearly business of from seventy to eighty million bushels of cash grains and flaxseed. The usual quota of charitable and Christian associations is to be found in Duluth, and the work done by these is of utmost value and widespread in its influence.

Duluth has a better seat in the saddle than ever before, and rides with more assurance and a firmer grasp on the lines. The future must remain hidden, but if it can be judged by the past there is only a continued progress forward, broken occasionally by a fall or a slip, such as has ever marked the traveller on his upward way, and such as was most seriously felt by the Duluth of ten years ago.

Editor's Table

In the old town of Manchester, Massachusetts (now Manchester-by-the-Sea) on June 8th, 1848, to John Averill Gould, and Elizabeth Cheever Leach Gould, was born a daughter, whom they named Elizabeth Porter, after the father's aunt, Elizabeth Averill, who had married Dr. John Porter of Wenham, Massachusetts.

Descended from generations of worthy Essex people, this eldest daughter of the Goulds was destined to honor their name in the literary world, and to live a life of great individual usefulness. On her mother's side she claimed as an ancestor Ezekiel Cheever, the famous schoolmaster and one of the founders of the New Haven Colony in Connecticut. Through the father she was descended from the poet Anne Bradstreet through her son John who settled in Topsfield, Massachusetts.

The home into which this little child came was typical of the best of our early New England households. The house itself was noted, even in those solemn days, for having been, when ready for occupancy, dedicated like a church. By invitation of the host, many came to this service of prayer and praise, and the event was long remembered locally. This old house is still standing intact, its proportions and outline are unaltered, and with its terraced garden at the rear, has been used as a subject for the canvas of the artist Ernest Longfellow.

Early in Elizabeth's childhood her father left his profession of school-teaching and went into business in Boston making a new home in Chelsea, Massachusetts. This change secured a larger income to meet the needs of the growing family, and the benefit also for all of a closer touch with Boston and its privileges. In the quiet suburb Miss Gould grew up, and through this favorable environment she developed the fine mind and heart that made her eventually an intellectual force, not only in the great city itself, but in its surrounding towns, and finally in the great world outside.

The atmosphere of her refined home, under the influence of able teachers in music, art, literature and history, laid the foundation of the general culture which was built upon by her extensive travels, are selling at three thousand dollality. Among the early influences she herself loved to recall was the intimacy with Judge Mellen Chamberlain and his family. Her gratitude for those happy days was what impelled her to the permanent memorial she had made by the valuable gift of books, one hundred and thirty-five in number, containing among their pages, autographed personal letters from the authors themselves, willed by her to the Boston Public Library, to be added to the Judge Chamberlain collection. Another friend of whom Miss Gould always spoke with reverence and affection, as one to whom she owed much, was Judge Charles B. Waite, one of the leading minds in the Northwest. To the influences of her home, and the contact with men and women of strong intellect, may be added her natural gift for music and its interpretation which doubtless helped to develop her poetic faculties. She became a skilled musician, but her ability in this direction gradually declined, as she became more active with her pen. As an author Miss Gould did not appear suddenly in the field. She was a mature woman when her first noticeable literary effort was put forth—a small volume published in 1889, entitled "Gems from Walt Whitman." Her courage in coming forward as a champion of this much misunderstood poet won the respect of his adverse critics and stayed their too harsh pens; while those who admired him, but had neither courage nor opportunity to say so, loved her for her success in a difficult cause. Some one has said, "Had

she never given to the public any other work than this, she would be entitled to a lasting place in the literary world." Miss Gould has given valuable help, being ing the best of this "broad-minded and pure-hearted poet" to the American people, when she revealed him as the friend, in her work called "Anne Gilchrist and Walt Whitman." The success of these efforts made her an honored member of the International Walt Whitman Fellowship. To students of educational progress Miss Gould has given valuable help, being regarded as authority on the life and work of Friedrich Froebel. Her account of Robert College on the Bosphorus is the only one ever put in writing, and her paper on Bulgaria won for her most appreciative words from Prince Alexander himself. In America the star which has attracted is her sketch of "John Adams and Daniel Webster as Schoolmasters." The able critic and author, Charles Francis Adams calls it "a most thorough piece of historical work," and it has been put in all the principal libraries of the United States. As a singer among the poets, Miss Gould can claim a place by her verses written for special occasions, which of course gave no great opportunity, but revealed often grace and beauty of expression. Her versatility, as well as her power of conscientious research for the verification of her statements and reason for her conclusions, are best seen in her two volumes of articles written on questions of public interest and printed in leading papers and magazines. It was quite natural that she should have studied into one of the greatest questions of the present day, the one of universal suffrage, and quite characteristic of her that she put her conclusions when reached into definite form. Her article called "Why I Became a Woman Suffragist" is a modest, convincing statement of her own conclusions. In speaking to me upon the subject she said, "My attitude in regard to women voting is to vote every chance I can get and talk about it only when I am sure talk is needed."

Miss Gould's longest prose work, and her last literary work is her only novel "The Pioneer Doctor." Its scenes are laid in Boston, and is as interesting and entertaining as it is pure in motive. Interwoven with its love story is the history of the period that saw the one hundredth birthday of American independence, the birth of the telephone, the activity of the bicycle, and the practical development of electricity. It is a book which will live beyond the passing day.

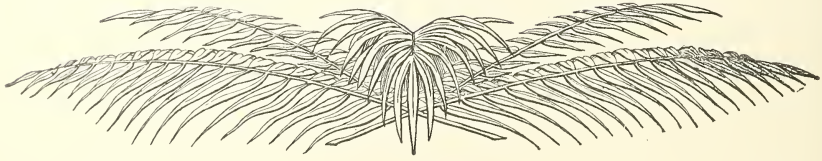
Although Miss Gould never made the lecture field a special aim she proved herself a most interesting and instructive speaker, when called, as she often was, to appear before clubs and societies with original work upon some particular subject. Her favorite themes were the lives of Abigail Adams, Mary Somerville, Hannah Adams and Caroline Herschel. Those fortunate enough to hear her enthusiastic, temperate and eloquent studies of these strong women have received an inspiration. At first Miss Gould appeared before the chief literary clubs of Boston and environs going finally to the South and West as her name became more widely known. She was the first woman to lecture before the University of Virginia, in response to a most flattering invitation. The present day Current Events classes, which are so popular originated with Miss Gould who was the first to plan and carry out this system of condensed information as to the world's doings and progress. It was at first "Topic Work" and "Topic Class." Miss Gould was a beloved leader in this for more than ten years. Her success was largely in the fact that she combined the power of extemporaneous expression with a reservoir of material that only a faithful, earnest literary mind can compass. Her classes were many and enthusiastic, often numbering more than forty women in each, and meeting every fortnight.

In one respect Miss Gould differed from the usual strongly intellectual woman or man—she was exact and systematic to a remarkable degree. Her library was so carefully arranged, and her treasures so neatly indexed and listed, that in her last illness, when at the hospital she knew she

could not return home, she was able to make a complete inventory, telling where each book, picture or manuscript could be found with the memoranda concerning them. Among these precious things was a large collection of autographed photographs of distinguished and noted persons, as well as photographic copies of famous masterpieces numbering hundreds, also a bound volume of letters called the "Browning Letters" for they were those sent her from interested readers of her book "The Brownings and America." Naturally the first letter in this collection is the one written to her by the son of the famous poet, Robert Barrett Browning, and her chief treasure in this connection was their autographed portraits. Her Omar Khayyam album was another valued possession, for famous artists and authors had left for love of her many a lovely original sketch upon its pages. Among Miss Gould's written books of travel is one giving an account of what she called "her hobby" of dipping her hands in historic and poetic waters. "My fads and hobbies," she once said to me, "have always been harmless and sometimes profitable ones." She had cooled her fingers in all the noted and historic waters in this country and in Europe.

Amid all these pleasant memories and congenial surroundings, loving and beloved, in the maturity of her powers, and approaching the serenest and happiest period of life—old age—it was hard for this gifted woman to face the fact that her work and her pleasures here were ended, and that she must yield to a fatal disease. But true to the motto of her house, "Sauvitur ac Fortiter," sweetly and bravely she passed away from all these earthy scenes.

FREDERICA C. BABCOCK



The-National-Society-of-N.E.-Women



By E. Marguerite Lindley

October brings together again various circles of women; and none anticipate the reopening of clubs more pleasantly than do the members of the National Society of New England Women. "Old Home Week" meant more to this Society than to any other organization; and those who were not privileged to enjoy a visit to the home-town of their nativity or that of some of their ancestors, are eager to meet again those that were, and to hear of the various interests, changes, developments—the happy and sad—that have occurred. The more distant the location from New England the more earnest are members to visit or to hear about these "home week" happenings.

The plans of the National Society for the coming year are completed; and the programme of the Parent Society will be published in next month's issue. It would lessen greatly the secretary work if readers would refer to this rather than write for information concerning various functions. Not that any secretary is ever other than pleased to answer letters concerning our fraternity; but of the various programmes it seems rather needless when once these have been published.

All members of the National Society, including the Colonies look forward to the President's reception as the leading occasion of the year. It is this in more ways than one. It not only opens the round of social interest but it is a reunion after the summer vacation, and a glad welcome of the year to follow extended by our chief Executive Officer to her following. This year the president, Mrs. Theodore Frelinghuysen Seward, will hold her reception Saturday, October 20th. She will be assisted by Mrs. Charles Gilmore Kerley, first vice president and Miss Lizzie Woodbury Law, second vice president.

Plans for the year in the various Colonies have also been completed and their programmes will be published in the magazine at an early issue. As all have been enjoying a summer vacation there are no reports to publish in this number. Next month's issue will necessarily cover a large space. Philanthropy has had no vacation in any of the organizations that comprise the National Society. Notable among good work for others is that accomplished by our San Francisco Colony in the care of the poor people rendered homeless by the earthquake, and Montclair in the work covered by their district nurse.

The Founding of Salem, Mass.

By Mrs. L. J. Young Withee

THE weaving of a magnificent carpet or tapestry involves innumerable threads, of texture coarse and fine; manifold colors, in shades sober and gay; skillful workmen, deft in finger, artist in eye; and patient ingenuity and time to interweave warp and woof into one imperial whole, thus to make a fabric of lasting worth and beauty.

Motley, the historian says of our great American Republic: "The American democracy is the result of all that was great in bygone times. All led up to it. It embodies all. Mount Sinai is in it, Egypt is in it, Greece is in it, Rome is in it; all the arts are in it, and all the reformations, and all the discoveries."

Briefly summarized, America comprises: "Speech, the Alphabet, Mount Sinai, Egypt, Greece, Rome, Nazareth, the Feudal System, the Magna Charta, gunpowder, the printing-press, the mariner's compass," and we may further add,—electricity, the railroad, the telegraph, the sewing machine, the telephone, the automobile, and —Edison, "The Wizard."

A birth into new conditions—be it individual or national—is always a bitter travail; a struggle with reactionary forces that engender supreme pain and suffering.

> A weary watch in the night,
> Ere the gleaming hope of light.

Long years before the American Republic was set on the map of the ages, the Hand of God was preparing the eternal forces on both sides of the main, twining the filaments into threads which were to be woven into this marvelous fabric for the American Continent—a Continent vast in extent, stretching from ocean to ocean, from the Atlantic's bounding waves on the East to the mighty billows that thunder on the golden strand of the West.

Where this carpet now glows with brilliant hues, and cultured millions tread with stately measures; where the cultivated glebe extends, and palaced cities star the land, once was a wilderness wild and rude, where the Red Man roamed, and savage animals homed in forest and mountain depths.

God spoke the word: "Let there be a mighty nation of mine own planted in the land where dwell my red children!"—and through the waste of war and fateful plague, he reduced the myriad hosts that thronged that wilderness stage. He put out His hand on the Old World and spun the threads one by one, and when the hour thrilled on the dial-plate of time, he impelled them forth on their pilgrim quest. Cavalier and Caledonian, Pilgrim and Puritan, Spaniard and Scandinavian, Hollander, each with its glint of light, its russet tone or bright-hued ray, he sent across the waste of billowing waters,—each a strand to weave in that great national fabric 'mid the pathless forests and mountain ranges of an unknown world, the great republic of the future.

Religious disruption in England was the foundation of our great American Republic. In this paper I have only one of these diverse lines to deal with. Each has its wonderful story to tell. It is not the violet ray of the gentle Pilgrim, with the tender romance of the maiden Priscilla; it is not the golden thread of the Hollander, with the cheer of the foaming tankard; it is not the blue-blooded Cavalier's open-handed hospitality, or the fiery banner of the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe; it is not the scarlet hue of priestly Spain, with the undaunted courage of the "Mission Fathers"; it is not the bonneted thistle of the Caledonian, with his slogan cry of "Scots, whae hae" that I lay be-

fore you,—rather it is a page dark and austere, across which stalks the Puritan, stern in mien and sombre-toned, with his dark cloak and peaked hat, his eyes glowing with the surcharged fire of an indomitable purpose. Like a meteor across his sky sweeps the fiery train of the witches' doom. The Puritans were chosen by divine wisdom and set apart among human kind for a particular duty in the evolution of the world; they were trained, disciplined and perfected in a school of suffering and martyrdom to become the pioneers of a vast world reformation.

To appreciate the actuating sentiments of the Puritan exodus to the New World, we must hark back to the Island Kingdom, our Mother heart, where our forefathers were cradled. Three hundred years and more ago, the religious pulse of England beat on the banks of the yellow Tiber, and the saffron hue of its priest-ridden waters was reflected over the white cliffs of Albion. A net-work of churchly superstitions held the whole kingdom in its thrall. But we have no time to deal with the emancipation of England from the supremacy of Rome. Bluff King Hal with his matrimonial graft and proclivity for railroading wives, sensual and heartless as he is painted, was yet an instrument in the providence of God to cut this Gordian knot. None so strong as he to bulwark the mighty fulminations of this Vatican stronghold. Suffice it to say that the Papal yoke was lifted from English necks, but in the wake of their deliverance there raged an insane religious intolerance.

During the short reign of the youthful Edward VI., a National Church was formulated amid spirited controversies, bitter asperities,—yea, vile vituperations and malignant invective. The Anglican Church was framed upon a union of Church and State, with a revision of ancient creeds, which, although divested of certain forms and ceremonials, was still permeated with the supersititous symbols of the old Pagan worship, and with private judgment chained to the stake. The Puritans desired to purify the Church, and imbue it with the primitive simplicity of its early days, as under the tuition of the gentle Galilean prophet. They wished to eliminate temporal sovereignty, let the word of God alone be arbiter, and the individual conscience prevail. This created a schism in the Church with which they still remained connected, but with whose service or ritual they did not conform. They were, therefore, regarded as a sect or faction, known as non-conformists, and nicknamed "Puritans." Because of their non-conformity, they could not enjoy the full privileges of the Churchmen. They were a distinct caste, segregated from, and yet a part of their church brothers, like the Gulf Stream flowing through the ocean waters, and yet not of them.

We are all familiar with the mourning, desolation and woe wrought by the bloody hand of Queen Mary, who succeeded her half-brother upon the throne of England in 1553. The fires of Smithfield were kindled alike upon Separatists and Puritans, and though the reign of Elizabeth, beginning in 1558, abated the fiery baptism, yet violent sectarian contentions raged in the English Church. The prison doors opened for those who had suffered for conscience's sake, and many exiles returned to their native land, but it soon became evident that Elizabeth intended to adopt arbitrary measures toward her Puritan subjects. "The test of loyalty" in that age "was undeviating conformity to the canons of the church and implicit obedience to the mandates of the Crown."

The Puritans began to form separate congregations about 1567, and in 1572 the "first-born of all presbyteries" was established at Wandworth in Surrey. About the period 1592, there were four classes or religious parties in England—the Catholics, or adherents of the Church of Rome; the members of the Anglican or Established Church; the Puritans; and the Separatists, or Independents. To the last party belonged the Plymouth Colonists, of 1620. The Puritans were the founders of the Massachusetts Colony, who came to Naumkeag, or Salem, in 1628, under the charge of Mr. John Endicott.

The unprincipled James I. of Scotland

took possession of the English Crown in 1603. Educated in the school of Knox, with his Presbyterian training, the Puritans had strong reason to rejoice in the prospect of royal favor. But again they were doomed to disappointment. On January 14, 1004, at the Hampton Court Conference, speaking of the Puritans he said: "I shall make them conform themselves, or I will harry them out of the land, or else do worse." Later he boasted in a letter to a Scotch friend, that he had "soundly peppered off the Puritans." Harry them he did, with the bloodhounds of persecution, Independents and Puritans, until they were again obliged to flee their land, and seek an asylum in Holland; subsequently to brave the perils of a tempestuous ocean, the privations of a virgin land, and the terrors of a savage people, to establish their principles of religious freedom, and ultimately to become the founders of the mightiest republic ever placed upon the face of the earth.

The predominating note of the earliest Massachusetts or Bay Colonists was the spirit of commercialism and utilitarian industrialism, the corner stone of the future vast prosperity of the Commonwealth. In "A Description of New England," by Captain John Smith, published in England in 1616, he describes the countrie of the Massachusetts, the "paradise of all those parts," which, with its sandy cliffs and quarries of stone "resembleth the Coast of Devonshire," and the greatness and wonderful quantity of its fish, "the maine staple, from hence to bee extracted for the present to produce the rest, which, however, may seem a mean and a base commoditie." He says, "Could I have but means to transport a colonie I would rather live here than anywhere."

He then pays a tribute to the wealth and state of the Hollanders, at that time a great nation, "the carriers of the ocean and the harvesters of the sea," saying: "Never could the Spaniard with all his Mynes of golde and silver, pay his debts, his friends and army, halfe so truly, as the Hollanders still have done by this contemptible trade of fish. But this is their Myne; and the Sea the source of those silvered streams of all their vertue; which hath made them now the very miracle of industrie, the pattern of perfection for these affaires; and the benefit of fishing is that Primum mobile that turns all their Spheres to this height of plentie, strength, honour and admiration. Herring, Cod, and Ling, is that triplicitie that makes their wealth and shippings multiplicities."

This narrative, quaint in phraseology and spelling, with its strong plea for colonization, and crude accompanying map, stimulated British commercialism to extend its fishing industry to the shores of the New World, whose waters were swarming with the finny tribe.

Soon after the Pilgrim Fathers had established themselves upon the New England shores, several merchants in Dorchester, in the south of England, became interested in the cod fishing industry along the New England coast. About 1623 or '24 they established a fishing stage and a plantation trading-post at Cape Anne, the eastern extremity of what is now Essex County, Massachusetts. The Dorchester Company organized a trading company, with a common stock of 3,000 pounds, and sent out a few adventurers, to this place. This Company was the progenitor of our great crop of trusts, which in many recent cases have proved so untrustful. Roger Conant, who had been a member of the Plymouth Colony, but who had voluntarily removed to Nantasket, and whom history and tradition invest with the high virtues of sobriety, prudence and integrity, was made Governor of the little colony, Thomas Gardner, plantation overseer, and John Tilley, superintendent of the fishery. The patent of the lands at Cape Anne was held under the Plymouth Colony.

This little pioneer fishing settlement, whose slogan was the mighty cod fish, not proving advantageous to the Dorchester promoters, they abandoned the undertaking. However, this was the germ or seed that later grew into a flourishing colony stalk, flowering and fruiting into the grand Commonwealth harvest.

Governor Conant remained in constant

communication with his relatives and friends in Dorchester, and deeply deploring their religious oppressions, he conceived the project of establishing a colony in the New World where freedom of worship could be enjoyed by them. He therefore selected "a pleasant and fruitful neck of land" at Naumkeag, the present Salem, removing there with a few chosen associates, and erecting a small plantation. In the meantime he wrote letters to the Dorchester Company, urging it to finance a reputable colony to be sent out to Naumkeag. Rev. John White, a non-conformist clergyman, was the most active in promoting the enterprise and his name should ever be held in veneration as one of the chief founders of the Massachusetts Colony, and he has well been named, the "Father of the Colony." He started a large discussion throughout the kingdom, and invincible to all opposition he induced many of the landed gentry and London capitalists to contribute toward the support of a plantation to be composed of men of integrity and worth, who would take their families and build up homes in the New World.

Charles I. was then King of England, and the Puritans were becoming more and more restless under his usurpations. Several of them welcoming this colonization scheme as an escape from the disturbed condition of affairs in the kingdom, agreed to become members of the expedition. Arrangements were perfected, and on March 19, 1628, some gentlemen in and about Dorchester obtained a patent of territory in America from "the Council established at Plymouth, in the County of Devon, for the planting, ruling and governing of New England in America," usually called "The Council of New England." The land covered in this patent was "bounded northerly by a line three miles north of the Merrimac river, southerly by a line three miles south of the Charles river, and of every part thereof, in the Massachusetts Bay; and in length between the described breadth, from the Atlantic Ocean to the South Sea," so-called. In order to avoid perplexing embarrassments over former grants of this territory, or for other reasons, a second patent was obtained, bearing date May 30, 1628. The Company organized by choosing Matthew Cradock as Governor, Thomas Goffe as Deputy Governor, with a Board of Assistants. It had ample resources at its command, and selected one of its own members, John Endicott, Esq., "a Puritan of the sternest mould," to take charge of the expedition. He willingly accepted the trust, taking with him his wife, who was a cousin of Governor Cradock, and his children to this far-off land.

On June 20, 1628, this little company of Argonauts set sail from Weymouth, England, in the good ship "Abigail," commanded by Henry Gauden, under instructions to proceed to Naumkeag, to "carry on the plantations of the Dorchester agents," and to "make way for the settling of another colony in Massachusetts." The voyage was long and tedious, as ocean voyages were at that time. They arrived at Naumkeag on September 6, 1628, and on September 13th, Mr. Endicott wrote to Governor Cradock informing him of their safe arrival on the shores of the New World.

They were warmly welcomed by Conant and his few trusty planters, who, almost at the last extremity of food supplies, had been preserving the breath of life in the Naumkeag settlement, and have been well called "the sentinels of Puritanism on the Bay of Massachusetts." The names of eight of these old planters have been preserved to posterity, viz: Roger Conant, Goodman Norman and son, Willliam Allen, Walter Knight, John Woodbury, Peter Palfrey and John Balch.

Preparations for building were at once made, and Endicott sent men to take down and remove to Naumkeag the frame house at Cape Anne, which had been built by the Dorchester Company.

This little pioneer band of Puritans had left influential and active freinds behind them. The gentry and wealthy merchants all over the realm had become interested in the Adventure, and were actively engaged in securing a charter for the Bay

Colony. The Earl of Warwick and Lord Dorchester, one of the Secretaries of State, were especially influential in their behalf; able lawyers advocated their cause. King Charles I., in his greed for money, was ready to bite at the golden bait, and the coveted charter, under the title, "The Government and Company of Massachusetts Bay in New England," passed the seals March 4, 1629. Mr. Cradock writing to Mr. Endicott, April 7th, makes mention of privileges which "we from His Majesty's special grace, with great cost, favor of personages of note, and much labor have obtained." The historians tell us this charter cost the Company 2,000 pounds sterling, a pound sterling at that time being equivalent to six or eight pounds at the present time.

During the year 1629 six ships came over from England bearing accessions to the new colony. They were the "Talbot," Captain Thomas Beecher; the "George Bonaventure," Captain Thomas Coxe; the "Lion's Whelp," Captain John Gibbs, a "neat and nimble ship," owned by the Dorchester Company, and designed to carry forty planters from Dorsetshire and Somersetshire; the "Four Sisters," of London, Captain Roger Harman; the "Mayflower," of Yarmouth, Captain William Pierse; and the "Pilgrim," of London, Captain William Woolridge. The destination of most of their passengers was "Naumkeag and the Bay," although thirty-five members of the Leyden Church came over in the "Mayflower" and the "Talbot," as additions to the Plymouth Colony.

Among the notable passengers that came over in the "Talbot" (1629) was the Rev. Francis Higginson, of Leicestershire, "a graduate of Emanuel College, and a man mighty in the Scriptures and learned in the tongues," who was to minister to the spiritual welfare of the colony. A few months later he thus writes home: "When we first came to Na-hum-kek we found about half a score of houses, and a fair house newly built for the Governor. There are in all of us, both old and new planters, about three hundred, whereof two hundred of them settled at Na-hum-kek, now called Salem, and the rest have planted themselves at Mathusilets Bay, beginning to build a town there, which we do call Cherton, or Charlestown."

By this time a provisional government had been instituted, styled "The Governor and Council of London's Plantation in the Massachusetts Bay, in New England," of which John Endicott had been chosen Governor—Governor of the Colony, but not of the Company, which were two distinct bodies, the Colony being dependent upon the Company. This Council consisted of thirteen members, the numeral 13 evidently being the mascot number for our brave republic; therefore we may well denominate it as the national number.

We cannot take leave of the Salem Colony until it has come into possession of its charter, which was brought over in the "Arbella," that sailed from Southampton, England, on the 8th of April, 1630. The "Arbella" formerly the "Eagle," commanded by Captain Peter Milbourne, who was the admiral of a fleet of eleven vessels that rendezvoused at Southampton, and came over about the same time, the others being the "Jewell," the "Ambrose," the "Mayflower," the "Whale," the "Talbot," the "Hopewell," the "William and Francis," the "Trial," the "Charles," and the "Success." They were "filled with passengers of all occupations, skilled in all kinds of faculties, needful for the planting of a new colony," and coming, we are told, "some from the West of England, but the greatest number came from about London."

The "Arbella" had a cold and tempestuous voyage, lasting sixty-one days. She and the "Jewell" were the first of the fleet to arrive, sighting Cape Anne on the 11th of June, nearing Naumkeag on the 12th, but on account of adverse winds, they did not warp into the harbour and disembark their passengers until the 14th of June.

In the "Arbella" were many people of distinction, whose hearts were consecrated to civil liberty, who became mighty factors in the development of New England, and have left to follow them a long roll of

proud descendants. Among these notable personages were John Winthrop, who became the first Governor under the Charter, and the first of the united Company and Colony; Thomas Dudley, steward of the Earldom of Lincoln, the Deputy Governor, and afterwards Colonial Governor; his wife, Lady Dorothy Yorke, of royal lineage; Simon Bradstreet, son of a nonconformist minister of the same name, of Horbling, Lincolnshire, who had recently married Anne Dudley, afterward notable as the "first poetess of America," and called "the grandmother of American literature"; Isaac Johnson, Esq., and the Lady Arbella, his wife, daughter of the Earl of Lincoln; Sir Richard Salstonstall, of Yorkshire, who became the founder of Watertown, Connecticut; John Humphrey, of Dorsetshire, brother-in-law of Johnson, and a prominent lawyer; William Coddington, of Lincolnshire, who founded a prominent mercantile house in Boston, and later became one of the fathers of Rhode Island; Roger Ludlow, and others of brain and brawn, wise, learned, and genial men and women. To the hands of Winthrop, Dudley, Bradstreet, Johnson, Ludlow, Increase Nowell and William Pynchon was entrusted the precious charter, which was to be transferred to the Colony, and blend the two into one body.

The "Mayflower," the "Abigail," the "Arbella"!—three immortal vessels, whose names should be blazoned high on our national ensign. Each with its hostages of love and exemplars of all the domestic virtues, to gild the family state,—Priscilla Molines, Dame Endicott, Anne Dudley Bradstreet, each a shining star whom their descendants are proud to emulate.

These early Puritans were gentlemen and gentlewomen of distinguished families and ample estate, many of them having the yearly revenues of large lands in England. They were high-minded men and women, of fine education and culture. But delicately nurtured, the harsh climate, famine and lack of pure water soon wrought havoc among them. Many appalling deaths occurred, among the most deplored of which were those of the venerable Rev. Francis Higginson, and the Lady Arbella Johnson, followed one month later by that of her husband, Isaac Johnson, Esq.

Puritan and Pilgrim soon became one people. The same "Puritan church-bell," the beat of the drum, called them to worship, and the incense of prayer rose up to God from the same altar. We cannot now further follow the devious paths of these builders of the Commonwealth of New England. Again the beat of the drum rallied them at Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill, and "the shot that was heard 'round the world" drew into the loom the pine cone of Pemaquid, the golden Manhattan reel, the Quaker drab, the Virginia blues, and other threads, and lo, the multiplicities of color became a triplicitie of red, white and blue, and the tapestry woof was anon transformed into a starry banner, whose folds in course of time floated over a great and prosperous nation of seventy million souls.

"Let us take to ourselves a lesson,
No lesson can braver be,
Of the ways of the tapestry weavers,
On the other side of the sea.

"Above their head the pattern hangs,
They study it with care,
The while their fingers deftly weave,
Their eyes are fastened there.

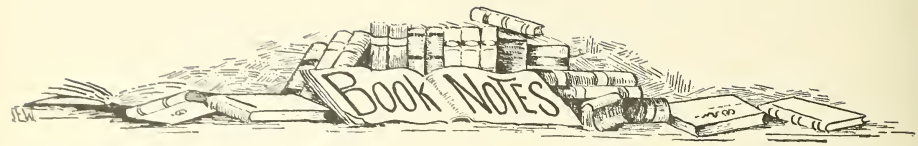
"They tell this curious thing besides,
Of the patient, plodding weaver,
He works on the wrong side evermore,
But works for the right side ever.

"It is only when his work is done,
And the web is loosed and turned,
That he sees the real handiwork
His marvelous skill has learned.

"Ah, the sight of its delicate beauty!
How it pays him for all its cost!
No rarer, daintier work than his
Was ever done by the frost.

"The years of man are nature's looms,
Let down from the place of the sun,
Wherein we are weaving alway,
Till the mystic work is done.

"Sometimes blindly—but weaving surely,
Each for himself his fate;
We may not see how the right side looks,
We must often weave—and wait."



DOUBLE TROUBLE. By Herbert Quick.

A strange story of double personality. Florian Amidon goes to sleep one night, and discovers, on awaking, that five years have passed since he went to sleep. He learns, through a clairvoyant, that another personality, a man named Eugene Brassfield, has had possession of his body during those five years, and papers which he finds in his possession corroborate her story.

He also learns that he has, under the Brassfield personality, become engaged to a girl whom, as Amidon, he does not know at all, and that he has business interests in Bellevale, the town where he lived as Brassfield, which render his immediate presence there imperative. The amusing complications caused by his ignorance of things which as Brassfield he is supposed to know are seemingly endless, but the ending, when it comes, is a happy one, and the reader will enjoy every page of the story, for it is told in a bright racy way, with many a laugh "on the side." (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, $1.50.)

THE BOY AND THE OUTLAW. By Thomas J. L. McManus. A tale of John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry. Illustrated.

This is a good story which every boy will enjoy. Clay Angel, a typical country boy, and pining for an "eddication," comes across a wounded mulatto, one of John Brown's band, hidden in some bushes which grow along the tow-path of the canal. Although at first much alarmed, while talking with him he becomes interested in the fugitive and decides, at great risk to himself, to hide him from the officers of the law. The adventures of these two central characters form the basis of the plot, but from the point of view of pure amusement many of the minor characters, such as Molloy "the irrepressible" and other "hands that work on the dam," each one of them a character-study—not to mention the various typical old-fashioned negroes depicted with a keen appreciation of their little weaknesses—will be found as interesting as the two principals. (The Grafton Press, 70 Fifth Ave., New York.)

FROM BULL RUN TO CHANCELLORSVILLE. By Newton Martin Curtis.

This is the story of the Sixteenth New York Infantry, together with the personal reminiscences of the author.

General Curtis's volume is not a dry military history. It tells the story of the part taken by the Sixteenth New York Infantry in the campaigns from Bull Run to Chancellorsville, when the regiment was mustered out and its members promptly re-enlisted "for the war"; also the record of the Army of the Potomac during this period, with the operations of its various corps and their subdivisions in each of the battle. Woven into the narrative of marching and battle, are personal reminiscences and many a good story is told of men and events. The reader is, as it were, invited to a "camp-fire" and listens to stories of privation and suffering, of heroic deeds and unselfish devotion to duty and to friendship. There is a vivid description of a night on a battlefield, and many another picture, both humorous and grave.

The book is illustrated with many portraits of comrades in arms and is of peculiar interest to all soldiers of the Civil War. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.)

THE CONNECTICUT RIVER AND THE VALLEY OF THE CONNECTICUT. By Edwin M. Bacon.

This handsomely bound and profusely illustrated volume contains a descriptive and historical sketch of the longest river in New England and one of the fairest valleys in the country. Those who have read "Walks and Rides in the Country Around Boston," "Historic Pilgrimages in New England," or "Literary Pilgrimages in New England," are already familiar with the author's charming style and this latest volume from Mr. Bacon's pen shows no less painstaking study and careful research. The picturesque Connecticut Valley has been the scene of so much of the history of this country, especially of the formative periods, that its story cannot help being of interest to all Americans. It is a thrilling story,—this narration of Indian and colonial wars; of the evolution of democratic

government; of the pioneer development of internal improvements and industries; of the planting and upbuilding of many and varied institutions of learning, and withal of the growth and unfolding of the genuine American character. The story begins with the Dutch discovery of this river, which the native Indians called the Quoeh-ta-cut, the "Long Tidal River," six years before the advent of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and deals with the settlement of its banks, its navigation, and its topography—a wonderfully interesting story.

"Thus we have followed the course of the 'Beautiful River' of which the poet whose name is most closely connected with it sings:

'From that lone lake, the sweetest of the chain
That links the mountain to the mighty main,
Fresh from the rock and swelling by the tree,
Rushing to meet and dare and brave the sea—
Fair, noble, glorious river in thy wave
The sunniest slopes and sweetest pastures lave;
The mountain torrent with its wintry roar,
Springs from its home and leaps upon thy shore.'"

It was Dr. Dwight's observation a hundred years ago, that the inhabitants of this valley then possessed a common character, and in all the different states through which it extends resembled each other more than their fellow citizens living on the coast resembled them. This similarity he found to be derived from their descent, their education, their local circumstances, and their mutual interests. "People," he sagely remarked, "who live on a pleasant surface and on a soil fertile and easy of cultivation, usually possess softer dispositions and manners than those who from inhabiting rougher grounds acquire rougher minds and coarser habits. Even the beauty of the scenery becomes a source of pride as well as of enjoyment." So it appeared that there was no tract in which learning was more, and more uniformly, encouraged, or where sobriety and decorum were more generally demanded or exhibited. "Steadiness of character, softness of manners, a disposition to read, respect for the laws and magistrates, a strong sense of liberty blended with a strong sense of indispensable importance of energetic government," were all predominant in this region. These original tracts survive, but not unchanged. The smoothing of the hand of time has passed over both people and landscape, softening a rugged feature here and there, removing some asperities, replacing with the beauty of cultivation the wilder beauty of nature in the rough; and yet leaving to the inhabitants and to the scenery those picturesque qualities which, we hope, will forever be associated with the "Valley of the Connecticut." (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.)

The Cynic's Rules of Conduct. By Chester Field, Jr.

A nice little book of cynical froth which can best be gauged by the following selections:

Take care of the luxuries and the necessities will take care of themselves.

The chief duty of the best man is to prevent the groom from escaping before the ceremony.

If a man's worth doing at all, he's worth doing well.

When alone in Paris behave as if all the world were your mother-in-law.

Remember, too, that perhaps you are not the sort of husband that father used to make.

Never let your right hand know what your left hand does.

An engagement ring should not be passed around like the "buck" in a poker game. "New girl, new ring," is the rule in select society.

(Henry Altemus & Company, Philadelphia, 50 cents.)

Mountain Wild Flowers of America. By Julia W. Henshaw.

One of the most attractive volumes of the year is this "simple and popular guide to the names and descriptions of the flowers that bloom above the clouds. Handsomely bound and printed and illustrated with a hundred remarkably clear and beautiful reproduced photographs, the book is indeed a work of art. No less artistic is the author's style of writing and treatment of her subject. The whole of her preface might well be quoted so delightful is the picture which it paints, but just a glimpse will suffice to reveal its charm.

"The paths, the woods, the heavens, the hills,
Are not a world to-day,
But just a place God made for us
In which to play."

So we wander in search of the mountain wild flowers, following the trails that lead to the Alpine meadows, listening to the bird-songs as we pass, wrapt in the peace of the perfect hills, while all about us the infinite beauty of things created, the magic of the summer skies, the

strength of the far-flung bastions, the purity of the eternal snows, and the glory of the flowers that bloom above the clouds bid us remember that we are walking "In the Freedom of the Garden Wild" with "God of the open Air."

"High up where the snow-crowned mountain monarchs rule over an enchanting land of foliage, ferns and fungi, outspanned in sunshine beneath the broad blue tent of the western sky, the Alpine meadows are ablaze witr starry blossoms. Held close in the curved arms of the cliffs, these patches of verdure and wondrous-tinted flowers are a revelation to the traveller. From the mountains of the Yukon and Alaska to the hills of Nova Scotia and New England, in the Rockies, the Selkirks, and the vast mountain ranges of Montana, Dakota, Washington, Oregon, California and other western states one will find that the same miracle has been wrought."

"As this book is intended more for the use of the general public than for botanists, the flowers herein described are classified according to color, and without especial reference to their scientific relationship; for the first attribute of a plant that attracts the traveller's eye is invariably its color, his first question usually being, What is that red flower? (or blue flower, or yellow flower? as the case may be). Of order, genus and species he probably knows nothing, and therefore the descriptions given in this guide to the mountain wild flowers are so simply and clearly worded that any plants indexed may be readily located in one of the color sections, together with its name and chief characteristics." A page is devoted to an explanation of the few botanical terms used. To anyone interested in the study of mountain flora this book will be of great assistance. (Ginn & Company, Boston, $2.00.)

Hygiene of the Nursery. By Louis Starr, M. D.

So popular has this helpful guide-book for young mothers become that it has now reached its seventh edition. Well indexed and written by a physician of good standing the information contained is thoroughly reliable and easily accessible. The book deals with the "General regime and feeding of infants and children; massage and the domestic management of the ordinary emergencies of early life," and in the eleven chapters which this little volume contains the author has attempted to point out in popular phraseology "a series of hygienic rules which if applied to the nursling, can hardly fail to maintain health, give vigor to the frame and so lessen the susceptibility to disease." In this latest edition "the subject matter has been carefully revised, and amended wherever necessary to keep abreast with the advances and improvements constantly being made in the methods of managing infants and children. Special attention has been given to the chapter on "Food," and numerous additions have been made to the "Dietary" and to the section devoted to "Emergencies." So much fun has been made of "Rule" and "Book" babies that it is quite surprising to find how nearly the rules laid down in this little volume coincide with the instinctive demands of the normal nursling. (P. Blakiston's Son & Company, 1012 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.)

The Watermead Affair. By Robert Barr.

The story of John Trumble, the Earl of Watermead, who is so provokingly, amusingly, and yet on the whole charmingly reckless that, what with his fines for swift auto-driving, and expenses incurred by kindred follies, he awakes one morning to find himself bankrupt. The calm way in which he takes his ill fortune after the first shock, and what he does about it, told in Robert Barr's inimitable manner will be appreciated by all who read them. Those who are attracted by the pleasing cover announcing the book to be "A Love Story" will not be disappointed, for the hero, in the course of his adventures, falls in love with the sweetest of girls, and they are "happy ever afterwards." (Henry Altemus & Company, Philadelphia, 12mo, decorated, 50 cents.

The Cynic's Dictionary. By Harry Thompson.

A brief, prettily printed little book of epigrams, decorations by Guernsey Moore. The following may be taken as a sample of the wise and witty saying: "An acquaintance is the friend who borrowed money from you." "Love is the banked fires of passion."

"Cupid gets blamed for many errors of judgment."

"A woman is as old as her lover thinks she is."

"A breach-of-promise suit is advertising a lost opportunity."

"Benedicks are penitent bachelors."

"Affinity is the man a woman travels all the way to South Dakota to get a divorce from."

"Alimony is the grass-widow's pension."

"Bigamy is its own punishment."

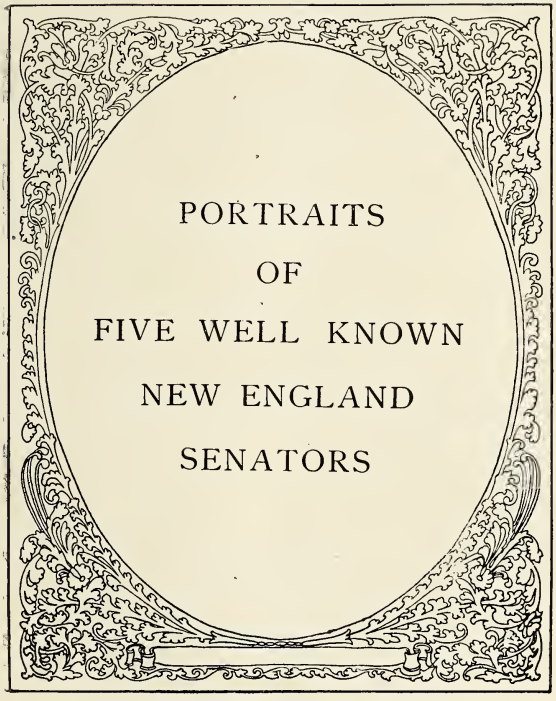
(Henry Altemus & Company, Philadelphia, 50 cents.)

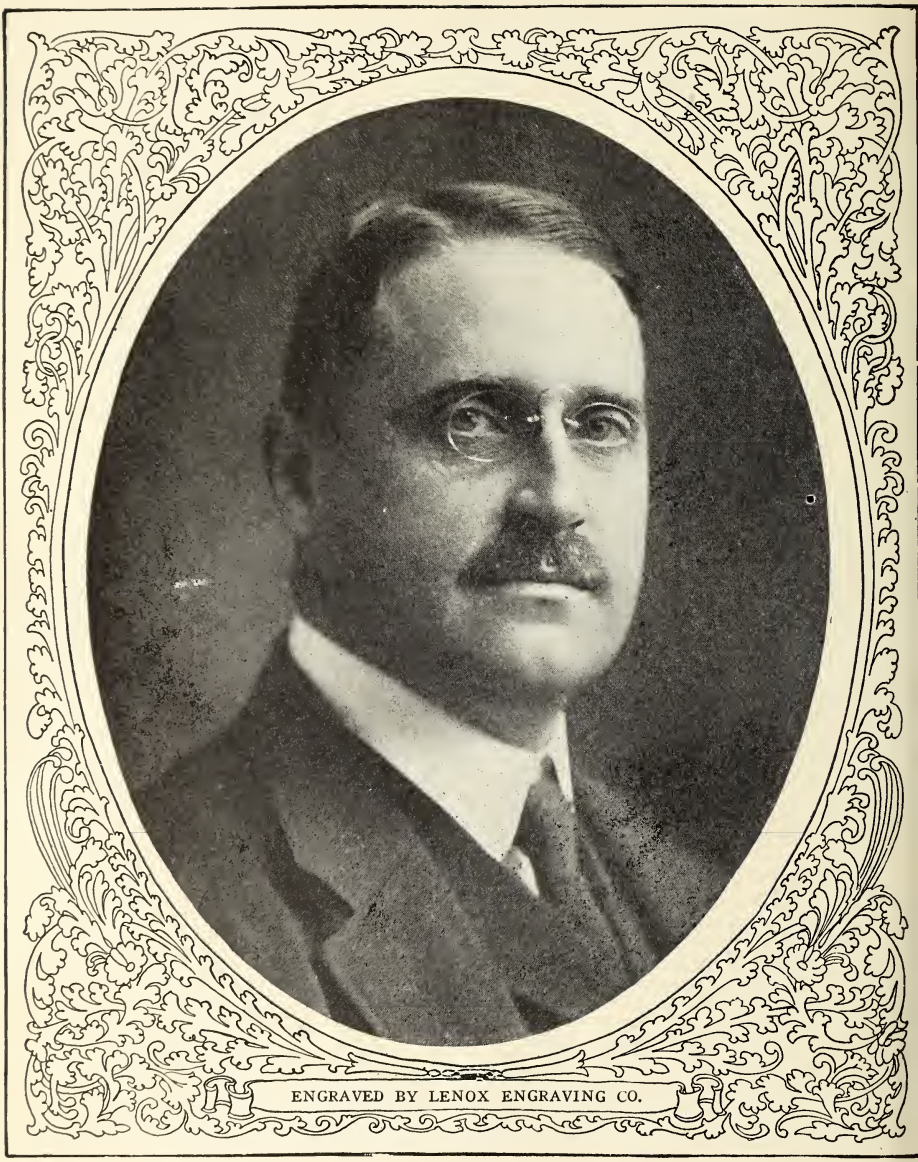


In November.

By Louise Lewin Matthews

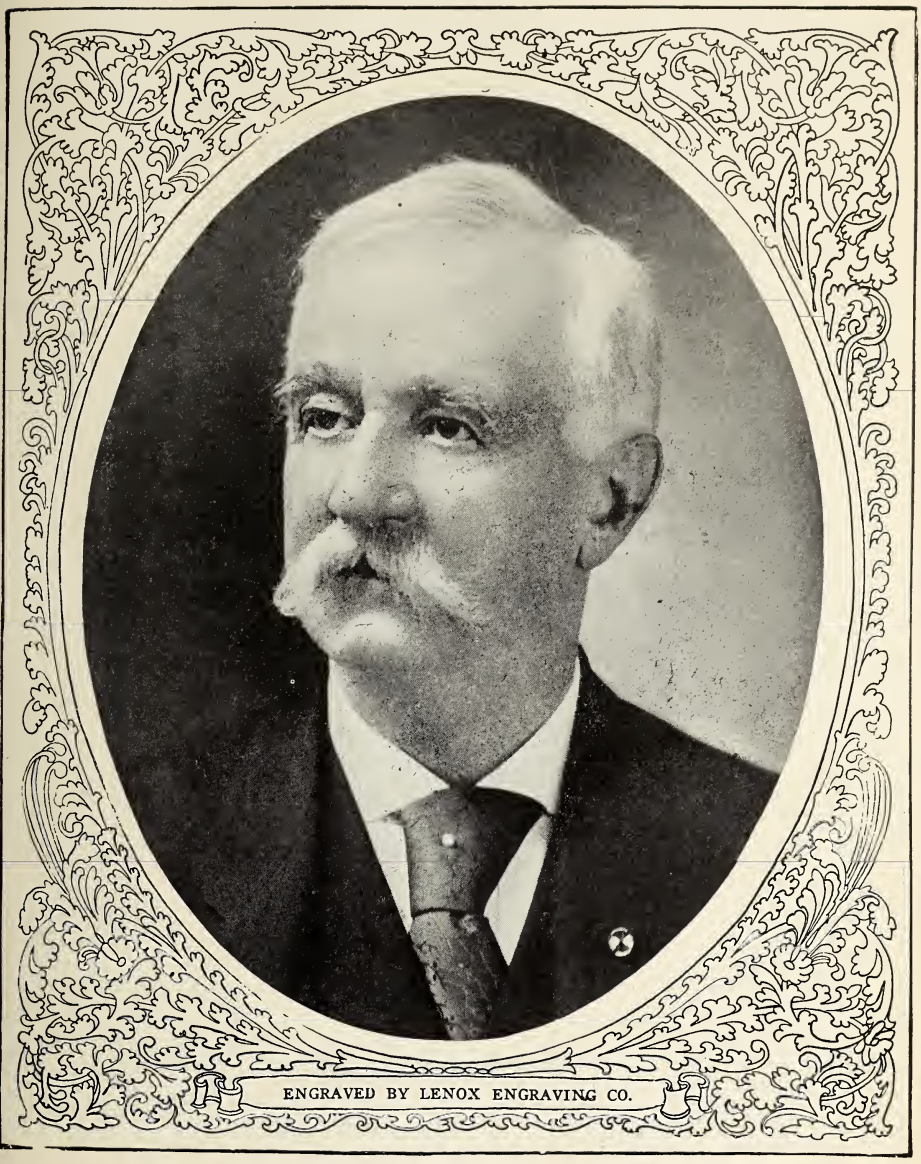
Autumnal winds grow dire and chilled,
And evening skies are wild and stern,
The murmur of each brook is filled,
With sighings for the dying fern.
The world looks cold and days are dread,
As Time leads on his changing hours,
For all the earth is dank and sere,
Bereft of Autumn's golden flowers.


PORTRAITS
OF
FIVE WELL KNOWN
NEW ENGLAND
SENATORS



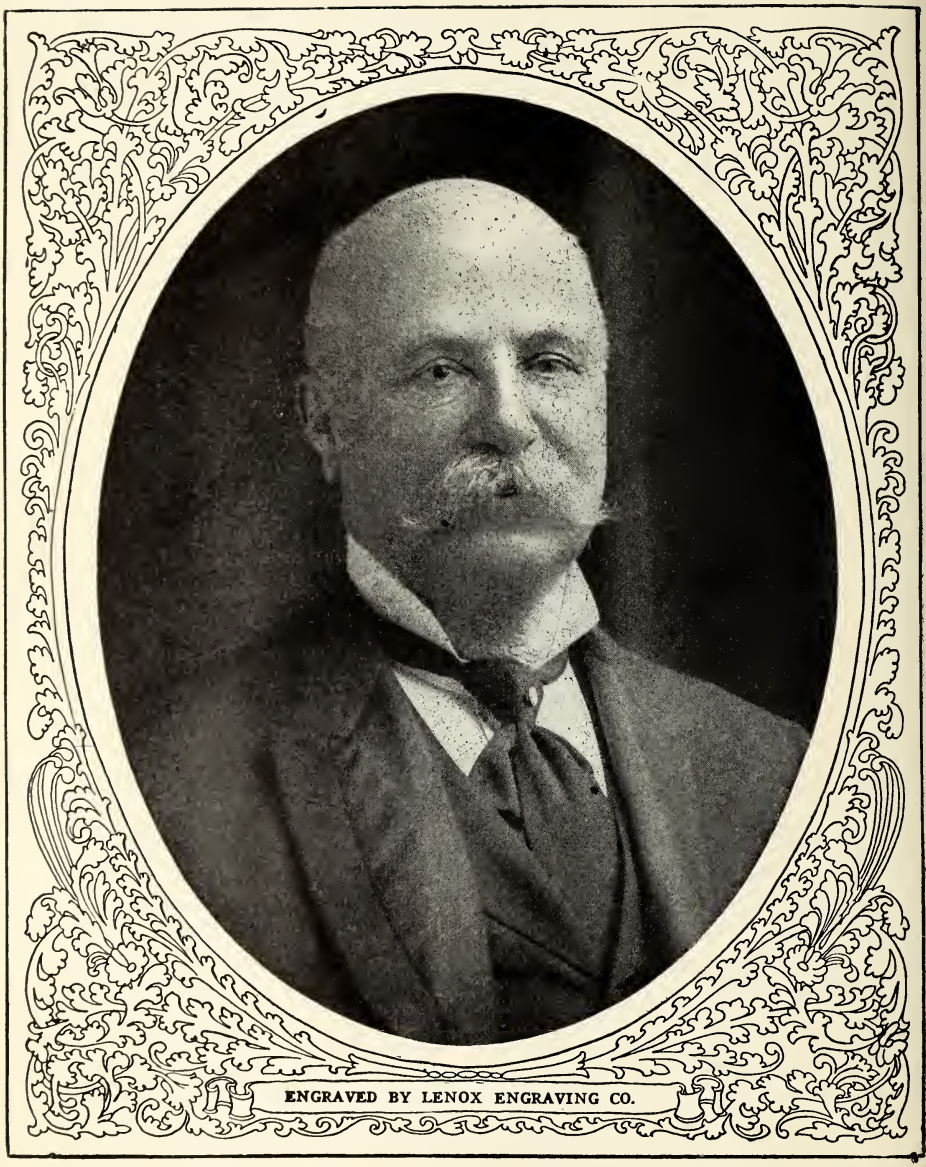
FRANK B. BRANDEGEE

United States Senator from Connecticut electe
1905 to succeed late O. H. Platt. Speake
Connecticut House of Representatives 189
member of Congress 1903-5, re-elected to 59t
Congress 1904.



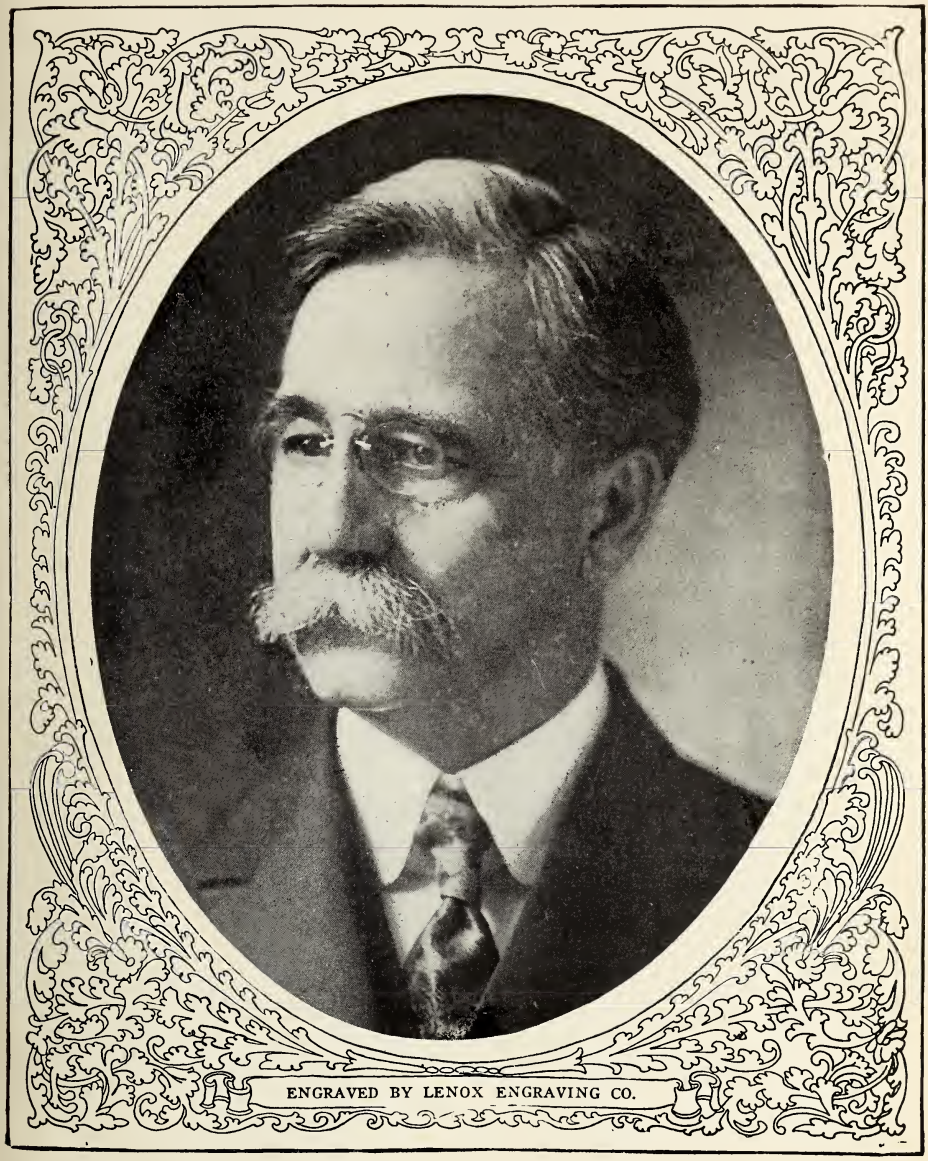
MORGAN G. BULKELEY

United States Senator from Connecticut, 1905-11, Republican, Mayor of Hartford 1880-8, Governor of Connecticut 1889-93.



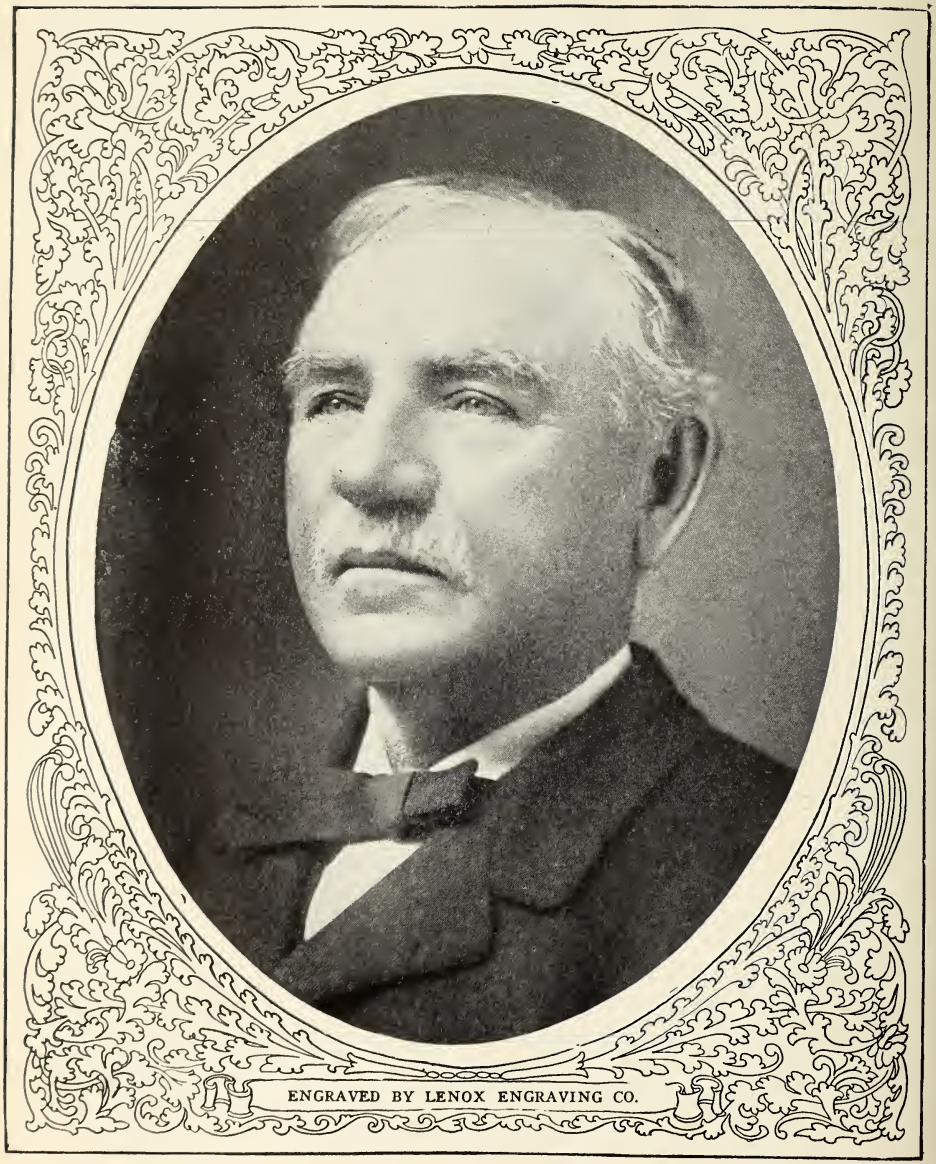
JACOB H. GALLINGER

United States Senator from New Hampshire 1881-1909, Republican, member of New Hampshire legislature 1872-3, 1891, State Senator 1878-80, Member of Congress 1885-9.



WILLIAM P. DILLINGHAM

United States Senator from Vermont, 1900-9, Republican, member of Vermont legislature, 1876-89, State Senator 1878-80, Governor 1888-90.



WILLIAM P. FRYE

United States Senator from Maine 1881-1907, Republican, member of Maine legislature 1861-2-7, member of Congress 1871-81, Chairman of Commerce Commission of Senate.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

November, 1906

VOLUME XXXV PUBLISHED MONTHLY NUMBER 3

The Loyalty of the Senate

By DAVID S. BARRY

(*Concluded*)

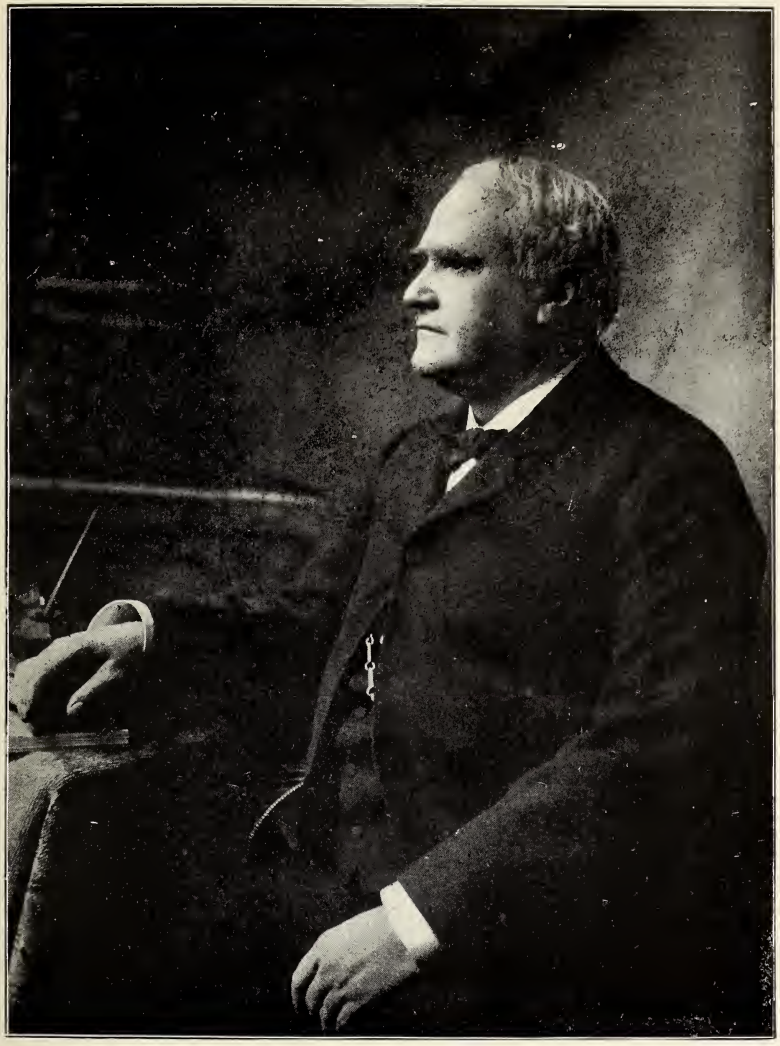
THE present popular outcry against the Senate as an unrepresentative body irresponsive to the will of the people and seeking only to perpetuate control of one party or dominance of one class of our citizenship—the class made up of the owners, advocates and defenders of corporate wealth—may sound unfamiliar in the ears of the present generation. And that is not altogether strange, for the unreasonableness and vindictiveness of the present agitation is unparalleled in history. Yet assaults upon the honor, the usefulness and the Americanism of the Senate are as old almost as that body itself. In the beginning of the era of criticism private character was more sacred than now and it was the Senate as a body that came in for abuse rather than the individual Senators as is the case today.

Just why the Senate should be, as is the House of Lords in England, the target for prejudicial attack is not clear; the most plausible explanation of the existing fact being the belief apparently firmly fixed in the human mind that those who are elected to offices of honor and trust for long terms cannot be as watchful and zealous of the rights of the people, their masters, as those who are required to return at short intervals for the approval of the electorate. This inborn feeling against those legislators remote from the popular impulse and thus insensible to its beatings, and the consequent antipathy to the "upper house" of the American legislature, finds expression whenever there is a demand for prompt action on some question of "reform" demanded by the people at large, often at the instigation of demagogic politicians and hastily granted by the House of Representatives, not from conviction that it is

right, but for fear of the consequence of their refusal to heed the popular clamor. Statesmen whose terms of office run but two years must be ever alert to the voice of public opinion and when in their panic they enact legislation that fails to appeal to their reason, they turn to their constituency and say: "Now we have done our duty; it is now the Senate to whom you must look." And the people do look there. Apparently not detecting the cowardice and insincerity of their direct representatives, anxious for re-election, they demand of the Senate equally prompt action. Entirely overlooking the fact that the Senate was created in the wisdom of the fathers as a check on the mercurial House of Representatives, they demand that the freedom of debate be curtailed and that the subject for legislation be enacted until the people are red hot with the excitement of the chase. They insist that provision be made for permitting the "previous question" to be ordered, that parliamentary device without which business would often come to a standstill in the hurly-burly of the House of Representatives, but the absence of which in the rules of the Senate has been the only safeguard against the enactment of legislation which would have been deplored as soon as the blast of those advocating it had cooled and the country had regained its sober senses.

As Senator Hoar points out, the demand for the "previous question" in the Senate has been fitfully and vociferously put forth since it was championed by Henry Clay during the presidency of John Tyler, at which time, singularly enough, it was defeated by the Democratic minority, who threatened forcible resistance if necessary to defeat it. Generally speaking it has been the Democratic party that has since opposed the many attempts to accomplish what Henry Clay failed to do, but this is largely if not wholly due to the fact that the Republican party has been the majority party in the Senate during a large part of the time since Clay's day and naturally exciting opposition to their plans and policies by the minority. It is a principle enumerated by many authorities that no measure has ever been presented to the Senate with the unwavering support of a majority of people that has failed to pass that body. It might be going too far to attempt to certify from the records the accuracy of this assertion, but it is certain that in recent years at least the absence of a closure rule—the senatorial designation of what in the popular branch is known as ordering the previous question—has not operated to prevent the taking of a vote.

Time and time again the minority has resorted to the refuge of seemingly endless talk to nullify the attempts of the majority to enact a measure of party policy but in every case when ordered by the will of the people, and sometimes without their moral support, the majority has been in the end victorious. The passage of the rate bill is not a case in point because it being originally a Democratic proposition, although taking legislative form under the pressure of a Republican President upon a Republican Congress, it passed the House of Representatives and would have had like support in the Senate but for the supposed exigencies of party politics.



STEPHEN B. ELKINS, U. S. SENATOR, WEST VIRGINIA

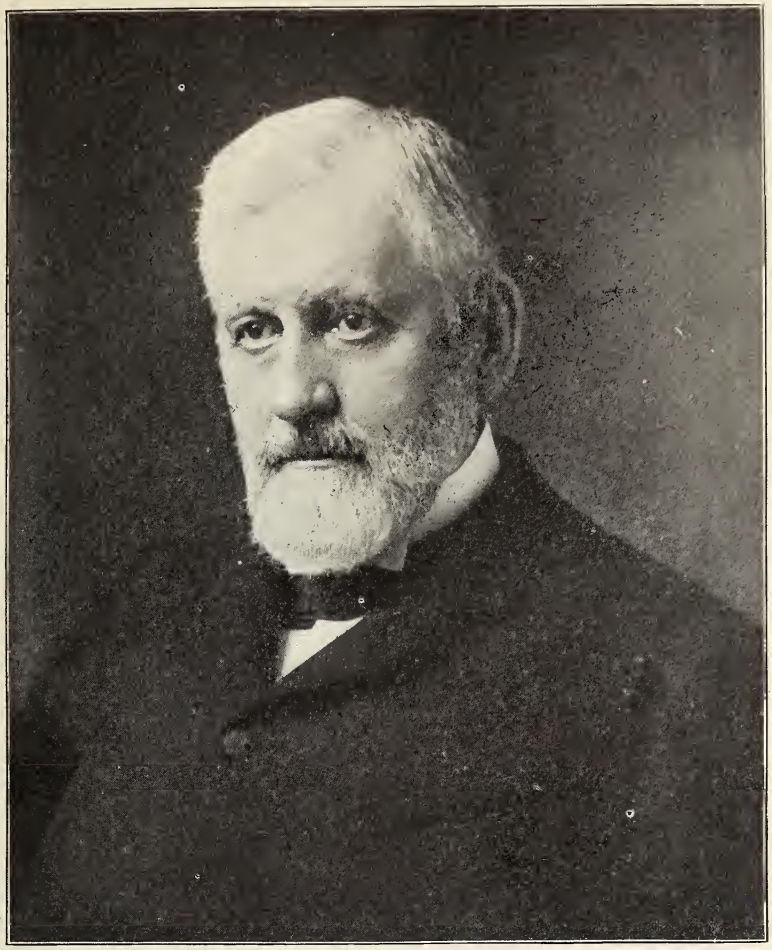
But it is only necessary to go back thirteen years to the summer and fall of 1892 to find an illuminating illustration of the truth that the shutting off of debate cannot defeat legislation formed in the interest of the people. In August of that year President Cleveland called Congress together in the dog days so great was the necessity for affording some relief to the unhappy financial situation with its appalling and growing record of disaster. The House passed the bill to repeal that clause of the so-called Sherman bill requiring the purchase of a certain quantity of silver each month and the business interests of the country demanded its immediate passage by the Senate.

But the free silver men said "no" and they said it in a way that showed they meant business. They were boastful and cock-sure of success, too, because they felt invulnerable in their dependence upon the unabridgable freedom of debate in the Senate.

One Senator can talk a bill to death if his strength holds out, and so they were confident. Ignoring the unanimous appeal of the conservative press, the resolutions of commercial bodies, the dissent of countless delegations upon the blistering capital, they pooh-poohed the warnings of disaster and continued to talk.

All sorts of tempting offers of compromise and cleverly constructed devices for stopping the floodgate of oratory wearisome to the Senate and blighting to the business interests as indicated by the daily and hourly failures of financial houses and the universal shrinkage of values, were made, but the minority stood firm. When it was seriously proposed by leaders of the conservative element that the welfare of the country would be the justification of Vice-President Morton should he listen to the advice of a group of his ablest and most experienced counsellors and arbitrarily refuse to "recognize" a silver Senator, it was covertly threatened that at the first sign of such a purpose he would be dragged from the chair and physically prevented from carrying out his purpose. The country was aroused as never before nor since, perhaps, over a legislative controversy but in the end in spite of threats and peacefully and in parliamentary order the bill was passed and was entered in the statute books before the first fall of snow. It was a great victory for parliamentary authority and a convincing proof of the soundness of the theory upon which the dual form of national legislature was created, a form which according to Zellman is the quintessense of human wisdom in governmental affairs.

Much of the criticism of the United States Senate as a body is based on popular ignorance of the laws and the rules and regulations which control it. So much has been said in condemnation and ridicule of the "senatorial tradition," "senatorial courtesy" and of the honors and emoluments attaching to that "aristocratic" office, so far removed from the control of the people, that it is really coming to be regarded as corrupt and its individual members venal and conscienceless to the last degree. The yellow newspapers and the sensational magazines are not alone responsible for this state of public opinion which, perhaps, is not to be wondered at when such a high-minded, brilliant and influential editor as Henry Watterson of the Louisville Courier-Journal will persistently make the assertion that the bulk of the money appropriated to purchase the rights of the French Canal Co. as a preliminary to the construction of an interoceanic water-way by the United States was divided among the "gray wolves of the Senate" who secured the passage of the bill. It is this sort of reckless and utterly unfounded assertion that poisons the public mind against our most distinguished legislative body and creates the impression in the minds of the unintelligent and the unthinking, or purposely uninformed, portion of the



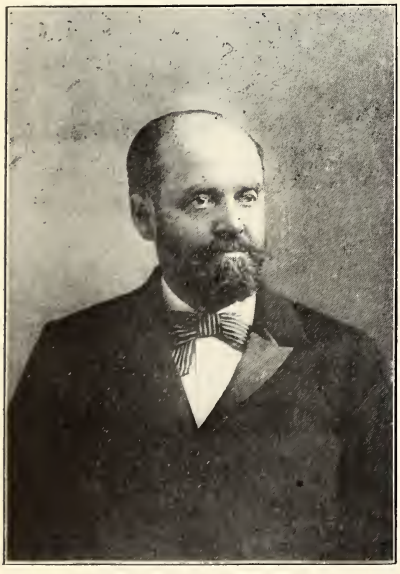
WILLIAM B. ALLISON, U. S. SENATOR, IOWA

people that its members are "grafters," owing to the fact that a few Senators have been convicted of wrong-doing of a kind that has been prevalent in public life in all countries and in all parties since the world began and for which until recently, for blemishes undetected, the Senate has been held up to public scorn as a veritable nest of thieves. It is a fact testified to by public men who have held over from a past generation that never since the United States government was formed has honesty among its public servants been as general as now. The fact is that in recent years the rascals are being hunted down more ruthlessly than ever before. They are not only being turned out, a process once so popular, but they are being turned in—to the penetentiary—hence the popular impression, which is not correct, that they are more numerous than formerly.

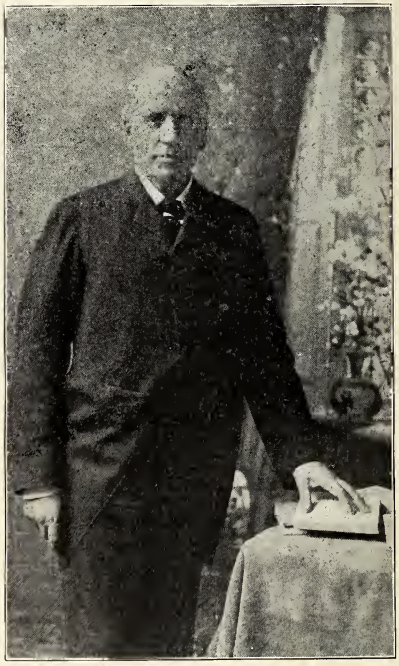
Not one in ten of the Senators to-day has ever been suspected of evil, much less accused and convicted. There are black sheep in the Senate as elsewhere and it is the noise they make in being exposed and driven forth that is responsible largely for the public suspicion of the body as a whole. There are as few thieves as millionaires in the Senate. Collectively it is a body of poor and honest and relatively able men. There are a few there whose fortunes have been dishonestly made and others whose intelligence is not of a high order. But it is equally true that the poor and honest senators far outnumber the rich and dishonest and that there has never been a time since the foundation of the government when the Senate could boast a greater number of able men, proportionally than are here to-day.

The great men of fifty years ago were so few as to be in a class by themselves, and they occupied at all times the center of the stage. To-day profound lawyers and masters of vast commercial affairs, whose practical experience enables them to deal adequately with new questions arising from the amazing growth and fabulous prosperity of the country, answer to every name on the roll-call.

It is the consensus of opinion of thoughtful Senators and Representatives who know whereof they speak that the speeches delivered in the Senate at the session just closed on the rate bill are unprecedented for a display of general and expert knowledge in the party, lawyers and laymen, and intelligent comprehension of the relations between the government and the people and the



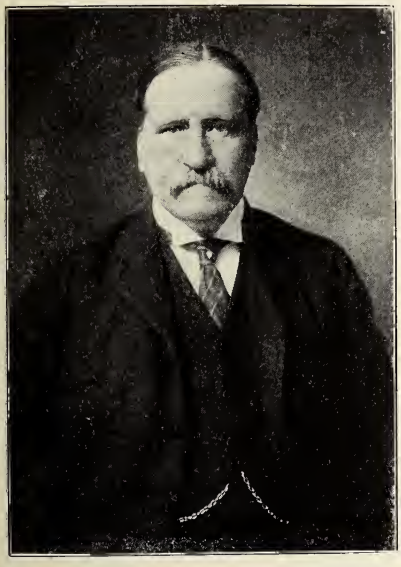
GEORGE C. PERKINS
U. S. SENATOR, CALIFORNIA



ARTHUR PUE GORMAN
U. S. SENATOR, MARYLAND

exposition of the constitution and fundamental law.

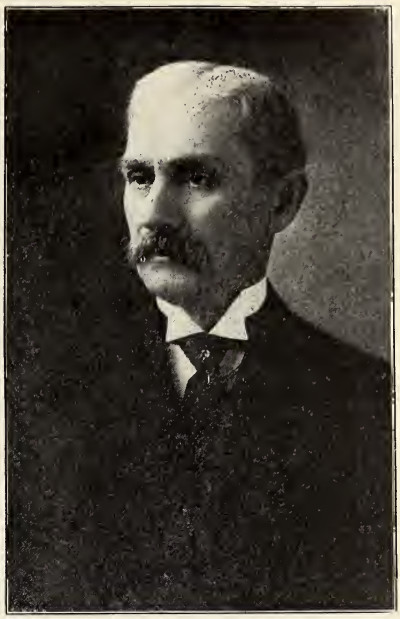
Unlike the House of Representatives, which probably because it is answerable each two years to the people for its acts lies nearer the popular heart, the Senate of the United States is bound in its pro-



JOHN KEAN
U. S. SENATOR, NEW JERSEY

ceedings by no hard and fast rules, and because of this fact cannot be placed under the control of any one man or any set of men. Each Senator is a law unto himself and no combination of his colleagues, unless it be a combination of majority can be made against him or against a cause he champions.

In the House, the committee on Rules, composed of the Speaker-ex-officio, two members of the majority side and two of the minority have under the Reed code, now universally accepted as the standard, absolute control of the House, subject of course to a party revolt which but



CLARENCE D. CLARK
U. S. SENATOR, WYOMING

seldom occurs. The two minority members are properly helpless and so the "triumvirate" is invulnerable.

Any party measure can be forced through by the adoption of a "special" rule through the instrumentality of the "previous question." This system is necessary in a body of three hundred and eighty-seven members and the result is that they all flock in and out like sheep following the tinkle of the bell on the leader.

In the Senate the Committee on Rules does nothing with regard to legislation. The Vice-President, the presiding officer of the body has no power whatever except to vote in case of a tie. He is not even a member of a committee. There is no only chosen leader and moreover there is among the Republicans who have for so long constituted the majority no bowing to the nod of

King Caucus. In the House the honor of the caucus to bind those who enter it is absolute. In the

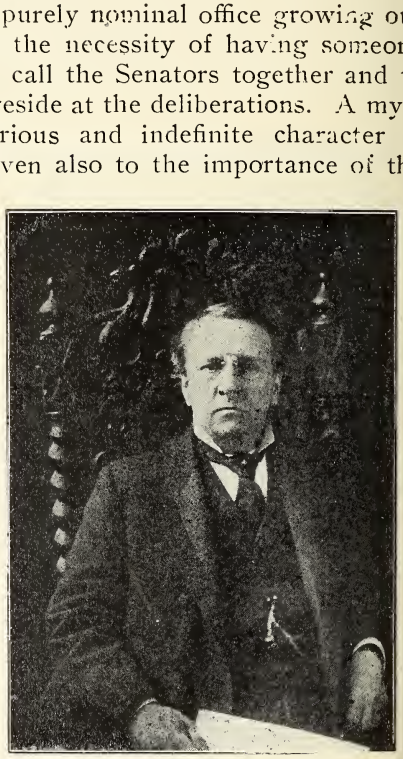


ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE
U. S. SENATOR, INDIANA

Senate the Republicans have not for years held a caucus in the strict meaning of the word. Their consultations in party politics are "conferences" where each Senator is free to express his opinion and which instead of adopting a plan of procedure binding upon every Senator present, adjourns from day to day until a mutual agreement is reached, when plainly a binding resolution is not necessary.

There is in the Senate no party spirit, and yet all are held together in loyal and determined support of whatever measure the majority favors.

The title of Leader of the Senate has long been conceded by common consent to Senator Nelson Wilmarth Aldrich of Rhode Island and yet it is not he but the venerable and astute William Boyd Allison of Iowa who is chairman of the caucus a purely nominal office growing out of the necessity of having someone to call the Senators together and to preside at the deliberations. A mysterious and indefinite character is given also to the importance of the



JOHN C. SPOONER
U. S. SENATOR, INDIANA

"steering committee," which is popularly and not altogether erroneously supposed to act as a rudder for the "good ship of state" in making the rough passage encountered at each recurring session. This committee, which officially is the "committee on organization and the order of business" is not, as would naturally be supposed, political in character, but was created and is maintained for the purpose, as its name implies, of deciding what measures shall have precedence and to ensure harmony and efficiency in

their discussion and enactment. Mr. Allison is the chairman of this committee also and its members are chosen from the chairmen of the more important of the regular list of committees. The "conference" recommends to the "steering committee," the "steering committee" recommend to the regular committees, among whom all proposed legislation is distributed, the regular committees report to the Senate, and the Senate, acting under the impetus of this simple but easily working bit of parliamentary machinery, carries out the will of the majority. It is a system whose merit has been fully demonstrated and the fact is proverbial that the Senate Republicans wash very little soiled party linen in public. The necessary cleaning is done in the privacy of the conference and steering-committee rooms.

As at present organized, the committee on order of business is composed of, in addition to Chairman Allison who is the Chairman also of Appropriations, Senators Aldrich, Chairman of Finance, Beveridge, Chairman of Territories, Cullom, Chairman of Foreign Affairs, Perkins, Chairman of Civil Service, Elkins, Chairman of Interstate Commerce, Hale, Chairman of Naval Affairs, Spooner, Chairman of Rules, Clark of Wyoming, Chairman of Judiciary, and Lodge, Chairman of the Philippines. Each of these Senators being a member of one of the most important committees of which he is chairman, they together practically control all legislation and are able to operate smoothly and effectually a piece of parliamentary machinery that has won the admiration of expert authorities. The guiding spirit of this committee in the conference room and of the many informal back office gatherings where party politics and measures are talked over even before a conference is called is Senator Aldrich and the knowledge of this fact has caused him to be decorated with the unofficial but none the less impressive title of Leader of the Senate.

This he is in fact, notwithstanding that the champions of President Roosevelt and of those who have disagreed with him on the merits of certain public questions, notably the rate bill—have of late attempted to create the impression that others had superseded him. Senators Hall, Spooner, Lodge and others who have long been among the ablest men in the Senate and the most influential in matters of party politics have been reported as having brushed Aldrich aside, but his successful leadership in the rate bill fight, unprecedented in its demands upon his resources and ability, has fastened upon his head the crown of leadership so firmly that it cannot soon be disturbed. He not only saved the contention as to the broad court review of the Interstate Commerce Commission with regard to the fixing of a freight rate, for which the conservative Senators fought, but he united his party in support of the bill and in addition received the commendations of an approving though originally dissatisfied and threatening President. Mr. Aldrich is not a "boss" in the popular sense. He is a man of easy temper, vast patience and a winning smile. He is tactful but not demagogic, assumes no outward semblance of authority, and persuades men more by his power of adjusting conflicting

interests to suit all concerned than by forcing through a program that attracts antagonism. Indeed in the Senate, men who are obstinate must be cajoled; they cannot be driven. The vote of the Senator from Dakota or Montana is as powerful as that of the Senator from Rhode Island, and in order to succeed with what he has in hand the leader must make his party colleagues see things as he sees them.

Mr. Aldrich's long reign of unprecedented power is due chiefly to his native ability, bolstered by years of concentrated study of complex economic questions, that kind of study which few men in public life have the patience or the ability to give to any subject, and above and beyond all the possession of a practical analytical mind which has years of experience in dealing with men of affairs in private and public life, and a perception so keen that he sees at a glance the essential point and wastes no time on unimportant considerations or trifling details. Although educated in the schools in no particular direction Mr. Aldrich's knowledge is comprehensive, accurate and profound, and his wits are so sharpened by nearly thirty years of legislative life that he can scan a subject which others would have to pore over word for word.

To see him sitting in the Senate, rosy, bright-eyed, careless in dress, handsome and alert, he would be the last person that the novice would hit upon as the leader. Apparently the least concerned of all as to what is going on about him he is yet taking in everything and "sizing up" the situation with the speed and judgment of a detective. Speech-making is to Mr. Aldrich so much child's play, serious to the children but amusing to their elders. It is to him the blowing off of the froth in preparation for drinking the draught beneath. The Senate leader is as quick as a cat in his physical movements and mentally as keen as the proverbial lynx. But he is never outwardly nervous, never restless, and at the most critical periods of legislative tangles he is the most light-hearted of all. He issues no orders in the open, dictates to nobody, and while he is ever ready to "explain" the contents of a bill or give his "opinion" of a proposition, allows others to do the talking and the "posing." In voice and manner he is modest and soft, but he is reputed to have a back-bone that nothing can bend. Beneath the glove is a hand of steel. Senator Aldrich is the leader of the Senate not because he has been chosen chairman of this or that committee but because he is the man to whom his party colleagues turn to advise them what to do. He is a lamp to their feet and it is detracting nothing from his dues to say that much of the flame that feeds the lamp is furnished by that thoroughly equipped, self-poised, learned, experienced and in every way commendable statesman, Senator Allison of Iowa. In the opinion of Mr. Aldrich and others Mr. Allison is "the wisest man in public life." He is the oldest Senator in point of continuous service—he took his seat March 4th, 1873, and barring only his lack of aggressiveness and disinclination to irrevocably commit himself to any measure or any policy, he is a statesman in all that the word implies. Senators Aldrich and Allison admire and respect one another and having

pulled together in harness evenly for many years, may properly be, and indeed they prefer to be regarded as in some respects the joint leaders of the Senate. As the distinction can go to but one, however, that one must of necessity be the Senator from Rhode Island.

It was President Roosevelt who first publicly took up the cudgels in defence of Senators who have of late been scandalously and libellously maligned by those irresponsive word-painters of the periodical press who claim to hold from the people who they assume to believe are being made victims of the wickedness and power of corporate wealth. It was in his speech at the dedication of the new building of the House of Representatives that Mr. Roosevelt's muck-rake speech was first publicly delivered, but a fortnight or so before, at the dinner given by Speaker Cannon to the Gridiron Club, he had rehearsed it and with much of vehemence and theatrical effect that was properly omitted on the more formal occasion where, as is not the case of Gridiron dinners, reporters were present and the speaker must needs stand by their records.

At the preliminary performance, Mr. Roosevelt was more eloquent and more specific in his denunciation of that particular class of muckrakers whose business it is to assail those men in public life who happen to be rich, taking it for granted that because they are rich they must necessarily be corrupt. The scourging that he gave to these slanderers and mischief-makers was severe, and has had a noticeable effect in arresting the rising tide of misrepresentation and abuse. The President did not defend corruption nor did he apologize for those who are known to be corrupt. But he was scathing in his rebuke to those who are misleading the public into the belief that dishonesty is rampant at Washington and that it is easier for a camel to pass through a needle's eye than for a man to be honest while holding the office of United States Senator.

In that speech President Roosevelt had in mind certain individual Senators who have been singled out for attack and who were when he spoke conspicuously assailed in current numbers of the magazines, but it is not necessary, in order to defend the Senate as a body from the assaults of those who know not whereof they speak, to deal with individuals. It is easy to charge that a rich man accumulated his wealth dishonestly; it would be difficult to prove the original charge. Senators like other classes of public men must be judged by their public acts, and if they are loyal to their clients' cause, discharging faithfully and intelligently the duties devolving upon them, the people will be content to regard them as honorable men, as indeed, as a rule, they are. This is probably the view that Senator Beveridge of Georgia, a Democrat, who, although somewhat serious minded and inclined to obstinately split hairs with his more mentally agile colleagues, has high ideals as a public servant, had in mind when in the Senate recently he cried out against this modern practice of assailing the motives of public men. "There should be," said he, "a reluctance to speak ill of men in high places. It arouses popular passion and destroys public faith." That is a sensible and timely

admonition and is a fitting accompaniment to President Roosevelt's denunciation of those who would call every man in public life a thief. The public should heed the warning of these two patriotic and honorable men and put the seal of disapproval on those who besmirch the character of our public servants.

The Senate of to-day is demonstrably stronger man for man than at any previous time in its history. Although there may have been periods—twenty-five years ago—when the body was dominated by groups of Senators more nearly the popular ideal of statesmen than those who are now in control, the average of today is higher. Moreover in the years that have passed since the Civil war period the Senate has improved in another and perhaps as important a respect, at a most astonishing rate.

So far as the manners and morals of its personnel are concerned, the personal habits of its members, to speak more plainly, the change has been astonishingly rapid and cannot fail to have a beneficial effect on the rising generation. There are no more "Tom" Wards in Washington to wine and dine Senators into support of measures advocated by a numerous and blatant lobby; liquor is no longer sold over the bar of a restaurant, although there is many a modest private side-board tucked away in a corner; night sessions are no longer drunken revels and intoxicated Senators are now kept out of sight. Pistols are not flourished in debate now and Senators who have been convicted of dishonesty by the courts or at the more discriminating bar of public opinion are shamed into resigning unless they die or suffer a worse fate from the humiliation of being found out. Today the average age of Senators is sixty. In 1876 it was fifty-nine. As respects age therefore, there has been no radical change in thirty years; as respects wisdom, there are no figures, no basis of calculation and opinions differ. There may be a larger number of mediocre men in the Senate now than then, but the total number of Senators is much greater.

Along with the period of free silver agitation came what the late President Harrison was known to have characterized as "the free coinage of Senators" and some of these of later days may not measure up to the old-fashioned standard. But it should be borne in mind that in the larger body those of conspicuous ability overshadow their commonplace colleagues, and it is now much nearer the truth than it was when the country and the Senate were smaller to say that the comparatively few citizens of the various states could call their Senators by name. It is the day of greater things and the point of view of the public has shifted. But for this fact it might be possible to demonstrate what more thoughtful men believe to be the truth, that the Senate of the United States ranks today in point of average ability, honesty and patriotism, just about as it did thirty, sixty or ninety years ago.

19th Century Boston Journalism

By Edward H. Clement

I

The first of a series of reminiscent articles from the pen of Mr. Edward H. Clement who has been all his life active in journalistic work in Boston and an editor of the Boston Transcript for a quarter of a century.

I CANNOT remember the time in my boyhood when I did not long to get on the inside of a newspaper office. The smell of printers' ink and the roll and clank of a press had such a fascination for me that I accepted in tender years the position of carrier for the Chelsea "Telegraph and Pioneer" for the joy it was to be able to hang about the office and handle the damp sheets as they came from the press. It must have been that, for the pecunairy consideration was minute and precarious and the tramp through dampness and cold and storm was long though the subscription list was small in those bucolic days of the northern suburb. To get back into the gaslight of the office and feel authorized to sit around waiting for my pittance was to feel like a member of the staff and recompense enough, if the always hard-up editor and publisher had but known it. A little later I had the honor of contributing a paragraph of local news now and then, and there came a day when the cup of my ambition overflowed with the small sensation a sarcastic glorification of the liberality of the ferry in supplying a new tin dipper for the waiting-room created in the little burgh. Then a charming rural place of green hills, divided off English-fashion with hedgerows of hawthorn, the streets lined with graceful arching elms, Chelsea was the residence of a number of Boston newspaper men of some note and prominence. I often saw in his walks about the lanes bordered with barberry bushes and old stone walls, the great Orestes A. Brownson, the chief reviewer and religious controversialist of his day. He was distinguished for having gone from the extreme radical wing of Unitarianism to the fold of the Roman Catholic Church, and as may be imagined, he now had his "friends in both places." The boys used to call after him and mock him, and even "rock him" in the streets after he became a Catholic, and his son who was a schoolmate of mine shared in his unpopularity and what would be called to-day the social "boycott." Then there was Colonel Fellows who was in the office of the Boston Atlas, and the Boston Postmaster, E. C. Bailey, who was the editor and proprietor of the Boston Herald, and, it must

be added, thought none the more of for that, as the Herald was diligently earning for itself in those days Ben Butler's characterization of it. The greatest Boston journalist of our local pride (B. P. Shillaber was a later acquisition for Chelsea) was C. C. Hazewell, long the editor of the Boston Traveller. Chelsea and North Chelsea (now Revere) in that epoch straggled over their series of parallel hog-back hills or drumlins such as head for the sea all the way down the North Shore, from Boston Harbor which is full of them, some of them on the outer circle with their noses eaten off by the easterly storms, to Essex and Ipswich and Rowley and Newburyport. The lord of all these hills near the city was Powderhorn, now irredeemably scarred and squalid with piecemeal street-cutting, leaving hideous and hopeless walls of yellow gravel, and on the pleasant southern slope of the next hill to the north of Powderhorn and separated from it by a broad valley with a lovely little serpentine tidal river and its mill (still grinding spice and mustard as then) was the home of the famous historiographer of the Traveller. I was born and lived all my life up to my departure for college, which proved to be my farewell to Winnisimmet, on the Boston-fronting slope of the first hill above the Mystic River, so that counting Mount Bellingham, Mr. Hazewell was three drumlins away, and it was almost a two-mile walk to make a call on him. I have often thought and said that the boy passing the two middle decades of the last century on the Chelsea hills had a better chance to imbibe the sense of Boston's importance as a city and port than boys born and brought up in the city itself. From our point of vantage, the metropolis of New England sat with a dignified grace on her three hills and every inch a queen to the impressionable contemplation. The State house dome crowned it just at the middle and apex of the two long slopes of the crowding commercial buildings and around the base spread literally a forest of shipping with the tall masts of great world-sailing vessels of the days before steam-shipping. In short it was precisely the view of Boston pictured on the city seal. Flanking this impressive object,—nothing less than the "Urbs Condita, 1630 A. D."—were the Navy Yard ship-houses with their distinctly naval and peculiar high-gable roofs filled with little windows, and Bunker Hill Monument, and on the left stretched out to sea the harbor islands with their handsome face-granite forts. Full of suggestion, full of movement and interest and significance always was this scene. Then there was the natural beauty of the broad surface of the estuary wherein mingled the waters of the Charles and the Mystic. Standing up and down the ship channel, often with their square sails all set moved in a stately line the returning or departing argosies of the merchant princes of the golden age that the last of the low tariffs brought to Boston's commerce. Here was the great city in front at our feet, and yet, stepping to the door of our home of a still night, we could hear the roar of the beach now called Revere, and tell when an easterly storm was brewing by its "rote" of pulsing rhythm.

The Traveller and the Journal were the great popular papers of those days, in the trans-Mystic hamlet, the Advertiser and the Transcript being rather exclusively urban in their circulation. It was a rare privilege, therefore, to have a chat with the famous writer of the "Review of the Week" in the Traveller at the cost only of the walk out to North Chelsea. The cost to him must have been a fearful and unwarranted sacrifice of precious time, drawn either from his needed rest or his pressing engagements for literary work. But he never enlightened me on the subject of these infringements himself. It was only when his little son, then in kilts, twenty odd years later welcomed by me into the Transcript staff, leaving the side of his mother who had been watching Mr. Hazewell constructing an inclined plane at the gate for his fascinated youthful hero-worshipper valiantly approached to administer upon my legs a pummeling with his little fists, that I realized the solicitude of the household over the consumption of the leisure hour of the hard-pressed editor, with perhaps his six-column Traveler summary of the week on his hands that very afternoon. Indeed the strongest impression I retain of Mr. Hazewell, besides his manners, utter freedom from pretension and condescension and his kindness in fanning the flame of my boyhood's ambition to "enter journalism" in due time, is of his harrassed, nervous, overworked and wornout look. In fact it is the thing I best remember of a number of even more famous journalists I have met. Horace Greeley was amiable to a fault, but he could be so rude (and even profane) if interrupted when he was in a hurry, as he most generally was, that it was not an unknown thing for his colleagues in the Tribune office to see him rush out of his den after a luckless caller to apologize profusely for the harshness of the rebuff he had just administered. Visitors to editorial rooms must often have felt the stress and strain and hurry of all around in the atmosphere of the sanctum of any first-class daily. The building of the house of cards that has to be accomplished in so many hours each day is nervous work; and it is not to be wondered at if the long-repeated feat finally leaves the performer of the mystery in touchy, irritable habit of manner toward callers. I remember that the only time I ever saw Mr. Haskell, a predecessor as editor of the Transcript, he was so busy that he absolutely refused to say a word to me as to the possibilities of there being, some day, an opening for a young man on the paper. Mr. Hazewell was at the time I have spoken of a contributor to the Atlantic Monthly of articles of the first importance on historical and political subjects, besides being the only editor of consequence on the Traveler, and he was also writing for the North American Review and Harper's Magazine. He was also an omnivorous reader of belles lettres especially of the better fiction (it was said in his obituaries that he could have repeated from memory, word for word, Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter if every copy of that work had been destroyed) and no doubt for years before he died at sixty-nine,

in 1883, he had larger projects of literary work on his mind, and "the Review of the Week," wonderful feat of memory as it was, for he consulted no files or authorities, so it was said, while writing it, was, as compared with his more congenial and ambitious projects a sort of pot-boiler. He must have been often in that state so vividly set forth in Owen Meredith's fascinating biography of his father, Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton. The younger Lytton says: "Having to supplement his novels by a multitude of anonymous contributions to periodicals on subjects of the most trivial and transient interest he consumed hours upon hours in repulsive drudgery. If these intrusive labors were frettings from his distaste for them, his fictions were exhausting from the hold they took on his imagination. With the necessity for quick production, the pauses (far too brief) in the manual labor were filled, not by placid ruminations, but by his acting over in feverish thought the dramatic situations of the coming chapter. His temperament was by nature sensitive and irritable, his overtasked faculties rendered it morbidly acute. 'He seemed,' says Miss Greene, who was then on a visit to my mother, 'like a man who has been flayed and is sore all over. Fighting always against time, every hindrance and interruption was a provocation to be resented. All the petty, household worries were to his exasperated brain exactly as Miss Greene describes—what frictions and hustlings are to highly inflamed flesh. This while turning off matter unceasingly for the innumerable rivulets with which the periodical press is forever feeding the waters of oblivion.'"

That well-founded reproach of journalism in general, that it is ignorant and shallow, occupied mainly with things of "the most trivial and transient interest," pouring forth rivulets "forever feeding the waters of oblivion," could not be laid to the door of my first ideal of a journalist, Charles Creighton Hazewell. He would have measured well up to the standards recently demanded of the press by the German Kaiser, who it appears has been methodically looking into the title and fitness to criticize him, of his numerous assailants in the press of all countries, employing the machinery of the imperial civil service in this characteristically thorough-going investigation. He holds that a journalist, considering the amount of harm a defective training and character may do, should be as carefully prepared and passed upon before undertaking to write or pretending to write as the doctor, lawyer, and the teacher are prepared and certificated. To be sure most of the blame for the war-clouds which have recently threatened Europe is to be laid at his own door rather than at that of the press to whose ignorant and unscrupulous counsels and excitements he attributes it. But his point is well taken that there is a deal of unwarranted and unworthy subserviency in the newspapers to the demands of a cheap and vulgar craving for excitement, as well as to the scheming of selfish politicians and of capitalistic greed contriving conspiracies against the common weal. But the leaders of the press of the type and genera-

tion of C. C. Hazewell displayed a character, a culture, a sense of the dignity and responsibility of their calling, a sincerity and an earnestness in their dedication of the press to public rather than business aims, that leave a wide and increasing gap in the procession between their epoch and our own.

I passed a week recently in a grand old Connecticut mansion tenanted still by the second generation of the original builder. That was a very refreshing atmosphere breathed from an old number of Harper's Magazine I found one day in a heap of paper-covered literature in the garret. The old-fashioned wood engravings were full of a chaste, artistic character and quality. The pictures were not so striking perhaps as the magazine pictures of to-day, yet full of dignity and refinement. Then there was also a certain quiet reigning through the pages that was as strange as it was pleasant, like the remembered delights of a favorite room or corner of one's home after some unusual disturbance as of visiting company, or some shock of disaster has passed away and things have resumed their normal course. It was the absence of the sensational journalistic editing, the straining for effectism, "timeliness" and "stars" of passing notoriety, whether in reputable or disreputable activity, the strenuous self-advertising life, the cowboy element come to New York and cavorting as the spoiled child and prodigal son returned, with the treasured veal all his own. This wild western style and taste now in the saddle in New York, whether in print or in illustrations, was unknown and unheard of in the '80's, or if heard of and occasionally seen, was at the distance of California on the overland trail. It was not "in our midst" on a daring "hot time," galloping on Broadway's sidewalk and painting the town red with its own audacious representatives in the places of prominence and control purchased with untold wealth at exaggerated prices for everything.

The only thing that is better done in newspaperdom to-day is the business management — the multiplication of the resources and the increasing of the amounts of revenue, the squeezing of the last drop of juice to be expressed from the cornering of "publicity,"—all marks of the transition of the press from an influence to an industry.



Ballads of Old Boston

By M. A. DeWolfe Howe

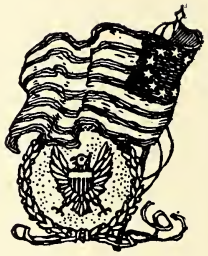
The Ox

(Lines commemorating the Boston celebration of the French Revolution, Jan. 24, 1793)



Why did the Castle cannon roar
When the sun climbed cold from the sea?
What are the townsfolk gathering for,
What can the pageant be
That draws them forth from their homes and trades,
Sober citizens, lads and maids,
Radiant all with a holiday air,
Crowding the side-walks everywhere?

What can it be but the Civic Feast,
Where Boston drinks long life to France
Now too from a royal rule released,
And flushed with freedom's inheritance!
For the older sons of liberty
Must greet the younger now set free.



Look you, the great procession comes
With blare of trumpets and whir of drums,
Mounted citizens, marshal fine,
Citizens more and more, in line,
Marching by eights, then a dozen more,
Armed like butchers, in snowy frocks,
Guiltless now of a victim's gore,
And then the victim's self—
THE OX,

Lifted high on a car of state,
A giant beast of a thousand weight,
Roasted whole; on each gilded horn
The flag of a new republic borne,
The French on the right, on the left our own;

And carried afront of the monstrous thing,
A legend in gold for all to see:
"Peace Offering
To Liberty and Equality."
Must then Fraternity skulk alone?
Not so, for following brotherly
Come carts of bread for the crowd to munch,
And two with a hogshead apiece of punch!

So through the winding streets they fare
Passing the Stump of Liberty, where
The Tree once stood; at Oliver's Dock
Pausing to christen it Liberty Square,
With booming guns; then on they flock
To Citizen Hancock's—by his door
A halt, huzzas; then three cheers more
For Citizen Adams—"Sam" of yore!

To State Street last they make their way,
And there is a sight for a winter's day!
Tables enough for a regiment spread
From the State House down to Kilby Street,
With ladies the hungry horde to greet
From windows and balconies overhead!

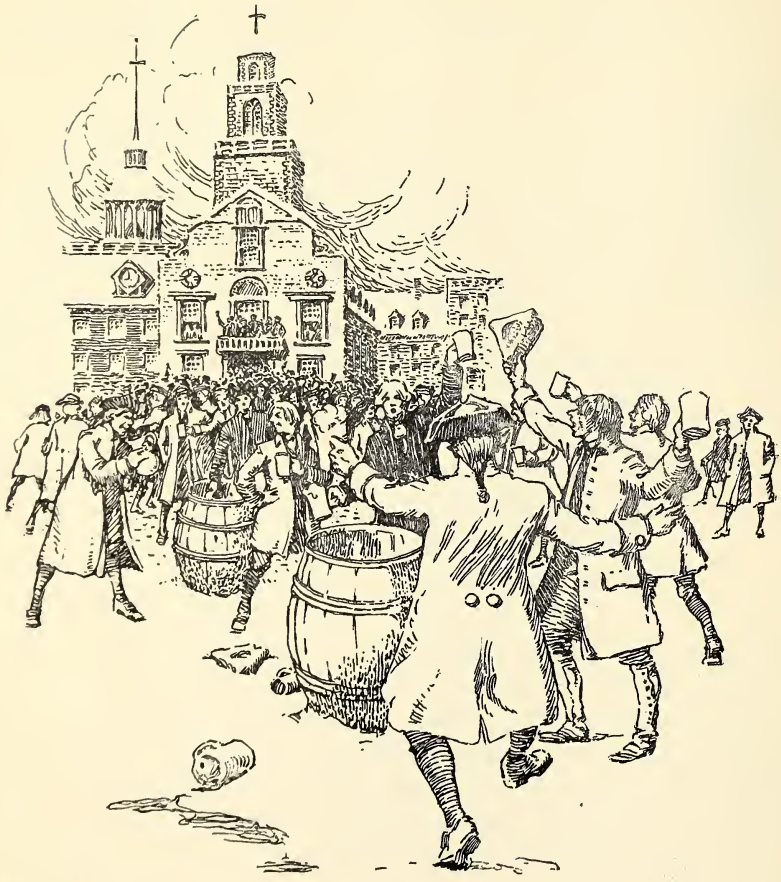
Ah, now had the Ox still greater grown
There were none too much of him; yet I own
There might have been less of the punch, for soon
The feasters are feasting like comrades boon,
And, shame to tell, they throw so high
Their votive offerings, rib and thigh,
That the cautious ladies are fain to fly.

If life were only as long as art
We should look at the whole, and no mere part,—
Scraps of the feast to the almshouse sent,
Prisoners loosed for freedom's sake,
Great balloons to the heavens lent,
The children's treat of a "Civic Cake,"
Gentlefolk dining at Faneuil Hall,

And the gilded horns, at evenfall,
Lifted with lanterns high over all.

So speeds the glorious day to its close,
And the weeks roll round ere Boston knows
That when the festival deeds were done
Louis the King, but three days gone,
Had paid his debt to the guillotine,
And Freedom was wearing the tyrant's mien.

Then Liberty won by the Gallic plan
Seemed not quite God's best gift to man,
And its symbols, by grace of paradox,
Remain the punch and the scattered ox.



Who Runs Massachusetts

By R. L. Bridgman

MASSACHUSETTS has about three million people, and most of them are of no account in running the state. They are mere passengers. Others run things for them. A great many people help to run some interests of the state, but they have each their specialty and it is not run with regard to the state as a whole. Devoted philanthropists labor for the dependent and defective classes. Studious educators grapple with the problem of better training for children. Business men are constantly introducing new methods. Scientific men offer some new truth almost daily. Medical men prove the success of new ideas over the old. Labor agitators demand and continue to secure more favorable terms in the struggle of life. Women reformers glow with enthusiasm over the new opportunities for women. But, judging by what can be seen and heard, perhaps not a person in the state has an adequate idea of the development and interests of the state as a whole because they are too great and too complex for comprehension by any one.

In speaking of the state there may be meant the people as a whole, all ages, races and religions and both sexes, or there may be meant the state officially, the political body which is represented by men chosen by the people to stand for them as a political unit. Possibly the same people run the state from either point of view, in the haphazard way in which it is run.

Taking the people as a whole, we throw aside half of them at once on the score of immaturity. They run nobody, but other people run them. True, the young people put conditions,—very serious ones, too,—upon the older ones who cannot, by any means, do what they would like to do. Each person is a condition upon every other, in a broad view, but the subordinate parts do not run the responsible parts.

As to the grown people, more than half are women. Assuming or granting that they run things at home, that proves nothing as to who runs the whole state. As a rule, whatever exceptions exist, the man of the house is the head of the household beyond the door. Representing the family outside of the home, who runs him? Who runs the men who are the heads of the homes of the state?

Many of these men are independent workers, farmers and others who are not in the direct employ of others. They are on a level with each other. No one, and no few, run the others. They are run by some superior force which controls their markets and makes them work, whether they wish to or not.

But Massachusetts is a manufacturing state. Most of her men are hired by some one. They work for wages. Therefore they are run

by their employers. Who, then, runs the employers? Conditions of trade and transportation are so extended and complex that conditions outside of the state determine largely the lives and the activity of men in the state. Massachusetts manufacturers are part of a great system, controlled to a material extent from the outside. But, in their state relations, the small number of manufacturers controls the hundreds of thousands of employees. So we trace the control of the people, as a mass, into a few hands. These few men run the people as a whole, to a large degree.

Critics of this view might say that the ministers and the priests, with their immense control of the people through religious prestige, run the state. Possibly that might have been true two hundred years ago. But their control is not immense now, and the majority of the people would simply laugh at the suggestion of clerical domination in the state to-day. The ministers and the priests cut a very small figure in running the state now.

But are not the labor organizations as powerful as any influence? That is a fair question. They array themselves against the employers. But when it comes to the decisive struggle, the side loses which must yield first to sheer starvation. The unions do have much influence. They make endless worry for the employers. They affect the situation greatly. They modify the action of the employers, but they cannot, in the last analysis, run things. Probably they come nearer to it than any other influence except the comparatively few employers whose strength lies in their accumulated reserve of wealth which can sustain them in a protracted struggle.

Now, taking the word "state" in its official, or organic, meaning, when it comes to the question who runs it, we have statistical ground for an opinion. Of the 100 per cent. or 3,003,680 people, 51.34 per cent. or 1,542,691 by the state census of 1905, are women and girls These have no share formally in running the state. So half of the population is dropped at the outset. That leaves 48.66 per cent., or 1,461,589, composed of men and boys. The number of assessed polls for the state election of 1905 was 855,243, but only 556,820 were registered in that year. Only 419,315 voted at the municipal elections in 1905, and only 403,178 at the state election.

But the number who voted is far too large as showing who runs the state, for, politically, the state is run by parties. At the last state election the governor was elected by a trifle over 50 per cent. of the vote cast. As the total vote cast was only about 13 per cent. of the population of the state, therefore the dominant party, which runs the state officially, includes only about 6½ per cent. of the people in the state.

But who runs the party? Nearly every place outside of the Hub looks to Boston for the central influences in party affairs. But, taking all the state, cities and towns together, probably not more than one voter in one thousand is of the slightest consequence in the party councils in determining the party policy. The mass of the party

counts in making the public sentiment by which the managers are guided, but they are never consulted formally, nor is any personal deference ever shown to their opinion. It is a reasonable supposition that not over two hundred persons, which would be about one in one thousand, (the total vote for governor of the majority party at the state election of 1905 was 197,469), decide what shall be the formal policy of the party. Indeed, if one begins to count, he will be quite likely to cut the number to one hundred before he is through. These dominate the three million people and are their rulers, as far as party policy is the ruling power.

Some might say that the governor runs the state. That depends in part upon the man. He has but little time to give to the study of the state as a whole, with all its immense interests and many forces. An official near the governor, who has served through many administrations and has an excellent opportunity for reaching a sound conclusion, says that half the governor's time, as an average for all governors, is occupied by applicants for office. Yet the state has a well enforced merit system in the civil service which is supposed to remove much personal pressure from the chief executive. The governor cannot run the state in a broad way, as a whole, though it might seem as if he were officially in position to do it. This is true of all governors. As a rule, the governor is a much-limited official. He attends to the duties put upon him by law, more or less faithfully, but the law is a higher power, and he must continue under it. The legislature pleases him when it pleases, but it will not hesitate to displease him to please itself. That is true of all governors.

Boards and commissions make up a large part of the administration of the state, but these are the servants and watchdogs of the people, appointed by the governor and, like him, under law. They have their duties. They are a modest, unassuming, honest class of men, as a rule, doing work more or less conscientiously and they are absolutely essential to the well being of the people. They are sensitive to popular criticism. They keep their hands out of politics, openly, at least, and doubtless really, in the main. They are not to be regarded for a moment as running the state.

What of the judiciary? The judges run nothing. They attend to their cases, hold their ermine spotless and keep their hands off from the political machine. There is no doubt that the Massachusetts judiciary is out of politics.

Now we come to the legislature. The representatives of the people in the Senate and House number two hundred and eighty. About two-thirds of the House (latterly more than that, as an average) and three-fourths of the Senate belong to the majority party. Those proportions would aggregate one hundred and ninety persons as the nominal framers of the state's policy. But most of them are of no account as leaders. They move as the party wires pull them. A dozen in the House and half as many in the Senate, who are in touch with outside influence, shape party policy materially in the legislature, though it is the fact that there has

never been in either branch in recent years any party leader who has not suffered more than one serious personal defeat in his leadership. It is impossible for any one, as proved by experience, to lead in the legislature, though the membership has included some who have attained high political standing afterward. Members are too independent to follow any one man, no matter how able. But, on the average, certain sets shape the course of the legislature, and they feel the power of outside dictators.

Notice, by the way of proof, recent elections of speaker and president. In certain cases which might be named the reason for predicting the election of the successful man has been that "the influences which control the election are with him." In a sharp contest for the presidency of the Senate, not long ago, the candidate who was defeated was previously marked for defeat because "the influences which make presidents are not with him." It was the counsel for one of the biggest corporations in the state who used those words. He seemed to know what he was talking about and his prediction came true.

Not only are legislative presiding officers often made by the influences which run the state temporarily, but these influences either control the governor or identify themselves with him so that they ride on the rim of his coach wheel, if he does not ride on theirs. But both legislative and executive branches of the government, being in close touch with the dominating influence outside which really shapes their movements, are representatives of the great mass of people in the main only when some great popular cause is pending, on which the mandate of the people is sufficiently distinct to make it perilous to disregard it. Even in the face of what is the evident desire and welfare of the people, legislatures have passed and governors have signed bills favoring special interests at the expense of the people and conspicuous illustrations have occurred within a few years. The belief that the people run the state directly is a serious mistake, except in unusual circumstances in which their official representatives fear to defy them by doing the will of the few who run the state as a rule. It would be easy to give names of great corporate interests which have come to the state house in recent years, and by means which deserved the severest condemnation, have carried their schemes through to enactment.

When we analyze these forces which control the official representatives of the people, they are found to be identical with those which shape the life of the state outside of its official capacity, as was seen above.

Opposing these influences, the under dog in the fight, but always keeping up the fight, is the great labor interest, as represented by the labor organizations. So far as they have had justice on their side, or could appeal strongly to popular sympathy, they have won concessions from employers who were forced by political agitation, after years of procrastination, to do justice. The labor organizations have not run the state. Far from it, but they have had an important part in

shaping the state's history, and they are entitled to mention among the forces which promote the progress of Massachusetts, though they cannot rule by numerical strength of their own.

At times certain influences seem to be the decisive factors. One hears that the Harvard college crowd is in control, or that the Methodist church decided the election, or that if it had not been for the fraternal orders the result would have been different, or that the saloons really decide elections by their power in the cities, and so on. Or it may be great business interests, the steam roads, or the electric railways or the protected manufacturers, or, again, it may be the temperance enthusiasts, or boards of health, or labor unions. But the seeming supremacy of each subsides when each has won what it wanted and the organic existence of the state goes on till another influence dominates it on another issue. Nobody runs the state very long at a time on any specialty.

"When the coster's finished jumping on his mother,
He loves to lie a-basking in the sun."

When a great corporation has got from the legislature all it wants for the time, it lies back and merely looks on, making sure that it is not attacked, lying low until it gets hungry again and wants something more. In the meantime, some other hungry power comes in and gets its fill. The legislature is influenced by a succession of greedy or jealous or apprehensive or needy petitioners looking out for their selfish financial advantage. That such petitioners have wrought the corruption they have is the disgrace of the state. But that they have been checked as much as they have been and that to-day Massachusetts has a system of boards and commissions which protect the people as much as they do, which have the capacity to give larger protection yet and which are becoming more efficient and more constantly the organs of the political body to serve the people, is a marked credit to the state. It is a much mixed-up mess of good and bad at the state house, and any impartial view must take account of both sides.

When the student analyzes the real government of Massachusetts, he finds it in a very few hands, mostly unofficial and some of them never in public life. It might be urged that the office-holders and office-seekers run the state. Is not this or that conspicuous politician one of our real rulers? No. Big and little politicians, without any motive but self-interest, are allied with the rulers. They seek to identify themselves with the rulers. But if they ever miss their connection with the real source of their power, they are as helpless as a stalled electric car with its trolley off from the wire. Plenty of men without great constructive power, but with great ambition for political position, are prominent in Massachusetts. But they lack the real power which runs the state, and Massachusetts is too large and too intelligent to be run by her politicians, save in a very narrow sense. Some of them seem to think that they run the state, and some people concede their pretensions, but these politicians do not dominate the life of a great people, and they cannot. They may, for a time,

dominate a political machine composed of men of their own sort, but they cannot dominate, or materially affect, in the long run, the organic life and character of the great political unity known by the historic name of Massachusetts.

But the strong and selfish interests do run the state for a time, when it is for their purpose. They have their day. They elect speakers, presidents of the Senate and governors. They set up and they cast down, caring nothing for office themselves, realizing what a bauble it is when conferred by such means as they employ, and using their tremendous power to fill their own pockets, which is the reason why they run the state. No one class can muster strength to defeat them.

Does anything run the men who run Massachusetts? Not directly. But progress is made under them, and a very plausible argument could be made from the fact that since Providence has used these instruments of progress therefore their methods have commended themselves to the Almighty Ruler and his blessing has been upon the state in consequence. But that fallacy may be left to those who choose to adopt it for their own. Because the state has made genuine growth in spite of such influences, it is true to say that, through the generations, over-riding the evil temporary influences, rules the Massachusetts conscience, the Massachusetts sense of right and the Massachusetts determination to persevere for the right. This high combination is vague, is often seemingly half-blind, often asleep, sometimes perverted, and sometimes weak and purposeless. But it wins in a material degree in the long years because of the activity of men above the selfish interests.

Just three points, briefly, to close, First, none of the states of the United States seem to be run any better for its people, or with any more comprehensive system than Massachusetts. Second, the United States seems to be equally devoid of any broad, co-ordinating power to harmonize and unify all its activities, but is equally under the control of selfish and corrupt influences. Third, the world, the great family of nations, is so utterly destitute of such co-ordination, oversight and administration that the mere suggestion of the idea shows how little mankind has advanced in organic development and how much must be done before it has even a fair start in being what it has the power to become and what is evidently to be its destiny.



Massachusetts Bench and Bar

By Stephen O. Sherman and Weston F. Hutchins

IV

Some of the Bright Sayings and Sharp Rejoinders of Thomas Riley the Prince of Legal Wits—Where the Witness Got the Best of the Lawyer—"Moriarty, Whoever He may be"—John B. Moran and His Pointed Thrusts—George Sennott's Joke on J. Wilder May—Melvin O. Adams and Inspector Mountain—No Power to Sentence to New York—Judge Thompson's Ready Wit and Genial Humor—Barney McBride and His Pint of Whisky—Judge Thompson's Speech on the Old South—Ebenezer Ross and His Instructions—General Bartlett's Inquisitive Witness—Where the Joke Was on Mr. Elder—Mr. Gargan's Motion to Adjourn—Samuel Childs and the man who missed the train—Thomas E. Grover and the Client who had the Goods.

AMONG all the attorneys who have practiced in Boston there has been none with a keener, more brilliant, and scintillating wit than Thomas Riley whose bright sayings, sharp rejoinders and constant flow of humorous repartee have kept many a court room in a roar, and have long been famous with both judges and attorneys. Of all the humorists at the bar his is the first place, for he is the prince of them all. Mr. Riley has a rich brogue and this adds immensely to the humor of his sayings, which have all the merit of coming under all circumstances and at the most unexpected places. At times he is accustomed to wear his hair long and this has made him the butt of many a joke which he has always taken good naturedly, for in the sharp play of wit he has given some pretty severe blows, and he has long since learned how to take them in return.

With his natural tendency to humor and an ability always to see the amusing side, Mr. Riley has by no means neglected the more serious things of life and by his practice he has accumulated a competency which he is now enjoying, for during the past few years his health has not been as good as might be desired, and he has eased up considerably from the strenuous practice of the law.

In a way Mr. Riley was a protege of General Butler. It was by the advice of that doughty warrior, statesman, politician and attorney that he took up the study of the law. When he was prepared to practice and an opening did not at once appear, he was advised by General Butler to wait around the Municipal Court room and see and hear other attorneys present their cases. In those days it was no unusual thing to see Mr. Sweetser, Mr. Charles F. Choate the elder, Charles H. Hudson, Tolman Willey, Gustavus A. Somerby, Tracey

P. Cheever and other big lawyers trying cases in that court. Mr. Riley followed the advice and in this way managed to pick up a good deal of information always useful to an attorney who practices in the courts.

He learned in this way for one thing that in criminal practice it is necessary for an attorney to be able to think on his feet, to think quick, and to think right. A criminal trial frequently turns upon some important point brought out perhaps for the first time by the evidence, and the decision which has to be made on the instant by the attorney, means success or failure.

One day as Mr. Riley sat in the Municipal Court room in the old court house, the attorneys who were engaged in trying a case, became involved in a bitter wrangle, and because things were not going exactly as he desired, one of them rose from his seat, left the room, and abandoned the case. There was a delay for a time, and then one of the litigants approached Mr. Riley and asked him if he would take the case. He assented, tried the case carefully and with such close attention to details of small importance in themselves, but meaning much as a whole, that he came off victorious. It was an exceedingly difficult case to try and there were many things connected with it that did not in the least lessen the burden of the attorney who took it. The fact that he could take the short end of such a case and win it, redounded greatly to his credit, was something of a feather in his cap, and went a long way toward establishing his reputation at the bar, where he has practiced so long



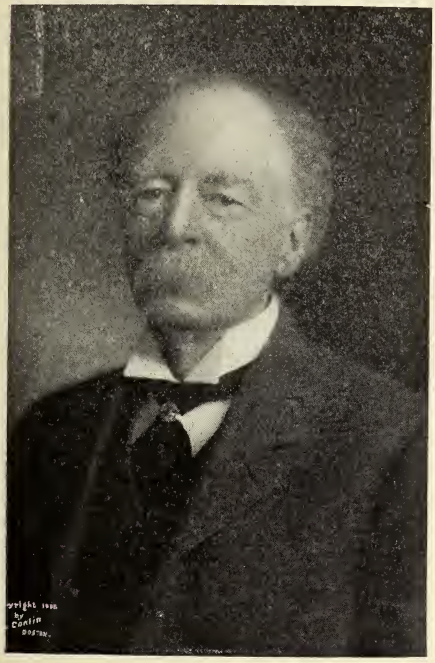
THOMAS W. RILEY

and so successfully. By that one case he fully justified General Butler's opinion of him, and from that time on he had a lucrative practice.

A well known Hebrew attorney was defending a policeman named Knott who was connected with Division Two, and was in court on the charge of having stolen a ham from the window of a provision store on Province street. As the case was going to the jury the Hebrew attorney and Mr. Riley were sitting side by side in the court room and the former turning to the latter asked, "Brother Riley, what will the verdict in this case be?" "Not guilty," was the encouraging reply. When half an hour later the jury returned a verdict of guilty, the Hebrew attorney, greatly disappointed, turned to Mr. Riley and said, "I thought you said the ver-

dict in this case would be not guilty!" "Isn't it?" was Mr. Riley's reply.

In order to fill a panel in the Superior Criminal Court during the trial of a case in which Mr. Riley appeared for the defendant, it became necessary to draw from the spectators. As the drawing proceeded Judge Aldrich who was presiding, and who was not altogether



T. J. GARGAN

pleased with the method adopted, as well as with some of the other things connected with the preliminaries, said, "Mr. Riley, I don't think you are pursuing the right course." "Your honor," replied Mr. Riley, "I was employed by this defendant to receive his instructions." "I know that," tartly replied the judge, "but you are not above instructions, are you?" "No, your



SAMUEL J. ELDER

honor, for that matter neither of us is above instructions."

In the suit of Kuhlenberg against O'Donnell, Mr. Riley appeared for the defendant, the counsel for the plaintiff being John W. Lowe. It was while Mr. Riley in his argument was referring to the plaintiff, that he turned to counsel on that side and said, "Gentlemen, we have all of us heard of Lo the poor Indian, but who of us ever heard of Lowe the poor lawyer before?"

In the suit brought by James McChrystal against former Chief of Police Sackett of Revere to recover for assault and battery, false arrest and malicious prosecution, Mr. Riley appeared for McChrystal. A Dr. Dunn who was called by the

defence testified that when he was arrested, McChrystal smelled of liquor. When the time came to cross examine this witness, Mr. Riley in his most insinuating manner asked, "There is a Dr. Dunn who is a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and who is a reputable physician, is there not?" "There is," was the reply. "You are not that Dr. Dunn are you?" "I am not." "That is all."

A man who showed an inclination to answer questions sharply was on the witness stand, when Mr. Riley asked:

"Fact was, you were drunk on that night, were you not?"

"That's my business."

"I know it's your business, but were you attending to it?"

In the case of Mellen against Mellen, which was a petition for separate support, Mr. Riley was opposed by Mr. E. C. Gilman who had endeavored to belittle one of Mr. Riley's witnesses because she testified that she sold cosmetics. On the re-direct examination Mr. Riley had an opportunity to "come back" at Mr. Gilman, which he did not fail to improve.

"What are these cosmetics that you have sold, used for?" asked Mr. Riley.

"They are used to improve the complexion, to cover blemishes, to improve a flushed or a florid face."

"Ever try to sell any of them to my Brother Gilman?"

John B. Moran, the restless District Attorney for Suffolk, has a wit which is as peculiar to him as is everything else in his make-up. In skirmish or settled debate he wastes no language in driving home at his opponent, and his short, sharp blows are as clean cut when dealt at the bench, as when dealt at the bar.

In trying a case before a local justice he was stopped by an objection, and the court heard Mr. Moran at some length on his contention that the matter under discussion was admissible. After the argument, his honor thought for a moment and then said:

"Well, Mr. Moran, I don't think the court will rule that way."

"Oh," came in the rasping voice of the little fighter, "I was not presuming to say how the court would rule; I was merely quoting the law."

Mr. Riley and Mr. Moran were appearing as counsel for co-defendants in the Superior Criminal Court, and Mr. Riley was examining a witness, and of course was running at cross purposes with his brother. In endeavoring to give an illustration, he took a hat from the table used by counsel, attempted to place it upon his head, and found that it was several sizes too small for him. Then, with a delicate irony he said, "That's not my hat; that little hat would never fit me; that hat must belong to Brother Moran."

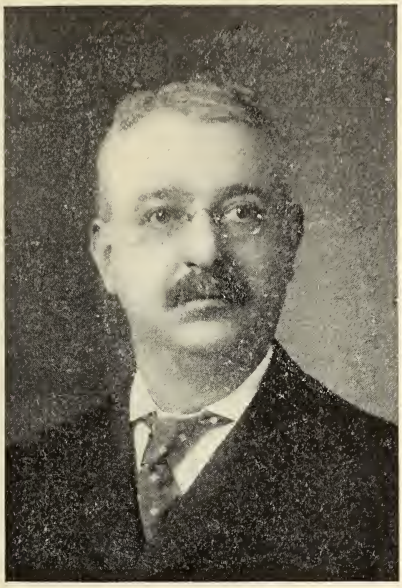
"It does," said John B., "and if you had your hair cut, Brother Riley, it would come down over your ears."

Years ago when Mr. Riley was trying a case in the Municipal Court in the old court house, he had as a witness one of those men who never know anything that is asked them on the witness stand, one of the most provoking witnesses a lawyer ever has to deal with. Mr. Riley had asked him

question after question only to meet with the same reply to every one. At last his patience became exhausted, and turning sharply to the witness he asked:

"Is there anything you do know?"

The man looked down at the floor, considered the question with



SAMUEL M. CHILD

a good deal of deliberation, for he did not seem to be a man who would act on any matter quickly—he seemed to be a man with less than ordinary intelligence, and not one who would have an inspiration—then raising his eyes, and seeing Mr. Riley's big shock of hair, he replied, "I know when to cut my hair."

It was in the Superior Criminal Court that Mr. Riley gave an illustration of the lightning speed of his mental make-up, and the readiness of his legal equipment. He was cross examining a witness, and asked:

"Were you in the House of Correction?"

District Attorney Stevens objecting, "One moment!"

Mr. Riley: "No, your honor, six months."

One of the neatest things credited to Mr. Riley was the way he showed his dislike of a certain leading politician of his own party, who may be called Alexander Moriarty. Mr. Riley was called upon to preside at a rally in Faneuil Hall, and as presiding officer it be-



CHARLES W. BARTLETT

came his duty to read off the names of the vice presidents, the list including all of the war horses of the Democratic organization, and as Alexander Moriarty was one of these, his name had to be read, but Mr. Riley did it with a very wry face. He took up the paper and began with "The Honorable Frederick O. Prince, the Honorable Charles Levi Woodbury, the Hon-

orable Nathan Matthews," and continued until he got down near the foot of the list, calling each name in a round full voice. Then he said, "Alexander Moriarty, whoever that may be," looking over the audience questioningly in the meantime.

It was when Judge Bell of the Superior Court had completed his first charge to a jury in the First Session of the court, that a brother lawyer asked Mr. Riley who was in the room what he thought of it. "Sound," was the reply.

When John Wilder May was District Attorney for Suffolk County, he had for his assistant at one time, Horace R. Cheney, one of the brilliant and lamented young members of the Bar. Mr. Cheney was so capable that he tried most of the cases. At that time Mr. May was interested in getting out a book on Insurance. He would come into the office late in the morning, having a miscellaneous collection of things in his bag, usually garden seeds, a light luncheon of molasses ginger bread, and the proof sheets of this book.

George Sennott, then an effulgent member of the Suffolk Bar, who with his red face lighted up the darkest day, would occasionally wander in to the office, and if he found Mr. May unoccupied, banter him over various things.

On one of these occasions he went into Mr. May's private office, and saw this green bag lying on his desk. "What you got in there, Mr. May, some more garden seeds?" he asked. "No," said Mr. May, "I've got in there the proof sheets of the first of May." "By Heaven!" said Sennott, "it will be the first of April for anybody who tries to read it."

When Judge Julius Rockwell presided in the Superior Court during the latter years of his life, he seemed to be troubled with aching feet, and would draw off his long boots and sit on the bench with nothing but his yarn socks on his feet. Thus relieved, he would shortly relapse into sleep, and the trial before him progressed in regular order, the old gentleman in some inscrutable way waking up at the right moment, to rule on any objections that might be raised.

When Dennis Mountain was an inspector of police in Boston, he was sitting in this session of the court one day, and while waiting for another case to be tried, he copied the example of Judge Rockwell, and fell asleep in one of the chairs usually occupied by jurors, on the opposite side of the room. Mr. Melvin O. Adams, the Assistant District Attorney, who was trying a case with which Mountain had no connection whatever, saw his plight, and thought as he could not wake up the judge, it would do no harm to wake up the police inspector, and when the witness who was on the stand had finished, he called out the name of the officer in a loud tone, and he was roused, got on to his feet, and marched around the room to the witness stand. There he rubbed his eyes in dismay, looked around, answered to his name, told his business, the number of years he had been on the force, and then to the question as to whether he knew anything about the case on trial, said he did not remember. He was thereupon excused.

Ezra Wilkinson, one of the old-time Justices of the Superior Court, a bachelor living in Wrentham, always came to the court house faultlessly attired in a black swallow tail coat and suit, with a high black stock, carrying his court papers and other things in a brilliant colored carpet bag, with a long rope handle. Shortly before he left the bench, he became quite deaf, and did not readily hear conversation addressed to him from any distance.

On one occasion he was receiving the report of the Grand Jury. Among the appeal cases was that of a battered female who was withdrawing her appeal from a sentence to the Island for drunkenness. The Assistant District Attorney asked her if she desired to say anything to the court before sentence was imposed. She replied that she would like to go to New York.

Deputy Sheriff John Dearborn, one of the most amusing characters ever seen about the courts, who always had several tones in his voice, and used them all on arraignment day, was in charge of the prisoners at the bar, and turning to him Judge Wilkinson asked, "Mr. Officer, what does the defendant say?" In his highest tone Dearborn replied, "She says she wants to go to New York, your honor."

Judge Wilkinson dipped his pen slowly into the ink bottle, leaned back in his chair and surveyed the prisoner for a moment through his gold-bowed spectacles, and then said, "This court has no power to sentence you there." A suppressed titter at the bar showed that the attorneys present appreciated the view of New York taken by the Judge.

Some years ago a statute was passed which made it a criminal offence to be present where any gaming implements were found, and also condemned for destruction any personal property on the premises. Under this statute a raid was made one Saturday evening on a tenement house where a quiet game of poker was going on in the kitchen. The parties playing the game were arrested and all of the kitchen furniture was taken for condemnation, the seizure including several articles of baby's clothing, which had been hung up to dry behind the kitchen stove. The case was tried before Chief Justice Parmenter, Mr. Melvin O. Adams appearing for the purpose of saving the furniture. He claimed that at least the baby's clothes were exempt, to which the Chief Justice replied that they were material to the issue.

Mr. M. O. Adams and Chief Justice Aiken were college-mates at Dartmouth and were friends of long standing. One day as Mr. Adams was in Judge Aiken's court room waiting for an opportunity to speak with the Chief Justice, a long and prosy argument was being addressed to the court by a member of the bar, who on this occasion was especially tiresome. Finally, the Chief Justice asked counsel to suspend, and called Mr. Adams to the bench. In the course of the conversation that followed, Mr. Adams, with the familiarity of an old friend, asked the Chief Justice why he had not interrupted the attorney earlier, to which the Chief Justice wittily replied, that the attorney was like the Statute of Limitations, the oftener he was interrupted the longer he ran.

Mr. Adams is a Unitarian and from the windows of his office in the Tremont Building, the clock on the spire of the Orthodox Park Street church can be easily seen. There being a difference between the time indicated by the watch carried by Mr. Adams, and the watch of a client, the latter to show that his watch was correct, called attention to its agreement with the Park Street church clock, when Mr. Adams instantly responded with "I recognize the Park Street church as an authority for neither time, nor eternity."

Not a little amusement was once caused by the words of a clergyman who officiated at the opening of the session of the Superior Court in one of the outside counties, and who was not aware of the fact that Judge Wilkinson who presided was a bachelor. In closing his invocation, the preacher asked that the judge who presided at that session of the court might be safely returned to the bosom of his family.

During his last illness the nurse who was attending Judge Wilkinson, went to his bedside and told him that he must take the medicine she had in her hand.

"I will not take it," said the prim and precise old jurist.

"But you must take it."

"But I say I won't."

"The Doctor says you must."

"I have already passed upon that matter."

Of all the humorists at the bench or bar none had a more genial personality, or a more lovable disposition than the late Judge Charles P. Thompson of Gloucester, who was more generally known as "Charley Thompson," and was respected and liked by all who knew him. His was a ready wit, and a genial humor that placed him easily among the first of the humorists of the bench and bar.

While he was holding the Jury Waived Session of the court in Boston, a lawyer appeared before him considerably under the influence of liquor. At the conclusion of the arguments the attorney in question approached the bench, and in response to a statement made by opposing counsel, said "Your honor, I stand upon that proposition." "And the Scriptures say, 'Let him that seemeth to stand, take heed lest he fall,'" was the instant rejoinder of the quick witted jurist, who had not failed to observe the condition of the somewhat befuddled pleader.

Judge Thompson stammered at times, and this defect in his speech added not a little to the humor of his remarks. In one of the cases in which he appeared as counsel, a witness was questioned at considerable length in regard to the condition of a man at a certain time. The inquiry, which did not appear to be material, was protracted beyond all reason, and Mr. Thompson becoming annoyed at its inordinate and unnecessary length, finally interposed with "You need not p-p-p-p-ur-sue that line of inquiry any further, I'm a c-c-c-om-pe-tent witness myself."

"Catching everything down that way I presume?" was the greeting of one of Judge Thompson's friends upon his return from his period of service as a member of the national House of Representatives. "Yes," was the quick rejoinder, "everything but the speaker's eye."



CHARLES P. THOMPSON

One of the best stories told of Judge Thompson, is the one in which Barney McBride, a big, good natured Irishman of Lynn, who had an exceedingly florid face, figures. The police after a number of attempts finally succeeded late one Saturday night in finding a pint bottle of whiskey in Barney's place, and he was thereupon haled into court, upon the charge of keeping and exposing intoxicating liquors for sale, and the case was set down for trial, Judge Sherman, who at that time was District Attorney for Essex, appearing for the government. The evidence, which was unimpeached, clearly showed that the whiskey was found on the premises, and it looked as though the government would have little trouble in securing a conviction, especially as the trial was to be before that staunch Prohibitionist, Judge Robert C. Pitman of New Bedford. In the course of his argument, Mr. Thompson, who appeared for McBride, said, "I asked a man that I met this morning on my way to the depot, how much liquor he had to have in order to get through Sunday, and he said, 'Three pints, Charley.' This man had only one pint, your honor, hardly enough to take him through his morning devotions." Then turning to his client, he said, "Barney, stand up! I want you to look upon the jury." Turning then to the jury, he said, "Gentlemen of the Jury, will you be kind enough to look upon the defendant. I make this request, Gentlemen, because I am going to ask you by and by, whether in your opinion a man who looks like that, with a face like that, and who is f-f-f-f-ound to have only a pint of whiskey on his p-p-p-p-p-prem-i-ses late on Saturday night to carry him over Sunday, has any of that liquor for



MELVIN O. ADAMS

sale." Without leaving the box, the jury returned a verdict of acquittal.

While Mr. Thompson represented the Gloucester district in the lower branch of the Legislature, the bill authorizing the society to sell the Old South Church came up for final disposition, and a very strenuous argument in favor of its passage was made by a well known clergyman of Newton. When the Reverend gentleman had closed his protracted remarks, Judge Thompson rose slowly to his feet, and said. "Mr. Speaker, I have listened to the arguments in this case with a great deal of interest, and I have come to the conclusion, Sir, that the t-t-t-ime has arrived when the Lord God Almighty can no longer own a corner lot in Boston."

The defeat of the bill which followed, was probably as much due to the short address of Judge Thompson, as to anything that was brought out in the course of the debate.

While arguing a case before a jury, Mr. Thompson was frequently accustomed to raise his voice to a high pitch, because by doing this he was less liable to stammer. In a case tried before Judge Lord of the Supreme Court, one of the jurors informed Judge Lord that he was suffering with a severe headache, which was aggravated by the high tone of voice sometimes used by Mr. Thompson. He closed by requesting the court to ask Mr. Thompson to lower his voice, in case he raised it to the high pitch. When Mr. Thompson later, in the course of his argument, raised his voice, Judge Lord told him what the juror had said. "Yes, your honor," was Mr. Thompson's reply, with an injured air, that added greatly to the comedy of the situation, "but won't you allow me to speak loud enough to keep that juror in the corner there, awake?"

In the controversy growing out of the Hayes-Tilden election, Judge Thompson, then a Democratic member of the National House, was chairman of the special committee on elections, which went to Florida, and heard evidence bearing upon the alleged frauds. Among the witnesses who were summoned to appear before the committee, was an old colored man. After he had given his direct evidence Judge Thompson took him in hand, and the examination proceeded thus.

"What did you say your name was?"

"Ebenezer Ross."

"You are the election officer in this precinct?"

"Yas, sir! Yas, sir!"

"You had charge of the ballots there?"

"Yas, sir! Yas, sir!"

"And you counted them?"

"Yas, sir!"

"Now, sir, have you had any talk with anyone about these ballots, since election?"

"Yas, sir!"

"With whom have you talked about these ballots?"

"With Mar's Buffum." (Buffum was a prominent Republican politician.)

"Well, what did Mr. Buffum say to you?"

"Well, Mar's Buffum—he tole me to tell the truf—and he tole me to be d—d slow about it, too."

A young attorney who had brought a bill in equity, went to the

court where Judge Thompson was presiding, and after explaining his bill, which contained an unusual number of prayers, passed the paper to the clerk, who in turn handed it to the court. Judge Thompson read it over carefully, and then turning to the young attorney said, "You have certainly obeyed the Scriptural injunction — you have 'prayed without ceasing.'"

Frank C. Richardson, Esq., who was in the Salem office of Judge Thompson, and in an adjoining room at the time, overheard a conversation between Judge Thompson and a client, who was charged with having received stolen property, and with having bought junk of some boys. The case was pending in the Superior Criminal Court, the time for trial was drawing near, and Mr. Thompson in two or three previous interviews had tried to impress upon his client the importance of making some preparation for the trial of the case. In this he had failed, and at this interview he was especially strenuous with his client, and tried to impress upon him the importance of furnishing him with some witnesses in regard to the facts of the case. "I can furnish the wind in this case," he said, "but I cannot furnish the witnesses, and unless you bring in some witnesses, the District Attorney will accomplish his purpose, and land you in the state prison." The client, who was a prominent member of the church, and appeared to be very pious, said, "Mr. Thompson, they may imprison my body, but my soul will be free." Quick as a flash Mr. Thompson rejoined, "Never mind the canary; it's the cage I'm trying to save."

In the trial of a case before a jury at Salem where a colored man sued on account of injuries caused by being bitten by a dog, Judge Sherman appeared for the defendant, and Mr. Thompson for the plaintiff. The defendant had offered fourteen dollars to settle the case. In the course of his argument, Judge Sherman referring to Mr. Thompson's being a Democrat, facetiously said that counsel on the other side had not always been so solicitous for the colored man's welfare. When Mr. Thompson came to his argument in referring to Judge Sherman, then a lawyer at the Essex bar, he said: "My friend has said that I have not always shown the same solicitude for the colored man that I do in this case, referring I presume, to the fact that I did not believe that the great war that was made for the purpose of freeing the slaves, was necessary, and my friend did believe it was necessary, and now after all the sacrifice of money and of men that was made for that purpose, he has the audacity to come into court and offer to sell that same colored man for fourteen dollars a bite."

Mr. Richardson to whom we are indebted for these later stories, had many pleasant arguments with Judge Thompson when he was in his office at Salem.

General Charles W. Bartlett, and Mr. Samuel J. Elder, both of whom are wits of no mean order, appeared as counsel on opposite sides, and General Bartlett had an Irish witness on the stand. After getting from the witness his name and residence, General Bartlett asked:

"Now Mr. Maguinness, will you tell the jury where you were, and

what you saw on the afternoon of May fifth?"

Maguinness: "Misther Bartlett, can oi have a word with you sor?"

General Bartlett: "No, Mr. Maguinness, you are on the witness stand, and you cannot confer with counsel now. Tell the jury what you saw, and heard.

Maguinness repeated: "Misther Bartlett, can't oi have just a word with you?"

The court, the officers, and counsel on both sides tried to stop him, but he couldn't be stopped, came ambling off the stand, and approaching General Bartlett, in a hoarse stage whisper asked "Misther Bartlett, where are those jury?"

Messrs. Bartlett and Elder figured as counsel in another case, a suit for personal injuries, in which Mr. Elder, as he supposed, had General Bartlett thoroughly whipped. The plaintiff, a woman, in trying to board an electric car at Columbus and Massachusetts avenues, found she had made a mistake in the car, stepped from the car, and backed away, and into the hind wheel of the defendant's express wagon, which was between the car tracks, and the curb. She testified that the team ran her down, but not only the conductor of the car, one or two persons on the sidewalk, but several persons in the car, including a professor of the Institute of Technology, saw and testified just how the accident occurred. General Bartlett was not in the least phased by this however, and in examining the driver said:

"Did you call out to the woman when you saw her?"

"Yes."

"What did you say?"

"Oh, I don't know what I said. I guess I said 'Hullo!' (The witness answered in a very low tone of voice, as men who are loudest out of doors, frequently do when they are in court.)

"Oh, did you know the lady?"

"No."

"Had you ever been introduced to the lady?"

"No."

"And you shouted 'Hullo!' to a lady you didn't know?"

In General Bartlett's deliberate and inimitable manner it was excruciatingly funny. He rang all the changes possible on that "Hullo!" and sure enough by it laughed a little verdict out of the jury.

A good joke on Mr. Elder, and one that Judge Hardy says must go into his obituary when he arrives at that dignity, occurred in the trial of a case at Cambridge some years ago. He appeared for a very old man, who had left the cars at the Winchester station, and testified that they started suddenly, and threw him to the station platform, causing the injuries which were the basis of the suit. A lot of witnesses testified that he was asleep in the car, did not see when the train reached Winchester, woke up only after it had started, rushed to the platform, and was thrown and injured while trying to get off. In his argument to the jury, Mr. Elder claimed that it was absurd to say that he was asleep. "Why, Gentlemen," he said, "he had reached the age when the almond tree flourisheth, and they are afraid of that which is high, and they that look out of the windows are darkened, and fears are in the way.

What does this corporation say this careful old man, returning to his home at mid-day, was doing? Why, Gentlemen, they tell you he was asleep."

As he gave these words their most effective utterance, he turned slowly around toward his client, the eyes of every juror on the panel following him, and there in spite of the important interests that were at stake, in spite of all the eloquence of his learned counsel, the old man sat well snuggled down in his chair, sound asleep.

Thomas J. Gargan was trying a will case, and was seeking to have the instrument set aside on the ground of the incompetency of the testator. An Irish woman was put on the stand by the proponent, and on the cross examination, Mr. Gargan asked her how long she had known the testator.

"If it's Mike Connolly ye mean, I've known him for five and thirty years."

"Did you ever hear that during the latter part of his life, he had softening of the brain?"

"Softening of the brain," repeated the witness, "divvle a hard it ever was during his whole life!"

When Mr. Gargan was a member of the Great and General Court in 1876, on the day before Good Friday, he moved for an adjournment over that day. Another member rose and asked Mr. Gargan if he had ever known of the Legislatures adjourning over Good Friday. "At this moment," replied Mr. Gargan, "I can recall but one court that sat upon that day, and Pontius Pilate presided over that one."

Mr. Gargan was defending a well known character at the West end, who dealt in empty barrels such as whiskey, brandy, wine, and beer. He had acquired considerable property, and in one of his buildings had a large storage loft, and cellar. He never sold intoxicating liquors, but once in a great while would overindulge in stimulants, and on such occasions was particularly abusive to the police officers, one of whom, in order to get even, obtained a warrant, searched his place, and found a demijohn containing a gallon of whisky. Keeping and exposing with intent to sell was the charge upon which he was taken to court, where Judge Pitman, an able lawyer, and a leading advocate of Prohibition, occupied the bench. During the examination of the defendant Judge Pitman broke in, saying rather quickly, "You had a number of whisky barrels; that was suspicious. For what purpose did you have the whisky in that demijohn?" Looking at the judge knowingly, the defendant replied, "That was a private drop, your honor, for the Fourth of July, or Thanksgiving. Your honor knows how that is yourself." Even Judge Pitman could not repress a smile.

A recent comer from abroad, who went into the real estate business, was not building in accordance with the provisions of the law, and it became necessary to get him into court in order to convince him of the error of his ways. The sheriff's officer who had been sent in search of him, reported that he had found a cousin of the man who was wanted, but that the man himself had moved to Providence the fall before. Within an hour Samuel M. Child met the very man he wanted in City Hall avenue, asked him what

he had been trying to work on the sheriff's officer, and closed by asking him where he lived then.

"Oh, down on Poplar street," was the reply.

"Thought you moved to Providence last fall?"

"So help me God, Mr. Child, I missed the train!"

District Attorney Thomas E. Grover of the South Eastern District which includes the counties of Plymouth and Norfolk, is one of the best story tellers at the bar, and is never more at home than when he is in the midst of a party which can appreciate a story that is well told. In the early days of his practice, he defended a man who had run away from a charge of breaking and entering. In his charge, the presiding judge said that the jury should consider as bearing upon the question of the man's guilt, the fact that the crime had been committed, that he had absented himself from the town where he lived, and that his absence was unexplained, the court adding, "for as the Bible says 'The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion.'"

Mr. Grover immediately asked the court to also rule that the Bible also says, "the wise man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself, while the wicked go on, and are punished," but the court held that this hardly applied, and the matter was dropped in a manner that showed that the quick turn of the lawyer was not at all appreciated by the bench.

While in the court room at Taunton some years ago, Mr. Grover was informed by a court officer, that a man in the detention room wanted to see him. He went there, and this conversation ensued.

"Are you a lawyer?"

"Yes."

"What'll you defend me for?"

"What are you charged with?"

"Breaking and entering a store in Fall River, and larceny of underwear."

"I'll take the case for twenty-five dollars. You want to testify?"

"I don't know. What will the District Attorney ask me?"

"I don't know what he'll ask you. I can't tell."

"Question me pretty close won't he?"

"I presume so. He's a pretty smart man."

"Well, I won't go on the stand."

Later, when the jury had returned a verdict of guilty, Mr. Grover, whose curiosity had been aroused by his client's refusal to testify, went to the detention room, saw him, and asked:

"Why were you so unwilling to go on the stand?"

"I thought I would be asked about that underclothing."

"What if you had been asked about it?"

"I've got it on."

The Seven Adventures of John Henry

By Grace Liscome Hewett



"A LINE OF HAPPY SMOKING BOYS"

I

The Errand for Miss McTwaddle

JOHN HENRY is the middle member of the family. That means doing all kinds of disagreeable things. The older ones are too old and the younger ones are too young—poor John Henry! He had to go way down the hill past the freight house with its line of happy smoking boys to get the mail. He had to trudge three dusty miles to have the shoes mended and then he had to go past the freight house, too. Other boys might go in, but John Henry was forbidden.

One very rainy day, Miss McTwaddle, ***the*** Miss McTwaddle, in her mackintosh and floppy rubbers came over to know if John Henry mightn't please take a small bundle down to the freight house for her. Of course, she would have had the expressman come as she surely would have done, if it had been any other kind of a bundle, but this bundle was for southern Tennessee, where she had taught that year, and of course she wanted to send as much as she could, so she thought that if John Henry would take the bundle down for her, he would do his little part. It was always well to begin mission work young. When she was a child, even younger than John Henry, she had given five whole cents to a very needy individual, who had said that he must have some stim-

ulant to keep him alive. She had always remembered that because it was the only time that she had ever aided in the sale of intoxicating beverages.

John Henry's two younger brothers interrupted with a series of staccato shrieks. John Henry was inoculating them into the science of electric shocks whereby they could easily pick up a real live wire that would kill an ordinary person at once. His battery consisted of a long coil of thick string with a pin on the end. It had taken a long time to twist the string but John Henry's grin was satisfaction itself.

"Now, John Henry, will you take a small bundle down to the freight house for me?" said Miss McTwaddle with a condescending smile—Miss McTwaddle had once been supposed to have a dimple, but she modestly assured people that she never could find it, while they behind her back assured each other that they never could either. John Henry answered with a downcast "Yes'm." He couldn't let his mother or Miss McTwaddle see how delighted he was. It would never do.

"Very well, then," replied Miss McTwaddle, "put on your rubbers and the cape to your sister's old mackintosh and your oldest cap and an umbrella. I think that's all he will need isn't it?" she said to John Henry's mother. "Now go get your cart and draw it over to our house!"

John Henry obediently put on the cape and the rubbers and his oldest brother's best cap. Then he perched his thumb conveniently on his nose and drew his cart over to Miss McTwaddle's.

The Misses McTwaddle struggled with a great bundle carefully wrapped up. "Now, John Henry," said Miss McTwaddle, "this is a bundle for the poor children in Tilden, Tennessee. They don't have very many comforts out there. They have to go without shoes and stockings all the year. Isn't that terrible?"

"Gee, if I only could," sighed John Henry.

"What did you say, John Henry?"

"Why, Miss McTwaddle," stammered John Henry, "I said—I said —wasn't it too bad that they couldn't have some of ours."

"Well, John Henry," said Miss McTwaddle, "you should always be mindful of the luxuries God has given you and always be ready to do your little part. Now be very careful of that package. Don't let it get wet; that's the way that you can do your little part in this good deed."

The Misses McTwaddle lived on a hill where they could see all the passing. John Henry was always heedful when he felt Miss McTwaddle's watchful eye fixed upon him. He drew the cart carefully down the hill, even turning around two or three times to see if the bundle was on his cart and if he could, whether Miss McTwaddle's eye was. Poor John Henry, it always was. He held his umbrella rigidly over his brother's best cap and turned the corner in safety.

Jimmy and Pete Munro were sitting on the edge of the sidewalk with their feet in a delightful stream that ran down the gutter. "What cher got, 'Shuggsy?'" said Pete. "This is a bundle for the heathen, who don't have to wear shoes. I've



"FOUND THEM SITTING WITH THEIR FEET IN THE WATER"

got ter go down t' the freight house, come on, do," said John Henry. "Bet I c'n beat the both on yer," cried Jimmy. "C'm on," yelled Pete. He grabbed the handle of John Henry's cart. The cart rapped their heels; John Henry's umbrella showed a remarkable fondness for John Henry's legs; it finally reached the point where it could no longer keep away and John Henry landed in the mud. The cart rolled over his shoulders and pitched the bundle into the ditch.

"Hurt, John Henry?" cried Pete and Jimmy racing back. "Not much," said John Henry, sitting up. "I guess I got some dirt on my face 'n a whole lot in my mouth. Oh, say," he cried suddenly, "now when I spit it looks like I had real tobacco in my mouth—ain't that great?"

"Hi," yelled Jimmy, "Twaddie's bundle's in the water—whatever'll you do, Shuggs?"

"Aw," said John Henry, "it ain't busted in the water it's only rolled in. She never'll know whether it's wet or not when it gets there unless you tell her." Pete and Jimmy hoisted in the bundle and they started away.

The freight agent was a most admirable man. He was tall and awfully strong. He could smoke fifty cigars in one day and say ten times as many swear words in that very same length of time. The freight agent was not a friend of Miss McTwaddle. She had tried many times to reason with him and every time he had said something very shocking—shall I repeat it—it is awful—very well then, he had said "go to the devil," those were his very words, my dear.

When the freight agent heard that the boys had a package of Miss McTwaddle's he gave them a cigar apiece and invited them into his office. In there, he listened to their

story; how they had started to run and the bundle had fallen out into the ditch and was soaking wet now. The freight agent laughed immoderately. He laughed again. Miss McTwaddle, he assured them, would never know. It took days and days to go there and by that time it would be dry—very likely there would be a big storm anyway before it reached Tilden; the boys needn't worry.

"Now," said John Henry on the way home, "that's done. I've got to wash my face and hands before she sees me—just brush off my clothes, will yer fellers?" John Henry took off his cap and let the rain flatten down his hair, then he parted the front with his hands and put his cap on again.

"Oh, Shuggsy," said Pete, "this mud'll never come off of your cape."

"Douse it in the water, Pete 'n she'll think it's rained hard," answered John Henry. "You two fellers stay behind while I go up 'n tell her her bundle's safe. Wonder what she'll give me?"

"Burnt cookie," said Pete, who had had experience. John Henry rolled out his tongue for answer and departed.

"Oh, is it you, John Henry? Why didn't you come to the back door; my father never let me go to the front door when we were children. Did you deliver my bundle safely? Do you know whether it has gone or not? I've just received another pair of stockings and I would like to have them go too."

"Yes'm," said John Henry thinking of the children, "the freight agent said he'd send it right off. I told him you said to hurry 'n he said he would."

"Why, John Henry," exclaimed Miss McTwaddle, "you know I never said to have him hurry it. My father always told us that lying would bring us to everlasting punishment. I know I meant to have it hurry but I never said so. Never mind about the other pair of stockings, I will send those later. There's a cooky for you. It is only half burned, the rest is quite good, very good I know because I made it myself. Here's a penny for you to put in the Sunday school box for the poor little children who can't earn any, it will save your father something. I am not overpaying you because I'm going away next Sunday, so that I shan't have any opportunity to put that in the box."



"ONLY A BURNT COOKEY"

II

John Henry and the Lady's Garden

"John Henry, dear," said the lady across the way, "won't you come and weed my garden for me? I'll give you fifty cents a week if you'll come. Do come, John Henry, dear."

John Henry was a boy and he couldn't see the use of being a boy if he had to be called "my dear" all the time, only girls did that. "But," said his mother, "she likes you very much, very much indeed."

"Oh, dear," sighed John Henry, "I suppose she does."



"John Henry, dear," said the lady across the way, "I want you to weed this asparagus bed. It really isn't very large for a big boy like you. If you work right along, you'll be through before noon, and the sun isn't really very hot, if you don't think about it. You're such a nice boy, too, I like to have you weed my garden, I shouldn't want to trust any boy in here, they might steal something, but of course you never would think of taking anything would you, John Henry, dear?"

"Oh, dear," groaned John Henry, "I don't s'pose I can even hook an apple if she's going to stay round, 'n I can't stop to rest in the shade at all. Oh, dear! Don't I just hate that word, though. I don't care if my mother does say it's wicked to swear I'd rather than to hear that everlasting "dear, dear," I ain't a girl. Gosh darn it, I ain't."

John Henry worked hard, he weeded fully one length of the asparagus bed without stopping even to whistle. The sun was hot, very hot; the shade was very cool and inviting. "O, de—darn I mean," corrected John Henry, "this is awful. Oh, I'm hot." The sweat rolled down his face and left little white streaks behind. John Henry was hot; even his mind boiled. The shade was very cool. If she'd only leave. He stopped to rub his dirty hands over his face. She was looking at him; he could not stop quite yet. Jerk, jerk, up came one weed, then another—whew! wasn't it hot?

"Oh," groaned John Henry.

"You're a fine little worker, John Henry," said the lady, "I think that there's a bottle of root beer on ice."

"Gee," exclaimed John Henry.

"When you finish that bed," said the lady, "you can have it."

"Oh!" said John Henry.

John Henry weeded very fast for a few minutes, then he looked out of the corner of his eye. The shade was inviting.

"My mother," began John Henry, straightening up under a small tree.

"Yes?" said the lady.

"My mother—er said it was going to be a hot day."

"Oh, yes," said the lady.

John Henry pulled up another row of weeds. He was awfully hot and there were seven, no nine rows more to do. He really felt a pain in his head. There were two or

three when he stopped to think. His head might be going around so that he couldn't count straight. He really didn't know how many there were. What would his mother do if he should die? They would have to buy a coffin and put him in it in the parlor. Then they would all come to look at him and cry. He cried a little himself. He really felt bad.



"Why! John Henry," said the lady across the way, "you haven't pulled a single weed for three minutes. I don't call that a very good way to work."

"I was thinkin'," said John Henry rather crossly.

"Well," observed the lady, "the time to think is when you are in school. You can't have that root beer if you work that way. I shall drink it with my lunch."

John Henry's brain dropped a few degrees. John Henry liked root beer. He pulled up tall heavy weeds that belonged to several generations ago.

"Be very careful, John Henry," warned the lady, "if you should tear up the asparagus you would have to pay for it. That's the only way I have to protect my bed from small boys. They're more careful when I take it out of their pay."

"Oh, dear," sighed John Henry, "what shall I do? First it's too slow and then it's too fast. It's altogether too bad. Oh, darn, there!"

"Gee," exclaimed John Henry under his breath, "I know it's cool under that tree. If I only dared. My mother said—oh, I don't. John Henry swallowed hard then he burst forth suddenly, "My mother said that I wasn't to forget to tell you that Mrs. Staples wanted you to come to her house to lunch to-day."

"Did she really?" exclaimed the lady. "Well, I don't wonder though, she has often said that she meant to have me come. Mrs. Staples has such a lovely house that I just love to go there. Did she say she would have the carriage come for me, John Henry, my dear?"

"No," said John Henry, "she asked if you'd forgive her but she had given her coachman a holiday and she didn't know how to harness the horses."

"Well, that's all right," said the lady condescendingly, — she had been invited to Mrs. Staples' to lunch. "Do you think that you can finish that asparagus bed alone? I'll leave the key to the kitchen door with you so that you can get your root beer when you've finished."

"Yes'm," said John Henry, meekly.

He pulled a few more weeds very slowly, until the lady had gone. "There," said John Henry, "I've been 'n gone 'n done it—won't she be mad when she gets back. I'll



just rest for a few minutes so that I c'n work faster." John Henry threw himself down in the shade. It was cool there; he had known it all the time. Bye and bye he would get up and finish the old weeds, then he could have the root beer. John Henry rested. He knew that he ought to finish that bed, but it was too hot out there. He was so comfortable where he was. He wondered if it would do any harm if he just looked at the root beer. Anyway he thought he'd just look to see if it was there.

John Henry unlocked the back door softly and stole over to the refrigerator. There were two bottles there. John Henry looked out of the window. The sun was still blazing. If he could drink only half a tumbler, he would feel just like pulling weeds. He uncorked the bottle—wasn't that sizz dinkey? He drank nearly half a bottle. It tasted awfully good. He would drink just one swallow more. Then he took a big long swallow, because if he could have only one, he wanted to drink as much as he could. Then he grew brave. Since he could have one bottle, why couldn't he drink it now as well as at any other time. John Henry smacked his lips, it was so good. He wished that they put more root beer into one bottle. Some people were stingy anyway. She was one of those people. It would serve her right if he did drink two. She'd make an awful fuss, though. Perhaps she thought that there was only one on ice. She had said that she would drink his for lunch and she never would drink two. The other had tasted mighty good. If he just took a little swallow she wouldn't know.

John Henry opened the refrigerator door. Then he shut it again. The other tasted so good. He would take it out of his fifty cents if she found it out. She probably would take it out any way. He opened the door and took out the bottle. Just three swallows won't make any difference.

When John Henry had taken three swallows the bottle was empty. John Henry eyed it ruefully. He washed one bottle and put it under the sink. Perhaps she wouldn't notice it. Anyway it wasn't any good to be sorry now.

He carefully locked the back door and put the key under the mat. Now he would finish the weeding. But first he would stop a few minutes in the shade—just throw himself down.

It was hot and John Henry was sleepy. He knew he ought to get up and finish those weeds, but he would just stay a few minutes. Soon John Henry's mind was beyond his control, and the lady across the way, very hot and very dusty, reached Mrs. Staples' handsome house. Mrs. Staples was not at home. Poor John Henry!

A Haven

By Francis Ingold Walker

A restful, quiet place I know;
A cot behind a grape-vine hedge,
Where dahlias blossom in a row,
Along the little garden's edge.

It still more restful seems, I think,
When Grandma brews her pot of tea;
And, from the mulberry cup, I drink,
While seeking Grandma's sympathy.

Down from the wall looks Grandma's self,
When she was but a twelve-year's lass,
And peacock feathers deck the shelf
Beside the brown-framed looking-glass.

And Grandma knows of all good things,
They used to make in old-time days:
Her brush brooms are but turkey wings,
At night her tallow candles blaze.

If Grandma knows of Sorrow's bond,
As, by her widow's cap, she must!
She turns it to a magic wand,
To win, from others, love and trust.

For, in her quiet home, to-day,
With memories sweet as lavender,
Her calm soul is the restful stay
Of weary hearts that turn to her!

A Thanksgiving Opportunity

By Grace Blanchard

MRS. KITTREDGE laid down a letter and sighed; took up another and sighed.

"All our relatives politely say that it is a pity we are too far off to be invited to Thanksgiving, but that it is our fault that we are so remote."

"And then, having licked you, poor little mumsie, they sign themselves 'Very lovingly yours'—ugh!" sputtered the lank and lively daughter whose youthful temper was still further fretted by her vain attempt to mend a tennis racquet before putting it away for the winter.

"It is my fault, mama, and I wish they would blame it all onto me," Marcia Kittredge protested, laying down the magazine she had been cutting, and crossing over to her little mother's chair. "If" (kiss) "I hadn't stubbornly" (pat) "taken the position of librarian in this wild-west city, astray up here in New Hampshire, you" (hug) "wouldn't now be confronted with the prospect of a boarding-house turkey."

"Perhaps your elder brother will send a box of goodies, or does he want us to try husks a while longer?" suggested the ruffled youthful one.

"Jessie, dear! you know we could not let Marcia come off alone to this lumber town, and unfortunately she had to take the position now or lose it. Thanksgiving isn't for four days yet and perhaps our pictures will arrive to make this room look less forlorn; and dinners are usually better at pensions on holidays."

"Meantime, let us make our charms known," mutinied Jessie. "I don't want to waste my sweetness on you and Marlie, and if she blushes unseen, why, so much the worse for the missing spectators. For you are, sister, yes, you are a whole Delaware crop of them; isn't she, mother?"

"She certainly is a dear, good daughter about retrieving the family fortunes. You'll do as much, some day."

"Oh, those family fortunes! I'll not wait till I'm twenty-three before I butt in and become a retriever myself."

And whistling saucily as if to a dog, Jessie made one motion, her hat was on; another, her coat was buttoned; a third and she was out of the house and starting down the business street. There she went more slowly, staring thoughtfully at signs and want advertisements. At last she stopped short, laughed, and darted up a stairway at the foot of which newsboys were waiting for their papers.

All that evening she was unusually quiet and angelic, and when bed-time came she clung to her mother entreating whimsically, "With all my faults you love me still? Say you do, mumsie."

The next night, up in the grand house of the town, in a bare yet

splendid room two men sat reading the papers, too frankly bored by each other to make conversation over the items encountered in the columns. From across the street came the roar and rumble of the immense lumber mills owned by these men, but the sound was too familiar to disturb their reading. There was a family resemblance in the two, though their ages differed greatly, and as a maid announced dinner and they rose, the young man motioned the old gentleman ahead with a deferential, "After you, Grandad."

It was a repast well calculated to prevent a man's missing his city home or club, yet it was not festive and at its end the young man said, "Blamed bad luck that the new machinery had to arrive and call you away from home just at this time, sir. You haven't missed carving a turkey for how many years?"

"Forty-nine since your grandmother and I went to keeping house, Robbie. But I needn't complain of being up in the wilds one Thanksgiving, when you and your brother are exiles here year in and year out."

"Except this year, Grandad, when Jim is seeing gay Paree instead of overseeing the mill-hands. Well, sir, shall we resume our feast of reason?" and he picked up and handed the newspaper to the courtly old gentleman.

Soon he himself, however, was heard to chuckle.

"This is something like," he murmured. "For alluring abandon Paree isn't in it compared with this;" and his eyes danced again over these few lines in the want column of the evening paper:

"Three charming women would like to be invited to Thanksgiving dinner. Inquire at Reference Room of Public Library between 5 and 6 p. m."

"By Jove, I will—that is, if I have to drive down town to-morrow. Probably I'd draw a blue-stocking, though there's a naiveté about that advertisement which promises something better."

Not only did he have to go to town the next afternoon, but the long list of errands his housekeeper asked him to execute was so complicated to his masculine mind that he would have forgotten she had said that women-folks were of all things most needed for their Thanksgiving supplies, if his horse, taking a rapid pace homeward, had not almost collided with a group of urchins crossing the street to the Public Library.

"The place! The hour!" Robert recollected in amusement. "Stand there, Dolly, while I inquire within."

Jumping from the buggy he entered the vestibule of the library. He caught a glimpse of a blonde head bending over the delivery desk toward the urchins, a smile making them slaves, and capable, fair hands gathering in the books on whose title-pages the boys had inscribed, "This is a good storrie," "Bully," "Pritty curdline," "Rotten" or "Dandy."

Robert Elson turned to the right and entered the reference room. Its only occupant seemed much at home there. She was swinging gaily around in a student's revolving chair, committing, in an undertone, the lines of Sill's "Opportunity" from the volume of his poems open on her lap.

Robert approached, hat in hand. "I beg your pardon, but I am looking for three charming women."

The swinging stopped, great black-velvet eyes looked with convincing dignity into his, and a girlish voice all creamy hauteur replied, "I'm one."

"By the powers! you will be, sometime," sprang to Robert's tongue, but it was checked by the childlike simplicity with which this witching little gypsy awaited his words.

"To be sure," he asserted, as gravely as if replying to a truism. "But the other two? Are they as charming?"

She looked at him in scorn for such ignorance, and her manner lapsed from the queenly to the conversational. "When you have seen my mother and sister, you will know that I get invited with my family just because the assortment can't be broken. That's my sister out at the desk. She's the new librarian. Do you really want us to come to dinner with you on Thanksgiving Day?"

There was a vista through to the delivery desk where the Madonna of the books was surrounded by many youthful worshippers. Robert looked from that lovely face to the expressive one beside him, over which flashed in succession, an eagerness for fun, a longing for friends, and the stern determination to remember she was a Kittredge.

"My grandfather and I would be most happy to be cheered by you on Thursday. Indeed, our housekeeper, when she gave me this three-volume list, said it contained everything we needed for the holiday, unless I could 'scare up some good company.' That was her phrase, but I do not want to scare this possible little guest; I want you to tell me frankly all about it."

A child recognizes sincerity and chivalry even in a tone modulated to suit the library quiet. Tears sprang to Jessie's eyes; she had been lonesome through the past secret-burdened day; then she beamed and whispered,

"Play you are a customer, for I'm here to wait on them," (handing him an atlas upside-down.) "There, now we can talk and yet seem to be improving our minds, which is what they do in reference rooms. Why, you see we came to town only three days ago, as Marlie, that's my sister Marcia, had to, and my little mumsie looked so sad when we spoke of being away from all her folks on Thanksgiving Day—it is her wedding anniversary too,—that I got desperate and advertised for friends, because I knew I could guarantee satisfaction so far as my mother and sister went. Well," smiling happily, "now you've answered my want, and that's funny and nice, and it will all amuse my family seeing that my ad didn't bring me to mortification, and that's all, and we are much obliged, but of course we Kittredges couldn't be bold really, and so, good night, Mr. Opportunity;" and she made a quaint little gesture, as if dismissing him and a childish prank.

"Not so fast, please. You mean that your mother would not listen to me if I went with you and invited your family to dinner?"

The young girl looked at him as if the question were superfluous.

Both pondered in silence.

"You would like to come? You could drive my pony after dinner."

Shining eyes answered him.

"Your sister hasn't got to be here on a holiday?"

"She thought she would have the library open all day for forlorn strangers — a fellow feeling makes one kind. That's a quotation; do you want me to look it up for you? Only one trustee has shown up and he said there was no rule about holiday openings. I suppose some of the trustees have homes and families?" rather wistfully.

The young man smote his knee. "Good idea! Yes, the bigger his house the easier it is for a man to be a trustee." He took the child's hands with gentle authority. "Will you have a secret with me for twenty-four hours? Say nothing at home of all this; to-morrow at this time I will call on your mother, and when you and your sister come from the library perhaps you will have reason to think you 'Saved a great cause that heroic day.'"

His knowing the last line of "Opportunity" won Jessie as nothing else could have done, for the lovers of Sill's poems are one. Her eyes flashed good fellowship and Robert hurried off, scattering largess to the boys who had been holding his impatient horse. Dolly's dash homeward was interrupted while her master stopped at his office long enough to ring up Central and demand the Mayor's office.

"Hello, that your Honor? This is Elson. Oh, I say, you know you've wanted me to go in for public office? Well, I'm ready to begin by being a library trustee; they elect those next week, don't they? No, it's no joke. What's that? Perhaps I want to be made president of the trustees? Yes, that might be a capital scheme. Will the boys put this job through all right, sure? What? I could buy up the whole town? Well, I don't want to; mind you get that point straight, but this little non-salaried office, just to show my public spirit, I'll take—for a consideration!" He chuckled, rang off, and the Mayor fumed in vain to know what Elson was up to.

It was when he pushed the best cigars over to his Grandfather that evening that Robert seemed seized with a sudden inspiration.

"I guess we better do a little missionary work on Thanksgiving Day, the boomerang kind that turns around and blesses him that gives. You see, I've been persuaded, by circumstances, to become a trustee of the Public Library, and as the new librarian's family has just moved to town, I thought it might be courteous to ask them up for turkey—especially as you gave the library building; eh, sir?"

"You've got good precedent for seeing to the stranger within your gates, Robbie. It will suit me, if the librarian isn't Mr. Dry-as-dust."

"On the contrary, Grandad, I assure you," Robert grinned and said no more.

Dusk the next day brought a caller for Mrs. Kittredge and her daughters found their precious mother laughing as she had not since coming to this north countree. With quite her air of happier days she introduced Mr. Elson, president of the board of library trustees.

He shook hands smilingly. "That

is dealing in futures a little; the final election does not come till next week, but as I may be away then I took time by the forelock enough to make my official call this afternoon. And may I suggest, Miss Kittredge, that we could talk over library matters at leisure if you and your mother and sister would honor my grandfather and me with your company to dinner on Thanksgiving Day? There are some minor matters which might be improved at our little local institution, perhaps some new books bought; for instance, I dropped into the reference room the other day and got very little geographic help from an old atlas there."

He did not look at Jessie as he talked decorously to her elders, and her delighted giggle was now thought by her relatives to be only a sign of the child's ecstatic relief at the prospect of having a real home turkey, the kind which always seems to have three legs and two wishbones.

"Mrs. Kittredge," the young man continued, "my grandfather will forget his exile here if you will come brighten our bachelor's hall. I will send for you at one o'clock, then to-morrow? Thank you and good-day;" and he was off before Mrs. Kittredge could take a stand against his pleading lips and her daughters' pleading eyes.

It was the first sleighing of the year on Thursday, and the merry bells and winey air made Jessie's spirits quite ungovernable as they drove to the grand house.

Ushered by a maid into an immense hall and up into a huge chamber there to lay off their wraps, Jessie's mischievous eyes darted here upon a box of cartridges in the corner, next upon a revolver on the dressing-table.

"'Bachelor's hall,' I should say," she cried, catching up the weapon and pirouetting about. "We don't have these among the silver-mounted things on our bureaus, do we, sister?"

"Drop it, Jessie, drop it this minute," screamed Mrs. Kittredge, and for once in her young life Jessie obeyed, with consequences which counselled her never to obey again.

She had dropped the revolver in on the cartridges, rightly thinking that such stuff ought all to go together, but alack and alas! the edge of the box hit the trigger, there was a report, some smoke, and through it Jessie was seen not gaily pirouetting now, but balancing on one foot, holding the other and crying with pain.

The report brought the housekeeper and Mr. Robert to the door. They understood it all in a few words, and the two of them seemed equal to a much worse occasion.

"Miss Kittredge," Robert commanded, "will you go down and make yourself known to my grandfather who is just driving up and beguile him in some way? On your way, please find the kitchen and tell the cook not to let dinner spoil for half an hour. Thank you. Mrs. Kittredge, isn't that the bullet over there on the floor where it rebounded from hitting the radiator? Now, see here, Jessie, that ball only grazed your foot, just tore the leather and flesh a little. Good work you didn't have on low shoes. Here, Mrs. Winn, put the child on to my brother's bed there, cut off her boot, dress the wound as you

have my hands when I've come in from gunning sometimes, and I'll get one of my soft slippers and then we'll all take tea!" And he turned a reassuring and hot face to the distressed mother.

"Jessie shouldn't have—all this trouble—" she murmured.

"Don't mention that. My brother had no business to go abroad and leave fire-arms loaded in his room. Now I'll go down and relieve Miss Kittredge, and by the time the cook has dinner served, Jessie can hop down stairs leaning on your arm." Then, in a stage-whisper, "So long, fellow-conspirator; our dinner-party will be a success after all;" and he left Jessie smiling through her tears.

At the parlor door he paused, seeing his fondest hopes fulfilled. The Honorable Asa Elson was radiating satisfaction, having secured a small but appreciative audience in the pleasing person of Marcia Kittredge, who, instead of confronting him with theories of her own, was listening with winning deference while the old gentleman mounted his hobby of Americana.

"Sorry to hasten you, grandfather," he finally interrupted, "but the hour is already a little past, and if you don't mind we will go to the dining-room and meet Mrs. Kittredge and Miss Jessie as they come down stairs. The little girl has a trifling lameness just at present."

My, what a dinner that was! Everyone keyed up by excitement or gratitude, to his or her best! Jessie's spirits returned so bewitchingly that the elder gentleman, chiding the younger one who was a trifle absorbed in their young lady guest, said, "Robbie, you have not given this charming child any of the stuffing."

He remedied the omission, then lifted his glass and looked roguishly at her. "I drink to one of three charming women," he said. And it seemed surprising that Jessie's white cheeks grew red as peonies while Marcias became only blush roses.

They all drew cozily around the open fire in the great library for their after-dinner coffee. After the Honorable Asa found that he had been to school with Mrs. Kittredge's father, his reminiscences rivalled those of "Plupy" and "Beany." But louder than the crackle of their fire howled the rising wind outside, and Robert seriously dreaded to have the tender foot go out in the cold.

"Mrs. Kittredge, it will be safer for Jessie to remain a few days where Mrs. Winn has all the right lotions for dressing a bruise. You see, old Nursey has been in our family ever since my brother and I were boys, and she's like court-plaster—heals all wounds but those of love. Please, Mrs. Kittredge, stay here with Jessie. Grandad," he hastened on before she could speak, "I know you will second my motion to turn this dinner into a week-end house party."

"If Mrs. Kittredge will remain at this house while I am forced to it will save Rob and me from having wheels in our heads, for, dear madam, the boy and I talk machinery all day at the mill and come home and talk it all the evening. And I trust the young lady will stay so that we may enjoy further converse over old book-sale catalogues?"

Marcia smiled at him adorably but shook her lovely head and looked to Robert as if already she saw that that way salvation lay.

"Miss Kittredge being a city officer, will have to be at her post down in the town early to-morrow and I as a stern trustee will see that she gets there by driving her myself to-night back to her boarding-house. A fur coat over all your frills, Miss Librarian, will make an evening sleigh-ride safe. We'll start as soon as that full moon out there seems to rest on the mill chimney. I'll report to you every day how Jessie is getting on, and whisk you up here whenever you can be spared."

Dear sakes! how Mrs. Winn exulted in having Jessie to pet. She made mother and child luxuriously comfortable for the night, remarking as she left their chamber, "Jane and me was sayin', ma'am, as 'ow we was that mortal tired of being the honly ladies 'ere, ma'am."

Localities in that region were not familiar to Marcia Kittredge but she suspected, and afterward learned that there had been good and sufficient reasons for her suspicions, that Robert Elson did not drive her the shortest way home, that night.

As they turned into the driveway to the boarding-house Marcia sighed happily. "So many mercies—Jessie not seriously hurt and mother saved from a sad day."

"Haven't you anything to be thankful for yourself?" he demanded almost roughly. "Why, we have only one minute left together, and if I take it to say that the Lord never sent me a greater blessing than meeting you, how will you have time to tell me you're glad to know me? Smile, then; there's always time for that."

But her heart was in a panic and she slipped out of the moon's bright ray into the dim hall of the house, faltering,

"There were some business matters you wanted to discuss, dear Mr. President of my trustees?"

"I'll drop in at the library for them," he promised her.

But, truth to tell, they never did get around to having a business talk unless the "Wilt thou?" and "I will" to which they eventually came, could be termed such.



The Story of the Ring

By Pauline Carrington Bouve

THE little gold circle which is worn upon the hand of almost every woman and man to typify the marriage bond or bear some other personal significance links the present with the very remote past.

It is closely associated with the elemental forces that sway man's complex nature—ambition, love, religion, loyalty, friendship. It has been the symbol of faith, the pledge of loyalty, the token of love, the emblem of power, the messenger of fate, since those dim days when Indian gem cutters engraved cabalistic characters on the jewels of Eastern rulers; and since Israelite artists engraved the mete shoulder clasp stones of the Ephod, on which were worn the awful and mysterious "Urim and Thumim," that worn by the High Priest, glowed with living light or were dull in token of Jehovah's pleasure or displeasure.

The origin of the finger ring dates back according to the tradition of the ancients, to mythology and is told in the story of Prometheus bound to Caucasus. For when a touch of mercy was awakened in the heart of the stern Jupiter and he was ready to forgive Prometheus, his vow made the matter difficult. After much thought a plan was at length devised by which his wicked and cruel oath might be kept and yet release be given. Jupiter commanded that Prometheus should always wear upon his finger an iron ring in which should be fastened a tiny bit of Caucasus, so that it might be in a certain sense true that Prometheus remained bound to the mountain. Not only does this story hold the first conception of the finger ring, but also the first conception of an insertion in the ring, or the set ring, as Mr. Edwards, author of "The Poetry and History of Finger Rings" observes.

Pliny, however, declares that while Babylonians, Chaldeans, Persians and Greeks used rings, the inventor of them is not known and Pliny's statement is very likely on this point, though some authorities claim that Dschemud who discovered the solar year introduced another circle, the use of the ring. The invention of what is known as the signet ring is attributed to the Lacedemonians, who used this precaution to ensure the safe keeping of their coffers.

After the glorious signets of India, the engraved emerald and lapis lazuli, came the mysterious rings of Egypt, the intaglio and cameo hieroglyphics with decorations of the lotus flower, figures of the crocodile, of Isis and Osiris. The cinerary urns of Greece and Rome have delivered up to us among their relics of emperors, court ladies, military heroes, gladiatorial victors, and early Christians, their several rings each telling a different story, each showing its connection with a different class of society. But as it

was against Roman law to bury gold with the dead, the discovery of gold rings in Roman cinerary urns is evidence to us that they were placed there secretly. The only exception to this gold law was in the case of the deceased having worn false teeth, a clause stating that gold used in fastening artificial teeth in the mouth need not be removed!

In civil contracts, the ring was once used as an emblem of fidelity. Among Hindus, Persians and Egyptians it had this significance. In the Temple of Phtha the priests of

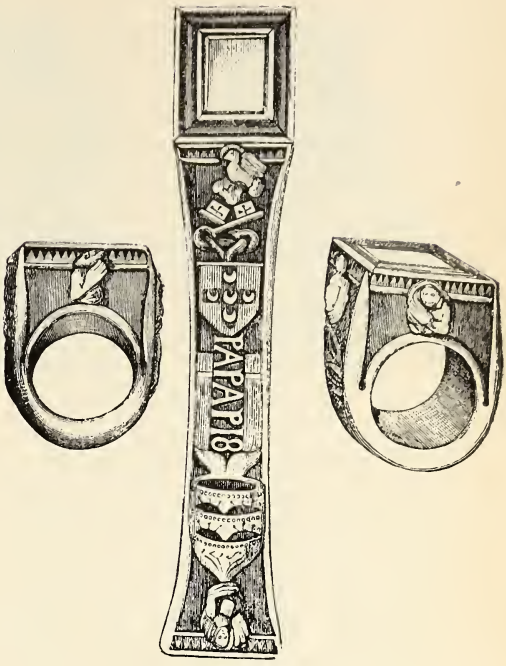


THE FISHERMAN RING

Egypt represented the year by a ring made of a serpent holding its tail in its mouth.

There were favorite styles in rings. In very early times there must have been a vogue for wearing rings engraved with the figures of the gods, for Pythagoras forbade the wearing of rings so engraved lest the wearers seeing the figures so constantly before them, should gradually lose their veneration for Olympian ideals. Montfaucon is the authority for this statement which throws a sharp light on the Greek philosopher's knowledge of human weakness.

Among the most interesting rings of antiquity are those known as early Christian rings which bear the four devices used by the followers of Christ, the dove, the



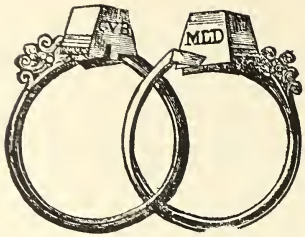
THE POPE'S RING

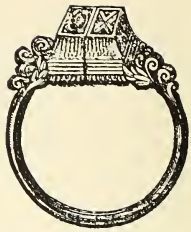
palm, the anchor and the fish. That of the fish is most interesting. This singular emblem is supposed to have been adopted because of the fact that according to the calculations of the Jewish prophets, the advent of the expected Messiah was to occur at the conjunction of the planets Jupiter and Saturn in Pisces, the sign of the fish. At all events the fish was one of the emblems engraved on many early Christian rings that are still extant and it was this figure that was afterwards drawn in the sand, (during the cruel days of Greek and Roman persecution), by some fugitive followers of the despised Nazarene as a message to a brother of the faith who might know thereby the route he had taken.

The iron papal ring is also of interest, a new one being made for



BETROTHAL RING OF MARTIN LUTHER





LUTHER'S MARRIAGE RING

each succeeding Pope. This is engraved with the ancient papal seal —a fisherman casting his net into the sea—suggestive of those apostolic fishermen to whom Christ said, "Henceforth I will make you fishers of men." This ring is known as the "fisherman's ring" and links this accessory of costume with religion and with history. No thoughtful person can look upon the signet of the Pope without being impressed with the long ancestry of the little gold circle that is universally worn throughout the world.

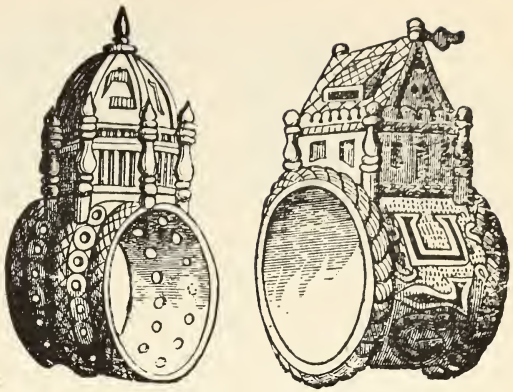
In a museum in Dresden there is another ring closely associated with one of the most important epochs of Christianity. This is the wedding ring of Martin Luther. It is engraved with the initials "M. L." and "C. B.," and the words "What God hath joined, let no man sunder." It is in its connection with marriage that the ring holds its peculiar interest for men and women, for one of the fundamental truths of social life is enfolded in its significance.

In Egypt, long before rings became the insignia of power or a part of personal adornment, they were used merely as payment for articles purchased, and it is probable that the fashion of being wedded with a ring was really the earliest method known in history of promising to the wife the support of her husband from the marriage day. Some authorities mention the ring as the ancient symbol of the woman's slavish submission to the husband, but it shows also that from the earliest period of history, the man assumed the obligation of his wife's maintenance and protection, retaining through succeeding ages a similar significance as the words in our book of Common Prayer testify—"With this ring I thee wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow."

With the ring, lovers pledge their troth and with it the marriage contract is concluded; with it, too, kings are united to their kingdoms and bishops to their churches; and when each ascension day the Doge of Venice was married to the Adriatic with the words: "We espouse thee, O sea! as a token of our eternal dominion over thee," a gold ring was cast into the clear waters. The origin of this singular ceremony is given by Hodder Westropp, the antiquarian, who tells us that when Frederick I of Germany descended upon Italy, eager to destroy the Guelphs and vowing vengeance against Pope Alexander III, that Pontiff fled to Venice under an assumed name. The ruling Doge, Ziani recognized the Pope, however, and received him with all the honors due to the head of the



RING OF LOUIS

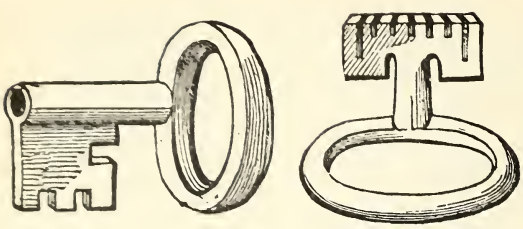


TEMPLE RINGS

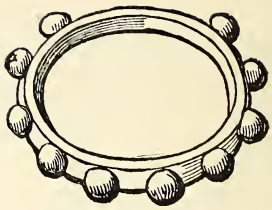
church. Frederick demanded that Venice give up the fugitive Pontiff. Venice refused. A naval battle ensued in which the Venetians were victors and Oth, Frederick's son, was taken prisoner. When the Doge Ziani returned in triumph to Venice, Alexander embraced him and before a great concourse of people placed a gold ring upon his finger with these words: "Venetians make use of this ring as a chain to keep the sea subject to your empire. Marry her every year with this ring, that every year this same ceremony be renewed, so that posterity may know that the Venetian arms have acquired the sovereignty of the sea, and that the sea ought to be subject to it as a wife to her husband." Ascension Day being the anniversary of the Venetian victory, this strange and most magnificent ceremony was solemnized on this festival for centuries. The assertion of "perpetual dominion" has been proved an idle boast, however, for the power of Venice has long since departed.

Signet rings, papal rings, wedding rings, "Fide" rings, "guard," "mourning," "poison" and "death" rings all find their places in the archives of history and the pages of romance; some of the stories connected with these jewelled relics are stories of faithless love, betrayed loyalty, wounded pride, cruelty, despair, death, striking the whole gamut of human emotion.

The ring form was regarded with peculair veneration by the early English and in the British Museum there are many of these historic finger rings, around which political, religious, literary and romantic assotions cluster. The smith of old made helmets as well as armour of rings, and golden rings or bracelets were bestowed by the yarl or king on the warrior who had distinguished himself by any feat of arms. The size of the ring as well as the material has varied so that the king or beag-gyfa (giver of rings) was able to weigh his appreciation of the warlike service by the value of the ring presented. "These rings were of gold and silver and bronze," says Mr. Frederick Hodgetts, "and were the currency in which the old Scandinavian merchants paid the inhabitants of Britain for the tin and other matters which they



KEY RING



DECADE RING

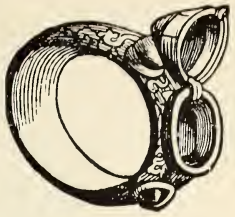
fetched from the Kelts and Kymri, whose annular money is noticed by Caesar, but which was doubtless of Scandinavian origin." The smith then of the early English times was a person of very great importance, producing massive adornments and delicate filigree metal brooches with equal skill. Indeed the filigree work of the Anglo-Saxon goldsmith was of unequalled beauty and sought by Teutons, Franks and Italians. "His was the only art, except that of song," says Hodgetts, "which claimed a deity among its masters, for while the other workers were regarded with a species of contempt, Völund or Voelund and Bragi were denizens of Valhalla, nor was it below the dignity of the Champion of Odin to emulate Völund in repairing his own armour at a pinch, or to copy Bragi in a strain which has made the name of that deity familiar to us in the derived verb 'to brag' even in the Victorian age."

The favorite form for signet rings in Egypt was the sacred beetle or scarabaeus, which was perforated in its length and was set in such a way as to revolve in the ring. The oldest of these were made with solid or revolving bezels, frequently of a rectangular shape, and having the name of the monarch inscribed upon them. Sometimes these were made of solid gold, sometimes of glass or cylindrical bezels of hard stone. The Egyptians had also rings of silver, bronze, cornelian or jasper made of a solid piece of metal with an oval engraved in intaglio with the name of some deity, king or person. There were besides these many colored porcelain finger-rings, some of which bear the names of kings of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties, but as they were too frail for common use, it is supposed they were employed only for funereal purposes. The shell, knot and serpent were devices often used by the Egyptian goldsmiths from the precious metals, but ivory and blue porcelain were employed in fashioning these finger circlets for the lower classes. The oldest Egyptian signet ring known is the rectangular bezel of a ring in the British Museum which bears the titles and name of Amunoph II, dating the fifteenth century B. C. Another signet of historical importance is of bronze and bears the title of Amunoph III, "Sun Lord of Truth."

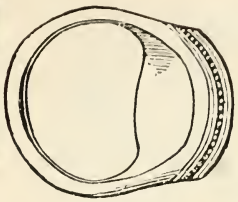
From the Egyptian, the Etruscans borrowed, it is supposed, the scarabaeus form for their signet rings which was so set that it revolved round its centre, showing first one and then the other side of the beetle, which was symbolical to the people of the Nile of the mysteries of creation. The earliest Etruscan scarabaei bear designs of



RING OF CHARLES I



POISON RING





SHAKESPEARE'S RING

fantastic creatures, winged lions, gryphons and other fabulous animals. It was only after a long intercourse with the Greeks that they began to cut upon their signets the scenes and characters of Grecian mythology and poetry. The British Museum contains a serpent Etruscan ring formed of two lions whose bodies make up the shank, the heads and fore paws supporting a filigree bezel, which holds the signet stone —a small scarabaeus charged with a lion regardant. In the Louvre there is an Etruscan ring, the bezel of which bears an engraving of Admetus, king of Phrene, in a chariot drawn by a lion and a boar.

In the early days of Greece, rings were not worn. Amongst Homer's detailed descriptions of personal ornaments and jewels, there is no mention of the ring. Pliny notices this omission and it is probable, therefore, the fashion of wearing rings was introduced from Asia. Lessing says that the fashion did not exist before the period of the Peloponnesian war, that is to say 431-401 B. C., and presumably Lessing derived the knowledge from satisfactory data. This would lend to the conclusion that the Greeks wore their signet stones hung by a cord from their necks or wrists. The Greeks of the higher classes wore gold rings, while those of the lower strata of society wore rings of base metal.

In the age of Alexander the art of gem engraving had attained a high place, and there was a taste for wearing signet rings bearing gems with subjects engraved upon them. The famous artist Pyrgoteles was allowed by Alexander to engrave his head upon a signet ring. When this great king conquered Darius, he sealed his first acts with the latter's ring, using it only for sealing edicts to the Persians, while he still retained his paternal ring for those issued to the Greeks. The device upon the "paternal" signet was a lion passant with a club in the field, conveying an allusion to Hercules, the founder of the Macedonian line. In this use of the Darius seal for Persian edicts and his own paternal signet for mandates to the Greeks, there is a certain subtilty that ranks Alexander as chief of diplomatists as well as greatest of conquerors.

From the Etruscans the Romans derived the fashion of wearing signet rings. Ordinary finger rings, however, were worn in very early times, for Pliny—that historian who thought no detail too trivial to be chronicled and was therefore the best of chroniclers—notes that the immediate successors of Romulus, Numa, and Servius Tullius wore gems upon their fingers, if their statues were faithful portraitures. He goes on to state that the earliest date of the general use of rings



RING OF CHILDERIC



RING OF ETHELWULF

was in the time of Caius Flavius and says further that they must have come into favor very rapidly for they were so abundant during the time of the second Punic war that Hannibal sent three measures full from Italy to Carthage. While Rome retained its republican simplicity, freemen were allowed to wear an iron signet ring as a badge of martial courage. Senators alone could display gold rings, a privilege not bestowed upon knights before the reign of Tiberius who made a new regulation, passed an enactment that no Roman could wear a gold ring unless himself, his father and grandfather, were free born and unless his property was assessed at four hundred sestertia (£14,000) and he himself possessed the right to sit in the fourteen rows in the theatre which were allotted to the equestrian order by the Julian law. No freedman could wear a solid gold ring except by an express decree of the Senate. As luxury increased, a taste for personal adornment became more general and finally each individual adopted a separate and individual subject, to be engraved on his signet ring. Pompey chose three trophies; Julius Caesar chose Venus Victrix as his tutelar deity; Augustus used first the head of Alexander and then, fame and vanity progressing simultaneously, his own head; Commodus had an Amazon cut upon his seal; Nero selected the rape of Proserpine for his, while the Emperor Galba chose a dog for his seal, intimating, perhaps, that the loyalty of a dog was much more to be relied upon than the loyalty of a man.

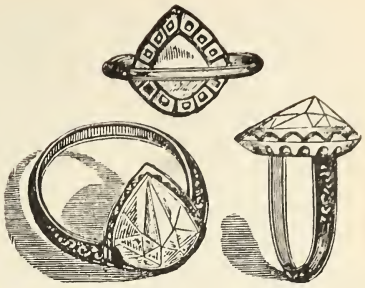
Sometimes, but very rarely, rings were adorned with two gems. Such came under the head of *Annulus bigemmeus*. The *annulus pronobus* or engagement ring, which was sent as a gift to a betrothed woman, was always of iron. The maids and dames of early Rome were guiltless of that feminine vanity which the modern woman feels when she displays to the envious gaze of her dozen dearest friends "the perfect love of a solitaire that has just arrived from Tiffany's!"

Rings of silver, iron, ivory, bone amber, jet, glass and procelain, as well as of gold, have been worn by different classes of society from very early times and it may be concluded that the fondness for this sort of digital decoration is inherent in the nature of man. As badges of office and as visible tokens of the wearer's quality and rank, they have sunk into mere articles of personal

adornment with one exception. This one exception is of peculiar interest to the feminine mind, for it is the wedding ring—about which so many superstitions and traditions still linger. Among the Greek, the betrothal ring which was given when the dowry was settled, was indispensable as it was the only visible thing that gave the woman a claim upon the man. The value of this token may be realized when one remembers that the wife has other proof of her marriage while the betrothed maiden had only her betrothal ring as evidence of a contract of marriage—a very different thing from the engagement ring of modern times which is nothing more than the gift of a lover. The three ornaments of a bride were: "the ring on her finger which betokened true love, a brooch on her breast which betokened cleanness of heart and chastity, a garland on her head which was a crown of victory, gladness and dignity." Of these then, the ring only held mystic association and was a legal evidence of marriage.

One of the most interesting rings of antiquity is the key ring. In Roman times bronze rings were worn with a key attached to them at right angles to the hoop. These were supposed to be used by Roman ladies, who were accustomed to carry the key of their caskets in this way, but recent research leads us to believe that these key rings were presented to brides, as an investiture of complete supremacy in all domestic affairs.

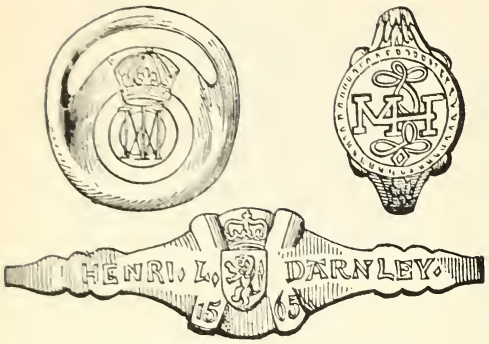
But the ring has been very closely allied with religious ideals, as the nun's rings with the inscription "Je suis espouse de Jhesu Crist" in old



ESSEX RING, BELONGING TO LORD J. THYNNE

fourteenth century golden circlets, attest. The "decade rings" also connected with religious observances, the ten knobs around the hoop, being used instead of beads for repeating Aves, the bezel showing when a Pater Noster must be said. These were to facilitate praying in the dark, it may be inferred. the little knobs being easy to find by touch.

It is a pity that such ornaments might not have always been devoted entirely to romantic, religious or ceremonial uses but the famous "poison rings" still seen in rare collections show us that gemmed trifles were sometimes put to fearful uses. One of these "death's rings," as they were fittingly called in Italy, was often engraved and set with rubies and diamonds. The circlet securing the middle stone was made to open with a spring, showing a receptacle in which some fatal poison, concocted by Italian chemists of the sixteenth century, was kept as a convenient method of making away with a troublesome friend or a dangerous foe! A warm grasp of the hand was enough to accomplish the gruesome end and the Borgias were, perhaps, the greatest adepts in this line that the world ever was unfortunate enough to harbor.



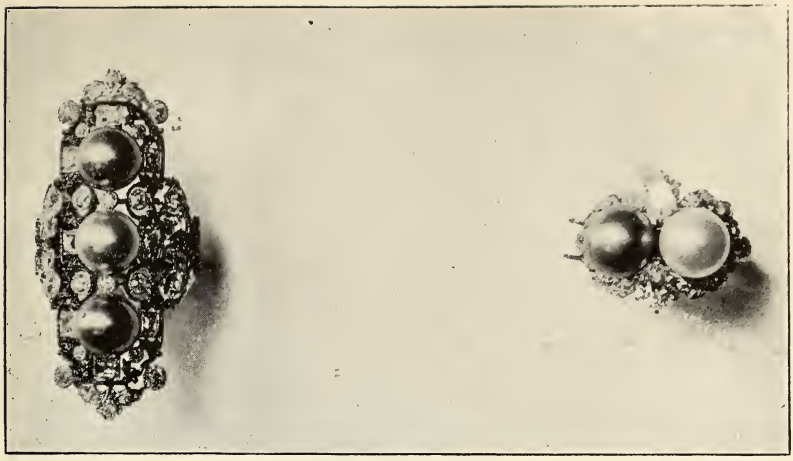
MARY'S RINGS

But poison rings are not pleasant to think upon. Let us revert to the betrothal rings of Israelite maidens, which always carried miniature temples in their summit and within the circlet the insertion in Hebrew characters, "Mazal-tour" which means "Joy be with you."

One of the most curious examples of the wedding ring is one that was in the possession of the Duke de Reni in the year 1416. This was the very ring, tradition claimed, with which Joseph espoused the Virgin Mary. Among mythical rings was that of Gyges. The Lydian Plato tells a very pretty story of how Gyges entered the chasm which was a sepulchre of some ancient giant and taking from the finger of the great skeleton a ring, returned to his brother shepherds. Happening to turn the face of the ring inside of his hand he became invisible and wickedly making use of this singular and mystic power, he murdered the king and took possession of the beautiful and wealthy queen, for which crime one of his innocent descendants was punished.

Another mythical ring is that of wise King Solomon, who, according to Hebrew fairy lore, put it to the cruel use of sealing up refractory Jews in bottles which were cast into the Red Sea. Then comes beautiful Helen of Troy's love-inspiring ring engraved with the fish, called Pau upon it; and from the border land of fable, emerges into authentic record, the very curious but possibly true tale of Polycrates, the tyrant of Samos. Polycrates, frightened at his long stretch of prosperity, took counsel of the Egyptian sage, Amasis, who told him to propitiate Nemesis by sacrificing his most precious possession. Polycrates thereupon promptly cast his signet ring into the sea and a fish swallowed it. A fish was caught the same day and brought to the prince. The signet ring was found in its belly; Amasis immediately knew that the sacrifice had not been accepted and that the king of Samos was doomed. Polycrates was afterwards betrayed into the hands of the Satrap Oroetes who had him impaled.

More sure are we of later historic rings; the first one of which deserving mention is that of Childeric, the founder of the Merovingian line, and father of Clovis, who died in 482. This relic was discovered in his tomb which was accidentally opened at Tournay in 1654, but was most unfortunately stolen from the Bibliotheque in Paris in 1831. The next in interest, and perhaps of more interest to those of Anglo-Saxon ancestry is the ring of Ethelwulf, the father of Alfred the Great, who was king of Wessex from A. D. 836-858, and which bears the name "Ethelwulf." Two queer looking birds face each other on the front which rises in pyramid form. This relic was found in the parish of Laverstock, Hants, and is now in the Brit-



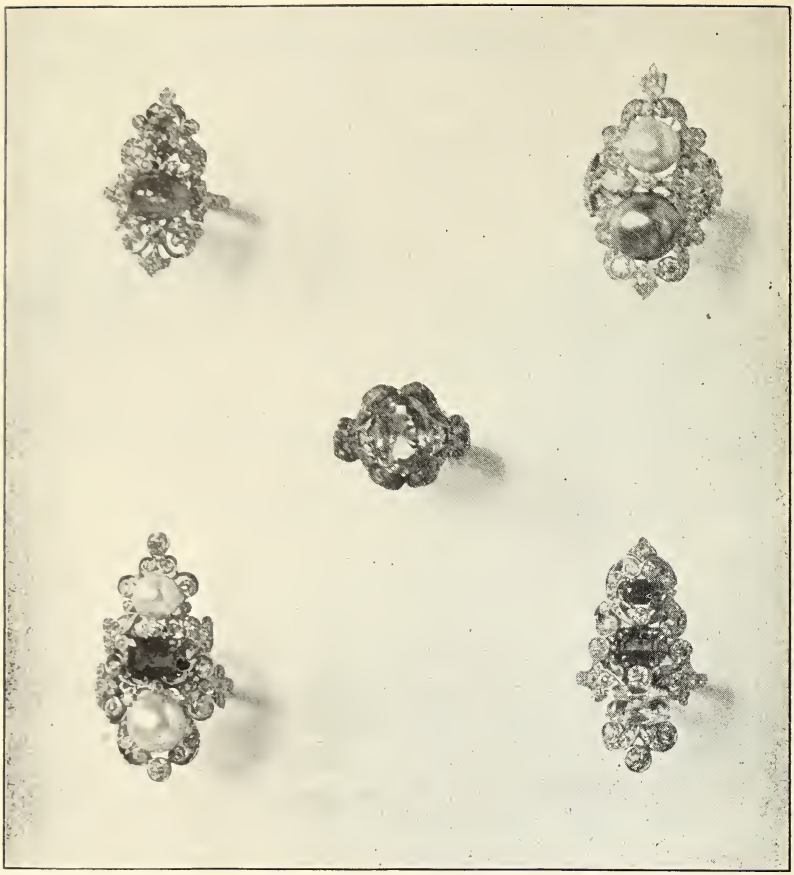
Courtesy of Tiffany & Co.

MODERN RINGS SHOWN AT PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900

ish Museum. The ring of Ethelsaith, sister of the great Alfred and wife of Burgud, king of Mercia, is one of the finest specimens of Saxon goldsmith's art yet discovered, apart from its historical association. The wedding ring of Catrina de Roselli, wife of the famous tribune, Nicola Reinzi, is the work, no doubt, of a Florentine artist and its date may be assigned to 1320-1340. In the British Museum there is a gold signet ring, having the royal arms and supporters of Scotland, with the motto "In Defius" and the initials "M. R." This belonged to the unhappy Mary of Scotland. In the inner side of this ring are the letters "M." and "A.," which sorely puzzled Elizabeth and Lord Burleigh, until they dicovered its meaning in Darnly as Duke of Albany.

When one looks upon the Essex ring pitying thoughts fill the mind for that cold, hard, wise queen whose last years were lived in remorse because of the death of the Earl of Essex. Essex had the queen's ring and sent it to her from the Tower where he was imprisoned, hoping for her forgiveness. But the Countess of Nottingham to whom he handed the ring, concealed it by her husband's, the Lord High Admiral's, command, and the jealous Elizabeth sent her handsome suitor, to whom she was passionately attached, to the scaffold. On her death bed the Countess confessed her guilt to her sovereign, but Elizabeth turned away, so tradition records, exclaiming, "God may forgive you but I never can."

But of all these relics of famous men and women, there is one that cannot fail to appeal to English speaking people—the ring of William Shakespeare, found in the mill adjoining Stratford-on-Avon churchyard by a laborer's wife on the 16th of March, 1810. It has the letters "W. S." linked by a tasselled cord, the only other ornament being a band of pellets and lines on the outer edge of the bezel. There was but one other person in the little town of Stratford at that period who bore the same initials — one William Smith, but his seal, which is attached to a number of documents,



Courtesy of Tiffany & Co.

MODERN RINGS SET WITH PRECIOUS STONES

is different. Just before his death the poet lost a ring which could not be found, so that when his will was executed, the word hand was substituted for "seal" in the original document, Hallowell Phillipps tells us, and so there remains but little doubt that the ring in the Stratford Museum shone upon the hand which penned the immortal dramas. There are several mourning rings, bearing portraits of Charles Stuart, the most striking one, that given to Bishop Juxon who attended him on the scaffold. It bears a death's head in white enamel on a black ground encircled by the words "Behold The Ende." The motto "Rather Death Then Fals Faith" runs around the edge.

There are many curious superstitions about this most commonly used bit of jewelry and sometimes the mottos inscribed thereon are funny rather than romantic. Doctor John Shemies who was Bishop of Lincoln in 1753, for example, was four times married and had this novel poesy cut into the wedding ring of the fourth lady—"If I survive, I'll make them five," which was scarcely cheerful in its sugges-

tiveness of what might happen.

The fashions of rings have somewhat changed during the long ages of their use but let us thank God for those still old-fashioned customs of friendship, loyalty, love and marriage, which these gold circles have commemorated, recorded, hallowed for the human race; and above all rings, let us look with reverence upon the wedding ring, for upon the esteem in which we hold it rest the higher elements of our social fabric.

The Idol

By Elizabeth R. Finley

At Dawn, the sun shone on my Idol: "It is gold
I cried, "pure gold, aflame with jewels manifold
Bright and complete, transcendent, without flaw!"
I fell before it, worshipping in awe
And gazing on it as I knelt in dust,
I offered up youth, honor, faith and trust.

Noon's fiercer ray upon my Idol smote
And on its forehead I perceived a mote,
A tiny fleck that marred the perfect whole.
And as I gazed with anguish in my soul
Stains, spots appeared and even, here and there.
The gold was missing from its surface fair.

With reverent hand I sought first to erase
The blemishes which marred my Idol's face——
In vain! Then in the horror of surprise
I cursed it saying: "Thou art made of lies,
Thou sham, whom I have worshipped as a God!"
And weeping hid my eyes and bit the sod.

At Sunset, gently a last lingering glow
Fell on my Idol and on me below
As I reached up to kiss that Idol's feet;
For life had taught that nothing is complete
And in the mellower light of waning day
I loved my Idol, knowing it was clay.

Concerning Home and School

By Sarah Louise Arnold

Miss Arnold, Dean of Simmons College, for many years a Supervisor of Boston Schools and widely known as an author and lecturer on educational topics, will contribute each month matter of interest concerning affairs in the educational world and the problems which beset preceptor, parent and pupil. This will be supplemented from time to time by articles on special topics by educators of prominence.

THE most casual observer of the signs of the times must find in our modern school much that compels his attention. The contrast between the schools of yesterday and those of today is sharply marked, while our critics assert that the original type is passing away, if it is not already extinct.

Fond parents who look back upon their school-days—set with their halos of cherished associations, point with pride to their personal achievements which they naturally accredit to their early training. Measured by their success, the former type of school seems wholly satisfactory, and they marvel that the modern institution should have to sadly depart from the path of tradition. "When I was as old as you, I did this or that," says father to son,—deploring the son's lack of achievements, and forgetting that retrospect is unfair to prophecy.

Such judgments are likely to be made without a clear knowledge of present-day conditions. The modern school is faithfully attempting to solve modern problems in education. It deals with a new community, having new standards and widely differing histories. These standards are varied, and the demands of the communities upon the schools must differ widely. The schools of a town or village represent the ambitions and at the same time the limitations of that particular community; yet the trend of the common schools is always in the same direction; they are endeavoring to keep pace with modern civilization.

The district school was relatively a simple affair. It was directed by a democratic community in which it was established. The number of weeks in the term was determined largely by the demands of the farm and the limits of the community's purse. The elder boys worked on the farm as they were needed there and spent the interval in school. The girls alternated between the lessons of the school and the duties of the home. Teachers also changed from year to year, the district being fortunate which could secure the young man from college whose terms of study were made possible by the alternation between teaching school and going to school.

There was much which was wholesome in this early condition

of our schools. The school-family was homogeneous; everybody knew everybody else, and school-matters were affairs of neighborhood interest. The younger children had the advantage of hearing the recitations of their elders, whose achievement was an inspiration to their endeavors. The classes were suited as far as possible to the advancement of the student. Woe to the new instructor who turned the oldest boy back in arithmetic! He must advance from his last stopping-place, even if he were the only student in his class.

The friendly relations between teacher and pupil—the pleasant comradeship of the school—the possibility of individual advancement—the narrow definitions of the school curriculum—all tended to make the school-life wholesome and simple.

We may readily credit the early school with all the good results which are imputed to it. But we must not forget that then, as now, the school was but a single factor in the education of the community. The boy who went from the farm to the school—from the ploughing or the sowing or the reaping, to the reading and the writing and the arithmetic, carried to his desk the fruits of his labor—maturity, poise and proportion. Afield and at home he of necessity wrought and thought. And though this may not have resulted in a larger knowledge of books—it did help him to use what he learned from books. His training was fairly well balanced—through the combined contributions of the home and the school.

The school of today deals with a complex problem. Young men and young women from the farms have hastened to live in the crowded city. The schools which are provided for city children must care for large communities in which families living side by side may be total strangers and in which the districts represent very different experiences. Classes are large, administration is more formal. The needs of the individual are often forgotten in the attempt to secure the general welfare. And although, in the old days, a distinct task was assigned to the school, which was fairly indicated by a mastery of the "three R's," the modern curriculum has enlarged its borders until it seems to include the entire field of useful knowledge. Everything which it is wise, convenient, or expedient to know, the school must teach.

"Children are so busy with school duties that they have no time for anything else," complains the family. The schools may fairly retort that they have been obliged to assume the burden of instruction in fields which the family had formerly cultivated. Today, as soon as it is discovered that the child needs enlightment in any direction, the public clamors to have that subject taught him in school; therefore enlargement of the curriculum of the schools, for which the schoolmen have been loudly criticized, is after all due to the withdrawals of the family and even the church from their former responsibilities, and to the popular assumption that the school was established to teach everything which the child ought to know.

In a certain sense this assumption is justified. Our communities

are no longer homogeneous. We cannot count upon a certain contribution from the family; yet the demand of the community must be met. Its young citizens, who will so soon assume the control of affairs, must be trained in all that belongs to citizenship. This calls for preparation not only in the primitive field of the school—intellectual education—but in the establishment of finer ideals, the development of habit and the assurance of power to secure an independent livelihood. By just so much as other factors in education fail, the school must be overburdened; and in so far as instruction, which belongs to the home or church, falls to the lot of the school, the original work for which the school was designed must either be limited or must extend over a longer period of time.

Many of the new developments in the modern school are directly traceable to the fact that the children are not wisely cared for at home and therefore need in school the care which the home should have given. An interesting instance of this truth is the already extensive movement in favor of medical inspection of schools. We have at hand the helpful and suggestive pamphlet which has just been issued by the Massachusetts Civic League, pointing out the dangers which arise from the too frequent neglect of children's eyes. Investigations in various schools have shown that many children have failed in their work not because they were dull, but because they could not see the text which they were supposed to be studying. The pamphlet refers to the notable work of Superintendent Whitcomb of the Lowell schools, who describes one case after another in a most pathetic as well as most instructive fashion. Again and again he shows that children who failed to pass from grade to grade, were reported as dull, inattentive or stupid and came to consider themselves as having less ability than their neighbors simply because they were required to perform tasks which the conditions of their eyes rendered them unable to accomplish. A simple test revealed the difficulty and the proper remedy having been applied, the child made rapid headway and soon was classed fairly with his mates.

The writer recalls the experience of a boy who seemed hopelessly dull, so far as the school requirement was concerned, though he was bright, alert and interested in conversation, and frequently distanced his fellows in discussion or argument. But in reading he halted, stumbled and failed, again and again, while writing proved a fatal obstacle to his advancement. When his comrades were "promoted," he remained in the same class. A new teacher arrived and heard the dismal history. "Does he try?" she asked! "Oh yes," was the reply "He is as good as gold, but he is thoroughly stupid." "Can he see?" persisted the new-comer. "I never thought," was the rejoinder. The new teacher sent for the mother, tested the boy's eyes—and found the result so convincing that the child was taken to an oculist at once. He reported that one eye was useless—while it was very difficult for even large objects to be distinguished without the help

of glasses. Yet he had been toiling for years—without help—in his endeavor to decipher the tiny crooked characters of the printed page. He had been called stupid because he could not see. Small wonder that the hurt had finally yielded to indifference, and a dull acceptance of the undeserved epithet. Such pitiful experiences have taught us to demand the test of vision, in our schools.

No one can deny that this care belongs primarily to the home and not to the school. The fact that it is necessary for the teachers to make the test points to the fact that parents have neglected it. This paternal provision of the public schools is, therefore, due to a defect in the home administration, yet it is obvious that in our larger communities it is important that this paternal control should exist and that the school authorities, in order to assure even the simplest work in the simplest curriculum, should know that healthful conditions are assured for the children.

It is comforting to those who are interested in the children to know that inspection of schools has already proven not only a safeguard against the spread of disease, but a positive assistance in securing conditions which make for health.

For years the "visiting physician" in the Boston schools, has assisted in the early removal of cases of contagious disease and has advised families and teachers concerning essential questions of personal hygiene and household sanitation.

Brookline has joined the number of towns which insist upon the test of hearing and vision. In New York the visiting nurse promotes personal cleanliness, and helps ignorant mothers to provide healthful conditions for their children. Another indication of the popular demand that the school should offset the limitations of the home may be found in the existence of the vacation schools, which have already become so familiar. This effort is naturally confined to cities and towns, the schools being designed primarily to defend the children from the untoward influences which often surround them when they are free from the guardianship of the school.

In some of our cities, as in Boston, these schools are maintained as a part of the public school system, attendance being voluntary; in other towns, they are provided through private initiative.

Walk through the hot, dusty streets of the city, in the vacation season, and observe the children,—gathered in alleys—chatting on the curbstone,—playing in the midst of the crowded thoroughfare, or dancing about any centre of excitement, and you will turn with satisfaction to the open school buildings, with their clean, cool classrooms, their cheery teachers, the wholesome occupations which have lured more fortunate children from the interest and associations of the streets. Since the attendance is not compulsory, the occupations of the vacation school must present intrinsic interest, from the child's point of view. He must think it worth while, or he will not exchange for it the freedom and excitement of the street. The schools are therefore driven, and most fortunately, to learn what children consider worth while. It may be woodworking

which claims their attention and attendance—or basket-weaving—or hammock making— or sewing and cooking—or reading books of travel —or singing patriotic songs to the accompaniment of a boy's band—or the weekly trips to the country, with walks in the green fields, so foreign to their feet, may prove "the tie that binds." Obviously this opportunity comes to the children whose home advantages are limited, whose parents are at work and cannot give them sufficient care, or who have not the means to give them the opportunities of a vacation in the country. The playgrounds, sand gardens and the vacation school unite in this endeavor. The attendance in all three justifies the highest hopes of the early friends of the movement. The fortunate family which can move into the country for the summer provides all the normal conditions for a wholesome life for the children during the vacation. Families living in the country can readily furnish employment and interesting occupations for the children in the summer but the city streets are a dangerous ground in which to spend the long summer vacation. Here again the general welfare is secured by the extension and modification of the school curriculum in favor of the children whose home training is defective.

The increasing clamor for industrial training is an evidence of the dependence of the community upon the modern school. There are two reasons alleged for the introduction of industrial training in our common schools. The first satisfies the conscience of the "educator," who asserts that the mind acts normally with greater efficiency in proportion as the hand is trained to execute its will. Industrial training is therefore of value since it ends in a finer intellectual training. But the louder call and the clearer note comes from the fathers and mothers who know that their boys and girls must work to earn their living and who ask that the school should supply such training as will result in the power of self-maintenance. The philosophy of education is not their immediate concern. Their children must be taught to labor and only the skilful laborer can command a fair remuneration. Therefore they ask most earnestly that training in doing shall be added to the training in knowledge-getting which the early curriculum provided. Here again we have the same operating cause. In the earlier days of our schools, the training in doing came through apprenticeship after the school days were over, or as the boy worked side by side with his father on the farm or in the shop, or the daughter at her mother's side shared the duties of the household. Just so far as the family abandons this industrial training it must be added to the schools, for no one can doubt the need of such training for the growing members of the community. The presence of the technical courses in our high-schools and also the admission of cooking, sewing and wood-working into our grammar-school courses are thus accounted for.

Evening schools, which are a part of the public provision for education in nearly every city, are another expression of the desire of the community to offset the limita-

tions of the home. The child who must leave school to go to work may supplement his abreviated training by evening study. The man or woman, whose task demands an intelligence which their limited school days could not develop, may come for the evening instruction as freely as the child. Here again the paternal school fills the gaps which the home limitations have imposed.

The dressmaker may come to learn how to keep her account, the stenographer to add to her equipment in English, the foreign born day-worker to learn to read and write the language of his adopted country. In the evening school the immediate need of the student is dominant. Nowhere else does the work of instruction seem so essentially real, so free from fiction and dogma. The student, recognizing his need, is hungry for help; and the teacher gives with the joy of recognized service.

We are dealing now with certain changes in our schools which are intended to meet special demands, which either the abdication of the home, or its evident limitations, have made necessary. The extension of its curriculum in reference to the larger opportunities, and in response to the demands of the colleges belong to another chapter. But enough has been said and suggested of the attitude of the public toward the modern school. It is clearly seen that our people have recognized the truth that the schools belong to the community, and have been dedicated to its service. It is also apparent that the trend of public education is toward a larger usefulness, and it further appears that the hitherto confined and relatively narrow work of the teacher is to be supplemented by outside help, and brought into direct and living connection with the work of the world.

But there are dangers here which are acknowledged by liberal and conservative alike. The school may be responsible for a part of the child's education, but never for the whole. The willingness to abdicate in favor of the school, which the actions of even intelligent parents evince will end in serious loss.

The boy who profits by manual training in the school secures but a part of the advantages which the daily chores provided, with the sense of sharing in the family responsibilities. And no school course in cooking and sewing can take the place of the daily demand for service which is rendered to supply another's needs. The school may endeavor to supplement the family instruction, but it would be a great pity if the need of such supplementing should continue indefinitely, and the family should accept the school as the sole primary and ultimate instructor in these matters, which were formerly considered from the school point of view extraneous. Therefore, it may be greatly to our advantage that there still abides in our midst a remnant which will insist upon the narrower field for the school, with the square placing of further duties upon the home, the church, and the philanthropic agencies which represent those who, having much, are in honor bound to help those who have not yet attained.

Municipal Ownership

Facts and Figures Concerning the Experiment Conducted at Norwich, Connecticut, as Furnished by the Former City Treasurer.

By Martin E. Jensen

THAT the City of Norwich, Connecticut, operates a municipal gas and electrical plant is generally known throughout New England. The history, the cost, and the results of the experiment to the city and to the taxpayers are less well known. This article is an attempt at supplying exact information, which, it is hoped, will prove of value to those who favor and to those who oppose municipal ownership.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the figures furnished further on are based on vouchers of all kinds personally handled by the author.

In 1898 (if the writer's memory correctly serves him), dissatisfaction with contract street lighting by a local private corporation, the Norwich Gas and Electric Company, led the Court of Common Council of the City of Norwich to vote for municipal lighting. Through some oversight a second vote on the question was not held by the Council within the official year, as required by statute. As a result of this failure the matter could not be brought before the city electors.

Nothing further was done until 1902, when, in June, after proper action by the Council, the electors voted, by a large majority, for municipal lighting. The author has the best of reasons for saying that he doubts if the voters, as a whole, realized at the time, that the city would be compelled to buy the then existing plant instead of erecting its own electrical plant for the sole purpose of street lighting and lighting of public buildings.

In accordance with law, proceedings were begun between the Norwich Gas and Electric Company and the City of Norwich. The Company asked almost $800,000 for the plant; the city considered this too high. A hearing was held before a specially appointed commission whose decision was sustained by the Supreme Court of Connecticut. Their decision was that the value of the plant as a going concern was $590,000 in a lump sum, and that the city should purchase it at that price subject to a $400,000 mortgage in the form of bonds of the Norwich Gas and

Electric Company. These bonds had twenty-four years still to run and the rate of interest was five per cent.

On July 1, 1904, $190,000 was paid to the Company for the equity of redemption. Litigation cost the city $28,832.35 and personal property bought by the city cost an additional $8,167.65. These items together with the $190,000 already named made the total investment by the city $227,000, which amount was borrowed at four and one-fourth per cent. With the bonds issued by the Company, the value of the plant must be placed at $627,000. The Company paid its last tax on a valuation of $300,350.

A Board of Gas and Electrical Commissioners was appointed by the Court of Common Council; a competent superintendent was engaged; all the employees of the Company were retained with one voluntary exception; the former cashier was retained; a clerk was engaged to assist the City Treasurer in installing a system of accounting and keeping the books. The Board, during the period covered by their report, referred to later, served without compensation, and continued so to do for another two months. This Board consisted of a well known judge of the Superior Court, a successful builder and contractor, and an ex-retail merchant. One member is a Republican and the others are Democrats. But politics had no bearing upon the conduct of affairs. This Board stood in the place of the usual business manager, and while lacking technical knowledge — as must needs have been the case—they were quick to learn and unremitting in their attention to the needs of the plant, devoting much of their time to the practical end and also to close scrutiny of expenditures. Their first annual report, which may be had for the asking, shows the profit of operation under their custodianship. Unfortunately it does not show directly or indirectly the profit to the city, not to mention the taxpayers. The result of making the report public has been, on the whole, to create an impression that the city had handsome returns from its lighting plant. Some months ago the mayor of Norwich attempted to correct this impression in the Hartford Evening Post. The writer has done the same locally.

The profit to the city is, roughly, $11,300 less than the profit of custodianship. One item of this sum of $11,300, to wit, $641.20 for rent is mentioned in the explanatory portion of the report. The other item—a large one—is mentioned only to state that the Board has nothing to do with it. This item is for interest on loans and the $227,000 invested.

A few figures will show the results of operation for the first thirteen months. It must be stated that the $20,000 annual interest which the city must pay on the $400,000 bonds is counted an expense, one-third being charged to gas and two-thirds to electricity. Also five per cent. depreciation on the city's investment of $227,000 is counted expense as by law required, and divided in the same manner as the $20,000 interest. With these items and other expenses the report shows the following results:

GAS

Income from general consumers	$47,190.31
Income from city lighting, (at cost)	478.61
Total Income	$47,668.92
Total expense as explained earlier	37,219.15
Profit on Gas	$10,449.77
Profit on merchandise	104.28
Total Profit to custodians on Gas	$10,554.05

ELECTRICITY

Income from general consumers	$39,409.78
Income from street lighting, (at cost)	18,544.27
Income from lighting public buildings, (at cost)	1,073.13
	$59,027.18
Total expense as explained earlier	50,036.37
Profit to custodians on Electricity	$ 9,000.81

SUMMARY

Profit on Gas	$10,554.05
Profit on Electricity	9,000.81
Total profit to custodians	$19,554.86

The figures last given have been accepted as the profit to the city. In reality it is the profit of operation turned over by the Board to the city and out of which the city had to pay certain rent and interest, as a result of taking over the plant.

These items of rent and interest make $11,835.04.

It is correct to deduct from this the water rates paid by the Gas and Electrical Department to the municipally owned Water Department, because the money so paid returns to the City Treasury. This amount is $523.89, which when taken from $11,835.04, leaves additional expense to the city of $11,311.15. Deduct this from the profit to custodians, $19,554.86 and $8,243.71 remain as the profit to the city as a corporation producing and selling gas and electricity, and responsible for all claims against it as a result thereof.

There have been shown the profit to custodians, and the profit to the corporation, the city, and there must be said a word in regard to the profit to the taxpayers.

The Norwich Gas and Electric Company, as a result of selling their plant to the city, ceased to pay taxes after July 1, 1904, with the exception of city tax. It must be explained here, that the taxpayers of the City of Norwich pay three taxes, viz., town tax, city tax, and school district tax. During the first thirteen months covered by the Report of the Board of Gas and Electrical Commissioners, the taxpayers of Norwich contributed $3,300 (approximately) more than they would have done if the

plant had been operated by the former company. When this amount is subtracted from the profit to the city, there remains a profit to the taxpayers of $4,943.71. This profit consisted not of cash, but of the cash value of supplies, etc., on hand at the plant.

There is only one more item in regard to the report. Meters are read between the 20th and the 24th of each month, and bills for these readings are sent out on the first of the next month. The gas and electricity delivered between readings in July, 1905 and August 1, 1905, and of which necessarily no account appears, are estimated at $1,968.39. Had the city liquidated August 1, 1905, there would have been this additional amount of profit with no increase of expense. Of course this amount forms a part of the next year's income.

Street lighting is charged, by law, at actual cost. As reported by the custodians, the cost for thirteen months was $18,544.27. Some time after the report had been printed, the writer learned that for four months, (of which three belonged to the period covered by the report, the meter registering the current used for street arc lamps was doing only half duty. This will increase the cost of street lighting by about $3,000 making in all $21,544.27.

For street lighting 40 per cent. of all electricity produced was consumed. Adding to the figures given this percentage of the interest and rent paid by the city in addition to expenses of the Board, and deducting 40 per cent. of electric water rates, the cost of street lighting is $24,476.41. The interest and rent amount to $2,932.14. If the profit to taxpayers is deducted from this cost, it will be found that municipal street lighting has cost but very little less than lighting under the contract with the former company, perhaps $3,000 less. Shortly after the city took charge of the plant the hours of labor were reduced from twelve to eight, with no decrease of wages in any case and with an increase of wages in several cases. This eight hour day is in conformity with the ordinances of the city. This unavoidable change increased the cost of output. For ten months the cost of gas to small consumers was $1.35 flat per thousand cubic feet. Afterward the price was reduced to $1.25 flat. The average price received was $1.23. The price of electricity was also cut. The estimate of the writer is that the cut in rates will reduce the income about 11 per cent. excepting as additional consumers are had.

Briefly to consider the future, it may be said that an additional expenditure for new apparatus has been warranted to the extent of $60,000. The delay in installation of the new apparatus cannot very greatly affect the second year's operations. But the result will be to cheapen the cost of production of both gas and electricity, and the third year of operation should show a decided gain in that direction. With the cheapening of production is a steady growth of consumers of both gas and electricity and there is every reason to think that this growth will continue. The public is benefited by the installation of additional street lights from time to time.

To offset cheapening of product and increase of consumers there must be mentioned increased interest at say, $2,400 per annum: increased depreciation of $3,000 per annum; and increase of office salaries of $2,100 per annum.

During the second year of operation it looks very much as if the taxpayers will have to meet $7,000 which the plant under former management would have paid, but, of course, this may be made good by profits. The writer would be grateful for a decision of an interesting matter on which opposite views are held by the Board of Commissioners and certain people outside of city affairs. It is as follows: The $400,000 bond issue is not a liability of the city according to the Board of Commissioners, and 5 per cent. depreciation is not charged on that amount.

Many Norwichians contend that this depreciation should be charged each year. If this additional expense of $20,000 should thus be incurred, as would be the case if the city took up the bonds, one would be reminded of a remark of George Ade relative to a new town hall in a small community—it put the taxpayers in a hole for the next two hundred and fifty years.

In conclusion the author begs leave to state his personal views for those who choose to read them, and he asks permision to use the first person, singular.

I think that the laws compelling a municipality to purchase an existing plant are not favorable to the purchaser.

I think that the cost of the Norwich plant was excessive.

Examination of local municipal accounting covering a period from 1867 to 1905 convinced me that cities, conducting their affairs through unpaid and untrained commissioners, run hopelessly into debt because appropriations are over spent. I except the Gas and Electrical Commissioners who have not had time to make history.

To those contemplating going into municipal lighting under Norwich conditions, I would say "Don't!"

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

FOUNDED 1758



Published monthly at
8 DIX PLACE, BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS

U. S., Canada and Mexico $3.00 per year
Foreign Countries . . . $3.75 per year

Remit by draft on Boston, Express or Post Office Order, payable to

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra, which for twenty-five years has held sway in the hearts of music loving New Englanders, is upon the threshold of another year of service to the community. A Boston idea, carried out with the usual Boston tenacity of purpose, good taste and efficiency, this organization became almost immediately of wide spread influence in the musical circles one might well say, of the nation. It has broadened the field for and the appreciation of good music in America and has caused American music to be spoken of with respect in every European nation. It draws its players from the best talent of the world, its audiences from all America, its conductors from the best institutions of Germany, the nation which leads the world musically.

All this is today and has been for a quarter of a century the work of one man, Mr. Henry Lee Higginson of Boston. He alone has been the organizer, the promoter, the financial supporter. The burden of the responsibility has been all his and so well has he labored that he may look back along the vista of the years and, seeing his work, pronounce it good.

Mr. Higginson disavows any philanthropic aim in this work which he has so long done for the musical world. He has founded and maintained a consummately artistic institution and has found in it that same personal delight which other men find in maintaining a racing stable or the collection of a great library of rare first editions.

And the cost during the last twenty-five years has no doubt been far greater than would have been that of either of these fads. In spite of the fact that even the great Symphony hall, erected by a syndicate for the purposes of the orchestra, is not big enough to hold the weekly audiences and that tickets even for the season's rehearsals sell at a premium of $80 to $90, the yearly cost of the maintenance of the orchestra has been far greater than the income derived from it. To maintain the best orchestra in America, perhaps in the world, it has taken not only the entire income from the sale of seats at the concerts but about $20,000 more yearly, which has come from Mr. Higginson's own pocket. On only one year of all the twenty-five has the orchestra shown a profit. On one other there was a loss of but about $2,000 while on one there was a deficit of over $50,000.

It has been thought by some that in one respect, if in one only, the institution established and maintained by Mr. Higginson has fallen short of the high ideals set for it. The intent of the Friday afternoon public rehearsals was that music students and music lovers might be able to hear the best of music at a merely nominal price, the best seats at any one rehearsal being sold for fifty cents. Competition on the part of the general public, however, immediately changed all that. To prevent speculation it was found necessary to sell these seats at auction to the highest bidder and it soon resulted that $18 seats for the season sold at $80—$90. There is still an opportunity for patient and active, if impecunious, music lovers to hear the rehearsals for a nominal sum as the galleries are thrown open to the public for a small entrance fee, first come first served. Here again however competition enters. The demand for these seats far exceeds the supply and it is no uncommon sight of a Friday during the Symphony season to see a long row, sometimes hundreds, of young women waiting patiently for hours and hours. Some bring camp stools, lunch and literature, but others stand, listless and weary, and the sympathetic passer can but feel that such pay a high price for their music. The inclemency of Boston winter weather naturally rules out of this line all but the physically fit. Some device whereby such people may avoid the weary hours of waiting would fill a long felt want and no doubt be as highly appreciated by the management as the symphony seekers. Thus far however none such has appeared.

There are, however, the Pop concerts. These have been credited to a desire to sell ginger ale and other innocuous refreshments with musical attachment, to the Boston public. Such is not the case. At least one good reason for the establishment and maintenance of the Pop concerts has been to extend the time during which symphony performers might draw a salary, the twenty-nine weeks of the symphony season being too short a term. Hence good music of a lighter grade than that of the symphonies, admirably performed. To be sure, the best of the symphony performers do not appear at the "Pops" for obvious reasons, but of late years more and more of the best music of the symphonies has been sandwiched in between lighter airs and has been met with hearty applause. Undoubtedly many people who cannot afford a full season of symphony, and who have neither the strength nor the patience to stand in line a good part of Friday to secure a seat at a single rehearsal, satisfy their souls at the "Pops" where they hear much of the same music equally well rendered and do not need to imbibe other intoxicants unless they care to.

The Symphony Orchestra has been in much demand outside of Boston. It has in past years made annual pilgrimages to the heathen and given the public of New York, Philadelphia and other cities opportunities to hear its music, to which this distant public has nobly responded. More than that; such has been the influence of Mr. Higginson's Boston enterprise that several cities have established orchestras of their own along similar

lines for the production of first-class music.

These cities have no doubt had the same difficulties and discouragements which Mr. Higginson has so bravely met. In spite of large patronage and enthusiasm the cost of production has been so great that there is almost always a deficit at the end of the season. Thus, in Chicago during the ten years of the life of its symphony orchestra there has been a total deficit of $300,000, which the promoters have had to go down in their pockets to make good. In one year Philadelphia sank $80,000 and Pittsburg $40,000.

It will thus be seen that while the organization and maintenance of a Symphony Orchestra is of immense benefit to the immediate community and reflects credit and benefits upon the whole country to a very considerable extent, it is also an exceedingly costly enterprise and one which does credit, in Boston's case, not only to Mr. Higginson's love of music and ability as an organizer, but also to his generosity and public spirit in assuming so heavy a financial burden.

On an Old Russian Candlestick

By Margaret Ashmun

Once, long ago——I know not where nor when——
  It cast its light upon some strange-set board,
  Around which, fur-enmantled, lounged a horde
Of hot-eyed youth and swart, thick-bearded men.
Its flame lit up their wine-wild faces, then
  It caught the studded hilt of dirk and sword,
  And stopped till, coarse-carousing with her lord
Some jewelled woman flashed it back again.

  Far from those mingled scenes of mirth and ire
This bit of brass forlornly braves its doom——
  To waste with me the silent days' desire,
To watch long nights of quietness and gloom,
  To share the lonely glimmer of my fire,
And cheer the hired bareness of my room.

Tickle-Town Topics



BLEEDING BLOOMTOWN

The Struggles of a Typical New England Village against Political Graft, Tainted Money and Business Corruption.

By WALTER A. DYER

I FIND that while the light of national publicity has been turned upon practically every other important center in the United States, disclosing unspeakable horrors of crime and corruption, to me is left the painful duty of fearlessly exposing the degradation of Bloomtown, Bay County, Massachusetts, and describing the up-hill struggles of a handful of brave reformers in behalf of honest representation and clean citizenship.

Bloomtown is one of the old, historic Puritan settlements of New England. It cannot be said that her people have ever been contaminated by the evils of rapid immigration. Her troubles are upon her own head. Who is to blame? Let us see.

Bloomtown was once a quiet, law-abiding, God-fearing community. Her fall dates, roughly speaking, from the early '80s. We need not go farther back than that. There is a college at Bloomtown Center, and in the old days the college students were considered citizens of the town in good standing, and had a voice in her councils. On one fatal day, through one of those lapses of judgment that seem to afflict all men sooner or later, the college students made a sad error. They were gathered in full force at the annual Town Meeting in March. They had a clean majority and, carried away by the thirst for power, they passed a vote to build a new town hall, which should be one hundred feet high, two hundred feet deep and one foot wide. Now this was an error in judgment, as there was no pressing need for a new town hall, and the town authorities were obliged to take the law to the State Legislature to have it repealed. Legislature also ruled that the students were not legally citizens of the town, and so deprived them of their franchise. So town and gown parted political company forever.

The Inception of the Machine

Thus deprived of the influences that emanated from the seat of learning and culture, and the high student ideals that made for purity in civic life, Bloomtown gradually caught the modern American idea and allowed itself to drift helplessly

into the clutch of political rings and grafters.

For some time, the casual attendant at Town Meeting would have noticed nothing more alarming than the usual heated discussions over the school appropriations, the repairing of the town clock, the building of a board sidewalk on Jonathan Edwards street, and the placing of a street lamp in front of the Episcopal Church, on the steps of which Deacon Wood asserted, in an impassioned speech, that he had twice heard unmistakable sounds of billin' an' cooin'. The moral tone of the town must be preserved inviolent, or in violets, or words to that effect.

But evil forces were quietly at work beneath the surface. "Good" citizens attend Town Meeting once a year and eat March Meeting cake, and consider their duty done, but the professional politician works three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, with the possible exception of the day after the cattle show, when he may be forced to "lay off" to recuperate.

Slowly but surely Lawyer Darby built up a machine. He never ran for office himself. Your true boss never does that. He sat in his office in the Mercantile building and controlled things.

After a few years there began to be circulated rumors of graft in the assessor's office. There was an investigation, and Myron Marsh was retired. The machine takes care of its own, however, and after the scandal had quieted down, Myron reappeared as Inspector of Roads and Bridges, with a salary of $250 a year.

For the most part, however, Boss Darby gave Bloomtown "good" government. Bloomtown still has "good" government. Her citizens are proud of it. They have said to me, "Look at Squashville," or, "There are no better roads in the State," or, "We have never had to send a public official to jail, as they have in Boston and Pecowsic." Thus, through the blindness and lethargy of the "best" citizens does a government pass into the hands of those who bribe and barter.

The Life of Bloomtown's Trust Magnate

As in other noteworthy cases, "business" eventually took a hand. And to set forth the situation clearly, I must briefly outline the history of the Bloomtown Dairy Association and give a personal sketch of the remarkable man who organized and still controls that notorious trust, John D. Spudd, the man who holds it as a part of his creed that the milk business of Bay County is his by divine right, the originator of that classic epigram, "Bizness is bizness."

John Spudd was the son of a poor but thrifty farmer of North Bloomtown. Even as a boy he displayed a notable business ability and the power of acquiring and accumulating money. One or two little anecdotes of his early career will suffice to illustrate the early appearance of those characteristics which later distinguished him.

When only twelve years old John conceived the idea of peddling sweet cider to the college boys in the fall, and soon built up a lucrative business. He paid his father a small sum for the use of an old

horse and wagon and bought his cider at a North Bloomtown cider mill. He was known as a very close buyer. It has been strongly hinted to me that he was accustomed to increase the volume of his cider by the use of well water, but this has never been thoroughly corroborated. He sold the cider at market prices, monopolizing the college trade. It is also related that once some students bought his trousers —for immediate delivery—for a dollar. John parted with them with his usual shrewd seriousness, and it was discovered that he that day had on two pair. Then he went to the clothing store and purchased a new pair, slightly shopworn, for fifty cents. That night he entered the item in the account book which he scrupulously kept, as follows:—

Oct. 30, Clothing Transaction, ...net, $ .50

Even in those days John showed religious and charitable tendencies, and took a cent to Sunday-School, every Sabbath.

The Rise of the Milk Trust

When John Spudd reached his majority, he owned an interest in his father's farm, kept two cows and maintained a local milk route. In 1889, at the age of thirty-one, he owned fifty acres of land, including the finest pasturage in town, a large drove of Jersey cattle of picked quality, four horses, two milk wagons, a large delivery wagon, big barns and all the appliances needed for haying and raising fodder. He had four men in his employ, was married and had a daughter.

But he was not satisfied. Men of the Spudd type are never satisfied. They must ever be working patiently and industriously, that they may always be getting more and more.

Ten years later John D. Spudd was president and chief owner of the Bloomtown Dairy Association, one of the richest men in the County and a pillar in the North Bloomtown Congregational church. He also owned Bill Toohey, successor to Boss Darby, but of that, more anon.

I dwell upon the character of John D. Spudd, not so much as an individual, but as a type of the modern business man, for whom success justifies any and all means. John D. Spudd, I take it, is the incarnation of the American spirit of commercialism.

And yet Mr. Spudd has paid for his success. He has rheumatism in his left leg and is subject to toothache.

Just glance at his latest portrait. Sternness and uncompromising austerity are written there. Notice the narrow mouth, denoting cruelty, and the little eyes, set near together, denoting meanness. And then there is an inscrutable expression in the whole face that makes one shudder. A remarkable and a repulsive portrait!

John D. Spudd is a lonely man. Strictly correct in his domestic life, he yet lacks the sympathy of mother and daughter because of his own taciturnity and selfishness. Though a pillar in the church, he is still an outsider. He never goes to maple sugar socials or strawberry festivals. He seems to have no place in his narrow, unnatural soul for the joys of picnics and

straw-rides. Is the richest man in Bay county to be envied, after all!

Business in League with Politics

John D. Spudd learned to use politics for business purposes before the Trust was formed. Pasturage was poor one summer, and a wide margin of succulent grass grew along the road which ran by the Spudd farm. It suited Mr. Spudd's purposes to allow his cows to feed on this grass. But John Spudd was above petty bribing of pound keepers and highway commissioners. It was against his principles, and besides, big business doesn't go at things in that way. He went quietly to the office of old Lawyer Darby, and talked "business." No one knows just what occurred at this historic conference. It is said that the weather and the mosquitos were troublesome on that day. However, the Spudd cows were left unmolested on the town grass, and an offensive and defensive alliance was formed between the boss of Bloomtown and her foremost captain of industry and finance.

The growth of the Bloomtown Dairy Association, or the Milk Trust, as it is popularly called, was rapid and steady. The story of it is much like the stories of the other great monopolies, already familiar to American magazines readers. In 1900 the Trust controlled the entire dairy and creamery business of Bay county. It owned, in addition, much real estate, a large block of stock in the Massachusetts Northern Railway, interest in the Bloomtown National bank, and other properties. Its power was insidious and far-reaching. No man knew just what the stock in the Trust was worth, and no man knew just how much of this stock was owned by John D. Spudd.

Ruthlessly, successfully, Spudd beat down opposition, for there was opposition, of course. First the Trust gained control of all the cattle in the county, either by ownership, or by long time arrangements with the farmers, who were only too glad to be sure of a steady market, even at lower prices. Having thus gained control of the crude product, Spudd next turned his attention to the dairies and creameries, which were either bought for Trust stock, or compelled to buy their raw material from the Trust at Trust prices. Price cutting drove out local dealers one by one, and there was discrimination everywhere in favor of the Trust.

In 1896 a sturdy group of men in the milk region formed a pool to fight the Trust, but they could make little headway, and at last were forced to capitulate, one large operator going over to the enemy. During this fight the opposition conceived the idea of beating the rebate system by running a pipeline for milk from Huddlebrook through Bloomtown, to Loring, the county seat, but the scheme proved impracticable for scientific reasons. So one by one the rivals were crushed, the Trust gained control of their business and Spudd became the Milk King.

A Wave of Reform

By this time Spudd could afford to maintain a member in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and had little more need for

the local machine. That is how he came to escape direct punishment when the wave of reform struck Bloomtown.

The machine, allowed to shift for itself, became greedy and began to look with contempt upon the body of citizens. Grafting at the Town Hall became more open. This usually happens before the storm. Besides, Bill Toohey, the new boss, lacked the finesse of his predecessor.

First, the "Weekly Clarion" unearthed a police scandal. It was proved that Tim Burke, the town policeman, had been accepting bribes from the college students for allowing them to smuggle beer into town from Loring, without molestation. The voters at last became aroused, and a Good Citizens' League was formed, under the leadership of Charlie Spink, Toohey's rival in the law business. Charges were preferred against Burke, and he was dismissed from service. The fact that he had capital enough to open a cigar store in Loring needs no comment. It came out in the trial, however, that part of the graft money had gone to someone higher up. The Selectmen and certain officials received an overhauling in the press, but nothing was proved.

Then the Good Citizens' League started a reform campaign, which resulted in the nomination of a fusion ticket for the next Town Meeting, with Deacon Wood up for moderator, Lawyer Spink for Town Clerk, and various honest farmers the Board of Selectmen, the School Board and the minor officers. The demand was for honesty first, and efficiency second. Denominational lines were for the time being forgotten.

When the Town Meeting occurred in March, 1900, the town was aroused as never before since the Civil War. A house to house canvass had been made by the partisans of both sides, and the Town Hall was packed to the doors. Many of the college students, though non-voters, attended in the interests of good government, but being, it is alleged, purposely misinformed by Toohey and his workers, they cheered for one side as often as for the other.

A Whirl-Wind Campaign

At first it seemed like a victory for the reformers. Deacon Wood was elected moderator amid a great tumult, and as he ascended the rostrum, he was greeted by dozens of small but painful projectiles from long pea-shooters. The suspicion has never died out that many of the college undergraduates, including two or three students for the ministry, had been corrupted by the Toohey machine for the purpose of this demonstration.

Then followed a bitter struggle. The machine workers were here and there and everywhere, working among the voters, knowing that the life of the machine, with its town and county patronage, was at stake. It is alleged that money was freely used that day. At any rate, some of the younger voters went over to the enemy, and toward the end the machine had things pretty much its own way. As a result, honors were pretty evenly divided. The office of Town Clerk was among those carried by the reformers, Spink

arising at the critical moment and delivering a ringing oration in behalf of reform.

Since that day it has been a continuous struggle. Sometimes one side has triumphed and sometimes the other. Occasionally graft has been unearthed and punished, and the general sentiment in favor of honest administration of public affairs has been steadily growing. On the other hand, there is the fatal tendency on the part of "good" citizens to let politics alone. There has also been some discussion within the ranks of the Good Citizens' League, and charges of inefficiency have been made against some of the reform office holders, particularly those who had never been told that they were candidates.

But still bleeding Bloomtown struggles on, liked bartered Chicago, Tammany-ridden New York, corrupt but contented Philadelphia, filthy Pittsburg, betrayed Oshkosh and wallowing Wallawalla. But the right can win only when the community rises up in its might and refuses longer to be sold out by its best citizens. Hence the recent outcry against John D. Spudd.

The Question of Tainted Money

A couple of years ago a new minister was called to the pastorate of the North Bloomfield Congregational Church. He was a tall, long-haired pulpit-pounder who, in spite of his youth, had found favor in the eyes of the Church Council and Trustees, by reason of his earnestness, soundness of doctrine and loudness of voice.

For a year the young Rev. Edward Grouse continued to give ministerial satisfaction, and was much admired by the more or less marriageable maids of his parish. He adroitly avoided the danger of giving offense by political activity, for though it was understood that he had naturally allied himself with the reform forces, and was spoken of as a possible candidate for the School Board, he refused to engage in acrimonious disputes, and made no reference to politics in the pulpit.

But the day came when the Rev. Mr. Grouse was put on trial, and this was the way of it.

As has before been stated, John D. Spudd was a prominent member of Mr. Grouse's church. Never had he ommitted to give carefully planned financial support to the church since the days of the Sunday-School penny. All his charity was considered with as much shrewdness and foresight as were his business dealings.

But the cry of "tainted money" had been raised in the land, and when Deacon Corntossel returned with a lengthy report from a Congregational Conference in Boston, there arose much discussion among the members of the North Bloomtown Congregational Church. Nor was this discussion in any wise abated when the treasurer of the church formally announced at the annual meeting that Mr. John D. Spudd had offered to give one hundred dollars in cash for a new carpet.

Now a new carpet was badly needed in the church, and Bolivar Todd, the Sunday-school superintendent, arose and moved an elaborate vote of thanks. Deacon Corntossel was on his feet in an instant to fight the motion, and it was all

Parson Grouse could do to quiet the hubbub. At his suggestion the matter was referred to a committee consisting of the Board of Trustees, the Treasurer and the Pastor.

The council met at the Pastor's house the following evening and discussed the matter pro and con. The parson strove valiantly to avoid bitterness, but could not prevent the debate from becoming most heated. Recriminations and personalities were but thinly veiled, to say nothing of what Supt. B. Todd diplomatically referred to as insinuendos.

Almost a Deadlock

There were seven members of the Board of Trustees and the treasurer made eight; the Pastor presided. When at last a vote was taken, it was found to be a tie. All refused to reconsider and the presiding officer was forced by Roberts's Rules of Order to cast the deciding vote. Parson Grouse's plea that he might be given until Sunday for prayer and meditation was granted.

Now the Rev. Edward Grouse had both courage and conscience. "He's so damn upright," John Spudd said to his wife, one day, "that he leans over backward."

But Edward Grouse also possessed some tact and commonsense, more than might have been expected of him in view of heredity, training and environment. He loved peace, and prayed that his church might be delivered from schism. But he prayed even more fervently that it might be delivered from false doctrine. In his own Puritan heart he believed that it was false doctrine to accept tainted money, and everybody knew that John Spudd's money was tainted. Besides, he cared vastly for the opinion of those who favored rejection, and he had a shrewd Yankee notion that it would do him no harm in the long run to dare to be a Daniel.

On the other hand the church really did need a carpet, and there seemed little chance of getting it in any other way. Why not put even tainted money to a Godly use? Both sides of the subject seemed to be argued with equal ability in the public prints.

But there was a weightier argument in the mind of the young minister. He had recently become betrothed to Matilda, the fair daughter and heiress of the house of Spudd. What would the old man have to say on that matter if the hundred were scornfully rejected?

Edward Grouse spent Saturday night, until he became very sleepy, in more or less prayerful mental conflict, but in the end he reached his decision.

Church versus Trust

On Sunday morning the edifice of the North Bloomtown Congregational church was packed to the doors. It was estimated that over two hundred and ten souls were present. It was very well known throughout the township that something momentous was to happen, and throngs of partisans of both sides came, eager to learn the outcome at first hand. Hordes of interested Baptists and Unitarians deserted their respective houses of worship, and people drove in from East Bloomtown and the Center. There were even several students

of Psychology, Sociology, Political Economy and Moral Philosophy from Bloomtown College, who attended in the interests of science.

All eyes were fixed upon the Spudd pew, near the front, where the Trust magnate sat with his wife and charming daughter. Mrs. Spudd wore a new bonnet, rich with velvet and glistening jet. But when the pastor entered and ascended the pulpit, the interest was immediately transferred.

The opening exercises were hurried through in a perfunctory manner, and the congregation sang "God Moves in a Mysterious Way," which for the time being had the natural effect of raising the hopes of the partisans of acceptance. Then the pastor took several papers from his breast pocket and gave out the notices for the week. He mentioned the topics of the Young People's Meeting and the Weekly Prayer Meeting, and the hours and meeting places of the Mission Study club and the Women's Guild. Then he paused.

He made a striking figure in the pulpit, in his black ministerial garb and his expanse of white cuff. All eyes were turned earnestly upon him. His long hair was brushed straight back, his mouth was set in lines of determination and the nostrils of his large, somewhat Roman nose seemed to quiver with emotion.

With the atmosphere of the church electrified with excitement, the pastor announced in clear, firm tones that for well considered reasons the special council had decided not to accept the gift of one hundred dollars which had been announced at the annual meeting. Then, reading a passage from the second chapter of James, he preached a powerful sermon on the difficulty of the rich man's getting into Heaven through the eye of a needle.

The Amen of the benediction had no sooner been pronounced than a buzz of excited conversation arose from the congregation. But the parson did not linger to join the animated groups about the church doors and in front of the pulpit. He hastened home to his study at once.

The Triumph of the Right

The Spudd family did not attend evening service, and so the congregation were deprived of the expected pleasure of seeing Matilda refuse the minister's company home. But after they had all gone, Edward Grouse summoned up his courage and strolled down the road to the Spudd mansion.

Although it was early May and the evening was chilly, Matilda was waiting for him, nervously swinging on the front gate.

"Hello, Neddy," said she, "I thought you'd come."

"Then you aren't mad at me?" he inquired eagerly.

"Naw," said she. "Why should I be?"

"Hasn't your father forbidden you to see me again?"

"Say," she answered, "pa's most tickled ter death. Sez you've saved 'im a heap o' money. Besides, he sez it'll be the biggest advertisement him an' the Dairy Association ever got. It'll be in the Bloomtown Clarion an' the Bay County Gazette, an' mebbe other papers.

Pa's got some photographs all ready for 'em. He's int'rested in the new trolley line, an' thinks he'll haf ter run for the State Senate nex' fall, an' ev'ry little helps, he sez. An' besides, there's a feller goin' ter write 'im up an' put 'is picter in a magazine, an' tell a lot about ev'rything. Bloomtown's goin' ter git a great boom, pa sez."

"In a magazine?"

"Yep. Pa sez these magazine fellers is a pretty poor lot, gen'rally, an'll write up anything the editors'll pay for."

"Queer chaps, these magazine writers," said Grouse.

"Ain't they?" she answered.

And then, the conservation over, the quiet of the Sabbath evening was desecrated by a resounding osculation, sounding not unlike one of the Bloomtown Dairy Association's Jerseys, pulling her foot from the mud down at the meadow bottom.



Bill Smith's Whopper

By Nixon Waterman

I never heard no one deny
That old Bill Smith knows how to lie.
Of all the men I ever saw
He wags about the smoothest jaw
For tellin' stories. 'Tisn't hard
For Bill to spin 'em by the yard.
He starts his tongue a-goin' and
Just rattles on to beat the band.

Remember one day, three or four
Of us was down to Slocum's store
A-braggin' of the shootin' we
Had done, when Bill he says, says he,
"One time, 'twas years and years ago
When pigeons was so thick, you know,
I made a shot so big, I swow,
I'm 'fraid to tell it even now!

"But, any way, 'twas in the fall
And near my house I'd built a tall,
Round stack of oats on which had lit
Wild pigeons till they covered it
From top to bottom just that thick
There really wasn't room to stick
A pin between 'em! There they set
So saucy-like, and et and et.

"I took my rifle down and just
Poured powder in her till she'd bu'st
I feared! And then rammed down a ball
And then contrived, somehow, to crawl
Behind a fence that wound about
Right up to that there stack without
Their seein', when there came to me
A sort of brain-wave, you'll agree.

"I knew the way them pigeons set
That, do my best, I couldn't get
More than a dozen at a shot,
Which seemed a pesky little lot.
But when that brain-wave that was sent
From somewhere reached me, I just bent
That rifle-barrel right 'round my knee
Till it was half a circle, see?

"Well, when I fired her off I found
That ball had gone right 'round and 'round
That stack and killed of pigeons fine
Just plumb nine hundred and ninety-nine!"
"Make it a thousand, Bill," we said,
But Bill he slowly shook his head——
"No, I won't tell a lie," said he,
"For just one pigeon, no sirree!"

Halifax, Nova Scotia

One of Canada's Atlantic Gateways

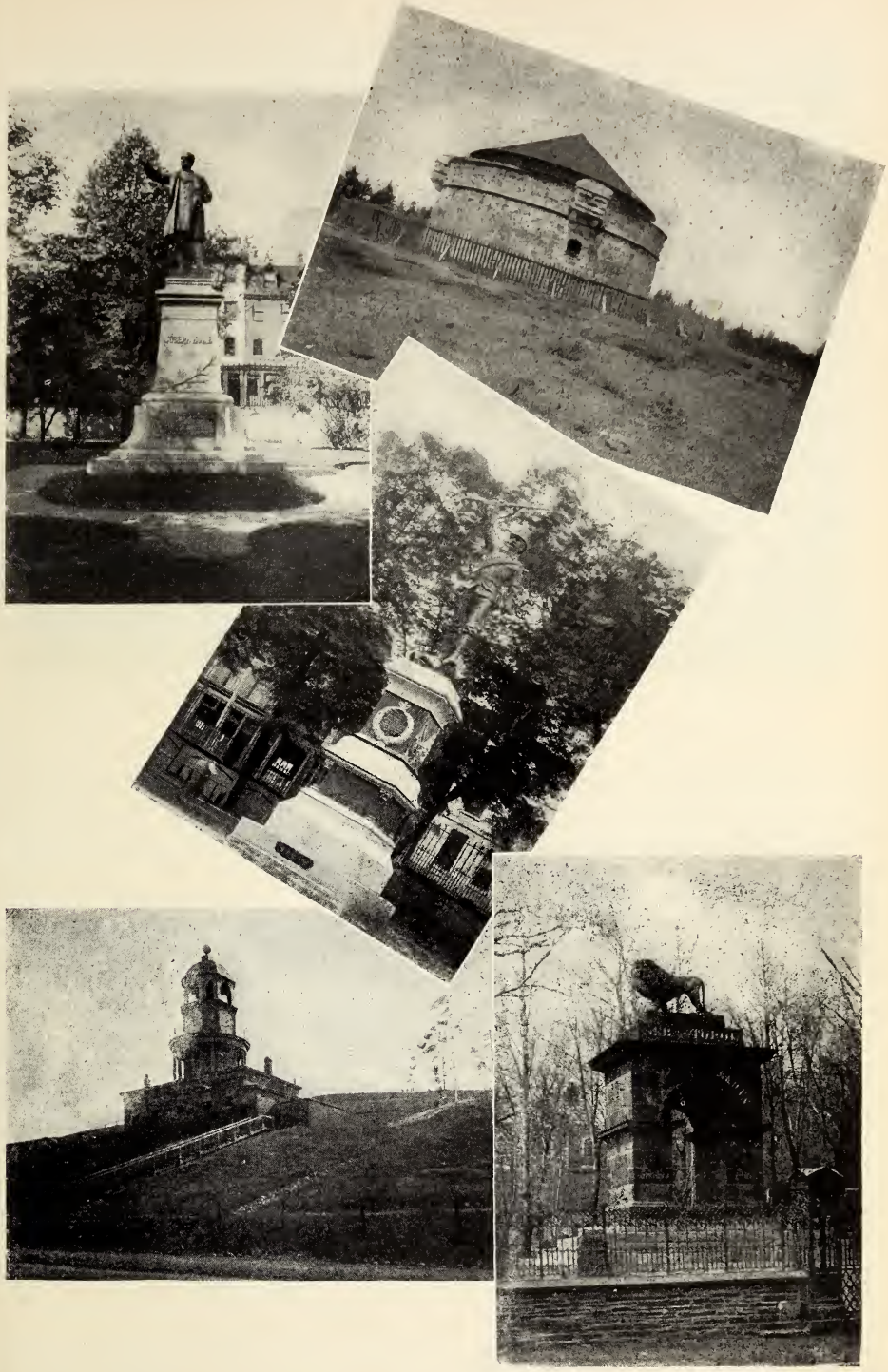
By A. M. Payne



HALIFAX HARBOR

THE glamour of the Orient, unfolded by the epoch making events of recent years finds a counterpart in the midway Occident, on the northern half of the American continent where the staid East yields the palm for rapid progress to the boundless optimism of the great West. Nevertheless the expansion of the West is largely due to the restless energy of the East, where in the words of Carlyle "the goal of yesterday is the starting point of tomorrow." In the broad area of nearly 4,000,000 square miles of land and water comprising the Dominion of Canada, between ocean and ocean the Province of Nova Scotia occupies a position of commanding importance as the nearest vantage ground to the European trade pivot. Its nomenclature deserves more than passing notice. Markland, the "forest land of note," the southeastern extremity of the Dominion, and Vinland "the Good" on the shores of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, share the legends of the ancient Norse discoverers a thousand years back in the shadowy past.

L'Acadie, more reliable in its adaptation, appears to be a blending of the Micmac Cadie or Quoddy into the early French term, L'Acadie, anglicized to Acadia, a clearly defined, euphonious, title which might well have been retained for all time. The present designation Nova Scotia (New Scotland) derives its origin from Sir William Alexander to whom King James I of England granted the territory in 1621. The alert perceptions of the early French pioneers with regard to the selection of eligible sites were specially indicated in their long, de-



HOWE STATUE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR MONUMENT MARTELLO TOWER
TOWN CLOCK CRIMEAN WAR MONUMENT



GOVERNMENT HOUSE

termined efforts to secure a foothold in L'Acadie, as an outpost of New France. Numerous lodgments were made by them, notably at Port Royal, Beausejour, and Louisburg, with periodical visits to Baie Saine the Halifax of today.

The ever present casus belli was New England versus New France. Volumes upon volumes have been written, displaying as through an illuminating literary camera the varying phases of a great international struggle for supremacy in the New World. The partition of Africa in our own day and the strenuous diplomatic rivalry impending from time to time together with the late Boer war, enable the enquirer of the 20th century to understand more clearly, by contrast, the problem of ascendancy on the continent of America, during the 17th and 18th centuries. The sequel is even yet culminating in results fraught with potential influence to every quarter of the globe. From its strategic advantages on the Atlantic coast line Nova Scotia held the foreground in the theatre of action, every move on the chess board of strife, depending on its retention. Eventually, Halifax, the capital, became the storm centre of this vortex of conflict. The prize was not only the coast line of a hemisphere, from Labrador to the Gulf of Mexico, but the vast hinterland in the interior, accessible to the Atlantic, north and south, by three mighty rivers, and a wondrous chain of inland navigable seas in contiguity. Taking the boundaries of 1763, Nova Scotia comprised the whole three Provinces now known







STREETS IN HALIFAX PLEASANT PARK

as the Maritime or Atlantic Provinces of Canada. In the year 1784 New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Cape Breton were detached owing chiefly to a policy of panic on the part of the British Government to restrain consolidation in its remaining possessions in North America. In 1820 Cape Breton was reunited to Nova Scotia but the seeds of the original widely planned separation bore a fruit of disconnected interests and retarded progress throughout British North America for almost a century. The Province of Nova Scotia is situated between the 61st and 66th degrees of west longitude, and the 43rd and 46th parallels of north latitude. Its greatest length is 380 miles and its breadth varies from 40 to 60 miles. In form it bears somewhat of a resemblance to the shape of the crustacean so freely inhabiting its waters, but its topography may be described as that of an oblong square. It is surrounded by the sea, and were it not for the twelve mile isthmus of Baie Verte would be an island. The physical features of the Province present a well diversified aspect of valley, upland and mountain, profusely watered by lakes and rivers fringed by a coast line indented with excellent harbors, coves and inlets. The highest land is in Cape Breton, which is almost intersected by Bras D'Or Lake, an arm of the sea unique in its commercial utility and majestic grandeur.

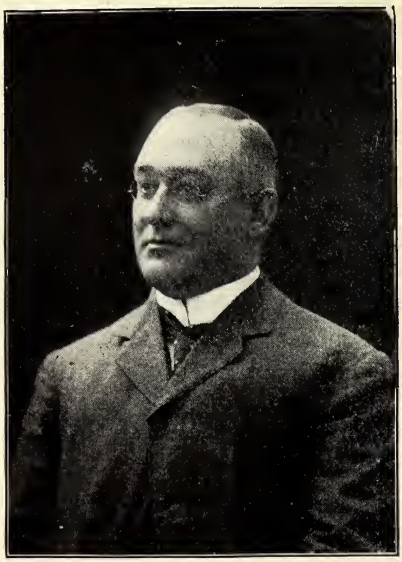
The soil of the Province in general is fertile, ripening most of the grains and all the staple fruits and vegetables in ordinary use, the Annapolis and Cornwallis Valleys enjoying a capacity of yield rarely excelled in the most favored regions. The area is 20,600 square miles, the population approximates half a million, the exports in round figures are $17,000,000 and the imports $13,000,000 according to present day returns. Since tabulated records have



HON. DUNCAN C. FRASER, LEIUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF NOVA SCOTIA

been supplied by official data (some thirty years) the coal production of Nova Scotia has been 85,000,000 tons valued at $130,000,000. Although the annual coal production now exceeds the fishery yield in cash value, the great importance of the fishery industry and the significance attached to its acquisition by the earliest colonizers, are confirmed and strengthened by such substantial results as the addition of some $250,000,000 to the wealth of the Province from its prosecution, beginning with the year of Confederation down to the current year. The gold production has reached about $17,000,000 in a similar period, the banner year of 1902 showing $627,357. 74,000 tons of iron ore were raised last year, 274,000 tons of limestone, and close upon 200,000 tons of gypsum. Of coke 368,000 tons were produced in 1905, chiefly at the extensive plant of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company in Sydney, a rapidly advancing sphere of activity destined to make it the "Pittsburg of the Dominion" in the near future.

Sir William Fairbairn in his work on iron uses the following language: "In Nova Scotia some of the richest



HON. GEORGE H. MURRAY, PREMIER OF NOVA SCOTIA

ores yet discovered occur in boundless abundance. The iron manufactured from them is of the very best quality and is equal to the finest Swedish metal." "Acadian Geology" has been brilliantly elucidated in the standard work of Sir William Dawson, which specifies 98 separate books, reports and pamphlets as supplementing the investigations of that distinguished authority, Dr. Gilpin. F. R. S. C., Chief Inspector of Mines for Nova Scotia in a recent report on the Mineral Lands of the Province says: "The peculiarly diversified nature of the Nova Scotia minerals



SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND



DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY

may be judged of by the fact that it has in close relationship the three most valuable, iron, coal and gold The initiation of extensive iron and steel works in directing attention to its large deposits of ore, and of fuel-yielding coke claimed to be the best in the world. Among other minerals more or less worked may be mentioned lead, zinc, silver, copper, manganese, gypsum, barytes, etc."

From data supplied by Mr. Ami of the Canadian Geological Survey Dr. Gilpin refers to the extent and ages of Geological strata as follows: "The Laurentian system is well developed in Cape Breton, occupying the more elevated portions of the island. The Huronian system is not yet recorded as occurring in Nova Scotia. The upper and lower Cambrian are represented, the gold-bearing series consisting of an upper slate, a lower quartzite formation being also referred to it. Strata carrying ores of iron are also referred to the upper Cambrian. The upper division of Sir R. Murchison's Silurian is extensively developed in Nova Scotia and along the northern side of the Cobequid Mountains and at points from Nictaux to Wolfville this formation is noted for large deposits of iron ore. The Devonian at Nictaux and Arisaig and at large areas in Cape Breton, Richmond and Guysboro counties contains deposits of both iron and copper. The carboniferous system is typically represented in Nova Scotia in the northern and eastern counties. The productive horizon is met in the counties of Cape Breton, Richmond. Inverness, Pictou and Cumberland. This is underlaid by strata of millstone grit, carboniferous limestones and lower or basal conglomerates.

"Higher divisions occur along the Straits of Northumberland and in the interior of Cumberland County apparently passing into the Permian. The Triassic system is represented on the Bay of Fundy and the Basin of Minas by beds of bright red sandstone and the Quarternary system records the glacial action which this province has been subjected to, in

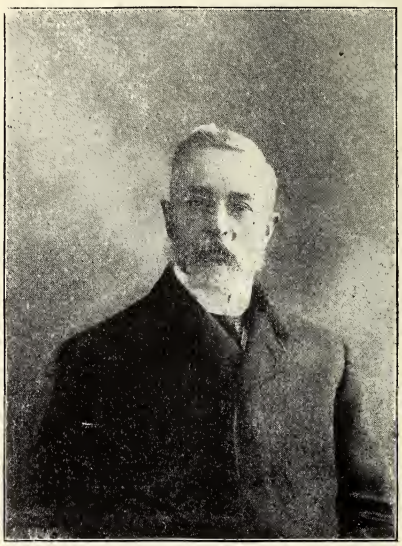


ROBERT I. MCILREITH, MAYOR OF HALIFAX

common with the rest of the Acadian region."

The agricultural and manufacturing interests of Nova Scotia show relatively creditable returns steadily progressing by means of the practical and technical experience gained, from season to season, the paramount necessity for the latter, in every department of industrial effort, having become a settled conviction among all ranks and conditions of life.

The forest yield of the Province has always been a prominent factor in the development of its natural resources, over 30 per cent. of the area being profit-bearing woodland. In the days of wooden ships Nova Scotia stood in the front rank of ship building and ship owning countries, and Nova Scotian vessels and their captains enjoyed an enviable reputation for efficiency in all the great seaports of the world. Many of these old-time skippers knew their vessels from the hour the keelson was laid, in fact, the most widely known builder on the continent was Donald Mackay of Nova Scotia. The extensive spruce areas of the Province predicate important results, the production of pulp wood and wood pulp, a comparatively new industry, assuming proportions undreamed of a few years ago. The building and



A. M. BELL, PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE

handling of ships becomes second nature to the average Bluenose, hardly ever beyond 20 or 30 miles from the sound of the sea. Naturally his thoughts and ideas dwell on marine enterprise and transportation interests generally, looking forward to the day when modern steel ship building plants will supply the void created by the decline of the familiar shipyards which bestowed prosperity in unstinted measure from Cape Sable to Cape North. The light houses in Nova Scotia number 212, and there are 223 lights on her coasts, with 86 buoys, fog alarms



"SEEING HALIFAX"

and other appliances, including a light ship, an array of safeguards and precautions seldom surpassed anywhere.

In this brief review of Nova Scotia it may be of interest to hark back for a moment to the opinions of one or two of the "ancient authorities." Charlevoix enthusiastically writes thus of Nova Scotia and its surroundings in 1765. "There are perhaps no Provinces in the world possessing finer harbors, or furnishing in greater abundance all the conveniences of life. The climate is quite mild and very healthy, and no lands have been found that are not of surpassing fertility. Finally, nowhere are there to be seen forests more beautiful, or with wood better fitted for buildings and masts. There are in some places copper mines, and in others some of coal. The fish most commonly caught on the coast are the cod, salmon, mackerel, herring, sardine, shad, trout, gotte, gaparot, barbel, sturgeon, goberge, all fish that can be salted and exported. Seals, walruses and whales are found in great numbers. The rivers, too, are full of fresh water fish, and the banks teem with countless game."

A century later Hallock, an American writer, says: "Herewith I enter the lists as the champion of Nova Scotia. Were I to give a first class certificate of its general character I would affirm that it yields a greater variety of products for export than any territory of the globe of the same superficial area. This is saying a great deal. Let us see; she has ice, lumber, ships, salt-fish, salmon and lobsters, coal, iron, gold, copper, plaster, slate, grindstones, fat cattle, wool, potatoes, apples, large game and furs."

These predictions, contrasted with the clear cut statistics of the latest Dominion Year Book furnish a retrospect that speaks for itself.



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

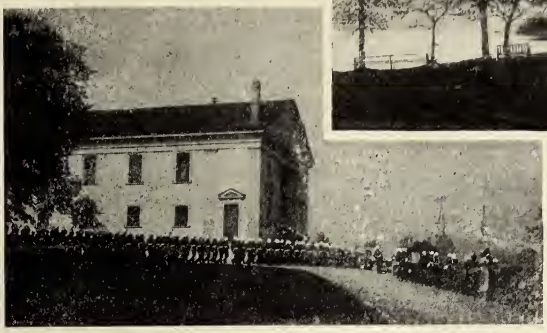
The metropolis of this sea-girt Province is Halifax, so named, four months after its settlement in 1749, as a compliment to one of its chief founders, George Dunk-Montague, Earl of Halifax, First Lord of Trade and Plantations, a Cabinet officer in the days of George II. The aboriginal designation was Chibouctou, a Micmac word, signifying "Chief haven." Chebucto Head, the bold rocky headland at the western entrance of the harbor, familiar to many navigators, still retains the Indian name. In a sense, Halifax was a younger sister to Boston, whose citizens had formed a committee advocating its establishment to check the encroachments of the French, although they had thirty years previously vetoed a similar undertaking submitted by Captain Coram. The locality had been frequently visited by earlier French explorers as far back as Champlain's time in 1631. That intrepid leader christened it "La Baie Saine" ("The Safe Bay") which was the accepted French title on their maps and charts for upwards of a century. Villebon, a Governor at Port Royal under the French regime, naively pronounced it "one of the finest ports Nature could form." The early annals of Halifax abound with incidents of great historic interest.

Four years prior to its settlement by Cornwallis, Louisburg had fallen before the invincible assault of New England militiamen, aided by a British squadron. A halo of sympathy encircles the fate of the expedition

designed to recapture the great stronghold in 1746. Dispersed by the contrary winds, the shattered remnants of this once power-



GREEN BANK



JAMESTOWN CHURCH

ful fleet crept into Bedford Basin, the inner harbor of Halifax. Round its waters lie the unseen graves of over a thousand brave soldiers and sailors of La Belle France, victims of tempest and disease. The two admirals in command perished in sheer despair, the Duc d'Anville of apoplexy, D'Estournelle, the vice admiral, by his own hand. Two years later, and but a year before the settlement of Halifax, Louisburg was restored to France, in exchange for Madras, by the treaty of Aix la Chapelle. As may well be conceived, frequent dissensions and occasional ruptures of the peace took place between the new settlers and the French and Indians.

Six years after the settlement of Halifax actual war between the two great rivals broke out afresh and the star of France seemed for a time to be in the ascendant, engendering covert hostile intrigues among the French Neutrals who were, however, compelled to evacuate Beausejour.

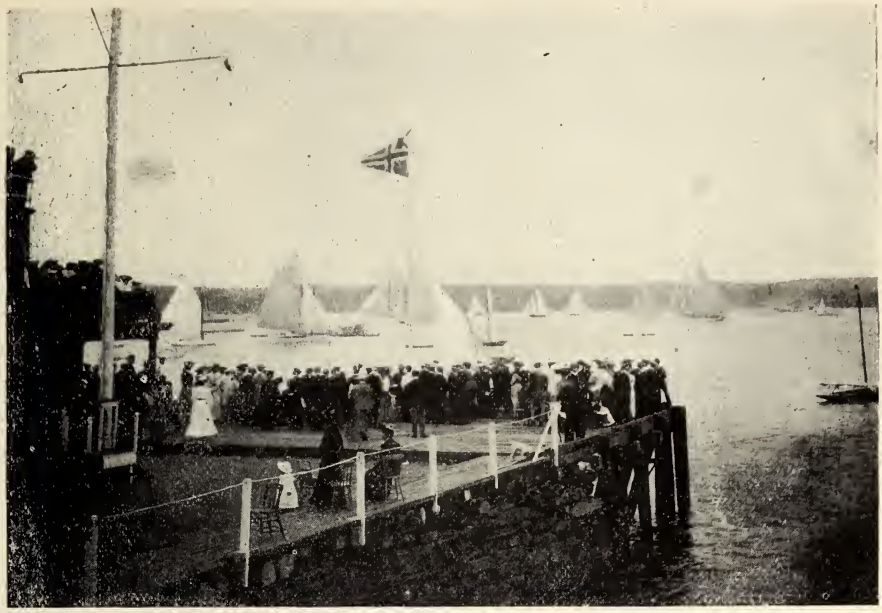
Profoundly stirred by the disaster on the Monongahela, the expulsion of the Acadians en masse was carried out by the authorities at Halifax, a politico-military episode, stern in its necessity, but almost inhuman in its accomplishment. In a more beneficent and enlightened age, the sad story has been woven into a masterpiece of imperishable verse by the most distinguished of America's poets. Psalm cxxxvii, a sacred lyric of patriotic fervor, touchingly portrays the readily imagined laments of the Exiles of Acadia, a disheartened few of whom succeeded in returning to their cherished homes, to find them occupied by their oppressors. A recent biographer of William Pitt tersely alludes to the sagacity of England's great statesman in taking full advantage in 1757 of the ports of New York and Halifax when both were under British control, to retrieve the disasters which mismanagement had brought about from the time of Braddock's defeat down to the triumph of Montcalm at Carillon. To offset New York and Halifax Louis XV. and his astute Minister of War held Louisburg and Quebec. Eventually both succumbed to expe-



EVANGELINE LAND

ditions organized mainly at Halifax. In the final result of the acquisition of Canada in 1759 historians are not wanting who contend that the fortunes of war in Germany had much to do with the momentous course of events, although the skilful strategy of Wolfe and Amherst were all important elements in the outcome.

A candid estimate of the respective value of maritime points of vantage on the coast line of North America can but lead to the conclusion that in the peaceful pursuit of the paths of commerce New York and Halifax are still as supreme in their geographical convenience as in the days when Pitt utilized them so conspicuously for the honor and glory of Great Britain. Under the fostering care of a generous motherland, which lavished upwards of $2,000,000 on its support, during its first seven years of existence, Halifax at once rose into prominence as an extensive shipping centre, and for a lengthy period its progress was inseparably associated with British military and naval interests. Moreover great commercial advantages had been suggested by the people of Massachusetts as likely to result from the establishment of a favorably located central harbor on the Atlantic coast line. This forecast proved a correct one. The dismantling of Louisburg, the "Dunkirk of America," and the transfer of its garrison, munitions and materials to Halifax undoubtedly made for the advancement of the latter. It was unfortunately the fashion in those old days to depreciate the status of the colonial forces by both the British and French regular army officers, and many ill founded prejudices existed with reference to the severity of the climate, and dearth of re-



R. N. S. Y. SQUADRON, INTERNATIONAL REGATTA

sources in the more northerly section of the American plantations. The French apparently were more imbued with hope than the English, whose abandonment of Louisburg in consequence of the pessimism of Admiral Warren was the cause of great dissatisfaction in New England where such heroic and self-denying sacrifices had been made to ensure its first capture. Continuous warfare effectively stimulated transportation developments at Halifax and a large trade sprang up between the ports of sister colonies to the north as well as the south. Letters of marque were constantly on the wing, and wealth accumulated rapidly during the Napoleonic wars. With peace came a reaction of activity and some lean business years ensued. The town, however, was now fairly on its feet, and the fishery industry which had been the leading feature of the Whitehall advertisement inviting the original settlers was more vigorously undertaken, and a large and lucrative trade with the West Indies and the Spanish main promoted.

The first bank was opened in 1825 and ere long world-wide ventures were enterprised, tea began to be imported direct from China, whaling voyages to the South Seas were prosecuted, and ship building eagerly engaged in not only at Halifax and Dartmouth, but at the head of the harbor in Bedford as well.

Halifax was one of the very earliest in the field to establish steam communication with Europe, the arrival of R. M. S. Britannia in July, 1840, at the Cunard pier, being the inauguration of the now famous Cunard Line. The first railway was operated at Albion Mines in 1839 and soon a more ambitious project



BAND KOISK, PUBLIC GARDEN

began to be agitated. In 1854 Joseph Howe turned the first sod of the Nova Scotia Railway, now known as the I. C. R., or People's Road, which, with its connections, constitutes a leading link in an imperial chain of communication, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, as designed by the idol of the populace, its Haligonian champion.

In a consideration of Halifax from the modern view point, the superlative advantages of its spacious harbor emphasize its commercial importance in a marked degree. Descriptions hardly do justice to Halifax harbor; it needs to be seen. Sixteen miles long, one to two miles wide, eight to twelve fathoms deep, twenty square miles in extent including Bedford Basin, the highest marine authorities have pronounced it "one of the finest and safest deep water harbors in the world." McNab's Island, three miles long, affords perfect shelter and the shore line taking in the Eastern Passage and the Northwest Arm covers between forty and fifty miles.

The Eastern passage interests United States' visitors in recalling the escape of the Confederate steamer Tallahasee from the clutches of a Federal squadron on the watch in the outer roadstead during the War of Secession. The entrance from the sea is five and one-half miles wide, and the fairway from Chebucto Head, within an hour of the city piers, is clear and free from obstruction or delay. The Quarantine Station at Lawlor's Island is beyond criticism, ideal in every respect. The development of the giant freighter and the colossal passenger liner of 20,000 to 30,000 tons, but enhances the capacity of Halifax Harbor, instantaneously available, at any state of the tide, and at any hour of the day or night. A haven it is, in very sooth, for the limp greyhound of the Atlantic after a tussle with mountain seas in rough weather. Ah! only to reach Halifax,



PURCELLO COVE

with its massive dry dock, and its wealth of appliances for repair has often been the fervent if unuttered prayer of hope for weary storm-tossed commanders bowed down with the responsibility of hundreds of lives and thousands upon thousands of valuable cargo. At a certain transit position on the Western Ocean, Halifax is the nearest and most easily accessible port for either eastward or westward bound tonnage, its convenience as a bunker port, from even extreme southern points of the continent of America, having been thoroughly demonstrated.

The shore ends of two ocean cables are located at Halifax in addition to other leading cable and telegraphic facilities in direct communication with every port in the civilized globe. Wireless installations at Camperdown, just outside the city, in constant touch with Sable Island, place Halifax in the role of a veritable sentinel of the North Atlantic in the transmission of marine intelligence. There are 46 piers and wharves along the four mile water front, nine of which are efficiently equipped under Government control to accommodate the largest steamers afloat. These up-to-date arrangements can be duplicated on the Dartmouth side where several equally commodious piers are already in evidence and projected. The railway terminal facilities are constantly being augmented, year by year, and live citizens look forward to the day when the "whistle of the Hong Kong train" will sound at every pier on the water front along its entire length.

Four lines of railway arrive and depart daily, soon to be followed by a fifth, and on the completion of the National Transcontinental, a sixth, on three of which passengers will be able to book for the Pacific. About 20 lines of steamers utilize the port on regular schedules in summer, and in the winter half a dozen other lines



MELVILLE ISLAND

besides. The latest additions are direct lines to Mexico, South Africa and France. The arrivals and departures, foreign and coastwise, have averaged about 10,000 to 11,000 in recent years, with an aggregate tonnage of three millions. With the exception of Japan and China the flag of almost every nation in the world may be seen at one time or another during a given year in the harbor. In the matter of commercial intercourse with the Antipodes, the commercial agent of Canada at Sydney, New South Wales, has advised the Department of Trade and Commerce at Ottawa that ocean transit (especially for Canadian manufactured goods) between Canada, Australia and New Zealand is more desirable via the Atlantic than by the Pacific. The exports of Halifax from the latest annual returns approximate $9,000,000; fish leading with close upon $4,000,000, agricultural products and animals about $3,000,000, lumber rather under the normal average of $1,000,000 and manufactures rather over three-fourths of a million. Apple shipments footed up 370,000 barrels, potatoes 527,000 bushels.

The chief items in the imports are sugar and molasses which figure rather over $3,000,000. 432,000 barrels of flour were received during the past year and 440 cars of oats. The valuation for Civic Assessment for 1904-05 was not quite $27,000,000 and the rate $1.69 per $100. The Civic Debt including Water Debt is slightly over $3,000,000. The enumerators for McAlpine's City Directory, record 17,295 individual names, which multiplied by three, places the estimated number of inhabitants for the current intercensal period since 1901 at 51,885. Including Dartmouth and the garrison now composed of Canadian citizens,



MAIN PROMENADE PUBLIC GARDEN

the total population is understood to be about 60,000. The administration of the affairs of the City of Halifax is in the hands of a Mayor and Corporation consisting of 18 aldermen, representing six wards. A convention of the mayors and representatives of Canadian cities and municipalities was held at Halifax in August for mutual counsel and deliberation. Several of the visitors covered between 5,000 and 6,000 miles to attend, giving some idea of the importance of the gathering. A handsome device over the vestibule of the City Hall, electrically illuminated at night, bore the words, "Municipal Home Rule" — Our Motto—"Welcome." Among other lavish entertainments by the citizens, a complete circuit was made of the harbor and all its inlets by the Government S. S. "Aberdeen," winding up with an aquatic pageant of illuminated boats and canoes on the Northwest Arm. The fairy-like scene made a vivid impression on the visiting mayors and representatives.

The prevailing problem of municipal ownership and operation of public utilities is being threshed out in Halifax with a vigor and determination equal to that of any city on the continent. The water supply of the city is the only franchise entirely owned and controlled by its inhabitants. The service is far and away beyond the average in efficiency, both for household use and fire protection, while the rate of four dollars is one of the most moderate on record. Meantime the department pays all running expenses and is gradually extinguishing the water debt, which is about one-third of the



ANNAPOLIS BASIN AND DIGBY GUT

gross city obligations. In comparing a long established community in the East, with the inception of an entirely new one in the West, it is obvious that the later arrival is altogether free from old barnacles to progress and time-worn prejudices, and ready to adopt up-to-date methods without hindrance to the body politic. The fire department of Halifax ranks deservedly high, as the fire record of many years of more than average immunity fairly demonstrates. The legislature provided nearly $60,000 for additions to its equipment during the last two sessions. The police force evoked well merited encomiums for its personnel, discipline and management from members of the Canadian Municipal Union during their investigations. In proportion to its population, Halifax has an unusually large street mileage, considerably over 100 miles. For street improvements, pavements and sewerage, no less than $200,000 is being judiciously expended, so that the city gives promise of being a model one in this respect in a comparatively brief period.

The Halifax Board of Trade is one of the most progressive "parliaments of business" in the Dominion of Canada, with substantially furnished quarters in the heart of the commercial district.

The Halifax Electric Tram Company operates an up-to-date service by a main line closely connecting with a belt line, covering all the leading thoroughfares. The H. E. T. Co. also provides electric light and power, together with gas for the whole city. Financially the credit of Halifax may be judged from the fact that its last issue of 4 per cent. bonds resulted in an acceptable civic "nest egg" over and above par.

Halifax has six chartered banks, three being local institutions with a paid up capital of $7,500,000 and reserve of $9,343,752. The paid up capital and reserve of the three outside banks is $46,100,000. The agen-

cies of the home banks spread out like a fan in all directions, from the distant Yukon to Mexico, Cuba, the West Indies and other points near the Equator. One of the outside Canadian banks has 137 branches throughout the Dominion in addition to branches at London (England), New York, San Francisco, Portland (Oregon), Seattle and Skagway in the United States. There are also several private banking houses, trust and loan companies, etc. The bank clearings in 1904 were over $90,000,000 at Halifax.

The industries of Halifax stand eighth in the list of Canadian cities on the testimony of U. S. Consul General Holloway. The fishery industry naturally heads the procession. The foremost mercantile enterprise is also distinctly maritime—the dry dock, one of the largest and most thoroughly equipped on the continent.

The mineral industry of the whole Province naturally converges at the capital, for a material share of its management and distribution. In domestic, manufactures clothing, paint and lead, boots and shoes, flour mills, biscuit and confectionery, spices, powder and explosive mills, iron foundries, stove works, brushes and brooms are all represented on a more or less extensive scale. The question of new industries is a burning one in the city of Halifax at the present moment and prominent citizens in conjunction with the City Council and the Board of Trade are engaged in persistent efforts to utilize the manifold advantages of accessible raw materials and exceptional transportation facilities inwards and outwards at their very doors, for distribution to near by home markets. Newfoundland, Great Britain, the United States, West Indies and Mexico, with European, South African and Australasian outlets as an ultimate field for expansion.

The public buildings and scenic attractions of Halifax city are so amply set forth in a plethora of illustrated tourist guide books that detailed descriptions would be but "a twice told tale." The Province Building in the centre of the city, Government House, the New Custom House, Post Office, Victoria Hospital, Blind School, Dalhousie College, City Hall, Deaf and Dumb Institution, Infirmary, Eudist Seminary, Convent of the Sacred Heart, Mount St. Vincent, Academy of Music and others in addition to thirty-nine churches, twenty-six public schools and eighteen charitable institutions constitute a group of which any city, ancient or modern, might well be proud. Many of the places of worship are of deep historical interest, notably old St. Paul's, the Round Church and the quaint little Dutch Church with its chicken-cock spire. The Round Church, Town Clock, and Prince's Lodge are cherished reminders of "ye olden time" when Prince Edward, Duke of Kent. grandfather of King Edward VII. lived and moved and had his being for several years in Halifax as Commander-in-chief of the troops in garrison at the beginning of the last century. The Public Gardens and Point Pleasant Park exhibit so many points of picturesque beauty and artistic taste as to elicit unstinted appreciation from the most exacting critics. Old St. Paul's Burying Ground is an object of great historic interest as the

resting place of early dignitaries and officials in pre-revolutionary times. It also contains the Welsford and Parker Monument, one of the most imposing military memorials in the Dominion. Fort Massey, the Naval Cemetery and the Little Dutch Burial Place are ancient cities of the dead, replete with associations of the past. A noble life-like statue of Hon. Joseph Howe, Nova Scotia's most distinguished son, adorns the southern area of the Province Building grounds. It is also proposed to erect a statue of another eminent citizen, Sir Samuel Cunard, at Greenbank. Among others who have left enduring fame as a just inheritance, Hon. J. W. Johnstone, Sir William Young, Chief Justice Halliburton, Sir Fenwick Williams of Kars and Sir John Inglis, the defender of Lucknow, will also doubtless have their memories honored at no distant day. A Boer War Statue at the northern area of the Province Building and another in the Public Gardens, with the Victoria Jubilee Fountain Memorial at the same place, are sacred objects of regard fittingly decorated on anniversaries and special occasions.

There are numerous libraries, including the Citizens' Free Library in the City Hall. The hotels are over fifty in number in addition to restaurants and apartment houses in desirable residential sections. The Halifax, Queen and King Edward are among the largest hotels. The Waverley has long been a pronounced favorite with Americans, owing to its excellence of management, home comforts and agreeable surroundings.

The city has two up-to-date clubs, elegantly appointed in substantial buildings, a Yacht Squadron Clubhouse and grounds, four good rowing clubs, housed and equipped on modern lines, Wanderers and other amateur athletic associations, Studley Quoit Club of international repute, besides numerous other organizations for recreation in a high state of efficiency. The speed track at the Exhibition Grounds is admitted to be one of the best in Canada.

To appreciate the scenic attractions of Halifax, a drive or walk around the ramparts of the Citadel affords the most comprehensive view. There are few more charming landscapes in any part of the world than the panorama of sea, sky and land in sight from vantage points on the road and foot path encircling the moat of Fort George on a summer day. The coup d'oeil changes like a kaleidoscope of Nature every few yards, here the whole city at a glance with its church spires and loftiest buildings interspersed with foliage, there in the foreground the wide expanse of the harbor, with a cruiser squadron swinging at anchor, Bedford Basin on the one hand, the Eastern Passage on the other like a silver thread, anon the grassy slopes and luxuriant miniature forest of McNab's Island, and in the distant perspective a clear, full view of Dartmouth with a glimpse of the First Lake. York Redoubt too, to rivet the eye-feast, with its picturesque winding road, capped by a generous stretch of the broad Atlantic in the farther beyond. The western circumference of the Citadel roadway gives a far reaching bird's eye view of the Public Gardens, Camp Hill Cemetery, the North West environs, the Exhibition Buildings and in the distance, undulating hills and tree-

clad heights, clothed with the smiling farms and cottages of the Dutch village. The approach by sea supplies a succession of marine views almost as striking and proves an unfailing source of admiration to visitors. Dryden's version of Virgil typifies the site of old Chebucto all down the centuries.

"Within a long recess there lies a Bay,
An island shades it from the rolling sea
And forms a Port secure for ships to ride,
Broke by the jutting land on either side."

In addition to its physical beauty Halifax Harbor is a grand commercial asset not only for its residents, but for the Province and the whole Dominion as well. A great change has taken place in Halifax during the present year in the transfer of its extensive fortifications by the British Government to the Dominion authorities at Ottawa. The garrison is now manned entirely by the Canadian Permanent Army Corps, a few officers of the Imperial forces remaining for purposes of instruction. The British drum beat, which has been a familiar sound for 157 years has ceased, the Canadian Department of Militia and Defence taking full charge. The conditions of the transfer are not definitely known to the man on the street, but it is generally surmised that something more or less in the nature of a trusteeship governs the situation. Hopes are entertained in many quarters that the withdrawal of the over sea military element will eventually have a salutary effect in developing a more self-relying and go-ahead spirit. Varying opinions exist on this point as the associations of social intercourse which became part and parcel of the daily life for a century and a half have naturally brought about a community of interest not only with the officers of the many distinguished regiments serving on the station, but also with the rank and file. Rarely has a battalion left the city without a number of its members having secured life partners from among the fair daughters of Acadia, so that it will be considerable time before interest in the personnel of the British Army diminishes in many family circles high and low. That the traditions of the Imperial Service will be fully maintained by their Canadian brethren in arms may be taken as a foregone conclusion.

With its guardians native to the soil, the well-known quotation from Bishop Berkeley's ode "Westward the course of Empire takes its way" will have for the young Dominion a wider significance beyond the West through a chain of communication from Halifax to Vancouver—twin gateways of twin seas.

Editor's Table

The twentieth century child has numberless good things. Electric toys and marvelous mechanical devices which would have filled his forebears with mute astonishment. Things mental, moral and physical are carefully combined for him and are then meted out in a harmonious mixture at pleasing intervals. He has a graphophone to play with, a telephone on which to summon his playmates to his side, a motor-car to whisk him off to school, and an electric button to press if he wants anything not just at hand. His life is very full of work and play, variety and interest, travel and study. No other child in all the world was ever launched into the game of life with such magnificent equipment. All the accumulated facts of the preceding generations are his to conjure with, and he is trained athletically, fed hygienically and finally dropped into the arena in tip-top fighting trim.

Yet there is one great loss which this twentieth century production has certainly sustained; something which was an indispensable possession to children "once upon a time." It is so grave a loss that one is forced to question if the mechanical devices, electric buttons and even the hygienic diet are compensation for the sad deficit. In short the up-to-date and well provided for youthful inhabitant has lost a Grandmother and this great deprivation cannot be counterbalanced by a whole carload of most ingenious inventions.

What has become of her, that dear possession of the children of not so very long ago? She was wont to be found in every household, serene and smiling, ready to sympathize with little children, ready to champion their cause against the stern parental rule, ready to (best of all), ready to spoil them.

She was possessed of a most enviable tranquility and there was something calm and very soothing about her presence. Her dress was always simple, sometimes severe, but it became her charmingly and was in its neat and refined simplicity just the dress one would choose instinctively as suitable for a Grandmother.

There was the dainty muslin cap, the bit of real lace at the throat and something in a beautiful old-fashioned breastpin that was particularly characteristic of a real Grandmother. The breastpin varied in shape and size, as did the cap, and there was the best pin, the second best pin, and last but not least, the every day pin, oval and showing through its clear glass surface a wonderful design in hair braided and twisted skilfully by Grandmother herself.

Grandmother was the personage to come to for sympathy, advice and for a wealth of old-time memories. When various household matters were unduly disturbing and practical affairs were grievously harassing there was one peaceful spot, a small serene oasis untouched by minor worries, Grandmother's room.

Here she sat with her knitting or with a wonderful assortment of many colored patchwork pieces, her books and her smiling serenity. In her small kingdom there was a secure refuge from petty practical considerations, and as one crossed the threshold a sense of peace ineffable seemed to pervade the atmosphere. Yet Grandmother possessed the keenest interest in every trifling circumstance which had to do with those about her, and there was never an audience that gave such unflagging attention or listened with such genuine appreciation to the recital of any tiny woe or trivial circumstance as did this dear, peaceful old lady.

When she assumed her kerchief and her cap, Grandmother cheerfully exchanged her active part in the great worldly struggle for a quiet and passive helpfulness inside of the home boundaries. She was a warmly interested spectator of strenuous outward things; a fireside ornament; a lovely inspiration.

Where is she now? What has become of the twentieth century child's Grandmother?

Alas, there now is no such person, but in her place you may observe "mamma's mamma." She is a dressy individual, even more dressy than mamma. Her hats are of the latest style (she scorns the antiquated bonnet) and assumes something "chic," a "Gainsborough" or a "picture hat" with trailing flowers or waving plumes. Her hair is waved precisely in the style adopted by her granddaughter and is done up in strict accordance with the latest fashion plates. She sallies forth to clubs and entertainments until her failing strength enforces rest, then she conscientiously recuperates and calls in medical advice.

"Mamma's mamma" has a masseur to preserve her complexion, and part of every day is spent in the endeavor to obliterate all wrinkles. Her dressmaker is a tre-

mendously important factor in her daily life and uses all her skill to preserve for "mamma's mamma" her proper girlish figure. And as for caps and kerchiefs she would grow very indignant at the thought of them.

Her calling list is longer than mamma's and she is more punctillious about social conventions, and deplores the increasing laxity in modern manners. When she was young or rather "younger" than she is to-day, there was an homage paid to her "mamma's mamma" which she looks for in vain in these degenerate times.

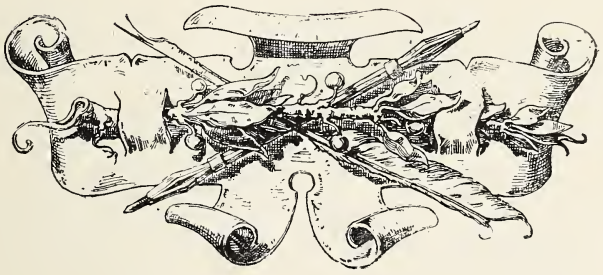
She reads the magazines and all the recent fiction and her days are so full of her activities that there is never time for her to read aloud to mamma's little girls those foolish old-time tales which the lost Grandmother always had ready in one especial bookshelf, awaiting the incoming of her small visitors.

"Mamma's mamma" is still a worker, or shall I say a meddler, in the affairs of the community, and she follows with interest the "woman's movement," the "temperance cause," the efforts to "restrict immigration" and to "clean up the slums," and all these weighty considerations absorb her waning strength leaving her no time to devote to minor home considerations. When mamma's children grow too boisterous "mamma's mamma" sends in her maid to ask them not to be "so noisy and ill-bred," and they are cautioned "not to be intrusive" or to "burst into her room" without special permission.

When she is dressed and rested and has not an immediate engagement pending, she sometimes sends her maid into the nursery to fetch her daughter's children, and then, when they are seated she asks them all about their studies and looks to see if their clothes are the kind that she suggested mamma should buy for them. After that she brings out a new and shiny game of authors and says that they may come and play it any time that she is at leisure to see them, but she would like to have them first learn all the authors' names. Then, after a few minutes she glances at the clock and says, "My dears, I must join your mamma at tea, for it is five and we are just expecting a half dozen ladies in to talk about the proper way to educate the children of the day. Tommy, my boy, do you see that your heavy shoe is resting upon my green plush sofa, remove it if you please, you know mamma is most particular about your manners in the drawing room and certainly she would expect you to be no less careful in the room of 'mamma's mamma.' Now run away, but when you want to, come into my room, you know I dearly love to see you, whenever I can do so."

But strange to say the children one and all, never of their free will, seek for admission to the artistically appointed room where dwells "mamma's mamma."

CAROLINE TICKNOR.





To return to the matter of Wolfe's one immortal poem, the little flurry caused by an accusation of plagiarism was at once effectually disproved and downed and he now stands forth serene and strong to go on and on with his own poem in his hand, along with Gray and his Elegy under his arm. Strange that I, who studied and admired the writings of "Father Prout" long ago and lectured about the witty Irish priest, should have forgotten that he made a translation of "The Burial of Sir John Moore," entitled "Les Funerailles de Beaumanoir," a clever French rendering, and published it in the first issue of Bentley's Miscellany. And then raised the question about its French origin!

As the Argonaut says, "To any one who is familiar with the life and writings of Francis Mahony, the mere appearance of his name as asking a question which was answered by "Father Prout," is in itself suspicious, proving the French version was obviously a jeu d' esprit in that clerical wag's usual manner.

And in the "Dictionary of Biography," there is a direct statement that "Father Prout made the version in order to accuse the Rev. Mr. Wolfe of having stolen it!" You remember that was a favorite joke with him. He tried to prove that Moore's Melodies were also plagiarized from the French and that "The Groves of Blarney" was stolen from the Greek. The Preface to his Roman Correspondence he assumed to be written by one Jeremy Savonarola, a Benedictine monk, a descendant of the great Florentine reformer, and as a political satire it equalled similar efforts of Swift.

He was daintier in his literary fooling, than the caustic Dean, who chose to make English the original language, as was shown by proper names: The Greek Comedian, Aristophanes, he explained was so called because he had a lot of "Airy stuff in his" writings.

Alexander the Great was fond of roasted eggs and when his menials heard him returning for a meal, one would cry out, "All eggs under the grate."

Moses, so named, because he mowed the seas down for the Israelites to cross. All rather heavy and forced and I much prefer the inimitable playfulness and learning combined, of "the bright and penetrating little Irishman, half-priest, half man of the world, the tolerant looker-on, and accomplished scholar."

It is not exactly exhilarating to ponder over books for weeks and at last be obliged to confess inability to grasp intelligently their subject matter.

But metaphysics are beyond my mental limit. And by the way, has anything absolutely definite and indisputable been gained by all this laborious inspection of the workings of the mind? An alienist once told me that the brains of the insane were after death carefully studied and sliced, as housewives slice ham, to try to get at some positive rules regarding mental maladies as revealed by the knife: but, he said no progress had been made.

Criminal men and bad boys can be changed into noble characters, they claim, by relieving the pressure on certain parts of the brain; but insanity is as yet beyond their power to cure.

I have been tussling with two slender

volumes by Prof. Hugo Munsterberg of Harvard. I read the latest of these first "Science and Idealism," and realized that in his opinion, "Science falls asunder if we disbelieve in absolute ideals." But why, I fail to see.

Again, he says, "If we transcend the outer world by our convictions, we come to God; if we transcend the social world, we come to immortality; if we transcend our inner sphere and link it with religious convictions, we come to the belief in providential leadings." How can one come to immortality by transcending the "social" world? And does the humble and uneducated woman who firmly believes she is guided by the Lord, "transcend her inner sphere," whatever that may mean?

I read carefully the reviews of this book by presumably wise and superior men and noticed that their quoting was extensive and their remarks mostly paraphrased the author's own words.

He says, "Every one of us lives in a chaos of experience. But by a fundamental act of our over-individual personalities, we transcend the chaos; we become intelligent subjects by creating the idea of a world which is common to us." This I suppose is to make a world for ourselves out of our own experience. And we "must apperceive every bit of the chaos as something which must will to be itself."

This I guess, means that each individual must be in full harmony with the will of the universe. But I get no comfort from the book. I sent for "The Eternal Life" by the same writer, hoping in that to find what seemed missing in the first, but it is more depressing and mystifying.

Returning with a companion from the funeral of a dear friend, the author talks straight through the book; at the outset affirming that he is neither skeptic nor atheist and he does believe in eternal life. But at the end of his long monologue he says to the silent and possibly wearied mourner, "In eternity lies the reality of our friend, who will never sit with us here again at the fireplace. I do not think that I should love him better if I hoped that he might be somewhere waiting through space and time to meet us again. I feel that I should then take his existence in the space-time world as the real meaning of his life, and thus deprive his noble personality of every value and of every ideal meaning.

"You and I do not know a reality of which he is not in eternity a noble part; the passing of time cannot make his perpersonality unreal, and nothing would be added to his immortal value if some object like him were to enter the sphere of time again. The man whom we love belongs to a world in which there is no past and future, but an eternal now. He is linked to it by the will of you, of me, of all whose will has been influenced by his will, and he is bound to it by his respect for absolute values."

"I do not long for that repulsive, intolerable endlessness which we should have to share with those ashes in the fireplace. They are in time, and can never escape the tracks of time, and however long they may last, there will be endless time still ahead of them. We are beyond time; our hope and our strife is eternally completed in the timeless system of wills, and if I mourn for our friend, I grieve, not because his personality has become unreal like an event in time, but because his personality as it belongs eternally to our world aims at a fuller realization of its intentions, at a richer influence on his friends.

"This contrast between what is aimed at in our attitude and what is reached in our influence is indeed full of pathos, and yet inexhaustible in its eternal value."

"And finally, through these pathetic contrasts between aims and influences we enter as parts into the absolute reality; not for calendar years and not for innumerable aeons, but for timeless eternity;" I can only hope that no such vague, sad and shadowy logic may ever be preached to me when just returned from the burial of a dear one. And I dare to wonder how this one man has learned all this; and if he has been vouchsafed a special delivery message from the Almighty.

I would rather be ashes that had lately glowed and gladdened a home circle and might in future enrich an apple tree, adding to the loveliness of its blossoms, than to exist only in the pathetic personality which was ever lamenting a lack of achievement in life's aims.

As I see it, there is a lot of solemn rubbish written about the life or no life of the soul after what we call Death, and I prefer to cling with cheerful confidence to the fourteenth chapter of St. John.

Both of these books are from Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston.

Prof. Joseph Jastrow, in charge of the department of Psychology in the University of Wisconsin, well known as an accomplished scholar and metaphysician, has recently sent out as the result of years of careful study, a volume on "The Subconscious" about which so much has been written of late, making it responsible for almost any mental experiences difficult to otherwise explain.

He tells us that "The word subcon-

scious has a dubious sound; and those to whom it brings slight illumination associate it with questionable phenomena. It should be a homely term; and its place is close to the hearth of our psychological interests." And he undertakes to give a more precise comprehension of those manifestations of consciousness and of those varieties of its activities, that take place below the threshold of our fully waking minds; those subconscious products of our intelligence wrought as Dr. Holmes put it, in the underground workshop of thought.

The first chapter treats of "The Function of Consciousness" and alludes to the frequently repeated routine activities, which come by habit to be semi-automatic mechanisms; as eating at a dinner party while enjoying the wit of our neighbor and giving an apt repartee. Such functions as respiration or the beat of the pulse, swallowing, yawning, coughing although influenced by different temperaments are mostly ministered to by the lower centres, with but little demand upon consciousness.

And we may do something easily without thinking, where a strenuous effort would fail; as a young lady learning to ride a bicycle, tried vainly to guide the machine with but one hand on the handle bar but her hair being disarranged she at once put back an escaping hairpin, with no loss of equilibrium. And here the author tells us that a certain style of necktie he wears but occasionally, he can manage successfully only when he does not think about it.

I am especially interested in the chapter on "The Mechanism of Consciousness." He quotes Mr. Galton as speaking of a chamber of consciousness and an antechamber; in the presence chamber full consciousness holds court but the ideas that throng in the ante-chamber are fully beyond control.

Stevenson thought that he was aided in waking and sleeping dreams by Brownies, which Prof. Jastrow considers is his name for the subconscious contributions to his inventions.

He says that Dr. Holmes realized that the inspiring source of subconscious thought is really the conscious grinding self.

And yet I remember that Dr. Holmes said, "A poet was known to be one who was sometimes rapt out of himself into the region of the Divine: that the spirit had descended upon him and taught him what he should speak."

The late Dr. Osgood Mason paid this tribute to the subconscious. "The advanced men and women of all time past; the leaders, the discoverers, the people who have set milestones along the way of human progress; in short the men of genius were all intuitional men whose subconscious minds were in subtle communication with nature with its truth, its beauty, its harmony; who were attentive to the suggestions which came to them, they knew not whence: like Schiller, who when he wrote, wondered whence his thoughts came, for they flowed through him, independent of the actions of his own mind."

If the marvellous achievements of genius are due solely to this underground workshop, the subject grows hopelessly mysterious to me. I have collected enough material for a large book on the other idea; that inspiration is something outside of our own mind or subliminal self, or automatic grinding, and it is certain that those who have achieved the greatest triumphs in all literature, music, art, sculpture, the drama, have felt sure that they were aided, aye, commanded to write or compose music, or paint, and so on, by an unknown power that controlled them for a time and then vanished. Tennyson, who was not only clairvoyant but clairaudient wrote his best poetry in a trance condition, and he and all the others said but one thing, "I did not do this."

Mr. Jastrow takes up one by one all the phases of this interesting below the threshold business, and thinks all the singular conditions called supernatural, occult, and psychical enigmas can be easily explained by abnormal subconsciousness.

I do not know enough to differ with him and thank him for having given us such a valuable presentation of an engrossing theme.

I wish he could have used a simpler style in writing for popular comprehension; such sespequidalian words cannot be understood by the most earnest seeker for truth, who has not made an especial study of language.

I have devoted myself for many years to studying the lights and shades of language and admire a moderate use of unusual words. But when instructing those unaccustomed to professional and technical phraseology, give me more of the plain Saxon. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, $2.50 net.

John Spargo's book on "Socialism; a Summary and Interpretation of Socialist Principles," is also beyond the pale of my intelligence. Edwin Markham himself while believing that Socialism is working toward the ideal, points out that it means so many things in so many places, and often has attached to it so many things of which others calling themselves Social-

ists do not approve, that its most ardent disciples are apt to get confused and wonder where they are at.

I gladly grasp his diagnosis as the true one and it must excuse me for not caring to try to understand such a many sided doctrine. When a young millionaire becomes a Socialist and professes the sincerest sympathy with the starving and generally distressed, yet calmly announces that he has no intention of sharing his immense fortune with those so sorely in need I am disgusted with him and his view of the duties of his position.

Does Jack London give away the profits of his anarchistic and dangerous stuff? Not much!

His last collection of short stories, "Moonface," is as brutal and repulsive as anything he has done.

No doubt my readers are now ready to advise me to select next month subjects and books I can understand and I promise to do so.

Even Lights

By C. H. Collester

The western torches flicker low
And with declining beauty flare;
In crimson tints the embers glow
And quell their former garish glare.
One moment gleams the fleeting fire,
And then to ashes, cold and gray,
The sunset embers fade, expire,—
An eventide has passed away.

From out the eastern gloom are sent
Faint splashes of a far-off light
Till fiery glows the firmament
Against the chasmy realms of night.
Into the west these gleams advance,
With shining points mark off the gloam;
Till glimmer o'er the full expanse
Star-candles on a kindled dome.

Then o'er the dim horizon line
The bold moon peeps with beaming face.
In homage now the star-hosts shine
More softly, with a modest grace.
So till the nightly watch is spent
These spangling lights abide and burn;
And, making darkness eloquent,
Await the exiled sun's return.

The-National-Society-of-N.E.-Women



By E. Marguerite Lindley

The National Society and her Colonies opened their doors for the season last month. All the Presidents had reached home from their various outings and were "on deck," as the saying goes, at the start; and all showed that their zeal and enthusiasm had been stimulated by the vacation in club life—if ever a New England woman's zeal lacks vitality when the New England cause is under discussion.

"Old Home Week" was highly influential in strengthening the ties of fraternal interests among the "good old stock," scattered so broadly over our Republic. Many re-visited in person their ancestral towns, but the thousands who could not give themselves that privilege were there in spirit, which with the aid of press reports and the letters and picture postals of friends, served a splendid stead.

The National Society finds its members and the cause which is represented in the fraternity finely advanced through the influence of "Old Home Week." One colony, whose bright and up-to-date Secretary was a part of a "Week's" interest, has need of twenty membership blanks at the start; and similar requests from other Colonies are coming in.

Each year, more and more strongly, the New England element realize that reminiscences of early life are not being kept before the minds of rising generations, as they should be. These had largely to do with the making of our history, even though they are not recorded in it. The sturdiness of principle that prevailed can never be effaced; and we of this generation, forming as we do a connecting link between past and future generations, must constitute ourselves the media of communication for transmitting these legends, and the National Society, as our organized means of dispensing such history

In the rush of life, and under the environment that is so greatly influenced by, and in some locations almost established by foreign immigration, we cannot overdo the matter of keeping astir our Anglo-Saxon New Englandism (pardon the term).

The writer had the privilege in September of attending the annual session of the Quaker Hill Conference, Pawling, New York. It is on the border line of Connecticut and united as many from one state as the other. Their aim is, "The promotion of Bible study, the discussion of vital problems of the present day, and the quickening of spiritual life." The session lasted a week and closed with a Rhode Island clambake. Could anything be more New England? And it was a real "Old Home Week," too, and brought together descendants of the fine old families that settled Quaker Hill in early Colonial days. Originally it was considered a part of Connecticut; and geographically and in sentiment, it is really so now, though separated politically.

A subsequent copy of the magazine will contain an article on the town of Sherman, Connecticut, that nestles close against the hills of which Quaker Hill is king,

and which yet holds itself secluded from railroad and trolley traffic, though connected with the outside world by means of a telephone.

One of our own members, Mrs. E. M. Scott, a flower artist of note, has her summer home on Quaker Hill. It is an eye-mark of antiquity and rustic beauty to all who visit the Hill. Part of the house was built in 1759, and has suffered no remodelling, save the enlarging of the windows. One entire side of this original room is occupied by the old fireplace and brick oven. Over the old-time mantle hangs the old musket, and all other accessories of the Colonial kitchen have been preserved.

The Board of Managers of the National Society held their first meeting on September 27th, and swung into line for the season's responsibilities.

The President's reception was held October 20th, and was an occasion of great interest and pleasure. It is the re-union after the summer's vacation, the renewal of old friendships and the formation of new ones with new members. The Colonies send a new representation each year, and while the absence of the members that came in previous years is regretted, it is considered necessary "club rotation," a method that gives all a fair chance for acquaintanceship.

Mrs. Theodore Frelinghuysen Seward, the National President is widely known in club circles. She possesses a calm dignity that characterizes every function at which she presides; and a vein of humor running parallel with this keeps all hearts light. She was assisted in receiving by the Vice Presidents, Mrs. Charles Gilmore Kerley and Miss Lizzie Woodbury Law, the Secretaries and Treasurers.

As Mrs. Seward resides out of town, the reception was held in a hotel instead of in a private home as has heretofore been the case; but this did not detract from the home cordiality of the occasion. A large attendance was present both from the Parent Society and the nearby Colonies.

Mrs. Seward has introduced several innovations this year; one is, making the whist afternoons free to all, including the representatives from the Colonies; and dispensing with prizes. The afternoons devoted to cards will therefore be for the pleasure of the games, and for social interests. No one will go home disappointed at lack of winning a coveted prize.

Programs, schedules, etc., are appearing on bulletin boards and on printed "engagement cards" for general distribution.

The following have been forwarded for publication:

National Society of New England Women
Headquarters 531 Fifth Ave., New York

ENGAGEMENTS, 1906-1907

1906

Oct. 20, Sat. Reception by the President, Mrs. Theodore Frelinghuysen Seward, Hotel Astor, Broadway and 44th street
Oct. 25, Thurs. Business meeting 2.30 p. m.
Social Hour 4.00 p. m.
Nov. 6, Tues. Whist 2.30 p. m.
Nov. 22, Thurs. Literary 2.30 p. m.
Dec. 11, Tues. Reception 12.00 m.
Luncheon 1.00 p. m.
Dec. 27, Thurs. Business meeting 2.30 p. m.
Social Hour 4.00 p. m.

1907

Jan. 3, Thurs. Whist 2.30 p. m.
Jan. 15, Tues. Literary 2.30 p. m.
Jan. 24, Thurs. Organization Day 3.00 p. m
Twelfth Birthday
Feb. 12, Tues. Literary 2.30 p. m.
Feb. 28, Thurs. Annual meeting 2.00 p. m.
Polls open from 1.00 to 3.30 p. m.
Mar. 5, Tues. Reception 12.00 m.
Luncheon 1.00 p. m.
Mar. 19, Tues. Whist 2.30 p. m.
Apr. 10, Wed. Literary 2.30 p. m.
Apr. 25, Thurs. Business meeting 2.30 p. m.
Annual Reports of Officers and Chairmen of Committees
Installation of Officers

Colony Two, Buffalo, National Society of New England Women

Programme

1906-1907

Subject—New England Women

1906

October 11th
Lydia H. Sigourney
November 8th
Dorothea L. Dix
December 13th
Lydia Maria Child

1907

January 10th
Margaret Fuller Ossoli
February 14th
Mary A. Livermore
March 14th
Helen Hunt Jackson
April 11th
Harriet Hosmer Anne Whitney

Colony Four, Washington, intends resuming the work begun in the spring, that of bringing out papers on "Beginnings of the New England Colonies." Their first

meeting was held Oct. 19th and a most excellent paper by Mrs. Gilfillan was read on "First Settlements of Connecticut." Mrs. Barrol also entertained most pleasingly on "Summer Reminiscences." The great event of the year with Colony Four, is the celebration of Forefathers' Day.

Colony Seven, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, celebrated "President's Day," the first Tuesday of October. Mrs. Rider a local pianist of note gave a lecture on New England composers, illustrating it with selections from the various ones.

Subsequent programs are to be arranged by members whose ancestry represents different states—those of Maine leading for November. Of course this suggests rivalry for the various states. Colony Seven has interspersed as an extra meeting, a lecture by Miss Ida Tarbell on "Intellectual Integrity." It goes without saying that this will call a fine audience of outsiders.

Colony Eight, Brooklyn, New York, has set aside Thursdays, November 8th, January 10th, March 14th and May 9th for literary and social interests. They always have fine programs; and have increased to such a large membership that they can no longer meet in private houses.

Toledo, Ohio, was formally started in its year's work last month. It was organized in June under the presidency of Miss Temperance Pratt Reed, who is also a member of the Parent Society, and is already a flourishing member of the fraternity.

The Dwarf Pines

By Jessie Wallace Hughan

Our roots are set in the barren sand,
  Our heads in the ocean breeze,
And the scent of our spices floats to land
  With the salt of the heaving seas,
But we never shall brace the good ship's hull
  Or stand as the sturdy mast,
Or distance the flocks of the screaming gull,
  As the north wind whistles past.

From the inland mountains a lubber-pine,
  So shapely and straight and tall,
That never has breathed the breath of brine,
  Or sheltered the sea-bird's call,—
Shall proudly rise with the swelling tides
  And hoist the dripping sail,
And tower on high where the pennant rides
  And the cordage creaks in the gale.

So our starveling boughs we stretch to the main,
  And sigh to the surges' roar,
Till our twisted branches fall in vain
  For the fisher fires on the shore,—
But to fly with the foam of the trackless brine
  And battle the waves alone,
Shall be to the hardy lubber-pine,
  That the sea has never known.



MADONNA, BY W. J. BAER

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NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

December, 1906

VOLUME XXXV PUBLISHED MONTHLY NUMBER 4

Madonnas in New England Museums

By FREDERICK W. COBURN

THE approach of Christmastide, which is annually made the text for literary moralizing on almost countless themes, will doubtless justify a little preachment on the accessibility to our New England public of a considerable number of important and interesting representations of the Madonna and Child, and of the comparative neglect in which works of art of this character too often remain. Most of our people visit European galleries of paintings, if at all, not more than once or twice in a lifetime. They then hurry along, sometimes "following the man from Cook's," or, as often, urged forward by the aunt from Bangor or Brattleboro who is ambitious to be able to tell "the folks" at home of the immense mileage she has covered. The pictures, by the greatest masters of painting, are often seen without adequate preparation; though, of course, it is possible at many of the famous art collections to engage at a very reasonable price a gentleman whose business it is to explain in terms of a knowledge which, if not deep, is at least as glib as constant repetition can make it. Even in such conditions, however, the rapid procession through the galleries of London, Paris, Dresden, Florence and Madrid must be worth while—else it would not be joined by so many Americans.

Yet one is probably safe in saying that very few in the aggregate of our people in the many years in which they do not see the other side ever think of making any of the entertaining studies of European masterpieces that are easily made among the collections of our local art museums. Five hundred dollars is sometimes a small price to go to Madrid and look at the canvases by Velasquez in the Prado, while five cents' carfare and fifty minutes' time are often too much for an appreciative scrutiny of the two un-



ST. LUKE DRAWING THE PORTRAIT OF THE MADONNA
PAINTED ABOUT 1480 BY ROGIER VAN DER WEYDEN
BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

doubtedly genuine works by the greatest of all painters which are owned by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The art study idea, to be sure, is being slowly fostered among us. There is, for example, the committee on the utilization of the Museum of Fine Arts which, with the coöperation of Simmons College, conducts classes in art appreciation for the benefit of teachers and others. But nine out of ten persons who have studied, or who would study, pictures and sculptures abroad are content very occasionally—or never—to visit their home museums — usually for the purpose of exhibiting the exhibitions to a cousin from Kankakee or Kenosha.

Now suppose that as a proper recognition of the spirit of the anniversary which all Christendom celebrates, one were to make a little quest in almost any of the art museums with which New England has been plentifully provided, for reproduced or original reproductions of the Mother and Child. The motive of such an investigation need not be presupposed. It might be one of intense piety, or of scholarly interest, or simply of liking for beautiful things. The point



MADONNA AND CHILD WITH ST. JOHN
SCHOOL OF BOTTICELLI, 1146-1510
BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

to be made is that such an investigation would discover abundance of material—copies and photographic or engraved reproductions at every museum of any standing; collections of originals of prime value and international reputation in at least three of our museums whose doors are open every day in the week to any studiously inclined visitor.

"Madonnas in our museums" is an interesting alliteration; it might easily be made the theme, should a detailed study be carried on of the



MADONNA AND CHILD, ST. CATHERINE AND MARY MAGDALENE
JARVES COLLECTION AT YALE UNIVERSITY

pictorial treasures of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, the Fogg Museum of Art, Cambridge, and the Yale Art School, New Haven, of a profitable little amateur or professional essay or appreciation. The course which such an investigation would take, whether critical, literary, mystical or historical, must depend necessarily upon the tastes and desires of the student. The richness, at all events, of the original art exemplifying one of the most fascinating of subjects dealt in by painters of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance is at least evident to whoever is familiar with the collections of these three great treasure houses.

Without attempt either to classify, or to describe with the fullness of detail of a catalogue, let us glance at a few of the opportunities offered in these museums to be-



MADONNA AND SAINTS
TIMOTEO DELLA VITE, PAINTER, 1469-1523
LENT BY JAMES JACKSON JARVES TO BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

come acquainted, through works of admitted authenticity, with the conceptions of divine motherhood held by painters of the ages of faith and the ages of individual expression. From a crude but sincere little "Madonna and Child" of the twelfth century in the Jarves collection at New Haven, a work painted much as a child of ten might have executed it, down to George De Forest Brush's consummately clever "Mother and Child," which, though not, certainly, a representation of the historic Virgin and Son, might by an enthusiastic admirer be regarded as typifying the divine in maternity, there is indeed no such unbroken series as could be followed through the greatest European museums, but there is at least a considerable choice of very good canvases illustrating various individual and national modes of treat-



MADONNA AND CHILD WITH MARY MAGDALENE AND ST. JOHN
BY BASAITI, VENETIAN PAINTER
JARVES COLLECTION AT YALE UNIVERSITY

ing a familiar theme; and that without taking into account the less universally accessible treasures of the Isabella Stuart Gardner Museum in the Fenway, Limited.

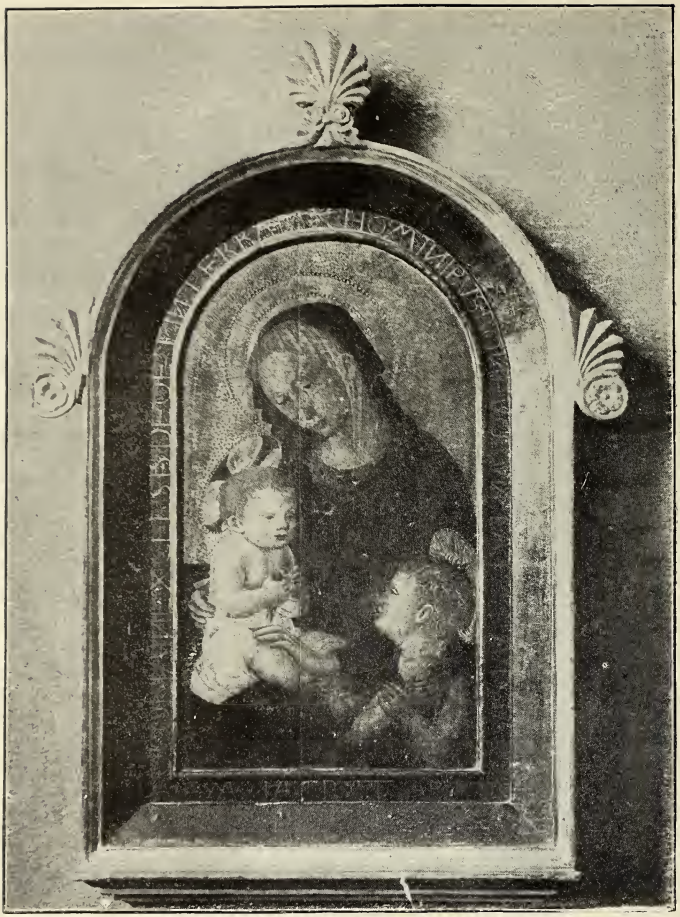
The subjective treatment of the motherhood theme perhaps pleases the interested investigator—an abstract and decorative way of depicting mother and child without giving sense of red blood and respiration. Sandro Botticelli then is your man, the impassioned dreamer of the Renaissance, the "mirror reflecting all the tendencies of his time," impressionably devoted in his later years to the teachings of Fra Girolamo. Even those who cannot study his work in Florence may see a little of it in Puritan New England. From the thin and weak "Mother and Child" in the Boston Museum which used to be labeled "Botticelli" but which is now attributed to "the school of" we shall perhaps have to turn away, and, more reluctantly, from the magnificent "Chigi Madonna" in Mrs. Gardner's collection, which we may view only occasionally as a treat at two dollars each visit, to a very beautiful canvas at New Haven, in which a well drawn child holds a pomegranate, the emblem of hope and immortality. The canvas is one which such critics as Mr. Bernard Berensen and Mr. William Rankin have praised highly and it is astonishingly little known to the general public.

Naively realistic representation of the Virgin and the infant Jesus is often delightful. We do not resent it if the Florentine painter has plainly made use of Italian models whose characteristics he studied faithfully, without slightest regard for archæological or ethnological



MADONNA AND CHILD
BY A FOLLOWER OF PESELLINO
FOGG MUSEUM OF ART AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

accuracy. In the days of the great awakening no painter thought it necessary to travel to the Holy Land, there to paint from Hebrew models in the actual localities where Biblical events occurred. Particularly pleasing, also, to this day and generation are the Flemish and early German masterpieces with which the artists were necessarily most familiar; and of the faithful and vigorous manner of Rogier van der Weyden, religious minded and upright burgher of Brussels in the early fifteenth century, the Museum of Fine Arts owns a superb picture — the "St. Luke Drawing the Portrait of the Madonna." This canvas, later put into order by Curator John Briggs Potter, has become recognized as one of the very important possessions of the Museum. Of it, Mr. William Rankin, lecturer on Italian



TABERNACULO
A FLORENTINE PAINTING OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY
FOGG MUSEUM OF ART AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

art at Wellesley College, says: "In spite of its obscure pedigree it is certainly an original work, and is superior in every respect to the reputed original at Munich." The charming attitude of the mother who is posing, the minutely studied mediæval background, together with various other technical considerations, make this a picture which the artists admire with something of the enthusiasm they feel for the peerless Pieter de Hoogh.

Of original works of Italian realism produced in the most glorious period of Florentine art there appears in the Museum of Fine Arts one that is particularly notable and beautiful, a sculpture in glazed terra cotta, the gift of the late C. C. Perkins, depicting in high relief a Madonna of classically regular features, who holds a shapely and well modeled child. The infant nestles closely about the mother's neck. In its simple fidelity to the facts of



MOTHER AND CHILD
TERRA COTTA ORIGINAL OF THE SCHOOL OF LUCCA DELLA ROBBIA
BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

everyday motherhood such a representation is, of course, far away from the ancient priestly conception of the maternity, but to many people it is not on that account the less agreeable as a work of art. It is a glazed replica, having the full value of an original, of a relief at the corner of the Via della Scala and the Via Orecallari in Florence. By some critics it is attributed to Andrea della Robbia. From whosesoever hand, it belongs among the examples of the world's noblest art.

Of the same naturalistic tendency is that admirable little picture of the Jarves collection at New Haven "The Adoration of the Magi" by Luca Signorelli—a work that was held for many years in the archbishop's palace at Cortona. It reveals the craftsmanship of one who, while capable of producing the most poetic pictures — as witness the Madonna of the Rospigliosi collection at Rome—was first and for-



MADONNA AND CHILD
ATTRIBUTED TO GIOVANNI BELLINI, THOUGH MR. WILLIAM RANKIN ASSIGNS IT TO RONDINELLO, ONE OF BELLINI'S PUPILS
FOGG MUSEUM OF ART AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

mostly a master of the facts of anatomical construction.

The great Venetians who painted with sonorous contrasts of warm and cold color are in especial favor among collectors to-day. To see well authenticated works by that strongest of decorators Giovanni Bellini does not ordinarily befall us here—unless we attend the popular sales of forty-nine dollar old masters in Boston auction rooms. So that there need be no surprise if an able critic is inclined to attribute to Niccolo Rondinello, one of Bellini's most industrious pupils, the authorship of the very interesting Madonna and Child, generally assigned to Bellini, at the Fogg Museum of Harvard University. Rondinello, at any rate, is known to have painted a great many canvases which were hardly distinguishable from his master's. The picture, whoever painted it, reflects the characteristics of the color-loving Venetian school.

Even more representative of the



DEATH OF THE VIRGIN
BY WOHLGEMUTH, ALBRECHT DURER'S MASTER
RECALLS A LEGEND OF THE DEATH OF MARY SURROUNDED BY APOSTLES

qualities of the craftsmen who wrought in the domain of the Doges is a very fine canvas at the Yale Art School, a "Madonna and Child with Mary Magdalen and St. John," by Basaiti, Greek painter by birth, pupil of Giovanni Bellini and his rival in certain respects. This picture shows one of those extremely interesting balanced compositions which Basaiti especially affected — a delightful mother and child in the centre, with two figures, one angelic and one human, on either side, a dark-hued figure in the lower left hand corner corresponding to a dark female angelic figure in the upper right hand corner; a fair male figure in the lower right against an auburn-haired figure in the opposite upper corner. The background is a mountain landscape with conventional architecture. Its splendor of color makes

it specially remembered by whoever visits a collection which is so large and so crowded that one with difficulty carries away, the first time, more than a general impression of great opulence of ancient and modern art.

Correspondingly rich, though in lower tones, is a Madonna in the same Jarves collection by Gentile da Fabriano, a picture in which the fair-haired mother, her cheeks aglow with healthful color, stands in a curious late Gothic niche while she supports a sturdy infant whose feet rest upon a cushion on the parapet of a balcony. The architecture, together with decorative roses and pomegranates, makes an admirable framing for the figures. The canvas is signed "Gent. Fabriano."

Wealth of other conceptions of the Madonna is found in the Jarves group. Thus there is in the central position of the main wall Ridolfo Ghirlandajo's fine "Madonna and Child with St. Jerome and St. Dominic," depicting a mother with classically regular features, sitting on an ornamented stone seat and holding a pretty red-haired bambino, while the two saints, evidently carefully studied portraits, stand below on either side. Lo Spagna is represented by a "Madonna and Child with St. John and Other Saints," and a picture in the three parts, of the school of Giotto, with the probable date of 1325, shows in the central panel a mother who holds a bird on her fingers for the amusement of her laughing boy—a naive and thoroughly charming motive. By Correggio, master of light and shade, there is a cartoon, the gift of Mrs. Sarah Alden Derby, in which an auburn-haired mother of north Italian type, holds a child who grasps a little cross, the lower end of which is touched by a boyish St. John. A "Madonna and Child, attended by Angels" is attributed to Matteo da Siena, who was noted for the richness of the costumes with which he adorned his figures. It gives chance for a little first-hand acquaintance with an unquestioned master of the Siennese school. Another very notable work is a Madonna by Massolina da Panicala, who is remembered as the able master of Massaccio. His "Mother," attended by saints, adores the Infant Saviour. In the middle distance are St. Jerome, receiving the crucifix, St. John the Baptist, St. Francis of Assisi receiving the stigmata and St. Raphael the archangel accompanied by Tobit.

The Jarves collection as a whole is, indeed, all too little known, not indeed to special students of art by whom it has long been esteemed, but to the general public three hundred thousand of whom each summer make the journey to the famous cities and galleries of Europe. Professor Charles Eliot Norton wrote of it some years ago:

"It is a collection of the highest value, as illustrating by well chosen examples the historical development and progress of Italian art. There are few collections in Europe, if we exclude the galleries in the great capitals, which surpass it in this important respect, and very few in which the proportion of valuable and interesting paintings is as great, compared with the whole number." Recent critical studies have sustained this opinion. The collection was made by the late James Jackson Jarves, author of

"Art Hints" and other works, during the middle decades of the nineteenth century, and it came into possession of Yale about 1870.

The Fogg Museum at Cambridge has lately become, largely through the munificence of Mr. Edward Waldo Forbes, a depository of important works of Italian art among which such a study as the one here suggested might easily be made. Besides the Benvenuto and the Venetian work already mentioned the Harvard Museum has a "Mother and Child," attributed to Bartholomeo Vivarini; a "Virgin Child and St. John the Baptist," which Mr. Rankin assigns to Pier Francesco Fiorentino; a "Madonna and Child with two Angels" which may be the work of Antoniazzo, an accomlished, though rather prosaic, painter of the late fifteenth century; an important "Virgin and Child, with Music-Making Angels," which is certainly of the school of Foligno; and a "Madonna and Child with St. John the Baptist in the Landscape," perhaps by Marco Bello.

Other treasures of that great treasure-house, the Museum of Fine Arts, need only be referred to. Such are "The Holy Family" of Francesco Zanganelli of the Bolognese school, lent to the museum by the estate of C. C. Perkins; the "Adoration," of the Tuscan school of the fifteenth century, a bequest of Geo. W. Wales; a "Madonna and Child" by Sano di Pietro of the Siennese painter, Guidoccio Gozzarelli, the gift of Dr. Denman W. Ross. These and several others may be cited, not to produce such a description as might be used as a catalogue, but to prove once more the splendid artistic material which lies at the disposal of home-staying New Englanders, and which, because it is so easily seen, should be as familiar as are some of the other famous works which we know mostly through photographic reproductions.

Were we to make a complete study of the Madonnas within reach by trolley we should assuredly end our quest with a detailed exposition of the quaint charm of one of the pictures recently acquired by the Museum of Fine Arts, Michael Wohlgemuth's "Death of the Virgin"—a fitting conclusion if we had already traced through the various schools the differing conceptions of the divine maternity. A legend of the death of Mary, the Mother, is to the effect that the apostles from all corners of the earth gathered about her bedside. The conscientious Nüremberg painter, master of Albrecht Dürer, has depicted the legendary scene with German fidelity to details and accessories, on a panel which states that "In the year of our Lord 1479, on the Friday before St. Walpurga's day, departed this life the honorable Mistress Hedwig Volkamer, to whom may God be gracious and compassionate." There is thus interwoven a story about Hedwig, the daughter of Senator Hans Tucher, married happily to Hartwig Volkamer; but that is apart from the Madonna quest. The expiring Virgin is represented as surrounded by twelve figures, eleven of whom wear halos, the twelfth being perhaps Matthias, Judas's successor, who is usually depicted without the halo because he was elected by man and not by God. The entire composition is powerfully impressive.

Mary's Lullaby

By Cora A. Matson Dolson

Mary, the Mother, on her knee
The Infant Jesus held;
And sang She, low and tenderly,
While warm her bosom welled:

"Sometime the thorns must pierce thy brow.
Sometime thine eyes must weep—
But mother-arms enfold Thee now,
Then sleep, Child Jesus, sleep!"

Sang She, as others sing it now—
Sang She, the halo from whose brow
Shines on each Earthly mother still—
Sang She, as ever mothers will,
"Sleep, sleep my Baby, sleep!"

The Silence

By Clinton Scollard

Upon the vale from bound to utmost bound
Dropped quiet like a portent. Some chill spell
Had gripped and throttled all things audible;
The leafless forests stood as in a swound;
The stream that erewhile journeyed with sweet sound
Circuitous seaward, and the winds that dwell
In the vast upper spaces, ceased to tell
Their rhythmic secrets. Silence reigned profound.

The air betrayed no tremor; not a speck
Fluttered athwart the gray face of the vault;
When sudden swam a single eddying fleck,
Like wingéd innocence, upon the sight;
Then out of heaven came the blind assault
Of tiny myrmidons cuirassed in white.

The Seven Adventures of John Henry

By Grace Liscome Hewett



REAL WARRIOR CHIEFS

III

John Henry Rings the Fire Alarm

JOHN HENRY was tired of nothing to do. His clothes were so old that he couldn't tear them another bit and have any left. His mother had gone to Boston, so he didn't have to wash up. The other children had all gone to Aunt Mary's. Somebody had to stay at home and of course it was John Henry. He had pinched the corners off of all the frosted cake and he didn't dare to take any more. There was nothing new in the whole house except the fire alarm key. The town had just put in a new box opposite John Henry's and had given them the key. The directions hung beside the key just below the telephone. John Henry's mother had told them all how to use it in case the house got on fire.

John Henry wondered how many men would come if the alarm rang in. He had never seen the beginning of a fire. Most of them were at the other end of the town and ride as hard as he could, John Henry never reached there before the whole force had turned out and the fire was in full blaze. His mother wasn't coming home until four o'clock and it was only two now; what should he do for two whole hours? Mrs. Monroe said that Pete and Jimmy were busy and couldn't come over. Besides John Henry wasn't sure that his mother would like to have them come. Last time they had put

molasses around their heads to stick feathers in, so that they would look like real warrior chiefs. But when Pete had tried to get some more, all alone, he had dropped the jug and it had broken itself. John Henry's mother had been very angry. John Henry was sure that she wouldn't want them over again.

He might play that he was a count held up by a brigand, who could be his image in the looking glass. Then he would draw his father's great carving knife out of his pocket and stab the brigand dead. But he had to be careful, not to stab him too far, because if he did he would break the glass. His father wouldn't like that and John Henry wouldn't like it either when his father came home. That was too dangerous, altogether.

The fire alarm key was bright and shiny. John Henry could see his face in it. His face didn't look dirty in it either, just a nice brown like an Indian's. He wished his mother would look at him through brass eyes. He wondered how people would look if they all had brass eyes. "Unlock the box, pull the hook down once and let go." He would like to do it. He could hide in the thick hedge and watch them come. If they should catch him, what would his mother do? But they never could, he knew how to run fast. There was nobody to tell on him except Daisy Bedloe, but she nearly always sat in the parlor window to watch folks. He would have to tell her that her beau had an afternoon off and was going to take her to Bass Point. She'd do plenty of prinking then, John Henry thought, and she wouldn't have much time to look out of the window. That was just like girls. They'd rather wash up than not. "Well," said Miss Daisy Almaria Bedloe, "I'll be ready but I should think that Howard would choose a cleaner boy to give me his message. John Henry, you're always dirty. I believe you'd rather be than not." "Yes'm," said the meek John Henry.

John Henry went home and took down the key. Yes, it would be nice if his mother had brass eyes. Would the firemen chase him? Would they take him to jail if they caught him? Of course not, they never could find him. John Henry started down the driveway. Old Mr. Lukes the grocery man was coming. If he looked at the number of the box, John Henry was lost. The box was new, so that he wouldn't know the number unless he looked at it. Then he would come right back and catch John Henry.

John Henry thought that he had better wait. So he waited an awful long time. He expected his mother would come every minute. At last he screwed up his courage. He ran over to the box, shoved in the key and pulled down the hook—5-6-4, 5-6-4, four times. John Henry waited breathlessly in the hedge.

His mother came running up the street with her arms full of slipping bundles. She was very red and breathless. She glared wildly about until her eyes caught sight of a little blaze in the woodpile. The engine dashed down the street and pulled up shortly, beside the box. "Where's the fire, ma'm," cried the men. "There, there," shrieked his mother pointing to the woodpile. John Henry in his surprise nearly fell out of the hedge. Boys and

boys came running up the street. A heavy stream of water struck John Henry on the head. John Henry bowed to the inevitable, he laid flat in the hedge with his face on the prickles. People tramped past very near him. "Look out for the leak," they cried to each other. "You'll be soaked."

John Henry wondered if he would be drowned, there was so much water poured on him. His mother wouldn't know him if he was. he would be so swollen and his face so scratched. Then he would never see his father and mother again. How he did wish that they would stop that water. The fire must be nearly out. It must have started when he threw away his cigarette of tissue paper and pine needles. He had tried to light it with three different matches and they had only made a little spark. He hoped the cigarette would burn up. Why didn't that water stop. Then he heard the chief say, "It lacks five minutes to half an hour, if we run this hose ten minutes longer we get an hour's pay, you know."



WAITED BREATHLESSLY IN THE HEDGE

John Henry almost groaned out loud. Ten minutes more. How could he ever stand it? Why! He was almost drowned now. If he only dared to come out. But if he did the firemen would see him and wonder why he didn't stand by the post and his mother would wonder how he got so wet. Perhaps she would even give him a whipping before the people went. Then that horrid Jimmy Peters would tell everyone in school that he got a lickin' and they'd all make fun of him. He couldn't run that risk. The prickles scratched him awfully. He did wish the people would go. He didn't see what they came for any way. Just to see a little wood-pile burn. He thought the ten minutes must be up, but the water still kept on pouring. "There, ma'm," he heard the chief say to his mother, "your fire's all out. You needn't worry about it any more. We'll put on an extra lot of water so that it can't possibly burn again." John Henry didn't know what his father would say to that. "I'll turn the stream on the lower part of your house," continued the fireman, "so there'll be no danger of its catching on fire. Don't worry, ma'm, it's all right now. But 'twas lucky you rung in that alarm so soon."

John Henry's mother picked up the bundles that she had thrown down in the yard. "I wonder where John Henry is," she said to herself, "he's generally on hand for fires." She sat down in the rocking chair

in the dining room. However did that woodpile get on fire? A very dripping, ragged boy passed the window. John Henry's mother looked at him sharply. "Why, John Henry," she said, "what's the matter? Come right in here. Tell me, do you know anything about this fire?"

IV

John Henry takes a ride on Old Whitey

St. Mary owned the big white horse. John Henry and the boys drove it. They didn't drive it in the regulation way with all the harness on but they jumped on any old way and slapped their hands down spank, spank, to make the horse go. This happened always when St. Mary turned the horse out to pasture and John Henry's mother was busy.

One hot evening, John Henry's mother told him that he could sit up late, it was too hot to sleep. John Henry was so delighted that he turned three somersaults on the lawn. "Oh, John Henry," said his mother, "why will you racket around so much? I wish you would keep quiet. It's too hot." John Henry seized his opportunity. "Oh, Ma, can't I go over to Pete and Jimmie's? They've got a new rabbit. We'll be awful quiet." "John Henry," said his mother as severely as she could, "why do you play with those boys? I don't think that they're the right kind for you. They get you into all kinds of mischief." "Oh, Ma," wailed John Henry. "Can't you keep quiet," growled his father, "I'm trying to read this book." "Well, John Henry," said his mother relenting, "I s'pose you can go for a little while, but do keep quiet." "Yes'm," said John Henry.



A DRIPPING BOY

"Oh, Shuggsy," cried Jimmy and Pete together, "we were looking for you. St. Mary hasn't taken Old Whitey in tonight. C'mon, let's have a ride." "My ma'll give me an awful lickin' if she finds out," said John Henry. "She's cross to-night." "Never mind," said Pete, "how'll she ever know?" "She will," said John Henry, decidedly, "she always does." "Squealer squawk," cried Jimmy. "I'm not," said John Henry, "but she'll surely find out." "Squealer squawk," yelled Jimmy again. "She'll know, she always does, but I'll go, perhaps she won't this time," said John Henry.

The three little boys raced down the hill, under the bars, and across the dam. "Where's Old Whitey?" exclaimed Pete. "There he is," yelled excited Jimmy, "don't you see him." They ran up to him, but Old Whitey ran too. Then the three boys turned their backs and walked slowly down to the brook to pull long grass. They walked slowly back to the pasture and separated. All at once, they made a three cornered onslaught upon Old Whitey. He was fairly hemmed in. John Henry grabbed

his mane and led him to the fence. The three climbed on laboriously, for the fence was barb-wired and Old Whitey was uneasy.

At last John Henry sat on the horse triumphantly grasping his mane, Jimmy sat behind and held on to John Henry, while Pete sat back to them and made the horse go. "All ready, Pete," called John Henry. Down came Pete's two fat hands, spank, spank, on the horse's flanks. Old Whitey's hind legs stretched way out behind him, John Henry and Jimmy moved a step ahead, but they all stayed on. Spank, spank went Pete's fat hands and away galloped Old Whitey across the railroad bridge, down the swamp everywhere and anywhere except where John Henry tried to guide him.



"IT'S TOO HOT"

The cook thought that Michael St. Mary was good looking. Poor cook! It was his tongue that made her blind. St. Mary was tall with very red hair for his crowning glory. His face was long and bony. It was thought that the ugliness of his face and the brightness of his hair had scared all the blue out of his eyes. They were very light.

Michael St. Mary had forgotten Old Whitey in the bliss of hugging the cook. He had something to hug when he had the cook and he thought it paid. He never got the burnt end of the pie or the bones in the soup. It was a very pleasant task. St. Mary's last duty was to bring Old Whitey up to the barn, and sad did he feel when he forgot it. He had faint visions of another place far away and a cook, who was already engaged. It was very sad when St. Mary forgot Old Whitey.

St. Mary walked rapidly down to the pasture. He wished that Julia Ann had come with him, it was so dark. She was some protection against tramps! It grew darker and darker every minute. The lightning flashed. Then it flashed again. "Holy Mother protect me," cried St. Mary in alarm. "There's the horse and hobgoblins on him to be sure. I allus knew that he was related to the Devil."

The clouds came together with a fearful crash. The whole atmosphere quivered. Michael St. Mary threw himself face down on the ground. "The Hivins protect me," he then shrieked, "them hobgoblins is after me. They'll catch me sure." The rain poured down and mingled with St. Mary's tears. "The Lord forgive me if I did fight with Patrick O'Toole, I'm sure 'twas mostly his fault."

Pete and Jimmy were still enjoying the ride on Old Whitey, the thunder made him kick up so much and go so much faster, but John



SPRAWLED ON THE PUNKY GRASS

Henry wasn't. He knew that his mother would be anxious. She always was. She would probably hunt for him and then he could never ride on Old Whitey again. They tried to stop the old horse long enough for John Henry to get off, but Old Whitey didn't want to stop. He galloped around faster and faster. Then the boys saw St. Mary. John Henry thought that he would rather get his mother's punishment and the others agreed with him. Pete pounded the horse harder than ever while John Henry and Jimmy dug in their heels. Old Whitey went faster yet around the field.

A flash of lightning showed St. Mary below them resting on one elbow and gazing up into the rain. "Oh," shrieked the boys, "St. Mary," and they pounded the horse still harder. "I've niver done any wrong," sobbed St. Mary, "don't, don't take me away. "I'll always be good to small boys and old ladies if ye'll let me go. Let me go. Oh please, please let me go."

The three boys in their terror pounded Old Whitey so hard that he gave an extra spurt and left the boys on the punky grass, many yards away from St. Mary. Slowly they picked themselves up and went home. "Why, John Henry," said his mother, "did you try to come home in this storm? I'm glad you did, though, I was rather anxious. You'd better go to bed now, you are soaked through." John Henry breathed four sighs of relief.

Michael St. Mary felt something moving up and down his arm. "I'll never do wrong any more," he sobbed. "Please don't take me away. I'll marry a widower with tin byes if ye'll only let me go. Please depart," cried St. Mary raising his head in awful terror. Only Old Whitey showed himself to the terrified man. "Them hob-

goblins is gone, thank Hivin," said he. "'Twas an awful scare."

Then he went home to tell Julia Ann how he frightened three terrible hobgoblins off of Old Whitey by making the sign of the cross and by repeating three mystic words that an old gypsy had taught him. And the next day Julia Ann told the story to the wash-lady, who washed for John Henry's mamma.

Helen Looks on at the Dance.

Ballade

By Arline Adams

Beauty in radiance dight,
Manhood with graces replete,
Pass and repass in her sight
Whirling to harmonies fleet;
Hearts, be they gay or discreet,
All, the wee maid doth entrance,
Half of the room in her suite
Helen looks on at the dance.

Soul in a whirl of delight
Timed to the music's soft beat,
Eyes that are dancing and bright,
Cadence and rhyme in the feet;
Pleading in melodies meet,
Wooing the boon of a glance,
Hark how the viols entreat!
Helen looks on at the dance.

Spirit of Music, a sprite
Sways in this rhythmic surfeit,
Laughs in glad numbers tonight
Here his wee partner to greet.
Who shall deny the conceit
When, but her joy to enhance,
Melodies blithely compete?
Helen looks on at the dance.

L'envoi

Prince, debonaire and effete,
Princess whose smile is romance,
Pause and adore. It is meet;
Helen looks on at the dance.

A Man's Chance

By Kendrick Ferris

I

IN the clear September night the little Vermont valley lay bright and still under the slow-sailing moon. The fields, cleaned of their crops, now held only fodder shocks and stubble, while here and there, along the road that wound lazily to the distant town, the flare of reddening creeper showed that Autumn had come.

On the porch of the Hope farmhouse a man sat in the shadow made by the thick wistaria vine. His thoughtful eyes rested unseeingly on the quiet beauty spread out so prodigally below. Unheard, a black kitten at his feet purred insinuatingly, and rubbed gently against him. The man was unconscious of all outward things: acres upon acres, richly tilled and fruitful, stretching away limitlessly to his mental horizon, blotted out the reality of moonlight and cleaned fields; steam plow and harvesters—machinery such as these farmers had never seen;—a commodious ranch house, built possibly by his own hands, broke the sky line—and he, David Stone, was lord of all. And, behold, a frail, fair-haired girl was mistress of him.

Five years ago John Stone, ruined by a dishonest friend, had returned from Dakota to his Vermont birth place to die, bringing with him an only son, David, and, since his father's death, David had served Silas Hope as "hired man" faithfully and well. But, confined by the conservatism and meagreness of this Eastern valley, he had dreamed eternally of a future of possibilities and of consequent achievement. His developing manhood was demanding it. He must win the respect of men which success brings. He would return to the West—the land of opportunity—as soon as his slowly accumulating fortune would permit. He would be of account in his own community, giving hire instead of receiving it. This ambition had become the motive force of the man's life and he had fed it without stint, believing it to be his all.

But last night the Heavens had opened and revealed to him the love of Charity Hope, the sweet daughter of Silas. And as he now sat in the shadow awaiting her, her face mingled for the first time with his old, old dreams and he felt like bowing down in reverence before the joy in his soul.

The farmhouse door opened, and Charity came out. The moon fell full upon her, and, catching some of its brightness, her fair hair made a light about her head. She was slight and childlike. Against the darkness of the hall the frailty of the white figure was emphasized, so that she looked ethereal, almost

unreal, to the virile man coming toward her.

"Charity!"

"David!"

He drew her quickly into the shadow. "Let us sit here where I have been waiting for you," he said a moment later drawing her toward the quaint, high-backed settee.

"And just to think that now we need never talk of that dreadful Dakota any more," sighed Charity happily, as David slipped down beside her. "To think, dear, you never guessed how miserable it made me to hear you plan to go off and live in the moon. And I couldn't say a word. Oh, you were so blind!"

"I never supposed—I never dared think of you," said the man humbly. "I had my place in the world to make you see, and there was always Hiram Stubbs."

"Hiram Stubbs!" cried the girl scornfully. "Did you think I could sell myself to a clown?"

"You grew up with him. I thought he didn't look to you as he did to me. But oh, sweetheart, we will just talk about Dakota. Dakota is my chance. It's there my father went to amount to somethin', and it's there I'm goin', too. And it's easy now I know you love me."

Charity's eyes rested fondly on the familiar scene before them.

"What an unnatural knight," she cried lightly, "to talk of leaving the Valley of Peace when he has but just found his lady there!"

"I should think you'd be glad to give Dakota up," she went on surely. "Glad of any excuse to stay right here. See how beautiful it all is to-night! It is something to fight for, not to turn from. Oh, don't you see, dear, it is one of the few friendly places in the world? One of the few places where you think only of love and never of fear? The great mountains now, and the plains, and the sea!" She shuddered involuntarily. "They are all full of fear, and of suffering, and death!

"Do you know, David," and she lowered her voice reverently, "it seemed to me as if it were some special blessing—some extra care that let me be born here—almost as if we were 'chosen,' you know. Why to go away, deliberately, would be like scorning a gift of God."

David gently pinched her soft cheek.

"So you think it would be flyin' in the face of the Lord for me to go to Dakota and amount to somethin', when I could just as well stay in a pretty valley and be a hired man all my life?" he answered indulgently. "No, sweetheart, that's not the way a man reads the Word, Charity," he went on more seriously, "a man's not a man in his own eyes unless he amounts to somethin' in the eyes of every other man. I want respect, Charity. I want to be somebody in my town. And I can be—all I need is a chance."

"A chance—?" the girl answered, her eyes fixed meaningly on the moonlit valley.

"It's too small," said David, replying to her look. "Why when you've seen the West this valley won't seem much more than a furrow. And it's barren—what's not in use. Look at your grandfather's farm over the hill. Your father can't sell it for love nor money—the soil's played out. No, the West is the place for me."

Charity watched the lines in the man's mouth strengthen as he spoke the last words, and smiled contentedly to herself. Evidently here was no Hiram Stubbs, ready to bow and bend at her slightest whim—it meant something to govern a man like David.

"Father's farm will be mine some day, dear, and it's not 'played out.' It's small, of course, but what does it matter whether you have fifty or five hundred acres under the plow, if you are happy?"

"It does matter," said David. "A man wants to do things big. And would you have me hangin' around waitin' for Silas to die! You'd hate me if I did.

"Charity," he went on, drawing the girl to him. "You ain't goin' to refuse to follow me to Dakota. You can't. Have you forgotten already that you've promised to promise to obey? Why you ought to be happy to go—to get out and see the world. It isn't all cut up and dinky like this! Why some day I'll own acres and acres, as far as you can see, and barns of wheat and stacks of corn, enough to fill this little valley for ten years or more."

The girl drew away from him.

"If barns of wheat and stacks of corn are more to you than the woman you love, go to Dakota. I can never follow you. David, I should die so far from home."

The apparent childishness and the intended finality of Charity's words cut like a whip across the man's joy. Could it be that for some imagined fear Charity would separate herself from him for life! Were women like that!

But a woman's sweet voice was pleading: "You do love me, David, don't you?"

"Charity, could you doubt it?" cried the man, heart leaping to eyes and voice.

The fiat fell pitilessly. "Then give up Dakota."

David rose and walked to the end of the long porch. Wonder and indignation surged through his heart — wonder that even a girl should so fail in understanding—indignation that the one he loved should so lightly close upon him the open sesame to his manhood.

A soft hand was laid upon his shoulder. A pair of blue childlike eyes looked trustfully into his.

"You will give it up, dearest, for me?" Charity said.

David turned away. "A woman can't understand," he cried helplessly, looking dismayed into the chasm between them. "I'd as soon take away a man's life as his chance. Dakota's my chance."

"But you will give it up for me?" The sweet face was close to his.

"Charity!" David pressed her to him a moment fiercely. "Can't you see, little one, I'd be nothin' but a hired man all my life?"

Charity stepped back from him. The suffering in his tone struck an answering note not of sympathy but of pity in her heart. But how seriously David looked at everything! Suppose he was a "hired man." She would love him just the same, and they would be happy.

But a glance at David's white face kept her silent, and she ran down the steps to the garden path, where a favorite Marechal Neil had lately been transplanted.

David watched her as she passed from the shadow of the syringa out

into the bright moonlight. How fragile she was after all! What if—The man drew his breath in sharply. Ah, how very dear she was! He was startled by Charity's cry, and hurried to her.

"It is dead," she said, pointing to the withered bush. "I ought not to have transplanted it."

A fear that he tried to call superstition shot through David's heart Was there a warning intended for him in that withered bush? Was his ambition to be pitted against his love? Must he choose between Charity and everything else that made life honorable and sweet?

Charity looked up at him, standing stern and silent before her, and all at once curled leaves and withered stem were forgotten—she too was filled with a sudden fear. Could David sacrifice his happiness to his chance? Were men like that? Might she lose him after all out of her life?

"David," she ventured uncertainly, "suppose we compromise."

"Compromise? How?" he said, trying to collect himself.

"Suppose you wait to go to Dakota—suppose you wait for a year or two, and I will try to get strong and brave. Then you shall have your chance—with me, if possible—but if not—oh David, I want you to feel that I do understand."

Strong arms caught the frail little figure and held her fast.

"Maybe in a year, I'll understand," he said softly, glad to postpone the struggle which he saw closing in upon his heart.

II

The jingle of sleigh bells down the valley road announced the coming of the parson to the Christmas dinner. In the farmhouse kitchen all was bustle and preparation. Mrs. Hope, with flushed cheeks, knelt by the oven, basting the big turkey, while her sister who, with husband and four offspring, had come for the holidays, was washing the bunches of celery; and four happy children sat on the settle, cracking the nuts. Charity, with sleeves rolled to her elbows, stood by the table stirring the Christmas pudding. She was even paler and more ethereal than on that September night over a year ago, when she and David had agreed upon their compromise. There were firmer lines about her mouth and her blue eyes were wistful and serious. With a sigh of content, she emptied the great bowl of batter into the pudding bag.

"There," she said, "that's done."

"'Taint neither—'tain't done till it's cooked," promptly corrected a young disciple of truth from the settle, essaying at the same time to crack a hickory nut with his teeth.

"Ma," burst out the eldest boy, saving his brother's teeth by administering a sharp rap on the cheek, which sent the nut rolling under the kitchen table, "I'm goin' up to the University when I'm a man to study to be a farmer."

"Well, if that don't beat all," ejaculated Mrs. Rebecca with disgust. "Studyin' to be a farmer! I suppose he got that from David Stone," she went on to her sister. "He's so set up since he took a year in Burlington he'll scarcely speak to a body. I'm surprised Silas took him back. Ephraim said nothin' would have hired him to."

"David has grown quiet," said

Mrs. Hope, shutting the oven door, "but I don't think it's 'cause he's set up. Silas thinks the world of him. He says David gets better and bigger every day.

"Here, Charity, I'll boil the pudding, child," she added, pushing Charity gently toward the door. "You go dress and set the table, and kind o' be around. I see the parson coming and I can't get away yet a while. You know I wouldn't trust anyone to bake that pound cake."

"I do believe," said her sister a bit tartly, "that you'd trust me to bring up one of your children before you'd trust me to bake one of your pound cakes. I guess every one of my four boys knows what good pound cake is!" And she glanced proudly toward the settle.

Charity stole quietly up stairs, and stood for a moment looking down at the bright gown Mrs. Hope had spread out upon the bed.

"I couldn't put that on to-day," she said to herself, "I couldn't."

She turned suddenly and took from her drawer the white frock that she had worn that September night over a year ago.

"Mother will scold at my imprudence," she smiled to herself, "but somehow I can always pretend I'm happy in this dress better than in any other."

In a few moments she was ready, but lingered by her casement looking out over the glistening fields. Below a door slammed, and a big broad-shouldered man, whistling cheerily, trudged down the front path. Charity started as she saw him, and the tears sprang to her eyes. Could it be that David would desert her even on Christmas day! She pressed her forehead against the cold pane. How all the lightheartedness had gone out of the world in one short year! The cat rubbed against her and she caught it up, hiding her face in its long black fur.

"Oh, Egypt!" she cried. "Oh, Egypt!"

Egypt squirmed unsympathetically, and Charity released her, resuming her vigil at the window. David had reached the gate and was turning into the road toward the town.

How many mornings at dawn had the girl stood thus watching him disappear past the lower orchard, knowing he would not return until long after sunset! Why was David so strange — so preoccupied — and always away! Was it not enough that in the year past Charity should have come to realize something of the vitalness of opportunity! Was there not suffering enough in that! Love had showed her understanding. David must have his chance. She would go with him to Dakota. The determination oppressed her with fears night and day, but they did not conquer. Her imagination ran riot: every strip of flat ground was a prairie, lonely and vast; every snow storm was a blizzard; every night sound a dreary coyote. But she was still firm. She must be a help, not a hindrance to David.

Daily she grew more frail till Mrs. Hope brooded over her like a mother bird, but not even to her did Charity reveal the struggle within. And strangely enough David never spoke of the future—when he did Charity would tell him how fully she had come to understand.

Egypt, who had been prowling about the bureau now stepped gingerly upon a pin tray, upsetting all the pins. The clatter startled her, and leaping to the ground she scampered off down stairs, her tail big with fright.

Mechanically, Charity crossed the room and began picking up the scattered pins. As she did so, she caught sight of her white face in the mirror.

"I have grown neither strong nor brave," she thought, remembering her part of the compromise. "But what does it matter? Love is both courage and strength."

"Charity, Charity, where on earth are you?" her Aunt Rebecca called. "Aren't you goin' to set the table? The turkey's most done, and the pound cake's out."

Charity hurried down the stairs. The house usually so quiet was filled with the voices of children, the loud laughter of the men, and the slamming of doors. The air was heavy with the odors of the dinner. Above the other voices, Charity heard the parson asking for her and her courage suddenly gave way. She felt that she was unstrung and could not face him now. Slipping her feet into a pair of overshoes, and seizing her long cloak from the high hat rack in the hall, she opened the big front door. Perhaps the fresh air would give her heart again. Anyhow she must get away. Throwing her cloak over her shoulders she stepped forth and ran down the path to the road. How good it was to escape! To get away from the laughter and the noise! The air was crisp with cold, and the snow crunched drily under her feet. She forgot that she had intended to go only a step—she forgot the table and the guest. On, on she hurried past the barns with their roofing of snow; past the lower orchard where the crust was still unbroken; past the thicket of bushes beyond the bend of the road—Charity had not walked so far since the snow had come.

A well-beaten path skirting the thicket led from the road up over the hill. Charity looked at it in wonderment. She would not have stopped at a line of tracks—but a beaten path—what could it mean?

Over the hill lay a replica of her home valley—her grandfather's deserted farm. In the summer her father still pastured the sheep there; and easy access to it lay by the unused road that, branching just above their farm, led through the smaller valley to the town. But what could take anyone now into those fields of snow? Wonderingly Charity turned and followed the path. It was years since she had been to the old farm. Her grandfather's house had, before her time, been burnt to the ground. Only the stone foundation and the old barn remained.

At the top of the hill the path entered the thicket, and Charity saw that it ran straight ahead for about fifty feet, and then turned sharply. With a feeling that something was about to happen and yet with no thought of fear, she hurried on. When she reached the bend in the path she stopped short with a sudden cry. Here the thicket ended and she stood again in the open. Before her lay her grandfather's little valley, snow-clad and still. A hundred feet below her the road wound through it to the town, but

Charity did not see that it, too, was beaten from much passing. Her eyes were fixed on the site where her grandfather's house had stood, and twice she closed them to see if they were betraying her. No, the house she saw there was real, trim and white and new, it stood by the roadside, with wide, comfortable porch and big bow window —suggestive of home in detail from cellar to chimney top.

The door opened and a man came out. Charity watched breathlessly. Why had her father not told her that he had sold the farm? The man locked the door, and slipping the key in his pocket turned round. Charity gave a startled cry. It was David! Looking up he spied her outlined against the sky, and in an instant he was beside her and his strong arms held her close.

"Merry Christmas," he cried. "Who told you, Charity, that I was here?"

"No one," answered Charity, "I followed the path."

"If you'd waited a bit, Charity," said David, "since I couldn't bring your Christmas present to you, I was coming to drive you over to your Christmas present."

"Mine!" said Charity wonderingly. "Mine!"

"Yes, yours," answered David happily. "And isn't she a beauty, too? I've been working on her night and day since I came home from the University, and there isn't a fellow round here that hasn't some time or other lent a hand—excepting, of course, Hiram Stubbs —he's always been too busy." And David's eyes twinkled.

But Charity was still looking at the house uncomprehendingly.

"You see, dear," he continued tenderly, "when I came home from Burlington last June, I had realized two things: one was that you'd never be happy or well away from your own people no matter how hard you tried; the other was that I'd never be happy away from you. I had studied soils all year at the University, and I soon found that a little good care would make your grandfather's farm as good as new, so I bought it from your father with part of the money I had saved to go West, like the man who searched the world over for the four-leaved clover and found it growing beside his own front door. And I built the little house, and some day I'll be somebody right here, Charity."

"But, David," cried Charity, a forgotten pain surging back into her heart, "I am going to Dakota with you! Have you forgotten your chance? You must have your chance!"

David took her face between his hands and looked down into it happily.

"Charity, a man don't always know his chance—Dakota wasn't mine—my chance was loving you."

19th Century Boston Journalism

By Edward H. Clement

Abolitionists and Reporters — Ebenezer Nelson — James M. Bugbee — Carpet-Bag Journalism—Proof-reading on the Advertiser—The great daily of that time—Henry A. Clapp — Epes Sargent — E. P. Whipple — Transcript "edited by Divine Providence" — Great men of the years succeeding the Civil War.

II

THE period of my youthful days before the ambition to "get in on the inside" of journalism was in any way of realization happened to fall in a period of great excitement and many public meetings and other stirring events of impending Civil War. True to the journalistic instinct within me, I was ever on the skirmish-line, drawn thither by the same sort of irresistible passion for being in the midst of things that impels the inveterate "first-nighter" to buy at double rates, if necessary, seats for the opening performance of a new piece or a new star, though he well knows that later performances are sure to be better. The gallery of the Legislature was almost as entrancing as the gallery of the theatre for my "green and salad days" before college. The Abolitionists, though nearing their hour of triumph, were still being baited by commonplace respectability and the common run of business men, who never see beyond their noses and their own immediate dollar, and ever refuse to follow a principle beyond the safe and expedient opportunism of the moment. The Abolitionists were so far in advance that they were the enemy. Wherever they were expected, and often where they were not expected but came, was the storm centre, and as near as I could come to that centre without the reporter's badge (how I worshipped that mystic symbol) the cub-reporter in me urged me to get, often into the thick of pretty grave disorders.

I remember one Sunday noon sidling unobserved along with a knot of friends of Wendell Phillips who thought it well enough to see him safely home through the streets after a famous address of his in Theodore Parker's Music Hall platform-pulpit, in which he had denounced President Lincoln as a Kentucky-bred slave-driver because he was delaying Emancipation. By Phillips' side walked the tall and athletic Frank Sanborn, wearing the same sort of light-colored, broad-rimmed hat that he wears now over the narrow, clean-cut face, that has almost the same "godlike youth" today as then. Another time I had so interestedly watched the evolution of the "Draft Riots," that I was within a rod of the first man shot by the police (who arrived on the scene in long omnibuses) in the defence of Reed's Dock Square gun store from the plundering mob. A little later I encountered the sad

and never-forgotten procession of motley elements of the North End surrounding the body, carried on a green blind torn from a neighboring house, of a pretty little girl in a check frock with her black hair drooping as in a picture over her ashen cheek. She had just been killed, with scores of others, by the discharge of a heavily loaded Howitzer through the closed door of the Cooper Street Armory into the narrow street filled with people most of whom were as innocent and incautious lookers-on as I had been in Dock Square.

I used to watch the reporters with envying eyes in public assemblages —admiring the nonchalance with which they made their way in cool and leisurely fashion, assisted by the police and beckoned by the great ones on the platform, to the very centre of things. How I wondered at the ready and consummate gift they were employing for getting at the gist and points of an address that was taxing the best powers of the speaker and the cultivated audience. They would be seen making a few brief notes and going away as soon as bored. Later I discovered that reporters do not often pretend to give anything like an entire, actual, logical summary of a speech, well knowing that if they should do so the "copy" editor would make meaningless hash of it, and the City Editor would set them down as tenderfeet. Among these well-admired reporters of that distant epoch (think of it, the middle of the last century!) was E. B. Haskell, the dean of the faculty, till recently, or at least professor emeritus, of the Boston Herald. He always bore himself then, as later, like one easily and calmly equal to the occasion and master of the situation. No speaker was too fast, no crisis too acute, for him to take his notes with the utmost coolness as he turned over and heaped up page after page of neat copy for the arriving and departing messenger-boy. Even the boy was observed with awe as part of the vast unknown of the wonder of the "great daily's" machinery.

Then there was Ebenezer Nelson, of the Transcript, not exactly a Pelham in dress or a Chesterfield in deportment; but one saw in him at a glance the man of brains and character, equal to the double duty he so long and so ably performed, of editor and reporter too. It was one of the mysteriously sacred and inherited traditions of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, that the desk of the Speaker under the Codfish, should bear upon one corner of it, within reach of any who had the right to approach that seat of the mighty, a lacquered wooden box, circular in shape, containing cardamom seeds. The shape and size and material of the box carried the suggestion that it may have been the lineal descendant of the snuff-box which it was an antique courtesy to present to one's friend in greeting. However this may have been, one would see Nelson, rustic in appearance as he went in those days of his recent arrival from Plymouth (what a perfect type he was, outwardly and spiritually of the sturdy God-fearing, but no-man fearing, Puritan of the Commonwealth!) making himself at home on the Speaker's dais and filling his cheek with cardamom

seeds from Mr. Speaker's table. This was to witness the magic of the reporter's open sesame, the privileges and dignities that fell to his happy lot. James M. Bugbee who later filled many important and delicate commissions at City Hall and in State politics as the confidential secretary and counsellor of Henry L. Pierce, was another modest young reporter, with an air of being loaded with mysteries who impressed one at first sight as worthy to help himself to the State cardamom seeds. Such was the view of the profession from afar to the ardent expectancy of an adolescent candidate for its honors.

It so happened that Mr. Nelson was to be most intimately associated with me in the Transcript editorial room; he was the authoritative hold-over from the administration previous to that in which my entrance there was effected; and E. B. Haskell had been my first employee of any importance, becoming the Boston correspondent of the Savannah News of which the vicissitudes of the Civil War made me, for a brief term, the "carpet-bag" editor-in-chief. On graduating from college I had set out to seek my fortunes in the wake of the Union Army. My elder brother was in the First Massachusetts Cavalry, then stationed at Hilton Head on the Sea Islands of South Carolina; and while I was there waiting for something to turn up, General Sherman turned up after marching through Georgia, took the blockaded Confederate port in a series of actions of which we saw at Hilton Head only the columns of smoke and the steamboat loads of wounded and prisoners, and shortly afterwards I was quartered in the splendid but then freshly looted mansion of the famous "Rebel" Bishop Elliot of Savannah. Even the family tombs in the cemetery opposite the mansion had been broken into by our soldiers for the jewelry in the coffins. The need of a gazette for the military orders of the headquarters established in the captured city, led to the taking possession of the deserted News plant by two correspondents of the New York Herald, Samuel W. Mason, of the Boston Herald also, and the then very prominent Oscar G. Sawyer.

Naturally these field correspondents were very glad to leave the dull routine of the editing of their easily acquired paper, which under martial law could be little more than the bulletin of the commander of the post, to the young and enthusiastic newspaper novice from Boston; and I found myself in a short time to be in an excellent position to become perforce an "all-round newspaper man." One drunken local reporter and one gifted editorial writer, a noted humorist from New York, usually stupefied with opium as well as whiskey, constituted the staff, and the present prosperous and influential proprietor of the News now one of the leading papers of the South, was the whole mechanical department as well as pressman. It was a difficult thing to make a newspaper under the rigors of military censorship. To publish either news or editorial comment of any real interest was constructive treason, I found, and I was once haled before the commanding general to apologise for remarks which he regarded lese majesty or take my

place in a dungeon cell. In such straits I welcomed the long and painstaking manuscript letters from Boston of the ever diligent E. B. Haskell. Perhaps the "too much Boston" that naturally resulted was a contributing cause to my dismissal by Mr. Mason when the "Rebels" returned to town after the peace and general amnesty, for he assured me with tears in his eyes that it was no fault of mine, but the Savannah public would not stand for a Boston editor to their favorite morning daily.

Back in Boston after my baptism of fire in journalism in the South, I found no editorship awaiting me on the home papers and was fain to accept a position as proof-reader on the Daily Advertiser. It was a tough job, with all-night hours spent over the fine print of the market reports, auction advertisements and shipping news. But I had the triumph of catching the learned editor, afterwards Prof. Dunbar, of Harvard, tripping in a Latin quotation. Fresh from my college tasks I corrected it with confidence, to the consternation of the proof-room, but to the gratification of Mr. Dunbar, who sent me his thanks by the business-manager of the paper, Mr. E. F. Waters.

It is hard to realise now what the Advertiser was in those days to this community; if the Herald of today were to combine with its efficiency as a news gatherer and its importance as the organ of public opinion the refinement of the Transcript, it might revive the dignity of journalism and hold the place in public esteem illustrated at that time by the "Daily,"—it had been the first daily and there was no other daily worth mentioning in the mind of the good Bostonian. Of the broad and long "blanket-sheet" form, it was printed on fine paper in irreproachable type,—the ideal of a handsome printed page. Its make-up was steady, the same in its general features from day to day. One knew just what to expect in every part of the paper. The Washington special occupied the post of honor on the first page,—a leaded half column or so, of really important interpretation by a competent and authoritative writer, of the main event or topic of the moment. There was no mere mass of spinnings of reporters' stuff to make an appearance of importance by dint of quantity; quality was what commended it to the finest class of Boston readers.

For years in its later history and adverse fortunes, the Advertiser was continued by many subscribers as their morning paper simply for its criticism of the theatre by the late Henry A. Clapp. Now Mr. Clapp was in the palmy days I speak of but one of the several departments conducted by heads of equal character and ability, each a recognized authority in his province. One of the most brilliant and versatile of all was G. B. Woods, brother of our contemporary Joseph E. Woods. He was a highly cultivated young man, but had besides a keen, original wit, and he touched nothing that he did not adorn. Woods had general charge of the Advertiser at the time of which I am speaking, and on occasion contributed to the literary and

dramatic criticism as well. But his best hits were in a column that was the unfailing delight of the younger classes of readers. It was headed "In General," and contained all sorts of quips and light, running, sententious comment. What with the carefully written summary of the morning's news, in a short half-column on the left-hand side of the broad first page, and the "In General" column on the right-hand margin, with the weighty and authoritative Washington special next the summary, and perhaps a long and admirably written piece of dramatic or musical criticism on that page, too, one opened the Advertiser of that epoch and spread out its broad, fair expanse with the expectation of plenty of succulent matter to browse through at the breakfast table. Polite Boston was never insulted with the criminal sensationalism as main feature that often takes the appetite away at breakfast in the best morning paper Boston has at present to offer.

When after a seven years' interval in New York journalism I returned to Boston to take my place as lieutenant to William A. Hovey, in 1875, "good old Nelson" was primarily interesting to me as a holdover from those distinguished prior editors of the Transcript, Epes Sargent and E. P. Whipple. Epes Sargent visited the sanctum but rarely in my day and was then a thin, bird-like little old man, with a bright face lighted by extraordinarily large and speaking eyes. It was simply to ask some such favor as the insertion of a letter or so, perhaps on some controverted question involving spiritual manifestations to which he had become addicted in his last years. He was a brilliant all-round literateur,—had written his successful play and any number of charming essays on themes of the day, besides compiling that friend, ever beloved since, of the school boys of the middle of the last century, "The Standard Speaker." No one of that age of boyhood who has ever declaimed, or heard declaimed, the masterpieces of English collected with such taste and judgment by Epes Sargent but cherishes in pleasant memory that odd given name! It can easily be discovered in the light of this compilation of Epes Sargent's where the distinction of the Transcript came from as a literary newspaper after it had outgrown its first success as a tea-table visitor and dispenser of light and lively gossip and local small talk.

Nelson had handled his matter as the steady going editor of all-round usefulness and also that of E. P. Whipple, who was one of the trained writers employed to ballast with something like real editorial leaders the many contributions volunteered from outside to amuse their readers with harmless questions of fashion, of the weather, the theatre, with watering-place correspondence and copies of verses. Mr. John D. Whitcomb, the veteran foreman of the composing-room, once told me that on account of this large outside staff of unpaid contributors Mr. Whipple used to say that the Transcript was "edited by Divine Providence." It was indeed fed like the sparrows. Sometimes on entering the office and taking up the mail Mr. Whipple would say, "Well, Nelson, let us see what the neighbors have sent in this morning."

He often visited the sanctum during the first years of my incumbency as chief, generally on quite disinterested errands. This is worth mentioning as quite an unusual thing. Very rarely does any one ascend the stairs to an editorial room, certainly not in the days before elevators, without an axe to be ground carefully concealed somewhere about the person.

E. P. Whipple was a singular looking being, whether on the platform or in private life. His head seemed much too large to be supported on so slender and short a frame; his face was large and his eyes were abnormally dilated. They seemed always to be on the point of starting from their sockets; as he talked they rolled from side to side marking the ictus of his sentences. After the first effect of their oddity,—their grotesqueness almost,—had startled one, they became tremendously effective in reenforcing the emphasis of his dicta, for he was always emitting dicta. His style was that of the "big bow-wow" fashion of his day, as near Macaulay as he could make it, and he could be quite grandly cumulative and epigramatic at once.

What a graveyard of reputations is the newspaper press! These great editors are no more believed in by succeeding generations than the great actors, orators and singers of the "laudatores temporis acti." The tradition of their hold on their contemporaries is all that is left of them; it does not appear from their printed works what it was that constituted their alleged greatness in their own day. One cannot read any candid criticism of the newspaper press in any stage of its development without seeing the reason for the patronizing tone, the smiling toleration, the half-credulous, half-contemptuous estimate of bygone estimates, that is visited by each generation upon its predecessors. Mr. Buckingham's painstaking collection of the earliest New England papers and Mrs. Charles A. Cummings' elaborate paper for Justin Winsor's Memorial History of Boston are alike in this. Speaking of the early years of the century Mr. Cummings justly remarks that "if newspapers are indeed the mirror of the times which produce them how portentous was the dullness of this little town!" And his word upon the flourishing newspapers of the nineteenth century was this: "To say that the newspaper press is not yet the leader in morals or politics is simply to say that newspapers are business enterprises, depending for their success on the favor and patronage of their readers; when the newspapers of the country shall be seen to reflect the instincts and principles and opinions of the best classes of the population" they will be something far different from what they are.

Mr. Whipple gave of the best of his cultivation in his editorial contributions to the Transcript and yet his fame is but the shadow of a name. In pious duty and justice to a but ill-rewarded life of strenuous self-culture and generous outgiving —to the immense benefit and fructifying of the New England lyceum audiences,—I select a page of his writing almost anywhere out of his course of lectures at the old Lowell Institute on the Elizabethan ages of literature. He is illustrating the truth that "Style is the Man," and

speaking of Bacon: "It is not faculties, but persons using faculties, persons behind faculties, persons within faculties, that invent, combine, discover, create; and in the whole history of the human intellect there has been no exercise of the live, creative faculty without the escape of character . . . Bacon's individuality, capacious, flexible, fertile, far reaching as it was, was still deficient in heat and this deficiency was in the very centre of his nature and sources of his moral being. . . . Neither in blood, nor in his soul can we discover any of the coarse or any of the fine impulses which impart intensity to character. He is without the vices of passion,—voluptuousness, hatred, envy, malice, revenge; but he is also without the virtues of passion, —deep love, warm gratitude, capacity of unwithholding self-commital to a great sentiment or a great cause. This defective intensity is the source of that weakness in his actions which his satirists have characterised as baseness; and viewing apart from the vast intellectual nature, modifying and modified by it, they have tied the faculties of an angel to the soul of a sneak." Here is English prose, keenness of insight and analysis, and courage of conviction, which had they been applied freely to the personages and events of local politics in the Transcript editorial columns must have made them a vital force in the community. What Whipple was saying here as to the character behind the writer is equally true as to the character behind the paper,—its editorial writers may be never so highminded, never so public-spirited, never so graced with charm of style,—they cannot lift and maintain it above the level of the source of their bread-and-butter.

The Goth

By Clinton Scollard

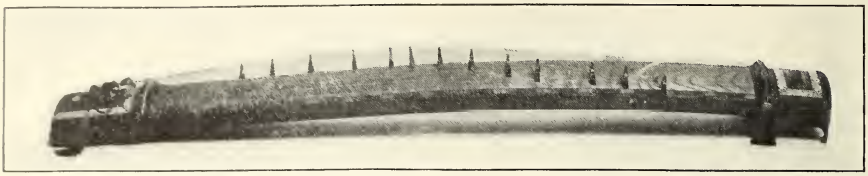
The maple branches toss and writhe,
  Gripped by the wind's remorseless ire;
And reaped as by an unseen scythe
  The sere leaves leap and gyre.

From the stark uplands, drenched and dun,
  The rooks fling down their throaty call;
A gray reek rides athwart the sun,
  And the hoarse rillets brawl.

But yesterday how fair our slopes!
  Plenty and peace, these were our friends;
Now on the Italy of our hopes
  Winter, the Goth, descends!

Japanese Music and Musical Instruments

By Randolph I. Geare



"SONO-KOTO"

ONE of the most delightful of all Japanese legends accounts for the origin of music in that country. It is indeed a venerable story, going back far into the mythical ages, when the Sun-Goddess, Amaterasu, hid herself in a cave and for a long time the world saw the light of her countenance no more, although eight million deities entreated her to return to her dominion. All their efforts failed, as the legend goes, till one deity, wiser than his fellows, took six long-bows, which he bound together and placed with their backs upon the ground, gently twanging their strings. Then bringing to the cave's mouth the fair Amé-ne-Uzumé, who, as the murmuring of the bow-strings rose and fell, waved her bamboo branches to and fro, at the same time moving her body in graceful rhythm and mingling her sweet voice with the strains, until at length the goddess, inquisitive to ascertain the nature of the heavenly sounds which greeted her ears, came forth from the gloomy depths of the cave. Thus light was restored to the world, and music and dancing were given to it for enjoyment. This pretty story ends with the humorous explanation that the deities, afraid that the Sun-goddess might some day desire to return to her cave, caused Amatsumora, the iron-smith, to hang a magic mirror at the entrance, reasoning that if the Sun-goddess should again approach the cave at any time to hide herself, she would be compelled to see (for the first time) her beauty in the mirror, and would then surely refrain from hiding it from the world.

Perhaps the most interesting of all Japanese music is that ancient school which served chiefly as an accompaniment to the various styles of classical dance. It has been preserved for centuries, and is even still performed, with the same solemnity as of old. Its purity is such as could probably only have been achieved by the well-known Japanese trait of making everything hereditary, and thus keeping the scores and traditions in certain families. When performed by an orchestra of Shōs, flutes, hichirikis, drums and gongs, the result, though undeniably more or less gruesome to our western ears,



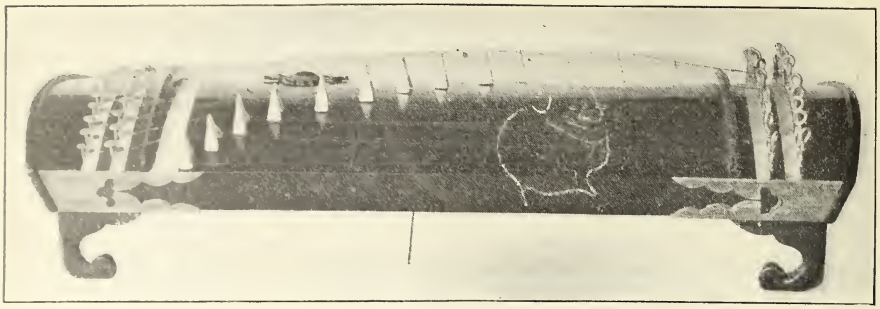
1 AND 6 TSUZUMI (DRUM); 2 SAMISEN (GUITAR); 3 OT SUZUMI (DRUM); 4 KOKIU (FIDDLE AND BOW); 5 SENG (MOUTH ORGAN); 7 SONO-KOTO; 8 KOMA FUYE (BAMBOO FLUTES)

when contrasted with the grandeur and harmony of our own compositions, is far from being formless and void of meaning. It has its distinct moods: at times plaintive, at others, distinctly stirring in its joyous strains, and in this respect it has a charm that is calculated to suit all ears which prefer a simple melody to the complicated music of the modern orchestra.

As to the theory of Japanese music, it seems to have had the same basis as in China, being founded on a mystic system derived from natural phenomena in sets of five. One of these has for its theme the primary organs in the human frame (stomach, lungs, liver, heart, and kidneys); another, the five elements (earth, metal, wood, fire and water); a third, the five planets, Saturn, Venus, Jupiter, Mars and Mercury, and yet another, which has to do with the five principal colors.

The national grace of the Japanese is well reflected in their music, which, as intimated, is constructed on a scientific plan. Its primary object, as shown by their word for music, Gaku (which has the same character as raku, meaning "pleasure"), was the giving of divine pleasure for the purification of the human heart, and this is emphasized by the fact that the Chinese "kiri," which is synonymous with that most popular of Japanese stringed instruments the "kotu," means "prohibition" signifying that the music which it produced symbolized the prohibition of anything impure, so that in Japan music, as the writer has said, stands for "purity of the human heart."

A prominent writer on the Japanese feels that much of the charm



YO-KIN, CHINESE KOTO, THIRTEEN STRINGED INSTRUMENT INTRODUCED FROM CHINA

of their music depends upon its graceful and delicate phrasing, and while our notation is probably capable of expressing these phrases to one who has already heard them, it is doubtful whether their more complicated forms could be set down in it with sufficient accuracy to enable a stranger to interpret them satisfactorily. The Japanese learns this phrasing through his ear, which has long been trained to note its peculiarities. Their national music has been handed down for ages, and is only entrusted to certain families who possess the jealously guarded and secret knowledge of all their ancient classical music. This is best interpreted by the court band, but it is not easy to gain access to it as the musicians only perform at certain temples on festival days, or give occasional concerts for the benefit perhaps of some college of music or other institution.

Music for the "koto" is written, but the books which contain it are used only for reference. To the majority of the professional musicians in Japan, indeed, they could not be of any service, as they are blind, and music is one of their recognized professions. Again, these books are the exclusive possession of the professionals of the highest rank, so that except by the granting of a very unusual privilege, no pupil is ever allowed to learn instrumental music in any other way than by listening, watching and committing it to memory. The songs for the samisen are not thus guarded, as they are written and carried with the instruent in a case.

Japanese music contains many pretty flashes of quaint melody, and parts of Sullivan's opera "The Mikado," which is a fairly faithful representation of it, make this fact apparent. Of course, however, our modern orchestra cannot accurately interpret the sounds of the koto, which is the piano of Japan; the sweet tinklings of the samisen, a kind of banjo which is played with a bachi, or plectrum, of wood, ivory or tortoise shell; the soft tones of the shi-yō, a primitive mouth-organ; or the rich and sonorous tones of the biwa, the principal representative of a group of stringed instruments developed from the koto.

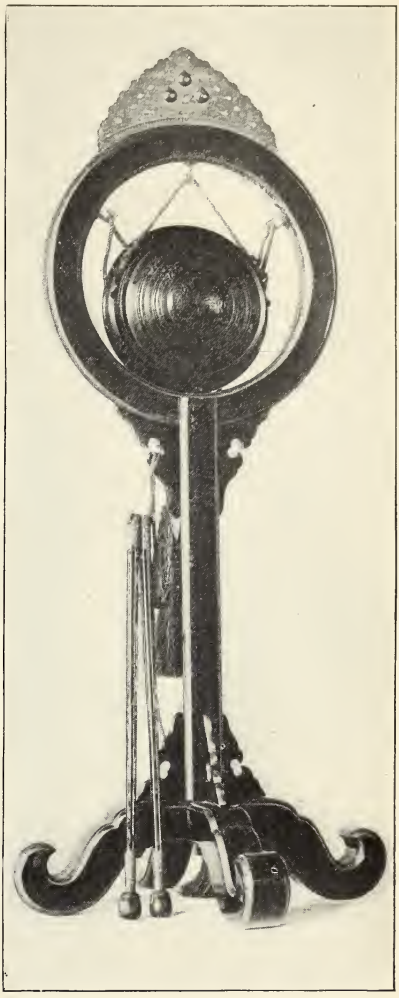
Probably none of these, or of the other musical instruments used in Japan, are original with that country. Thus, the Koto had its origin in China, where at one time it was



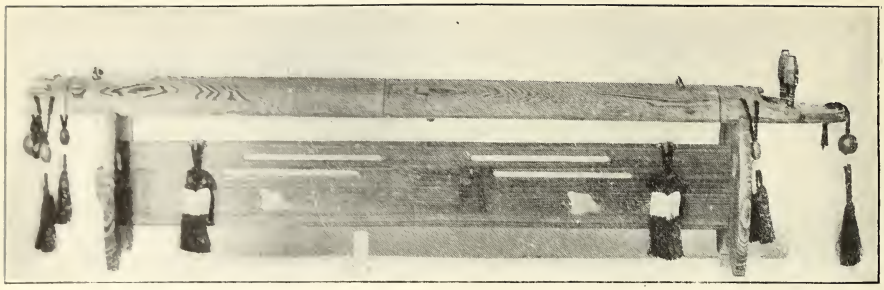
THE "DORA," GONG FORMERLY USED IN CHINA BY NIGHT WATCHMAN

made with fifty strings, while the Samisen belonged to the Philippine Islands, whence it reached Japan about 1700 A. D. The flute, drum, and various forms of fiddles were implanted in Japan with Buddhism. In later years, however, the original instruments have been more or less modified in form or size, to suit the progressive tastes of the people.

Japanese instruments may be divided into three classes: string, wind and percussion. Foremost in the first of these groups is the koto. In its present form it is the last of a long series developed from each other, and is called the "Sono-koto," which is really the ultimate form of the thirteen-stringed kin of China. The simplest form is the Ichi-gen kin, or Suma-koto, a one-stringed kin, said to have been invented in Japan in the Engi era (901 A. D.) at Suma, near Kobe, whence it derived its name. This one-stringed koto is said to have



GONG OF THE BUGAKU ORCHESTRA, FIRST METAL MUSICAL INSTRUMENT INTRODUCED INTO JAPAN

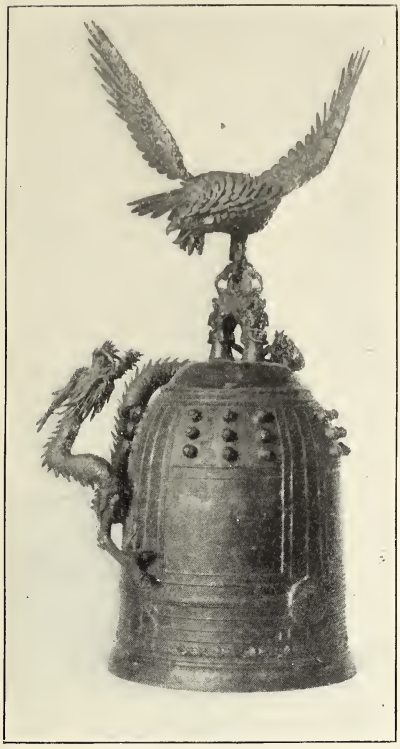


YAKUMO-KOTO OR "EIGHT CLOUD" KOTO, A TWO STRINGED INSTRUMENT

been first made by an exiled nobleman for the purpose of chasing away melancholy, his original instrument being a single string stretched across his hat. Another form of koto—the old six-stringed yamato-koto—appears to have been indigenous to Japan, while the instrument in its present popular form undoubtedly came from China, as already pointed out, where it also went through several stages of development. The sono-koto is generally about six feet long, fifty-three inches at its broadest part, and ten and a half inches at its narrow end. Its greatest height is three and a half inches, and its lowest one and a half inches from the strings. The sounding-board is made of kiri wood (a kind of pine) with two openings underneath to give resonance to the strings. These are made of silk, especially woven for the purpose, and prepared with beeswax, to give smoothness and strength. When this instrument is in perfect tune, the thirteen strings comprise three octaves, according to Japanese musical notation, the highest octave consisting of six, the middle, five, and the lowest, two strings. The arrangement of the musical intervals is analagous to our minor scale. All the notes are within the compass of our treble clef, so that there is no bass, and only the right hand is employed in playing, the performer using the first and second fingers and occasionally the thumb. The fingers are provided with ivory-pointed shields, enabling the player to produce clear, staccato notes, without any jar on the vibration. The koto here shown, as well as most of the other instruments which are illustrated, represent specimens in the National Museum at Washington. Its rich ornamentation and exquisite ebony-carving are well shown in the separate views of the upper surface at one end and of sections on one of the sides.

There is one form of koto, the yan-kin, which seems to be fashioned after the European zither. It is strung with fifteen double steel wires and is said to have reached Japan from Italy and through China. The wires are struck with two small mallets of bamboo or tortoise shell, enabling the performer to produce two notes in harmony, with the two hands.

The "biwas" and other fretted stringed instruments correspond to the European guitars and violins. This instrument, guitar-like in

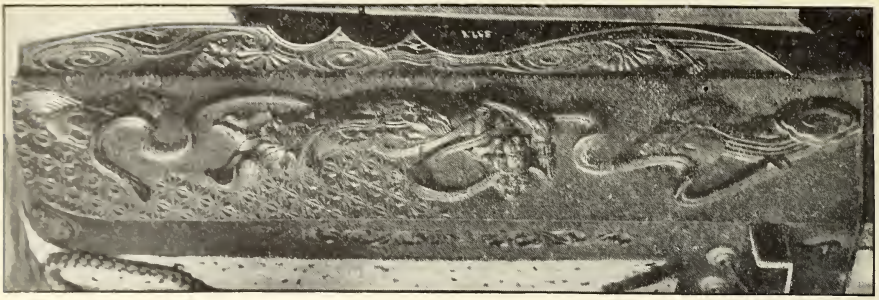


TYPICAL TEMPLE BELL

form, was brought from China by commissioners sent there from Japan about 935 A. D. It is the chief of its class, as the sono-koto is among the kotos. After its introduction into Japan it underwent various changes with a view to lightening and clearing the tone, and being rendered less unwieldy. The body of the biwa is made of shitan, the neck of willow, and the tuning-handles of peach, while the bachi are made from the yellow willow. As in the koto family, there are numerous kinds of biwas, such as the "bugaku-biwa," a massive affair with a gourd-shaped body over three feet long, sixteen inches at its broadest part, and having a string length of twenty-five inches; the "satsuma-biwa," a smaller and more delicate instrument than the last, used for accompanying certain recitations. Then there is the "gekkin," sometimes called the "miniature biwa," or "moon-shaped koto" — a Chinese instrument much used in Japan. From this was developed the "genkwan," another Chinese instrument played with a plectrum, to which a long silk cord and tassel are attached. It differs from the gekkin chiefly in having an octagonal body and a very long neck. Similar to the genkwan is the "ku," except that it has a circular body, and is richly ornamented with gold lacquer de-



"TAURI DAIKO," FROM THIS DRUM THE O-DAIKO HAS DEVELOPED

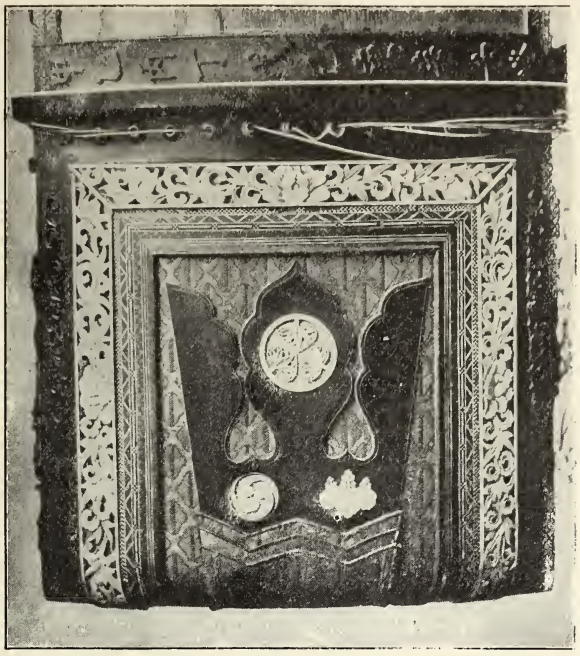


DECORATIONS NEAR THE END OF A SONO-KOTO

signs. Still more ancient is the "shunga," played by plucking the strings with the fingers in place of a plectrum. The notes produced by all instruments of this class in Japan have light "tink-a-ting" tones, though sharper and clearer than those which come from the guitar, and the performers take special delight in producing them. No wonder is it that the Japanese find it hard to appreciate our massive-toned pianos, deep violins, etc., and that they very much prefer such an instrument as the musical box, because of the similarity of its tone to those of their own instruments.

There is another class of stringed instruments of quite a different type from those just considered. These are without "frets." Some are played with a plectrum, and some with a bone. In the first group are the samisen, with its numerous varieties, including the "chosen," which has a long neck, the "Corean samisen," with a short neck, the "kaotari," an ancient three-stringed instrument from Liu Chiu with a circular body covered with a snake-skin, the "kirisen" and the "taisen," somewhat similar to the last, but having larger bodies covered with parchment; square in form, with rounded angles and played with a small tortoise shell and wooden plectrum, respectively.

The samisen holds an important position as an accompaniment to the voice, and one of the most pathetic sights in Japan is to see a group of blind women playing this instrument with sometimes a flute also, while another one is singing. The samisen is thirty-seven inches long, much of which is taken up by the finger-board. It has only three strings, made of waxed silk, but the compass of each is more extensive than the strings of the biwa, and there are no frets to impede the fingers in modulating the notes at the option of the player. In accompanying the voice, the notes are not arranged in thirds or fifths to harmonize with the melody, but follow or sometimes even precede the singer's voice, with which they are played in unison. One would suppose this style of accompaniment would be very unattractive, but it is said to enrich plaintive notes in emotional or amatory songs in such a way as to be pleasing even to western ears. Other stringed instruments without frets are played with a bow, as already indicated. The latest development in this direction is the "kokyu," or Japanese fiddle. It has four strings



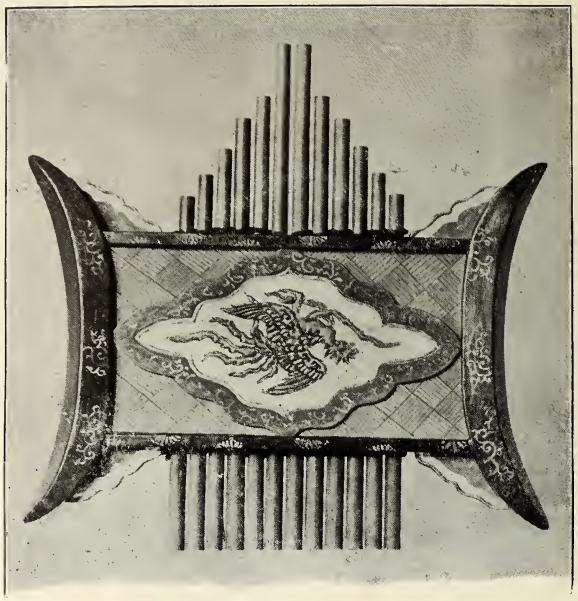
DECORATED END OF SONO-KOTO

and is shaped like a samisen, though much smaller. The third and fourth strings, which are the upper ones, are tuned in unison, and impart to the high notes both strength and clearness.

The wind instruments are fewer in kind than those provided with strings. Of these the "shi-yō," a mouth organ, which was introduced from China to Japan many centuries ago, is generally regarded as the principal representative, as it is the only wind instrument on which harmonious chords (or frequently, it is feared, discords!) can be produced. The shi-yō has seventeen pipes of wood or bamboo, the longest being about eighteen inches and the shortest about six inches in length. They are held together at the top by a piece of handsomely carved wood-work, and are set in a bowl-shaped frame at the margin, the whole being carved, lacquered and richly ornamented with silver. A carved mouth-piece is attached at one side, which opens into the wind-chamber connected with all the pipes. The music produced is pleasing and is not unlike that of an Irish bag-pipe, though having less of the drone effect. Another instrument constructed on the principle of the organ is the "seng," which may be compared to a portable chamber-organ, possessing soft mellow tones. The pipes, which are of bamboo, instead of being arranged in a circle as in the shi-yō, stand in a row, the longest (at the ends) measuring about three feet each, and the shortest (in the middle) about two feet and a half in length. These are all inserted in a wind-case about a foot high, and are cup-shaped with a flat bottom. As it possesses no bellows, the performer has to blow with the full capacity of his lungs into a long mouth-piece, something like the spout of a tea-pot.

The next class includes instruments analogous to our fife, flute and clarionet. One of these is the "hichi-riki," or "sad-toned tube," which resembles a small flute. It is made of bamboo, lacquered inside, is bound round with lacquered string, and has seven holes above and two thumb holes below. Its notes are wild and shrill, reminding

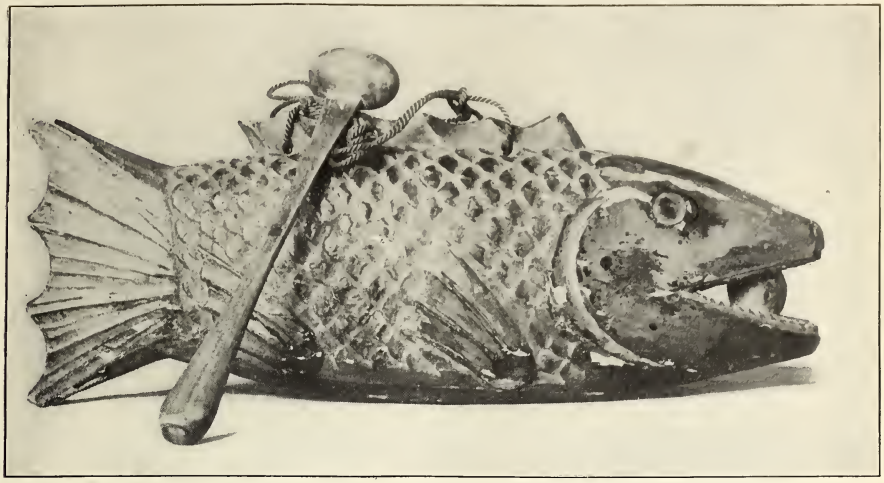
one of those produced on the chanter of the Highland bag-pipe. It is used equally on funeral occasions, or for lively music, which latter the Japanese as well as the Chinese set to quick time in a minor key. It would also seem to have other uses, less attractive though fully as useful, for an English authority on Japanese music, writing of this instrument, says that "of all the gruesome sounds ever invented by man, the "hichi-riki gives forth the most unearthly." To illustrate this, a story is told to the effect that a pirate was once vanquished "not by valorous deeds but by the music of this wild reed coming from the decks of his intended prey," and as though to pay tribute to its terrifying power, that particular specimen is still treasured in Japan, where it lies wrapped in silken cloths in a fan-shaped box, labeled "kaizoku maru"—meaning "pirate."



SHONO-FUYE, A VERY ANCIENT INSTRUMENT, TWENTY TWO PIPES ARRANGED SIDE BY SIDE, LIKE PAN-PIPES, LONGEST SEVENTEEN INCHES

To the deeper-toned wind instruments belongs the "rapa," which emits a sound something like a clarionet. This instrument is twenty inches long, and has a sliding mouth-piece moving in two metallic globes, which are blown into like a trumpet, and taper to a bell-mouthed, metal extremity five inches in diameter. None of the wind instruments seem to have metal keys, the holes being stopped by the fingers. Another of this class, the "skokun," is somewhat akin to our trombone, but gives only a few sounds, and these are produced by sliding one half of it up and down, like a telescope. It is generally used in processions and on festival occasions as a kind of bass to the treble instruments.

The "fuye," or Japanese flute, is said to have originated in Northwest Asia and to have come thence to Japan through China, although the Japanese claim that it was indigenous to their country. This instrument is much the same in size and compass as the ordinary European flute without keys, only the embouchere is further from the head. Three of the principal kinds are the "ohtaki," the "komafuyé," and the "kagura fuyé." The last one is of ancient date, probably not less than twelve hundred years old. The Japanese flute is lac-



THE "WOODEN FISH," GONG USED IN TEMPLES AND STRUCK WITH A PADDED STICK

quered red inside, and is closely bound outside between the holes with string laid on with paste and afterwards fixed with lacquer. The string is a substitute for strips of the cherry-tree bark, which were formerly used. The top is plugged with lead wrapped in rolls of paper fastened with wax, and finished at the end with wood decorated with either brocade or a highly finished metal ornament. The koma-fuyé has six holes, and is made of a very thin bamboo, fourteen and a half inches long, with an inside diameter of only two-fifths of an inch. There are other flutes smaller in size, which correspond somewhat with our piccolo. One of them named "tie," has five holes, while the "kuon" is of about the same size, but is a double instrument.

Drums, gongs, cymbals, clappers and bells constitute the group of percussion instruments. Some apology may be needed for dwelling on these at so great a length, but their large number and particularly their importance in the Japanese orchestras, especially in connection with the sacred temple music, seems to warrant it.

In the large temples, generally to the right of the altar, is placed a large, plain, cylindrical drum, called the "odaiko." It rests on a black lacquered stand, its surface usually elaborately decorated either with gold clouds or colored dragons. In the cylinder are fixed two iron rings, by which it is carried in religious processions. Another form used in processions, and also in orchestras, is the "kodaiko," smaller than the last. For processional use it is placed in a cubical frame suspended from a pole carried on the shoulders of two men, the drummer walking at the side and delivering vigorous blows on the parchment with two plain, thick sticks. Before the procession starts, this drum is placed at the temple gate, where it is beaten for two hours or more to summon the people. The "tsur-daiko" or "taiko" is a hanging



1 TEMPLE BELL; 2 SHIME DAIKO; 3 FOUYE FLUTES; 4 HICHIRIKI; 5 TEUKIGANE (BELL); 6 KAGURA TAIKO, TWO HEADED TEMPLE DRUM

drum used in the Bugaku orchestra. The Bugaku is the classical Chinese dance, which in its original form is still performed on state occasions at the palace in Tokyo. The "kodaiko" is hung in a circular frame on a stand. The sticks, which are provided with leather-covered knobs are designated "obachi" (the male stick) and mebachi (the female stick). The stand and frame are richly lacquered, and these terminate in the "kwa-yen," or flame ornament, and brass balls representing fire. Its special use in the orchestra is to mark what we should call the "bars," or hyoshi, i. e., the principal divisions of time. In China a small drum, the "kero," was used to mark the appearance of dawn. This is now used in Japan for marking the time in processional music. It is hung around the leader's neck by a cord which he holds in his left hand, together with a rattle, called "uri-tsuzumi."

Very important, too, are the snare-drums, or drums with braces. The largest is the "da-daiko," which is used on very great occasions in the Bugaku orchestra in place of the tsuri-daiko. It is erected on a high platform surrounded by a gold railing, and the drummer, whose duty it is to put all his strength into the blows, stands with his left foot on the platform, and his right on the upper step. A smaller variety is the "ni-daiko," a portable drum used in processions and carried on

a black lacquered pole, eight feet long, on the shoulders of two men. The small drum of the Bugaku orchestra—a painted wooden cylinder—is the "kakko," which came through China from Turkestan and Thibet. Its special function is to mark the beats of the music, which may be indicated in any one of three ways: either by a number of quick strokes with the left stick, increasing in speed ("katarai"); by a number of alternate blows with both sticks, also increasing in speed and making a slow "roll" ("moroai"); or by a single tap with the right stick ("sei"). A large form of the kakko drum is the "daibyōshi" (or "o-kakko"), which is used in the Kagura orchestra. The Karuga, it should be explained, is the true temple music, which originally typified the darkness of the world and the approaching dawn. The music is divide into parts, each one of which signified some scene in what was known as the "Drama of the Entreaty." The modern form of the Kagura is the short benedictory dance of the "scarlet-robed ladies" with their jangle of bells and waving of fans—a sight familiar to all visitors to the temples of Nikko. The longer dance, (Dai dai Kagura) is known as the dance of the eight virgins.

Perhaps the most common of all Japanese drums (and, I fear, the reader will think they are legion) is the "uta-daiko," or "song-drum." This is played in the theatres. It resembles the "kaiko," which is an enlarged and shortened form of the kakko.

There is also an interesting class of drums with dumb-bell-shaped bodies ("tsuzumi"). They were employed in China more than a thousand years before the time of Confucius to accompany the worship of the gods. In Japan their chief use is to supply the place of the kakko when the members of the orchestra play standing. These drums were made in three sizes and are designated "ikko," eight inches in diameter; "nino-tsuzumi" (not now used) ten inches in diameter; and "san-no-tsuzumi," a Chinese drum with a face diameter of about twelve inches. The last is only used for Korean music, but it was from this drum that the Japanese form was invented by the Crown Prince, Umayado at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The body of these drums is red and highly decorated. They have a leather face painted white and are provided with eight metal-faced holes through which red cords are passed.

The first metal instrument introduced into Japan was the "shoko," the gong of the Bugaku orchestra, and until brass instruments were made in Japan, it was used in place of the bugle to give signals of command. It is of bronze, saucer-shaped and measures five and a half inches in diameter. It is struck with two hard-knobbed sticks, and produces a very acute noise. A larger form of this is the "dai-shokō." Like the drum "da-daiko" (which it accompanies) it stands on a special platform provided with steps, draperies and tassels. The portable form of shoko is the "ni-shōko," carried by two men on a long pole in processions. It is made of gilt and has an elaborate frame on which are represented clouds and fire. The temple gong ("kei" or "hok-

yo"), stands on a platform to the right of the altar. It is made of solid metal three-fifths of an inch thick, often gilded and is suspended by curiously interlaced silk cords from a lacquer stand. The shape of the temple gongs may be roughly described as a truncated half lozenge. A large cup-shaped gong, the "dobachi," is used in the temple music. It is mounted on a cushion upon a lacquer stand and is struck with a short stick covered with leather. Its tone is said to be exceedingly beautiful. Other forms of the gong are the "doko," a small brass or copper gong from China; the "ken," a small affair originally made of porcelain and about the size of a goose egg, pierced with six holes and tapped with a stick; the "kuré-tsuzumi," a wooden ring struck with sticks; the "hi," a tea-cup shaped gong of porcelain, whose use was suggested by the sound of drinking cups striking against each other; the "shoku," a box of wood or metal with a movable clapper; the "moku-gyo," or "wooden fish" —a wooden gong struck with a padded stick, and formerly shaped like a fish bent backwards with its tail in its mouth, but now usually shaped like a bird; the "dora," a gong once used in China by night watchmen; and the "waniguchi," or "shark's mouth" gong, which hangs at the entrance to shrines and is struck by the worshippers by means of a rope hanging down in front.

Last to be considered in this group are the cymbals, of which there are several kinds, such as the "do-byoshi" made of brass; the "hyoshigi," hard wood clappers, which in the theatres are beaten on the floor rapidly to signify a state of confusion, and are also used by conductors of athletic,juggling and like performances, to attract attention, and by night watchmen to signalize their rounds through the streets; the "byakushi," which consists of nine long tablet-shaped pieces of hard wood or bamboo strung together and used as clappers; the "yotsudake," clappers of bamboo used in the theatres and also by beggars to attract the attention of the passers-by; and the "haku-han," another form of wooden clapper. In this group may also be included the rattle or "shaking drum," "uri-tsuzumi," which is played in processions; the "suzu," a rattle used by the "scarlet-robed ladies" when performing the benedictory dance in the temples; the "fūrin," or wind-bell, which is usually suspended at the four corners of the eaves of the temples; and the "mokkin," played with two knobbed sticks and composed of thirteen wooden tablets fixed in a frame or hollow box with handles having somewhat the form of a harmonicon.

Allusion has been made to the introduction of brass instruments into Japan, but I have been able to find mention of only three, all of which are bugles; the "rappa," used in camp and sometimes called the "foreigner's flute"; the "dōkaku," now sometimes made of copper, but formerly of wood; and the "charumera," a bugle with holes which is occasionally used in the theatres, but chiefly by persons selling sweetmeats on the streets.

The Onion

By James O'Neil

IF you could have seen Anastasia's guardian-angel you would have been moved to pity. What! pity for an angel? Yes, truly; for his once bright robes were torn and dirty; his wing-feathers draggled and broken, and his poor neck all twisted awry, so that he could only see over his left shoulder; and his eyes, dimmed by much weeping, were full of sorrow and despair. Yet only eighty years before he had been all bright and glorious. Then it was that he was notified that he was to be sent to Earth in a few days, to take charge of a newly-born child. Earth? Child? What was this? So he asked various questions, and was told to seek information from the older angels, who had already been to Earth to take care of human children. Some of these he found strolling in a shady part of the garden, most of them looking tired and care-worn, and all of them were talking the strangest sort of languages,—French, English, Russian; only our poor angel didn't know what they were talking—couldn't guess at all that they were just showing off their knowledge of earthly languages.

Humbly, as became his youth, he approached a group of his seniors, who were sitting in a summer house, and asked them in polite Paradisian if they would tell him something of the duties of a guardian-angel on Earth, saying that he had been appointed to such a post, and was anxious to know something about it before setting out.

"Well," they asked, "which is it —a boy or a girl?"

"But I don't know at all," he answered. "What is a 'boy'? And what is a 'girl'? I was told only that it was an earthly child that I should have to guard."

"You are a green one, to be sure!" they said. "But don't fret about it; you'll soon learn the difference when you get to earth. And remember, if it's a boy, to keep him away from the girls. And if it's a girl, it'll be best if she's ugly; the ugly ones give the least trouble. But if you have a girl to guard, and if she's not ugly, then you must arrange for her to be poor, or to break a leg, or to catch the small-pox, or something like that—otherwise you'll have your hands full, and never a minute to rest. Keep your eyes open, and look sharp. Adieu!"

Of all this our poor angel understood very little, and it was with many forebodings of evil that he said good-bye to his companions and stretched out his wings for his flight to earth.

The name of the street and number of the house in Moscow he remembered, and found without great difficulty, and just as the door opened to let the doctor out, in he slipped; and there, in a small dark room, he found a crowd of old

women dressing a newly-born child. Other guardian angels were fluttering about, and they told him that he was a little late, but he might begin his work at once.

"Is it a 'girl'?" he asked.

"Yes, it is," they said, "and as ugly as heart could wish!"

"But it screams so—" he objected.

"Yes, and it will scream more when it's stronger; but be patient until it's baptized, and then it will behave better—perhaps."

The baptism took place in a couple of days, but Anastasia Eudoxia Petronilla—as the infant was named—continued to give as much trouble as if no change had been effected; and, shame to tell, at the ceremony itself, she behaved scandalously. The sacristan grinned, the priest was in a rage, and it was then that the guardian-angel first began to look askance,—over his left shoulder.

And so it went on from day to day; no sooner had Anastasia come to the end of one fault than she plunged at once into another, till everybody had lost patience with her. Only the guardian-angel continued to hope that a better time would come; surely with her little green eyes, red hair and snub-nose, she was ugly enough to be good—as soon as her understanding would show her that only goodness could redeem her ugly face.

Vain hope! As years passed, Anastasia went from bad to worse. Scorning and scorned, hating and hated, she had a stormy life. Disobedient and impertinent as a child, sly and deceitful as a girl,—but to tell the story of the misdeeds of her later life is not our object; only if you count up eighty years of such a life as Anastasia led, you need not be surprised to find her guardian-angel with drooping, draggled feathers, torn and dirty robes, and a thrawn neck. Often and often he had followed her through labyrinths of sin and shame, saving her time and again from the disastrous physical effects of her misdeeds,—always hoping that she would take warning and mend her ways; always disappointed, but always ready to give her another chance.

Strange as it seems,—she being so bad and ugly,—in her twenty-fifth year she had found a man who was willing to marry her. This had surprised and displeased the angel, and he had warned the man, in dreams and otherwise, to abandon the project, but, deceived by Anastasia, and by his own foolishness, the man had disregarded all warnings and the marriage had been consummated.

Then, for a short time, the angel hoped that this change of life, in spite of his forebodings of ill, might produce some good effects in Anastasia: but, alas, it only served to give her more and worse opportunities of sinning. Very soon the man discovered that he had bound himself to the Seven Capital Sins, incorporate, and, in less than a year he had killed himself by drink. So the loss of his soul was set to Anastasia's account, but she only laughed when charged with it.

There was a crippled child born of this union, but it soon died of neglect, and so Anastasia was free to follow new paths to the "great bonfire." And still—and still the angel hoped. But at last the end

came; Anastasia died alone and unrepentant and went to her own place.

We would think,—knowing Anastasia's past career,—that the angel would have been overjoyed to be rid of his charge,—that he would have readjusted his neck, shaken out his wings, and flown straight back to Paradise before Anastasia's grave could be filled up. That is what we would have done, perhaps, but we are not angels; and that is not at all what Anastasia's angel did.

He sat down by her grave, when all was over, and began to recall the past,—to ask himself whether he had done everything possible to prevent Anastasia from going wrong. If he had been wiser and more experienced should he not have had more influence for good? What report could he make to God of his eighty years of inefficient work? Had he not often lost courage and hope when another effort might have made a turning point in Anastasia's life? Had he never been lax in his office? He a guardian-angel! From what sin had he ever guarded poor Anastasia? And many more questions came up in his mind as he sat there lamenting.

But ah! if God had only—

Nay—Nay; what evil thought was this!

Must he begin now to doubt God's goodness? Had Anastasia left such a bad influence behind her that he should be tainted with it? Was she now reaching out her hand from the place of torment to drag him after her? But now, the report. What account could he give to God of these eighty years? Carefully, day by day, he went over the past, trying to remember whether there was no one good deed that might stand to Anastasia's credit. At last a little light came into the Angel's eyes. Yes, there was something that he had forgotten; it had seemed so little at the time that he had not thought it worth remembering; but now, with nothing greater to place beside it to show how really trifling it was, it seemed of some importance, and, who could tell? Maybe God would see more in it than appeared probable. Hoping for the best, the angel shook out his wings and soared away to Paradise, to make his report. In the upper air he felt refreshed and strong again, and long before he reached the end of his flight, all traces of his earthly career had vanished; his old beauty and grace had come back, and as he entered Paradise, it seemed as if he had hardly been absent a day.

When he had given a true account of Anastasia's conduct, and of his own efforts to reclaim her, God asked: "Is that all?"

"No, O no," said the angel, "there is something more, and may be,—Thou only canst judge,—the motive outweighed the act."

"Let us hear; tell the act and we shall decide."

Fearing to be rebuked for trifling, and hoping that God would judge with clemency, the angel told as follows:

"One morning as Anastasia stood in the garden that she had swindled from her own sister (long ago dead in a poor-house), she had remarked that her cabbages were growing well, and that her one pear tree promised to yield much fruit; and

then, something like a smile of pleasure flitted over her wrinkled face—she was now in her fiftieth year—and just then she was aware of some one leaning on the fence that surrounded the garden. Anastasia walked over her onion-bed to see who it was, for her little green eyes were no longer good for much. There stood 'Praise-God Katinka,' an old beggar-woman, whose nickname was the result of the constant ejaculation with which she greeted all the trivial events of her daily life. Something moved Anastasia to salute her kindly; and not only that, but when she came near, she bent down and pulled up a young onion and handed it over the fence to Katinka.

"'The Lord reward you, Anastasia! And His name be praised!" she said.

"'Humph!' said Anastasia."

And when the angel had related all this to God, He also said, "Humph!" Then, after a pause, "Is that all?" He asked.

"Yes, that is all—but—"

"It is very little—very little," said God, "still if you think it is worth our consideration, I'll tell you what you may do, so as to test the worth of it. You can go back to Anastasia's old garden, and if you find another green onion in it, you may take it and then fly to—the bad place—you know—where Anastasia is, and hold it out to her; she will take hold of it, and if it be strong enough to lift her out and bear her till you can mount again with her here — why, then — yes, we'll take her in. Will you risk it?"

"Gladly, gladly!" said the angel, and having made obeisance, away he flew, straight down to Anastasia's old garden. Would there be another onion—at that time of year? Ah, praise God in the highest, yes, there was an onion just near the fence, where the other had grown. Taking it quickly the angel flew away to the bad place—to the burning lake, and, in danger of singeing his wings, he hovered over it. The fumes of sulphur nearly choked him, but, holding his left hand over his mouth, he cried through his fingers, "Anastasia! Anastasia!"

All at once a score of women, old and young, came bubbling and sputtering to the surface of the lake. "Is it me? Is it me?" they cried. The angel looked at them all, one by one, and said: "No, no; I want Anastasia Eudoxia Petronilla of Moscow."

"So, so?" they mocked; "then you must call louder, for she's down at the very bottom."

Then the angel called again through his fingers, louder than before: "Anastasia Eudoxia Petronilla!"

And, after a while, our Anastasia came bubbling and sputtering to the surface.

"Yes, yes; here I am! What is it? Have you come to take me out of this? Quick then, quick! Here —here I am!"

"I see you well," said the angel, "but whether I can lift you out, I do not know." And then he told her all that God had said.

"Yes, but you did find an onion! Surely you found an onion!" she cried.

"O, to be sure, I have the onion; but if it be strong enough to bear you up, is the question; will you risk it?"

"Will I risk it! Of course I will risk it. Quick, here with it! I'm not so very heavy."

"You, no; but your sins,—think of them; they will be heavy enough to break a thousand onions, if you still cherish them."

"Never you fear! You give me a hold of the onion, and we shall soon see. Can't you understand that I am in a hurry to get out?"

"Take hold then," and the angel hovered nearer, and Anastasia at once grasped the green spikes of the onion.

Slowly, very slowly, the angel began to mount, and, greatly wondering, he perceived that the onion did not break. Then the other Anastasias, seeing what was happening, came up clamouring: "And me! And me!" they howled. "Pull me out too!" And just as Anastasia was nearly out they clutched at her legs, and clung to her, and to each other.

"Get away! Leave go of me!" screamed Anastasia, and she shook and kicked in mortal fear that this added weight would break the onion. But the others clung fast, and still the angel mounted higher and higher, and still the onion did not break, although such a long chain of screaming, struggling women dangled from it.

"I tell you hags to let go!" howled Anastasia. "You're just pulling my legs off! And it's not your onion,—it's mine! Do you hear, you old hell-cats!"

But still they clung, and still the onion did not break. And now, see! Already the gates of Paradise were in sight, almost one could hear the sound of harps.

"But no! and no! and no!" roared Anastasia. "These jades shall never get into Paradise on my onion! I'll—I'll let go of it myself first!"

Then she made a greater effort and wriggled and kicked herself loose from the others. With a loud cry of terror and despair the long chain of women fell off—down—down—back into the burning lake.

"Ouf!" gasped Anastasia; "good riddance to them! they would have shamed me; now in I go alone."

But just as she heard St. Peter fumbling with his keys, the green spikes of the onion snapped in her fingers and broke; and she, echoing the cry of the others, fell headlong after them.

"Ouf!" said the angel, "now I must go in alone."

Mastery

By Florence Kiper

Do not entreat Life, but command!
She bullies those who beg her grace.
But take thou once the master's stand,
And she assumes the servant's place.

The Japanese in New England

By K. K. Kawakami

WHEN a Japanese first sets foot on the Pacific coast of America, he is at once struck with a sensation of utter alienation and unspeakable bewilderment in his new surroundings. In the urban district, the gigantic skyscrapers and the towering chimneys impress him as monstrous and grotesque, as if raising mountains of masonry with seas of labor in turmoil at their base: outside of the town, he marvels at the wonderful vastness of the country permeated with a mingled appearance of roughness and cultivation. With this scenery before him, he feels all the more forcibly that he is transported many thousands of miles away from his home. This sensation of estrangement grows more and more intense as he speeds eastward by a trans-continental express, traversing the grim, boundless wildernesses of Montana or Wyoming, and then the vast fields of the Middle West waving, as far as eye can reach, with wonderfully rich crops of wheat and corn. And every city he passes through intensifies his first impression of San Francisco or Seattle—its clanging trolleys; its thundering elevated trains; the sullen majesty of its huge block-buildings; above all, the ceaseless roar of its traffic and the tumults of its hustling and jostling street crowds. Everywhere he feels the presence of tremendous mechanism built up by forces of sheer intellect: everywhere, the absence of delicacy and fascination effected by the combination of the emotional ideals of mankind with the work of Nature.

Extending his pilgrimage into the heart of New England, however, he is at last greeted by environment which touches the inner cords of his heart. "Here!" he exclaims with joy, "here, at last, I am back at home from a lonely exile!" His observation is superficial—very superficial, it is true; but to him, who had no opportunity of appreciating the wholehearted kindness and wholesome simplicity of the Great West, the New England atmosphere appears to have something attractive and endearing. Here, indeed, he finds the counterpart of those fascinating landscapes which in his native land enchant him at every turn — those giant cedars adorning moss-grown or ivy-mantled temples; those craggy projections and those tawny headlands embracing luminous harbors and picturesque inlets; those splintered shores barricaded with rocky archipelagoes whose cliffs are washed by the never-quieting surfs of the ocean; and the breezy uplands carpeted with wild flowers and re-echoing with the carolling of nightingales and larks. Of monstrous display of wealth there is enough to appall him in the metropolitan cities of New England: but, in spite of that, the country is permeated

with an air of fineness that he missed in the Western states. Furthermore, as his sojourn draws longer, he begins to find in true New Englanders still under the potent spell of Puritan traditions, a character not dissimilar to that of the true Japanese samurai, behind whose formal coldness is hidden capacities of genuine friendship and enduring kindness. In New England, then, a Japanese feels more at home than in any other place in America, if he be only endowed with the capacity to observe things with critical eyes and fortunate enough to enter the circles of real New Englanders.

Albeit all this endearing environment, the Japanese residents in New England are not numerous. There is hardly a single Japanese engaged in agricultural pursuits in this part of the country. The alluring landscape is not always coupled with the bountifulness of the soil. The craggy topography of New England, though it appeals to poetic fancies, is not calculated to attract utilitarian home-seekers. Those Japanese who live in New England with the intention to stay indefinitely, are engaged in various mercantile business in large cities, mostly in Boston. No recent statistics are obtainable of the Japanese population in New England, but the United States census shows that in 1900 there were in the entire New England states eighty-nine Japanese, of which number Massachusetts claimed fifty-three, while Rhode Island and Connecticut had thirty-one, the remaining five having belonged to Maine and New Hampshire. A considerable portion of this population is liable to shift, as it consists of people who seek employment in the capacity of domestics. But by far the most important class consists of those who have established independent business in Boston, or in the summer resorts on the Atlantic coast, most of them being owners of stores, dealing in fancy goods, china ware, curios and bric-a-brac imported from the Mikado's land.

The city of Boston has at present some six Japanese stores, some of which have been here for several decades. Most of the proprietors of these Japanese stores had tried their hands in different parts of this country, before they settled in the city. "From my own experience," one of them told me, "I can say that this is a very good place for my line of business. The Bostonians know how to appreciate the real Japanese articles, not the gaudy, obtrusive imitations which are revolting to serene Japanese taste. Of course, you can't expect to make much money here in a short time—people don't hustle here, and things go very slowly; but then we Japanese weren't used to the 'git-up-and-git' sort of way of doing business, anyway." Another merchant, whose store is the oldest established of all the Japanese stores in Boston, explained to me that there was a time when the quiet, serene sorts of Japanese art goods did not appeal to his customers at all even in this city whose reputation as the centre of refinement and culture in America is without rivalry. He was then forced simply to save his business from ruin, to cater to the "horrid" taste of the Americans, as he expresses it, and import goods made exclusively for foreign trade

and without a semblance of similarity to the genuine Japanese objects. But a striking change has gradually been wrought upon American taste during the past few decades, as is evidenced in the growing popularity of more quiet colors in wall papers or simpler and more graceful designs in pottery. The Bostonians of to-day are, this Japanese merchant remarks, keen enough to discriminate the genuine from imitated Japanese art ware. They now fully appreciate the subdued and quiet tones of Japanese prints, the delicate, and simple designs of the Satsuma or the Arima ware, or a rough bit of old bronze which to an unsophisticated eye may seem no more valuable than a lump of iron.

It is a striking fact that not one of these Japanese is an American citizen. Their business interests are growing greater year by year; a few of them are even married to American women; they love the delightful scenery of the New England states; they are to all intents and purposes, planning to remain indefinitely in this country: and yet they are living here as pilgrims and strangers, looking upon the affairs of this state as alien to themselves and the inner principles of their lives. And why? Not so much because these patriotic sons of Nippon are reluctant to sever allegiance to the Mikado, as because the law of this country denies them the right to become naturalized. Looked upon by their American cousins as aliens, they also look upon the Americans as strangers, save in business dealings. They cannot help feeling bitter, when they consider themselves, rightly or mistakenly, as competent and virtuous as any immigrant from Europe who is easily allowed to become an American citizen merely because fate decreed that he should have a skin somewhat different from theirs. Some of them applied for naturalization papers in spite of the law: of course their applications were invariably rejected. They think such a law as this unjust and unreasonable, and resent it in their quiet Oriental way, but none the less bitterly. Small wonder, then, that these Japanese residents in Massachusetts maintain but little sentiment of loyalty toward the country of their adoption.

But let us come back to the proper scope of this article. No article on the Japanese in New England would be complete which overlooks the potent influence she has exerted upon Japanese civilization. Aside from the Japanese population engaged in various mercantile business, New England has always had a considerable number of youthful subjects of the Mikado pursuing various studies at her educational institutions. The names of Harvard and Yale had been known among the Japanese long before Columbia or Johns Hopkins became popular, and it was mainly to these New England universities that the Mikado's Empire in the early days of its new regime sent the flower of its youth to be trained in modern science and philosophy. Harvard educated two of the most brilliant of our younger statesmen in the persons of Barons Komura and Kaneko; Yale produced such prominent jurists, financiers, scientists, and educators as

Drs. Hatoyama, Tajiri, Mitsukuri and Yamagawa, whose important service in their respective fields of study will forever be remembered by their countrymen. Even such a minor institution as Andover College boasts of having produced the foremost educationist, Mr. J. Naruse, who, as a pioneer of the higher female education and as a founder of the first women's university in Japan, has made invaluable contribution toward the advancement of our conception of education. These younger geniuses assisted, either directly or indirectly, the "elder statesmen" of Japan with a store of knowledge which they acquired during their college days in New England. They are as much responsible for the rapid advancement of Japan as the adroit Marquis Yamagata or the shrewd Marquis Ito who in the stormy days of the Mei-ji era successfully steered the ship of State. From New England, furthermore, our students, in later days, carried back with them to the Land of the Rising Sun many new doctrines and conceptions, whether political, social or religious, all calculated to enrich the intellectual life of the island nation. New England, then, is, in a sense, the mother of the new civilization in Japan.

Here it may not be out of place to devote a few words to a young Japanese scholar who, as an instructor at Dartmouth College and author of the admirable book, "The Russo-Japanese Conflict," is well known among the academicians of this country—I refer to Dr. K. Asakawa. A Master of Arts of Dartmouth College and Doctor of Philosophy of Yale University, Mr. Asakawa occupies the chair of Oriental history at the Dartmouth institution, and is perhaps the only Japanese who has ever been admitted into an American college as a regular member of its faculty.

The Japanese students in New England, almost without exception, go back, after four or five happy college years, to their kimonoed fathers and mothers — to their household shrines where the spirits of their ancestors rest in eternal peace. Yet, they never cease to cherish fond memory of their New England days: they remember those jolly evenings of college socials; they are ever grateful to their alma mater and their kind professors; they never forget those good old ladies who harbored them under their roofs and looked after their well-being with motherly kindness; they recall once and again the wonderful scenic beauties of the northern coast of the Atlantic which was their favorite resort during their summer vacations. It was my privilege, during the memorable peace conference at Portsmouth, to be acquainted with Baron Komura. One evening, several of us sat with him by the beach at the Kittery point enjoying a soft, delicious ocean breeze. "Ah!" uttered the Baron, looking toward the distant hills whose vague contour was seen through the grey twilight hovering over the placid bay before us, "What a delightful scenery! It makes me think of my New England days. How I loved to ramble with Emerson's Essays or Longfellow's poems under my arm, in the woods, among the hills, and by the seashore!"

As I write this, I recall a touch-

ing story of a Japanese son of New England. It was nearly a generation ago. A young Japanese came to New Haven to study at Yale University. During his stay in this Connecticut city, he lived with an aged lady who took care of him with the tenderness of a real mother. With the characteristic affection of a Japanese son, this promising scholar appreciated the kindness of his "American mother," as he called this old lady, and since his return to Japan he never neglected to write to her. When Dr. Mitsukuri—which is the name of this student,—revisited this country after an interval of some thirty years, during which he had become one of the foremost scientists in Japan, he immediately wended his way to his old "American home" in New Haven to take his "American mother" with him into his home at Tokio. And so this aged lady is now living in a luminous paper-screened house in the quiet suburbs of the Mikado's capital to enjoy the rest of her life with her devoted Japanese son, and, indeed, with his Japanese parents. Is it not a beautiful picture—this union of the East and West by the invisible bond of tender affection and fraternity?

In conclusion, I sincerely hope, as do all my compatriots in this country, that the time is not far off when they will be allowed to share the rights and duties of unqualified American citizenship: when they are no longer looked upon as strangers unconcerned with the woe and weal of the Republic.

Sleep

By Gertrude Huntington McGiffert

Time's ancient benediction, gentle sleep;
The miracle and mystery of the years,
Perchance the surge and sweep from other spheres,
Wide worlds of sweet forgetting. Surge and sweep
Perchance of tidal wave from far off deep
Of God's remembered life. From some dim shore,
Unheard amid the day's insistent roar,
Float vague strange echoes that divinely keep
A mystic sense of Presence in our breast,
A sense of soul paths through the star strewn haze,
Where dimly glide the shadows of the days.
There, Sphinx-like, brooding o'er eternal ways,
The Spirit's Hospice stands, where each may rest
Enfolded in the infinite—God's guest.

Seekers after Truth

By Frances Weld Danielson

"'TISN'T as if we were babies and had to believe everything we're told," said the Boy Twin.

"Nor 'sif you was older'n me," said the Girl Twin. "Of course, any one only four—"

"I is out of petticoats, and you isn't," argued the Small Boy, which was certainly undeniable.

"We'll be Seekers after Truth," suggested the Boy Twin, impressively.

The other children looked somewhat askance. Visions came before them of their mother, a virtuous woman, no doubt, but seeking neither the proverbial wool nor flax, as their attire too plainly showed—only this intangible something she called Truth; with her coterie of fellow-seekers carrying the quest into distant cities; gazing always abstractedly beyond people, as though the object of her search were just over their heads. Once when the Girl Twin had been punished at school for a lie, and the teacher had said, "Now will you tell the truth?" the Girl Twin had answered, "I will when mother finds it."

"If there isn't a Santa Claus there isn't, and that's all there is to it and I guess we can stand it." The mantle of the Boy Twin's mother had assuredly fallen upon him. She had left the sterile region of outgrown creed for the fertile plain of Modern Thought with no greater stoicism.

"But the reindeer—I heard 'em," broke in the Girl Twin. "I heard 'em pattering over the roof. It was when we were five."

"There!" breathed the Small Boy. Here, verily, were facts. "There!"

"It was—maybe—mice," said the Seeker after Truth. "You never—you didn't—see Him?"

It was really getting dark in the attic. Long black things were creeping stealthily from their lairs under the eaves, where they hid all day, watching. In spite of the quilts it was cold, so cold that the Small Boy's spine wriggled and he moved away from the spinning wheels and nearer the Girl Twin. Her eyes were big and wide.

"What do you see in that corner?" whispered the Small Boy.

She paid no attention to the interruption. "I could 'uv," she said softly, and with such conviction that even the Seeker after Truth was affected. "I heard the patter on the roof. I heard the Whoa. I saw the stockings hanging over the fireplace. I felt Him in the room. But—I never looked."

"Scared!" said the Boy Twin disdainfully.

"So'd I er been," put in the Small Boy, and to his astonishment was instantly made to feel his sympathy was misplaced.

"No, I wasn't," declared the Girl Twin. "But I knew he 'spected to find us asleep. It would 'uv been unpolite. I couldn't look."

"No-o," said the Boy Twin. "No, you couldn't."

"Poh! We peek in at Aunt Lou and the minister, when she 'spects us to be asleep," remarked the Small Boy.

"Sh!" said the Boy Twin, "that's different. Is Aunt Lou or the minister bringing us toys or caring about us, or doing anything except to grab hold of each others' hands when they ain't running and there's no sense to it?"

The Small Boy meekly subsided. It was a fine point of honor, which he was unable to perceive, but he realized perfectly that age has limitations.

"How'll we find out?" asked the Girl Twin. "I know. But how'll you find out that Santa Claus is him?"

The Boy Twin considered. A Seeker after Truth must be brave and self-sacrificing. He manfully put away the memory of a gun, for weeks the subject of artful hints to the grandmother. "We won't take presents from any one but Him," he finally announced, his lips assuming the identical line of his mother's when she refused the Cup because of the Creed.

"Then we mightn't have any," said the Small Boy, with trembling lips, the demon of scepticism taking possession of his soul.

"Wouldn't you trust Santa Claus?" demanded the Girl Twin, and in loyalty to his cherished Saint the Small Boy withdrew his objections.

"Only I hope he knows it's a ball I want," he murmured, "and not a soft one, either, that won't hurt you if it hits you."

The family greeted this plan of no gifts characteristically. The mother, being at present persuaded that matter exists but as a form of Mind, smiled with a vague idea of Bravery as a substitute for a Drum, the Maternal Passion for a Doll, and Tenderness for a Pet Dog. The money-making father imagined that he beheld in his children the commercialism of the age, and assured them that the cash value of their gifts should go on interest at once. Aunt Lou thought with delight of the additional sum she could now devote to the minister's testament. The grandmother saw in the proposition the dawning of the missionary spirit. "Of course, dears," she said, "some poor little boys and girls shall be given your presents. Now who shall have my big boy's?"

"Some one quite far off," answered the Boy Twin, hastily, having a startling mental picture of the O'Harrity youngster shooting his gun in his very face, as it were. "I should say the Chinese."

Uncle Ned alone made no comment, and to him alone was confided the real reason. And of course he did not laugh. He never did laugh, in that aggravating, meaningless fashion so common in grown-ups. When there was cause he could laugh heartily enough, but always with you, never at you. He simply said, "Hm! So you're putting the old fellow on his honor!" And then he showed his appreciation of the scheme by considering it gravely a long time.

It was Uncle Ned who saw that the stockings were hung as usual above the nursery fireplace, Christmas eve, after every one was abed. No one else must know of it. Of course, if the test were successful it would be all right, but suppos-

ing the old Saint should disappoint! A sort of protective loyalty made the conspirators resolve that no unsympathetic eye should witness his possible treachery.

The chill of the early gray of dawn was no colder than the chill that struck to the soul of the Boy Twin, as he saw from his bed the dim but limp outlines of the three stockings. He lay battling with himself to get up and feel them. But as long as he lay there Hope still lived, the childhood belief was not entirely shattered. Doubt struggled with it, but Unbelief alone could kill it. The Girl Twin slept peacefully, the curve of her rosy lips telling of her perfect trust. Still, you remember, the Girl Twin had heard the steps of the reindeer. The Small Boy murmured in his sleep about his ball.

Suddenly the Boy Twin began to feel the burden of a great responsibility. He could bear to doubt, to disbelieve—but they, the Girl, the Small Boy! Plans for a ruse filled his brain. He had a ball—why not?

Furtively he glided toward the fireplace; his tread was the weary tread of the disillusioned. Slowly his hand went out, and then quickly back. Ah, he couldn't, for then he should know! But another moment found the hand again approaching the stocking—his own. It yielded emptily to his grasp. But hark—wasn't that a rustle? The hand went inside and came out holding a note. He darted to the window and with trembling fingers opened it and read, in stilted, old-fashioned writing:

"You put me on my honor as a gentleman, and as a gentleman I give you my word that I do live, but only to those who love me. To those who doubt me I do not exist."

The Boy Twin shuddered. How narrow had been his escape!

"Many people, who see only with their eyes, cannot believe in me. Those older ones who still believe in me are ever young."

"Uncle Ned's one," muttered the Boy Twin, "but you better believe Aunt Lou isn't, and I guess the Minister never was."

"Ah, these old, unbelieving ones little know that often I compel them to make gifts from my own pack, and that never a present would be given except for me. However, this year, because you have tested me, I will test you by giving you no presents — except that the Small Boy must have his ball—but myself. That gift should indeed bless you. For you there shall ever be a Santa Claus."

"No presents but Him," whispered the Boy Twin, as the first warm rays of the sun stole away the chill of morning.

The Girl Twin was not so rapturous. "Poh! I knew it anyway," she said, "and there are no presents."

"But s'posing there hadn't been anything—no Him?"

The Girl Twin's eyes widened and glowed. "There had to be," she said, "because there was!"

The Small Boy was fumbling with his stocking. "Got my ball," he said, "so he's all right."

At dusk four figures, wrapped in warm quilts, stole up the attic stairs. Aunt Lou and the Minister occupied the sitting-room, and, as the Small Boy scornfully reported, after a prolonged keyhole interview, had kissed each other when it was

neither good morning nor good night, and so obviously no occasion for it. The Seekers after Truth were meeting in the parlor. As the ghostly procession wound up the stairs a cultured voice could be heard preaching, "As Saint Nicholas is the impersonation of the spirit of a season, so has man endeavored to personify his Belief. My friends, why strive to embody the Ethereal, to materialize the Immaterial? Why not live in the Unseen? Spirit only exists—" Uncle Ned closed the attic door with a smile.

"Of course," said the Boy Twin, when they were seated, and the biggest wheel of all set humming, "I do miss my presents. But you see, when a fellow thinks he's lost an old chum, like Santa Claus; and finds he hasn't, why, presents don't count."

The Girl Twin folded her arms about her rag doll. She had longed for a fashionable child, and she had not needed to be convinced, but the rag doll was very lovable.

The Small Boy said little. He was content. He had his ball.

Uncle Ned looked lovingly at them. "My children," he said, "never let them make you doubt the good old Saint. Remember, that if for you he does not exist, it is because love and faith and childhood have gone from you, and you see only with your eyes. Remember, my children, that the things not seen with your eyes, those only are real."

A door slammed. The Seekers after Truth had completed another afternoon's hunt, without having run their quarry to earth. The snow crunched. It was only the very old Minister leaving the very old Aunt Lou, after a practical talk on those very real things, Housekeeping and Salary.

There was a swift patter on the attic roof. After a breathless pause, the young Seeker after Truth remarked casually, "Let me see, I s'pose this would be the route back to the North Pole from China!"

Great Hearts

By Marie LeRoy Leahy

Hearts that are great beat never loud,
They muffle their music, when they come;
They hurry away from the thronging crowd.
With bended brows and lips half dumb.
And the world looks on and mutters—"Proud"
But when great hearts have passed away
Men gather in awe and kiss their shroud,
And in love they kneel around their clay.
Hearts that are great are always lone,
They never will manifest their best;
Their greatest greatness is unknown—
Earth knows little—God, the rest.

Massachusetts Bench and Bar

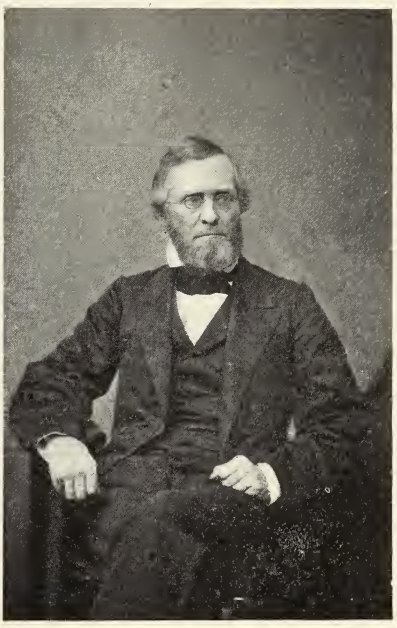
By Stephen O. Sherman and Weston F. Hutchins

VII

Vexing Questions of State and Church

The Doctrine of State Rights as Expounded by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts—Radical Views Expressed by Josiah Quincy on that Subject—Celebrated Bank Litigation—The Unauthorized Act of a Cashier Leads to a Long and Expensive Controversy—Suit to Recover a Communion Service Results Favorably to Unitarianism.

IT is difficult today to believe that so eminent a man as Theophilus Parsons gave an opinion while Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts that upheld the doctrine of State Rights for which the Southern states at a later period fought and lost.



E. ROCKWOOD HOAR

In 1812 the most intense bitterness existed between the Federalists and the Republicans or Democrats. The Federalists were accused of inordinate devotion to England, hatred of France, and contempt for their own government, while the Democrats were charged with excessive friendship for France, hostility to England, and seeking the ruin of their own country.

It was during this period of political animosity that war with Great Britain was declared. Governor Strong of Massachusetts was an ardent Federalist, as was also Chief Justice Parsons. When a Democratic president, James Madison, through the Secretary of War called upon Massachusetts to furnish troops, Governor Strong propounded the following interrogatories to the Supreme Court.

"I. Whether the Commanders in Chief of the militia of the several states have a right to determine whether any of the exigencies contemplated by the Constitution of the United States exist, so as to require them to place the militia, or any part of it, in the service of the

United States, at the request of the President, to be commanded by him, pursuant to act of Congress.

II. Whether, when either of the exigencies exists authorizing the employing of the militia in the service of the United States, the militia thus employed can be lawfully commanded by any officer but of the militia, except by the President of the United States."

The opinion of the Supreme Court written by Chief Justice Parsons after specifying the exigencies under which the militia of the state can be called into the service of the United States says that the "militia may be employed, pursuant to some act of Congress in the service of the United States; but no power is given, either to the President or to the Congress, to determine that either of the said exigencies does in fact exist. As this power is not delegated to the United States by the Federal Constitution nor prohibited by it to the states it is reserved to the states respectively, and from the nature of the power it must be exercised by those with whom the states have respectively entrusted the chief command of the militia.

"It is the duty of these commanders to execute this important trust agreeably to the laws of their several states respectively, without reference to the laws or officers of the United States, in all cases except those specifically provided for in the Federal Constitution. They must therefore determine when either of the special cases exists obliging them to relinquish the execution of this trust and to render themselves and the militia subject to the command of the President.

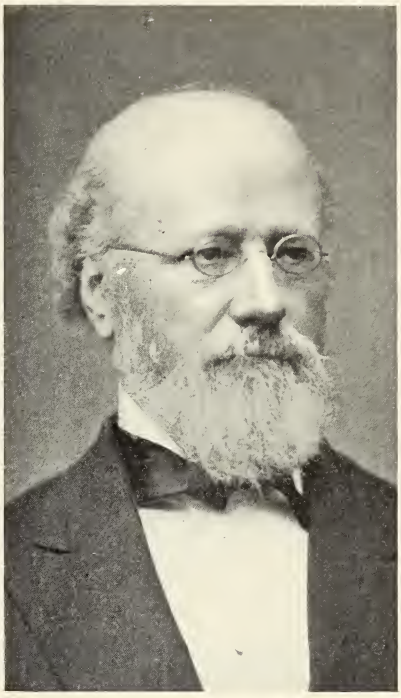
"A different construction, giving to Congress the right to determine when those special cases exist, authorizing them to call forth the whole of the militia, and taking them from the commanders in chief of the several states, and subjecting them to the command of the President, would place all the militia in effect at the will of Congress and produce a military consolidation of the state, without any constitutional remedy, against the intention of the people when ratifying the Federal Constitution. Indeed, since the passing of the Act of Congress of February 28, 1795, vesting in the President the power of calling forth the militia, when the exigencies mentioned in the Constitution shall exist; if the President has the power of determining when those exigencies exist, the militia of the several states is in fact at his command, and subject to his control.

"No inconveniences can reasonably be presumed to result from the construction which vests in the commanders in chief of the militia in the several states the right of determining when the exigencies exist, obliging them to place the militia in the service of the United States. These exigencies are of such a nature that the existence of them can be easily ascertained by or made known to, the commanders in chief of the militia; and when ascertained, the public interest will induce a prompt obedience to the Acts of Congress.

"Another question proposed to the consideration of the Justices, is whether, when either of the exigencies exist, authorizing the employing of the militia in the service

of the United States, the militia thus employed can be lawfully commanded by any officer but of the militia, except the President of the United States.

"The Federal Constitution declares that the President shall be the Commander in Chief of the Army of the United States. He may undoubtedly exercise this command by officers of the Army of the United States, by him commissioned according to law. The President is also declared to be the Commander in Chief of the militia of the several states when called into the actual service of the United States. The officers of the militia are to be appointed by the state and the President may exercise his command of the militia by the officers of the militia duly appointed. But we know of no constitutional provision, authorizing any officer of the Army of the United States to command the militia, or authorizing any officer of the militia to command the Army of the United States. The Congress may provide laws for the government of the militia, when in actual service; but to extend this power to the placing of them under the command of an officer, not of the militia, except the President, would render nugatory the provision, that the militia are to have officers appointed by the state.



CHARLES THEODORE RUSSELL

"The union of the militia in the actual service of the United States, with the troops of the United States, so as to form one army, seems to be a case not provided for, or contemplated in the Constitution. It is not therefore within our department to determine on which the command would devolve in such an emergency, in the absence of the President. Whether one officer, either of the militia, or of the Army of the United States, to be settled according to military rank, should command the whole; whether the corps must be commanded by their respective officers, acting in concert as allied forces; or what other expedient should be adopted, are questions to be answered by others."

A few years later Josiah Quincy, who represented Massachusetts in the Congress of the United States, in what is regarded by many persons as his ablest speech, against the admission of Louisiana into the Union, uttered these words:—

"I am compelled to declare it as my deliberate opinion, that if this

bill passes, the bonds of the Union are virtually dissolved, that the states which compose it are free from their moral obligations, and that as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, to prepare definitely for separation; amicably if they can, violently if they must. The bill if it passes would be a death blow to the Constitution. It may afterwards linger for awhile; but lingering, its fate, at no very distant period, will be consummated."

The State National Bank became the defendant in 1867 in suits that involved the most peculiar, and complicated state of facts ever known to arise in litigation. At that time speculation in stocks and securities had reached an acute stage, especially as to gold, which commanded a large premium. The firm of Mellen, Ward & Carter, bright and active young men, was very prominent in the market and engaged in large transactions, among them an effort to corner the stock of the Copper Falls Mining Company. The cashier of the United States sub-treasury, Julius H. Hartwell, had had dealings with Mellen, Ward & Carter, three years before, resulting in his becoming indebted to them on account of losses which he had been unable to pay. In the summer of 1866 Carter gave Hartwell a voluntary receipt in full upon the understanding that Hartwell should aid his firm in various ways.

At different times thereafter Hartwell let Carter have large sums of money, represented by gold certificates, the amount being always returned to the vaults of the sub-treasury in time for the periodical examination of Hartwell's accounts.

In the month of February, 1867, the amount owed by Mellen, Ward & Carter to Hartwell was $940,000. Hartwell learned that there was to be a special examination of treasury funds and informed Carter of that fact. Carter agreed that the money should be returned. The plan devised by him was to buy gold certificates in New York, bring them to Boston and borrow money on them of the Merchants' National Bank; he then proposed to get Charles H. Smith, cashier of the State Bank to pay for these certificates and leave them with Hartwell during the examination. Hartwell made no objection to this plan but he thought Smith would. It was, however, carried into effect by Carter, but Hartwell had no agency in it, other than to receive the money paid to him by Carter.

During the year 1866 and the early part of 1867, the Merchants' National Bank, by contract with Mellen, Ward & Carter, took from them, at sundry times, amounts of gold, purchasing the same at $125 currency for each $100 in gold with the right in Mellen, Ward & Carter to repurchase the gold at the same rate upon their paying the bank six per cent. on the currency so delivered. The transactions of this kind were numerous, and prior to February 1867 amounted to hundreds of thousands of dollars.

At that time gold coin and gold certificates were worth $140 currency for every hundred dollars in gold.

About a week previous to February 28, 1867, Carter went to the State Bank, and told Smith that he

had been employed by the United States Assistant Treasurer in Boston to make an exchange of gold certificates for gold coin and that he expected to have the certificates at the Merchants' National Bank within a short time, and asked Smith if he would certify the checks of Mellen, Ward & Carter at the rate of $125 in currency for $100 in gold, on receiving the gold certificates as security; saying that the checks so certified would not be presented to the State Bank for payment, or passed through the Clearing House, but that he (Carter) would take them up at the Merchants' National Bank from the proceeds of the sale of the gold coin, and had made arrangements with the Merchants' National Bank to that effect. Smith told Carter that on those conditions he would certify the checks.



JOHN H. CLIFFORD

Carter also said that it would be necessary to deposit the gold certificates at the sub-treasury for examination, and that Smith was to have a receipt from the cashier of the sub-treasury for them.

The arrangement was carried out, and Hartwell at the sub-treasury gave Mellen, Ward & Company receipts for the gold certificates, the same to be exchanged for gold certificates, or its equivalent upon their order or demand. Carter endorsed these receipts to Smith.

Of the $940,000 to make good the account of Hartwell on the morning of the day of the examination there was lacking more than $100,000, and Carter induced Smith to issue to him a draft on New York for $125,000 with the understanding that he was immediately to receive $100,000 in gold certificates, which were to be sent directly to the bank, but which never came. The proceeds of that check for $125,000 endorsed by Hartwell, were deposited in the sub-treasury, and by these schemes Boston banks were defrauded, and the abstraction of moneys from the United States was made good.

When Smith certified the check to Mellen, Ward & Carter, that firm had no funds in the State Bank, and Smith was led to certify these checks in the belief, based on Carter's assurances, that the gold certificates would come into his possession and that when he delivered them to the sub-treasury and obtained receipts for the amount, he could the next day get the gold in return, on presenting the receipts at the sub-treasury, and that the

gold in the meantime would be as safe in the vaults of the sub-treasury as in those of the State National Bank. Smith had no knowledge or suspicion of any improper use of the money of the government by Hartwell or Carter, or of any of the fraudulent schemes resorted to by Carter to replace the money in the sub-treasury.

Hartwell, upon finding the funds under his charge intact dared not longer continue his relations with Carter, and made a confession to the Sub-Treasurer of what he had done. The firm of Mellen, Ward & Carter collapsed on that day and a few months later all parties concerned served terms of imprisonment, except Carter who fled the country never to return.

Suits were then begun by the Merchants' and the Second National Bank, against the State Bank. The counsel for the Merchant's Bank were Sidney Bartlett, Josiah G. Abbott and Thornton K. Lothrop, while the State Bank had Benjamin R. Curtis, Benjamin F. Thomas and C. B. Goodrich. Before the suits came to trial, the Merchants' Bank proposed a settlement on the following terms: the Merchants' Bank would agree to bear a proportion of the loss equal to the ratio of capital of the two banks. The Merchants' capital being $3,000,000 and the State's $2,000,000, the Merchants' would bear three-fifths, and the State two-fifths of the loss, and then suits should be brought against the government in the Court of Claims to recover the full amount.

The State Bank submitted the proposition to its attorneys who unanimously decided that the case was so strong they would not advise the State Bank to accept it.

At the hearing of the case before Judge Clifford of the United States Circuit Court he ordered a verdict for the defendant, holding that the power to certify checks is not inherent in the office of a cashier of a national bank, nor is the exercise of such a power within the scope of his ordinary duties. The United States Supreme Court reversed that decision and held "that a cashier of a bank, by virtue of his office, and as an incident thereto, had power to certify checks to be good."

The case was then settled on the payment of $388,613.99 by the State to the Merchants' Bank, and the State Bank also ended other litigation arising out of the action of its cashier.

In July, 1875, the suit brought by the State and Merchants' Banks against the government before the Court of Claims, was decided in favor of the banks and against the government. The United States Attorney General appealed from that decision to the Supreme Court of the United States, which, eleven years after the wrongdoing of Hartwell, affirmed the decision of the Court of Claims. Mr. Justice Swayne, who delivered the opinion, said "that it ought not to require argument, or authorities to support the proposition, that where the money or property of an innocent person had gone into the treasury of the United States by means of fraud, to which its agent was a party, such money or property cannot be held by the United States against the claim of the wronged or injured party."

On July 1, 1878, the State Bank

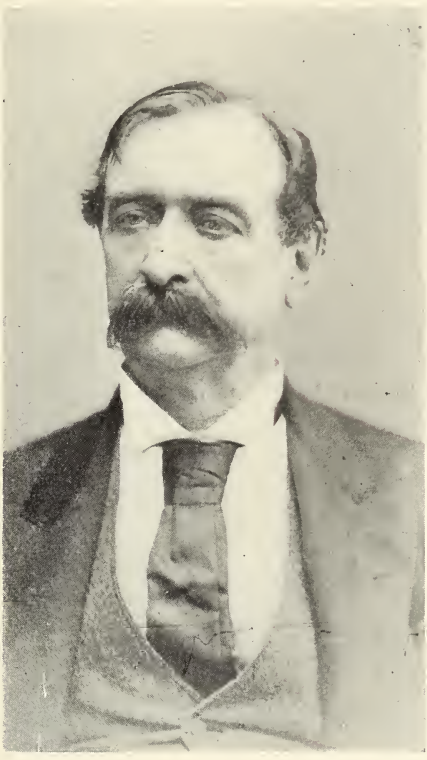
received from the government $550,027.40 in gold, one-half of which was paid over to the Merchant's National Bank. In 1890 the government paid the $100,000 which represented the proceeds of the draft made good by the endorsement of the cashier of the State Bank in 1867, and the latter paid to the Second National Bank its proportional share of that amount.

The total net amount realized by the State Bank from the government was $338,770.25, yet the losses of the premium on gold, interest and legal expenses incurred in the various suits during the twenty years litigation, cost the bank about $500,000, of which $85,000 was expended for legal services.

A church controversy involving the essential elements of a religious body would seem a strange proceeding to-day before the Supreme Court, but a century ago men had very positive convictions on sectarian matters and were not willing to make concessions. Accordingly the highest judicial tribunal was frequently called upon to decide disputed points and the early reports include quite a number of opinions based on religious questions.

The most important of this class of cases arose in Dedham in 1818 and questions of law were then settled that no attempt has since been made to disturb.

Beginning in 1641 and continuing for many years thereafter, large grants of land and many other donations were made to the First Church at Dedham and a substantial annual income was realized, sufficient to pay all the expenses of maintaining public worship. Harmony existed until 1818 when Dr. Alvan Lamson was elected by a majority of the parish to succeed Dr. Bates, although a great majority of the church did not concur, and took no part in the subsequent installation and ordination of Dr. Lamson. The latter, who was a pioneer in the Unitarian belief, which was then just getting a foothold, was bitterly exposed by the friends and believers of the doctrines preached by Mr. Bates.



CHARLES R. TRAIN

The legal title of the suit that revolutionized the theology of New England was Eliphalet Baker vs

Samuel Fales. It was an action of replevin brought by one set of deacons against another to recover possession of bonds and other securities, books of records, and documents, together with a communion service. The plaintiff was represented by Solicitor General Davis, and the defendant by Daniel Webster. The decision, which was in favor of the Unitarians, held that Dr. Lamson was legally ordained as minister of the First parish; that members of the church who adhered to the parish and united with them on that occasion must be considered as the church of the First Parish of Dedham and the successors of the ancient church; that those members who withdrew from the parish and refused to concur in the proceedings of the majority of the inhabitants of the parish in the ordination of Dr. Lamson could not in law be considered as a church so as to entitle them, though a majority of the members of the church, to hold, appropriate, or control the ministerial fund, or property.

The First Church recovered all the property sought, except the communion service, the whereabouts of which could never be ascertained.

The opinion of Chief Justice Parker would make interesting reading at the present time and the breadth and liberality shown by the court in its reasoning illustrate the growth of a religious sentiment that has constantly strengthened until sectarian differences have almost ceased to be a factor in the life of to-day.

The Chief Justice said: "That the proceedings of the parish and council were not conformable to the general usage of the country cannot be denied. But the parish allege, in vindication of their departure from this usage, their constitutional right to elect and contract with their minister, exclusive of any concurrence or control of the church; and the necessity they were under to proceed as they did, because the church had refused to concur with them in the choice and in the invitation to the ordaining council. That the parish had the constitutional right contended for cannot be questioned by those who peruse the clause of the third article of the Declaration of Rights upon which this claim is asserted. It is there provided that the several towns, parishes, precincts and other bodies politic, or religious societies, shall at all time have the exclusive right of electing their public teachers, and of contracting with them for their support and maintenance.

"This is too explicit to admit of cavilling or to require explanation, as every constitutional provision for the security of civil and religious liberty ought to be. All pre-existing laws or usages must bow before this fundamental expression of the public will; and however convenient or useful it might be to continue the old form of electing, or settling a minister, whenever a parish determines to assert its constitutional authority there is no power in the state to oppose their claim.

"Churches, as such, have no power but that which originally belonged to them, and which was recognized in the Provincial charter of 1692—and again in the statutes of the Commonwealth in 1800



DISTRICT ATTORNEY OLIVER STEVENS AND ASSISTANTS

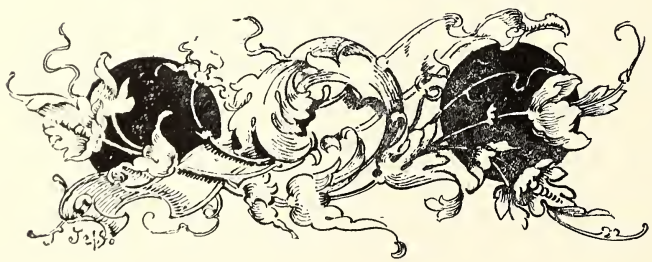
—viz., of divine worship and church order and discipline. They still retain by courtesy the practice of nominating to the congregation, and there is seldom any disagreement. As long as this privilege shall be discreetly exercised without doubt it will continue. We are not desirous of impairing it, but being called upon to declare the law of the land on a question of property, it is not in our power to yield to prejudices, however long they may have endured, or however useful, in the opinion of some, may be their continuance.

"It has been suggested, that the usage of churches has been so general and constant, ever since the adoption of the Constitution, that it may now be set up in law, although contrary to the Declaration of Rights. But constitutional privileges can never be lost by mere non-user. Neither individuals, nor aggregate bodies, nor the government itself, can prescribe against the rights of the citizen, with respect to any privilege secured by the Constitution.

"Indeed we apprehend those are mistaken, who imagine that the cause of religion would be served, public worship promoted, or instruction in piety, religion and morality more extensively encouraged, by restoring to the churches the power they once enjoyed of electing a minister without concurrence of the people or congregation, or by the aid of a Council which they might select to sanction their choice. Nothing would tend more directly to break up the whole system of religious instruction. For the people never would consent to be taxed for the support of men in whose election they had no voice. It is an undoubted fact that the male members of the churches form but a small part of the corporation which makes the contract, and is

obliged to perform it; and it is not at all consistent with the spirit of the times that the great majority should, in this particular, be subject to the minority. To arrogate such a power, would be to break up, in no distant period, every parish in the Commonwealth.

"The authority of the church should be of that invisible but powerful nature which results from superior gravity, piety and devout example. It will then have its proper effect upon the congregation, who will cheerfully yield to the wishes of those who are best qualified to select the candidate; but as soon as it is challenged as a right, it will be lost. The condition of the members of the church is thought to be hard, where the minister elected by the parish is not approved by them; this can only be because they are a minority, and it is one part of the compensation paid for the many blessings resulting from a state of society. A difficulty of this nature surely would not be cured by returning to the old provincial system of letting the minority rule the majority; unless we suppose that the doctrines of a minister are of no consequence to any but church members. Besides, in the present state of our laws as they are likely to continue, there is no hardship, although there may be some inconveniences; for dissenting members of the church, as well as of the parish, may join any other church and society; and they may institute a new society; so that they are neither obliged to hear or pay a minister, in whose settlement they did not concur. It is true, if there are parish funds, they will lose the benefit of them by removal, but an inconvenience of this sort will never be felt when a case of conscience is in question."



Concerning Home and School

By Sarah Louise Arnold

THE increasing popular demand for industrial education may be easily traced to three sources. Parents feel compelled to withdraw their children from school before the elementary courses have been completed, to share with the other members of the family in the responsibility of bread-winning. These children are not prepared for the work which they undertake. They cannot advance and therefore drift from one position into another, earning a pittance but failing to be self-supporting. For these children in their immediate need the demand is made upon the schools,—"Give them some training which will enable them to earn their bread."

Again, we are told, employers are seeking for skilled workers and for young men and women who are capable of being advanced to responsible positions. They complain that such workers are not to be found in anything approaching sufficient numbers, that rapid advancement and adequate remuneration await the youth who is prepared for work, but that he is seldom found. They earnestly desire the establishment of industrial or business schools.

The third plea is a general one, coming from the parents and friends of the young men and women who have completed a school course of training but have found themselves still unprepared for self maintenance. "Something is wrong," the critics assert, "What is to show for all these years of study? This boy cannot earn his living after all his years of schooling."

To these demands the schoolmasters make various replies. "It is not the function of the school to prepare children to earn their bread. We contribute to general intelligence. The knowledge gained in school is always useful to the individual and it serves to raise the standard of community life." Another asserts that the present curriculum really makes ready for active and successful work because it quickens the mind, trains the pupil to think, enlarges his vision and makes him capable of appreciation and enjoyment. To introduce a narrow and technical course of training for immediate gain would be an error.

Still another declares that the schools must recognize not immediate and especial need, but the demand of the general welfare. In so far as industrial education developes the child, it should be an essential part of the school system, not for the sake of special wage-earning power but as a means of growth. And then there arises the radical pedagogue who says, "Industrial training is a means of growth. It puts to use that knowledge which would otherwise be lost. It leads the boy or girl to self-mastery and develops character.

It ends in doing and serving rather than in any selfish and self conscious culture. We need it in our schools for the sake of the boys and girls, and without it we cannot insure the success of our teaching."

There are various interpretations of Industrial Education. No one institution can meet the several needs, nor will any modification of the school curriculum solve the problem, which is manifold. It will facilitate discussion, however, and end in a clearer view of the situation if we separate the demands and consider the drift of the several suggestions and criticisms.

The first demand evincing an immediate and bitter need is so concrete in its expression that the popular sympathy is at once aroused and we are eager to discover a remedy for the existing condition. A great number of our boys and girls—in some cities a full half—are obliged to share in the support of the family as soon as they are released from school attendance. They have not been able to take advantage of the full course of training provided in our public schools. To meet their needs, we are asked to provide before they leave school, special instruction in industrial arts which will prepare them for some specific task.

But just here we are confronted by a distinct problem of education in America. In England, for example, where the son is supposed to follow his father's calling, and where the step from one social position to another is far more difficult than in America, it is easy to assume that the children of a certain class should be educated along a certain line, however their course of study may differ from that of other classes. Therefore the trade schools, the continuation schools and the industrial schools seem a matter of course and are imposed upon a very elementary education.

But in America we are unable to accept this theory of society and, until recently in our public schools, have insisted upon a fixed course of training open to all alike and required of all alike. Equality in school matters has meant that all children in the same grade of school receive the same instruction in the same subjects without reference to home conditions nor to the work which must be undertaken after leaving school. The child whose father can speak no English, whose mother is foreign-born, who hears no English at home, whose family is still dominated by foreign customs and traditions; is confronted by the same course of study as is the child in another district of the city who comes to the school from a home of culture with its traditions and atmosphere. The difficulties in the way of maintaining the uniform course of study have been many, but we have held, for a long time, to our original purpose in the interests of equality.

We are familiar with the discussions which have secured a larger opportunity in education and have at last opened the way for a choice in school work. We have established a variety of schools with different courses of training, assuring preparation for various fields of endeavor. Our Latin schools prepare for college, our English High schools for general business, our Commercial Courses which have been introduced into high schools

have emphasized immediate preparation for specific tasks, while the Agricultural College, the Normal schools and the Art schools supported by the state, have allowed a choice of goal and appropriate training therefor. In this we have conceded that equality of opportunity does not mean that there shall be no choice. We have assured to the parents the right to determine the amount of time which they can give to the education of the children and the kind of education which they particularly desire.

This being the case, why may we not go a step farther, and recognize the need of the children who must withdraw from school life before entering the high school? If the father is assured that the boy can have but one more year in school, why may he not be allowed to give that year to acquiring a special training for the task which he has undertaken to do? If the girl knows that her education must end at sixteen, may she not be permitted to give the year from fifteen to sixteen to the study of practical affairs with which she must be well acquainted?

In a city like Boston, for example, is there any reason why there should not be erected in the congested district industrial schools which shall be open to the youths who must soon close their school career? Here instruction can be given in the industrial arts. These buildings might be used in alternation by different classes, the children also continuing their membership in other "regular" schools. Such buildings could be occupied from nine o'clock in the morning until nine in the evening, the classes succeeding one another according to schedule and the equipment being in constant use. Here boys and girls alike may be actively employed in genuine tasks — which prepare the way for active participation in some paying industry, when their school days are over.

It would be interesting to try this experiment in a city like Boston and to learn whether there is a possible co-ordination between the accepted task of the schoolroom and this preparation for self maintenance. This possibility thus assured, need not hinder the child who is so fortunate as to be able to continue the school course from kindergarten through the high school and perhaps in college. In fact, the withdrawal of the students whose tastes or necessities lie in other directions might materially improve the instruction in the academic classes.

Meanwhile, until the public school has in some experimental fashion like this shown us how the task and the teaching may be united, there remains for the enlightened friends of the children to set up institutions which will meet their great need. One of the most encouraging instances of such intelligent friendliness is the Trade School for Girls in Boston, which has completed its year of service under so satisfactory conditions. The school was established by an earnest body of men and women who felt that girls leaving school at an early age were ill-fitted for the tasks which were set them to perform and by ignorance and inability were kept in ill-paying positions from which they were unable to graduate. In-

struction was given in dressmaking, millinery and sewing with the attempt to develope the qualities which the daily task demanded. The hours were long, attendance must be regular, instruction was definite and the buzz and hum of cheerful work pervaded the house. The girls who completed the brief courses in the school found positions which were in almost every case more satisfactory than those which they could have secured without this definite education. The large number of applicants for the new year abundantly testified to the fact that the school was meeting a genuine need.

This school had learned much from the Manhattan Trade School for Girls in New York, whose phenomenal growth has proved the same truth. No one can visit this school without surprise at the swift intelligence of the girls who, under the tuition of their instructors, come to discern so clearly the demands which their task will make upon them. Upon the walls of the room are hung samples of work involving stitching, embroidery and so forth. This work is paid for in the market at so much per piece. Every girl in the class attempts to make a piece like the pattern and learns thereby how many hours of her time are required to complete it. "If this work requires two hours of my labor and is paid for at the rate of ten cents per piece, my time is worth five cents an hour." This class is trying to learn the value of an hour of time in trade. The common school has not yet learned how to teach the value of a dollar or the value of an hour. Industry demands this knowledge and the Trade School attempts to teach the lesson. It is to be hoped that philanthropic endeavors like that expressed in the Trade School will multiply until the public is convinced of the benefits of such training and the public school has learned how it may co-operate with the endeavor.

The Trade School makes its pupils familiar with the processes and material which belong to specific trades. It developes dexterity in handling materials and swiftness in work. It increases the economic value of the pupil's labor and through its sympathetic relation to certain industries it assists its pupils in securing work. Obviously thi enterprise is much more simple when it is separated from the public school. It can be attained by private contribution through an institution which has this one purpose in view. In the nature of things instruction must tend toward securing facility for the trade rather than many-sided ability, while the public school must endeavor throughout its course to secure a well-balanced development. It must consider growth rather than immediate gain, and must often forego the present acquisition in order to prepare for future strength.

In one of our western cities the faculty of an industrial school called a meeting of dressmakers to consider with them how the girls in the school could be best prepared for the trade. The dressmakers replied, "We would rather you would not prepare them. We prefer that a girl should be able to do one part of the work only and do that very well. She is valuable to us only when she has become swift and ex-

pert in that particular type of work. It is not to our advantage to have her do anything else. Each worker has her particular part and if she does that part well it is not necessary that she should be trained farther."

The teacher recoils before this theory. In his field the child leaves the task which he can do well in order to attempt the one which can afford him new training and increased skill. After facility and swiftness have been secured the value of a task as a means of growth is gone.

It is here that the ways of the public school and the trade school separate. Until we can see the way more clearly than we have thus far, it is undoubtedly best that the school as a whole should not attempt to solve the problem of preparation for a livelihood. The course of instruction which enables the child to think clearly and definitely, to act promptly in the face of an emergency and to hold himself squarly to the task which he has undertaken because he has accepted a fine standard of work and of service, is certainly a generous contribution to preparation for self maintenance. On such a foundation special courses may be reared which will make ready for the specific task. It is still an open question whether all these courses should be presented by the public schools or whether they must for some years yet be the task of private philanthropy.

But what of the general complaint, that our ordinary courses of study do not develope the ability to do? Here another experiment may enlighten us.

At Hampton, Virginia, the necessities of the race problem in the South have driven the school to accept a new theory of education. It was essential to train young men and women who had little money in such a way that they would be to a degree self-supporting and independent. They must give as well as take. They must serve as well as share. In the community which grew up under the magnificent leadership of General Armstrong tasks were set to every student on the farm, in the home, in the shop or in the garden. These tasks were alternated with the lessons in the classroom. The lesson was made genuine through the task. The task was illumined and enlightened by the lesson; so hand in hand the learning and the doing went. The learning was accomplished through its union with the task.

We have been ready to accept this theory for Hampton, but it will not be long before we will accept it as the theory of general education. In former days the home alternated with the school, correlating their endeavors, the home, the shop, and the farm providing the laboratory where the truth of the classroom was applied. The fibre and temper of the student were developed by task and lesson alike. We shall learn by and by that when the home and the farm fail to provide their part of the training the school limps and fails. Education will not be considered complete except as it sends its youth out into the world prepared to meet the task which the world demands of them.

Here, then, the school must supplement the home.

In solving this problem we must test to the utmost all plans for industrial training. Private experiment and philanthropy will show us the way. The school must learn how to hold fast that which is good in the work of the past and to advance with courage into the future, because we have truly interpreted the experience of the past.

To my Lord Verulam

By George Herbert Clark

"If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind!"
—Pope: *Essay on Man.*

'Of mankind meanest!' Out upon the pen
That dared malign you, good my lord, so grossly,—
A petty soul, that stooped his lowest then,
With formal praise to mingle blame morosely,
At courtly honour sneering!

Your steady conscience those may read that run,
Maugre a faithless king and 'raskall rabble';
Your life-truth and your word-truth were as one;—
The empty man is known by empty babble:
The wise can wait a hearing.

The hand that wrote of friendship, and the heart
That Matthews loved, and Rawley, were not strange;
The eloquences of your lordly art
Had in your bosom first their ample range,
Their high-bred spirits rearing.

Thinker profound and patient, labourer true
Amid the turmoil of an eager time—
Not without fault, yet blameless—we by you
Move cheerlier forward to the golden prime,
The way more sure appearing.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

FOUNDED 1758



Published monthly at
8 DIX PLACE, BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

EDITOR, WINTHROP PACKARD.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

U. S., Canada and Mexico $3.00 per year
Foreign Countries . . . $3.75 per year

Remit by draft on Boston, Express or Post Office Order, payable to
NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

Forestry in Massachusetts

IT IS interesting and suggestive that the geographical centre of Massachusetts is marked by a noble, wide-spreading tree. "The heart of the commonwealth tree" on its hilltop at Rutland can be seen for miles rearing its giant branches against the sky. Much of the beauty of Massachusetts is in her trees and much of her wealth, too, if people only knew it. They are beginning to learn both, thanks to the Massachusetts Forestry Association and the State Forester.

Massachusetts according to her natural resources and her conditions of population ought to be one of the great tree producing states of the union; at any rate she is quite capable of supplying all the forest products required by the manufacturing and other interests within her borders.

Three fundamental conditions must exist if there is to be any permanent development of forestry on a large scale; first, the presence of a considerable area of non-agricultural land which is capable of producing forest growth; second, a good market for forest supplies; third, good transportation facilities.

In Massachusetts, according to the latest available census, considerably less than one-quarter of the area, about twenty-two per cent., is in cultivated farm lands, while more than one-half, about fifty-two per cent., is woodland. Mr. Akerman, the State Forester, says: "Probably one-half of the area of the state will always remain uncultivated and unused for agricultural, residential or manufacturing purposes, and most of this area is capable of producing a growth of forest trees." In fact, so completely did nature intend Massachusetts to be a great tree producing state that almost her entire land surface is potential forest; that is to say, the soil if let alone will inevitably grow trees and shrubs of some kind.

The market for forest products in Massachusetts is strong, increasing and well distributed. This market is largely conditioned by the density of population and the distribution of more or less dense centres. Wherever cities, towns and villages are numerous a demand exists for forest products. Building calls for lumber, manufacturing uses wood somewhere in its process, as in the making of lasts for shoes, or at least in crating the product for shipment. Railroads must have ties, telegraphs and tele-

phones demand poles; indeed, the advance in material civilization is almost measured by the increase in the demand for wood. Massachusetts is essentially an urban commonwealth. Her recent growth has been in the cities and the country districts have shown an actual loss in population. To-day she has more cities within her borders than any other state in the union, and with a single exception is the most densely populated, more than twice as densely as the state of New York. Furthermore, her centres of density are widely distributed. No considerable section of the state is without its busy cities. In the extreme western part are North Adams and Pittsfield; in the Connecticut valley Northampton, Chicopee, Holyoke and Springfield; in the central part, Fitchburg, Marlboro and Worcester; in the eastern part, Lowell, Lawrence, Haverhill, greater Boston, Lynn, Brockton, Taunton, New Bedford and Fall River. In all of these places there is much manufacturing and all of them are using great and ever-increasing quantities of wood and bark. They are so well distributed over the state that a ready market for wood and lumber is not far to seek from any part of the commonwealth.

The dependence of a business upon transportation facilities is forcibly illustrated in the case of forest products. Such products are generally bulky and their transportation is consequently a considerable item in the cost of marketing. Whether this or that measure can be adopted in the woods often depends on the question whether or not this or that bulky article can be carried to market with a margin of profit. If the transportation facilities are good much more intensive forestry can be practiced than otherwise. Massachusetts is gridironed by railroads and wagon roads. Scarcely a township is uncrossed by at least one railroad and scarcely a wood lot is out of easy hauling distance, over comparatively good roads, from a railroad station.

In fact Massachusetts is not nearly supplying her own needs of wood and bark. Almost every day schooners laden with lumber from Maine and the British provinces dock at Boston wharves. Michigan, Georgia, North Carolina, even Oregon and Washington ship timber into Massachusetts. Governor Bates, in his annual address to the two houses of the General Court in 1904, stated that timber had practically disappeared from Massachusetts, and that since 1885 the area of the scattered farm wood lots had decreased one-third, while the amount of wood actually cut in 1900 was only one-half of that gathered ten years before. It appeared also that the forest area of half the state was actually yielding a gross income of only about eight and a half million dollars, of which probably not more than a third was net profit. The same area, under proper business methods, could easily be made to yield a net profit almost as great as the present gross income, or about seven million dollars. In other words, as a cold business proposition, Massachusetts was receiving annually about one-third the income she should receive from a valuable asset and her manufacturing industries were paying

unnecessarily for transportation to ship owners and railroad companies large sums for hauling, from the West and South and North, forest products which could be and ought to be raised within a hundred miles of the factory.

A realization of these conditions led the General Court of 1904 to establish the office of State Forester. Two or three important forms of work have already been undertaken by that officer. The Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst has set aside three acres of land as a nursery for the propagation of forest tree seedlings. The law requires that stock raised in this nursery shall be furnished to state reservations free of charge. To private owners seedlings are supplied at cost, providing that the applicant's plan for setting out and cultivating the seedlings has been approved by the Forester. The first distribution of such seedlings was made recently and in a few years thousands of valuable young trees will be ready for transplanting. A special effort is being made to encourage the cultivation of the white pine, as that is in the opinion of the State Forester the most valuable single tree to cultivate in Massachusetts. It is hardy, of quite rapid growth, beautiful, especially if scattered among deciduous trees, and available for many commercial purposes. Another line of work which the State Forester is actively pursuing is coöperation with private owners in the cultivation of their woodlands. This is perhaps the most important work that the state has undertaken, and as much time will be devoted to it as can be spared from other duties. Owners of forests or of lands now waste and unprofitable in any part of the state are invited to send to the State Forester a description of the tract, stating the size of their property, the kind of growth if any, and its distance from city, town or village. A personal examination is then made of the property by an expert, and advice, either oral or written, based upon the examination, is given the owner in regard to the best and most profitable management of his property. The necessary expenses of the State Forester and his assistants while engaged upon such work for private persons are levied upon the land owner. A large number of persons have already made application for such assistance and working plans have been made for them, representing an ownership of many thousand acres of woodland. "It is doubtful," says Mr. Akerman, "whether the state can hold open such an offer for more than a few years. But for the present, when forestry is so little understood and a continued supply of lumber means so much to the industries that use wood, and nearly all of them do use it in some form, the state can well afford to make such an offer on account of the educational value that such work has. A well-managed wood lot in a community is a force tending to encourage others in the same community to treat their wood lots in a like manner."

The worst enemy of the forest with which the state is now being called upon to grapple is the forest fire. The amount of damage done every year to the forests of Massachusetts by fire is at present incalculable. In the first place it is im-

possible to get any accurate figures. The office charged by law with securing and recording statistics of forest fires is that of the district police. The law directs the deputy chief to receive and file the reports of local authorities, but as there is nothing in the law which gives him power to compel a reporting, some towns report their fires, others do not, and still others report sometimes and neglect to do so at other times. The records on file for January to July, 1905, show nineteen fires in Plymouth county, burning over 666 acres and causing a loss of $8,540. There is no record of the great fire in May of that year, which burned over seven thousand acres in the towns of Plymouth, Carver, Plympton and Kingston, and caused a loss estimated at about $75,000. The records for 1900 show a fire loss of $231,000, those of 1901 a loss of only $25,000. As a matter of fact, there was no appreciable diminution in the number or the severity of forest fires in 1901 over 1900. They were reported more thoroughly in one year than in the other.

Furthermore the greatest losses are only imperfectly known and quite unconsidered in counting up the cost. Where a top fire has killed the timber it may be cut and sold but fire killed timber never brings as much on the market as other timber and only a part of the loss can be recovered by the sale. A tree may be killed only here and there but invariably other trees although not killed are more or less seriously injured. Frequently a tree thus apparently only slightly injured dies later, either from the weakened condition thus caused or from the introduction through the injury of some form of fungus or insect life. A fire sometimes results in a change in the composition of the forest itself. Poplars, birches, scrub oak and blueberry replace the former dense forest growth. Almost invariably such substitution is undesirable and tends to exclude more valuable species.

The fertility of the soil is seriously diminished by the destruction of the decomposing litter and of the vegetable portion of the soil itself known as humus. This litter and humus are the great conservers of soil moisture. The greatest loss of all to the forest in the long run is usually not reckoned in the loss account of a fire at all. The young growth existing at the time of a fire is nearly always killed. Suppose for example that a growth of ten year old pine is burnt over, a fire would kill all such young growth. If put upon the market at date of the fire that crop would be worth very little, consequently the loss reported is infinitesimal. But the time it has taken that growth to reach its present size is quite lost. Suppose it had been intended to harvest that crop at forty years old. Twenty-five per cent. of the time required to produce that crop has been lost and the injury to the community through injury to the industries dependent upon wood supply is the same as if one-quarter of that timber had been destroyed in its thirty-ninth or fortieth year. A mere statement of the market value of the timber annually destroyed by fire even were it complete could not begin to convey any

adequate idea of the enormous loss to the community as a whole.

The State Forester is doing much to reduce this evil and to usher in the glad day when the insurance companies will insure against loss by forest fire. In the first place good forestry is itself a protection. A well cultivated forest, as free as possible from dead and dying material, which is kept in a thrifty condition, is least liable to injury by fire. A judicious mixture of species in planting will do much to reduce the danger. A mixture of hard woods and pines for example is not liable to top fires and if a fire went through such a mixed stand the loss would be much less than if it went through a stand of pure pine.

The State Forester is thus meeting a business condition and serving the material good of Massachusetts. Fortunately he will serve her beauty also. It is hoped and expected that in years to come noble forest reservations will dot the state.

The First of December

By Julia Ditto Young

All this autumn I have said
I did not the winter dread,—
Thoughts of spring should me suffice
Through the time of frost and ice,
Through the season bleak and bare
When the snowflake's in the air.

Pardon, Winter, if you heard
This my foolish grudging word;—
Not thyself, but I alone
Was insensate, cold as stone,
Either had thy charms forgot,
Or had yet discerned them not.

Glorious with contrasts bold
Is this morning white and gold,
Pine trees black 'neath veils of snow
Bend and waver to and fro,
Cloudlets pink and rosy woo
All the pale sweet swooning blue,
Where the elm twigs twine and trace
Lines of exquisite dark lace.

Welcome, Winter! nevermore
Nature's lover shall deplore
Thy approach, nor need to say
"Let me dream of spring today!"

Ballads of Old Boston



III

A Legend of Brimstone Corner

By M. A. DeWolfe Howe

The Devil and a Gale of Wind
  Danced hand in hand up Winter Street.
The Devil like his demons grinned
  To have for comrade so complete
A rascal and a mischief maker
Who'd drag an oath from any Quaker.

The Wind made sport of hats and hair
  That ladies deemed their ornament;
With skirts that frolicked everywhere
  Away their prim decorum went;
And worthy citizens lamented
The public spectacles presented.

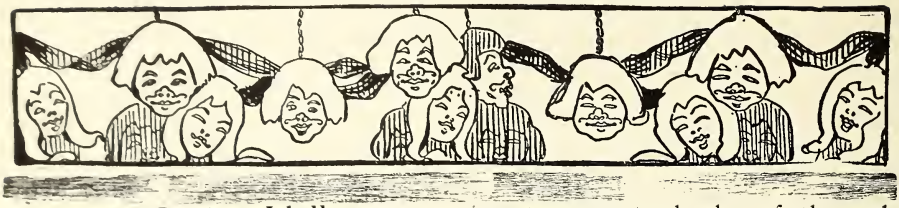
The Devil beamed with horrid joy,
  And when to Tremont Street they came,
He chuckled, "Wait you here, my boy,
  For duties now my presence claim
In yonder church on Brimstone Corner,
Where Pleasure's dead and lacks a mourner;

"But play about till I come back."
With that he vanished through the doors,
And since that day the almanac
Has marked the years by ten and scores,
Yet never from those sacred portals
Returns the Enemy of Mortals.

And that is why the faithful Gale
Round Park Street Corner still must blow,
Waiting for Him with horns and tail—
At least some people tell me so,—
None of your famous antiquarians,
But just some wicked Unitarians.



Tickle-Town Topics



A Canine Idyll

By Isabel Frances Bellows

BOW-WOW-WOW — grrr-rr—wow—grrr-rr—bow-wow-wow arose from the middle of Harvard Square in Cambridge, where the tracks form a continuous girdle about a triangle, usually occupied by more or less bored and expectant looking persons of all ages, sexes and degrees, waiting for the right car to appear. At the sound of the infuriated barking, mingled with canine shrieks of rage or pain, the assemblage in the triangle looked animated, and some, mostly of the male variety, moved nearer the scene of action, while sundry timid souls skipped like priests of Dagon across the tracks, and took refuge in the much larger crowd that surrounded the check man whose attention was so engrossed by the combat that for a few moments he distributed checks with a bland impartiality. Two villains took advantage of his preoccupation to secure free rides into Boston, while three virtuous women, whose price was doubtless above rubies, were compelled to pay an extra fare on their way to Arlington Heights, the conductor refusing to accept checks of the color they offered him, at which they were deeply incensed, unaware as they were that the car company was being defrauded in other directions.

In the meanwhile a whirlwind of dust and hind legs, open jaws and snapping teeth, with one person tugging at a leash fastened apparently to a species of animal Catherine wheel was still before the eyes of the spectators in the square. Help came from various quarters,—even the church interfering, as was proper to forward the cause of peace in the person of her representative the rector of St. Giles who happened to be passing, and being a bold man who reflected much on the church militant, rushed to the spot and belabored the sides of the combatants so effectively with his cane as to cause them to let each other go. The cane was broken in three pieces but the owner pocketed them in triumph, and bowing with that air of holy savoir faire which so distinguishes the Anglican clergy, he boarded a car for Boston.

The largest belligerent when separated from his contest, proved to be stout and heavily built with a portentous tail quite strong

enough to drag the slip of a girl who was the owner, anywhere he chose by the leash with which she was supposed to hold him. His spirit being cowed just then by the vigorous and unaccustomed tattoo of the rector's cane upon his ribs, he submitted to further thumpings from an ineffectual but active fist, and though he still yelped a little seemed inclined to abandon the conflict, especially as he saw his smaller adversary being ignominiously tucked up under a dark blue serge arm, and shrieking and struggling with rage at his capture. He of course had been the aggressor and the young and very personable gentleman with whom he was walking abroad, had not had a leash with him, and though he flung himself into the encounter with reckless daring, seizing tail or ear or hind leg as they came uppermost, he could not get any purchase on the situation until, as in the case of Pepin the Short, the church threw her weight into the scale. He was not the owner of the dog, as he hastened to mention to the somewhat dishevelled vision still thumping and pulling at her great beast, who retained a lurking interest in his former enemy, notwithstanding the fact that he cherished none but the most amiable sentiments toward his lady, as shown by the agreeable manner in which he received his chastisement.

"He was left in my charge for two or three weeks," explained the apologetic possessor of the small dog. "I had no idea that he would fight. I am so sorry. The best thing I can do for you now is to take him off, as quickly as possible."

"O, yes," gasped the girl, by this time half laughing, as she took another turn on her leash, "Dan will be all right as soon as he loses sight of your dog."

The young man lifted his hat, using his free arm with that angular grace peculiar to Cambridge, and gathering his obstreperous burden more firmly to his side, disappeared down one of the side streets. Instantly an expression of serene content spread itself over the entire body of the big mastiff, the great tail wagged civilly, and his whole person seemed to suggest that nothing would please him more than to walk softly and quietly wherever his mistress chose to lead him. They were soon away from the square on one of the pleasant tree-lined streets that make Cambridge so beloved of its residents, and the girl found time and breath to adjust her hair and hat, not to mention her ideas, which were nearly as much dishevelled as the outward symbols would seem to indicate.

"Dan," she murmured, "you are a naughty boy, I can never take you down town again. What a spectacle you made of me! But who is the man who belonged to the other dog? Have I seen him before? No—and yet it almost seems as if he looked so—so familiar somehow. I don't quite see how I had time to notice his looks, but I did,—I certainly did. I wonder if I shall ever see him again. I dare say not, and yet Cambridge is not the largest place in the world even with Boston attached. It would be bold of me though to bow to him if I did meet him;—no, I wouldn't do that and very

likely he would not remember me, —but I am sure I should recognize him. Dear me, why do I think about him at all. Come, Dan, here's a quiet place, let's have a run!"

Late that afternoon a certain Instructor in Romance Philology turned on the electric light near his morris chair, so that he could see to read his Temple Shakespeare more comfortably. It was not very dark, but all manner of flying visions seemed to get between him and the clear print of the text. Dogs, and dishevelled hair and gray eyes pervaded the atmosphere of his usually peaceful and single minded abode to an extraordinary extent. Perhaps the electric light would banish them. He was reading the Tempest and the brightness fell directly on Prospero's words, "At the first sight, they have chang'd eyes."

He shut the little red book suddenly. "Dear me, this won't do," he murmured. "I am turning into a drivelling idiot. I shan't be able to look the course in the face tomorrow. I will get Dick, and take him for a run. That may shake some of this nonsense out of me."

Four or five days later, a tall figure in a blue serge suit, accompanied by an Irish terrier who rushed about and snuffed at everything was strolling in a leisurely manner along the embankment by the river. The Instructor in Romance Philology carried a leash in case of accidents, but he was not looking for trouble in this out of the way place, and indeed, since the day of the conflict, dogs had come, and dogs had gone without rousing in the terrier's bosom any but the most amiable feelings. When lo, there came a short, sharp bark and a rush, and in a second the wretch was bearing down upon the huge form of the mastiff, who, thinking no evil, and walking sedately by his mistress's side, had just turned into the embankment road from a side street. The Instructor made a dash, and it was not for nothing that he had been a good runner in his undergraduate days. He caught the sinner just as he came up with the pair, and then he caught something else; a look from the well remembered gray eyes of amused recognition, with a certain touch of interest that started his circulation more effectually than the short run.

"O, I beg your pardon," he exclaimed, as he fastened the leash to the ring on the terrier's collar, "he has taken no interest worth mentioning in any dog since that day. I cannot think what is the matter with him."

"They don't seem to be very fierce now," answered the vision. "Dan is almost wagging his tail; but we had better not tempt the fates. I brought him here because it was out of the way."

"That was why I came here with Dick," was the amused reply, "and I shall take him off in the other direction instantly with my and his humble apologies."

"O, I am sorry to interfere with your walk," exclaimed the girl, "I will go back with Dan;" and without waiting for remonstrance she turned quickly and walked away, the big dog wagging and almost winking at the terrier, who in his turn, yapped and jumped in an ambiguous manner that might mean anything but lack of interest.

Destiny however led him firmly in an opposite direction, and if he had been a little more clever than he really was he would have understood better than he did certain remarks which he took to be personal to himself as he trotted along close to the heels of his master.

"But, heavenly Rosalind!" he heard, and the tone was such that he felt enormously flattered and wagged his tail for half a block by way of acknowledgment.

In the other direction Dan felt that something was afloat that he could not wholly grasp, so he only put his great nose in the small hand that held the leash, and said nothing. "Why should I care who he is," reflected the owner of the gray eyes and brown hair blowing under the pretty hat. "Why have I thought and wondered ever since? Can he be a new instructor at the college? If I were one of Shakespeare's women now, I suppose I should get into boy's clothes and sneak into all the courses to see if he teaches any of them; but as I am not, I must simply stop being so absurd. O, Danny, what a queer world is this, and how many things there are that we don't understand."

A week passed, and then another week, and then two days, and it was Saturday afternoon. The woods were lovely with their red and yellow foliage and the air was crisp. Dick was revelling in a leaf strewn path, with thoughts of woodchucks tickling his brain, and making him snuff anxiously about roots and stone walls. That he had never actually caught a woodchuck did not make any difference to him. It was the rapture of pursuing that filled his soul to the brim. Suddenly without one bark he disappeared; not a sniff betrayed his whereabouts to his master, who sat himself unconcernedly on a stone wall to wait for his reappearance. Minutes passed without a sound, until just as the young man was beginning to wonder whether he had really caught that hypothetical woodchuck after all, a loud rustling with boundings as of a heavy weight were heard, and the lost one came rushing toward him through the wood, escorting or escorted by the big mastiff, both appearing to be in a state of joyful amity that was simply one of the many things in this world for which as Lord Dundreary said, "no feller can account." And behind them—yes—it was she, panting a little with her haste, and pushing the boughs aside as she followed the trackless way her dog had taken,—who but the same vision that had haunted him all through these days. She was very near him before she caught sight of him as he sprang off the wall, and there she stopped short; their eyes met, and they broke into helpless laughter, while Dan and Dick gyrated wildly about them as if they had planned the meeting and were overcome with delight to see it take place. The young man pulled himself together in a moment.

"If you don't mind," he said with his hat in his hand, "I really think I had better tell you that I am not a tramp, nor yet a dog fancier. My name is Stedman and I have just been appointed one of the instructors in the college and moreover am to return Dick to his rightful

owner next week, so that you can walk unmolested."

Here he looked rather wistful, as if he would like to ask something his words did not express.

"And I am Professor Macy's daughter," said the girl simply, "perhaps you know him. If you do not,—I should be glad—I hope we may meet sometime in a more —well,—a more possible way, for fate and the dogs certainly have decreed that we shall know each other."

That evening a friend of the Instructor's—a pervasive and friendly spirit,—dropped in with his pipe to pass an hour in that smoky community of silence that men love. After a few desultory remarks the host rather suddenly broke out apropos of nothing, "Jack, do you know Professor Macy?"

"Old Macy?" was the answer. "Well, I should suppose so — I flunked one of his courses in my Freshman year, and it was the best thing that ever happened to me. Braced me up, don't you know. Haven't you met him? I thought everybody knew Macy."

"No, I don't know him," Stedman answered, "but I have heard of him and I thought I might like to meet him sometime. I think he could give me a point or two on the Provençal preterite that I should like cleared up."

"Why don't you go and ask him then?" demanded the other, "he is a dear old boy; always ready to give anyone a lift."

"Well, yes I suppose I might," was the answer given with some hesitation by the schemer. "Has he any family?"

"O, yes,—there's Mrs. Macy, and a son, and his daughter Edith, who is a perfect corker. She is my cousin Elinor Fearing's most intimate friend. Look here, Stedman, my gracious, I have clean forgotten that Elinor told me to bring a friend or two to a tea she's going to have tomorrow for somebody or other. Could you come? It would be awfully good of you if you would. I believe Edith Macy is going to pour tea, or ladle out some stuff or other, so you might ask her about the what-you-may-call-'em preterite.

"True, Jack, I might," answered the Instructor softly smiling; "yes, that settles it. I will come, and Miss Macy and I will talk about the Provençal preterite."

The leaves all fell, and the snow came, — winter blew and shone white among the evergreens, the yard glistened like silver, and the Provençal preterite seemed to be almost an inexhaustible subject, that needed constant discussion. Its intricacies became more and more absorbing, until when spring arrived, and the leaves were peering out fresh and green, and the voice of the turtle was heard in the quadrangle of the college yard, they found that a question of such vital importance could only be adequately dealt with by two persons associated closely for life.

One evening after they had come to mutually understand the necessity of this, they were walking slowly under the green freshness bordering the street near Professor Macy's house.

"As to a house," the young man was saying, "I saw a pleasant one to-day. It's large enough for Dan, too. Do you know it—on the cor-

ner of Hopps and Stickney streets?"

"That house," gasped the girl, "why it is lovely,—it's ideal,—but I, well—do you suppose we could afford it? I haven't any money of my own, you know,—and I didn't think instructors' salaries at Cambridge were very large."

"Well, no, they're not," laughed her lover, "but I don't believe we'll mind your not having a private fortune of your own. I was going to tell your father when I ask him for you to-night that we shall not have to worry about our daily bread,—and I can give you the salary for pins. I shall like to feel that I am earning your pins!"

Late that night Professor Macy sat looking at a pile of Latin themes which needed much correction, but the blue and the red pencils were both idle. "Henry Stedman's son," he murmured to himself. "Bless my soul! and he's a fine fellow too,—a very fine fellow. I shall have to give her up,—and I ought to be glad; yes, I certainly ought to be glad."

But all the same, when he took up the blue pencil again, he gave a great sigh.

The Fam'ly's Choice

By Grace Stone Field

When Marcia sings, the fam'ly
  Just sits as still as mice,
And mother looks so pleased and proud
  And says, "Now ain't that nice?"
She has to hold her mouth just so—
  (I never like to look)
It cost a lot of money though,
  That "method" that she took.
Then Uncle Jim says, "Oh," and "Ah,"
  And "Isn't she a wonder?"
But father says, I heard him once,
  "I'd rather have it thunder."

When Susan sings, we gather 'round
  And all begin to hum,
And father joins in on the bass,
  He likes to warble some;—
She never gives us any "Grieg"
  Or "operatic bits"—
(When Marcia gave us "Vogner" once,
  The cat had fits)
At boarding school they told her
  She didn't have much voice,
But here at home I tell you, Sue's
  The fam'ly's choice!



The Christmas Cupid

By Nixon Waterman

It's comin' Christmas-time again,
The soft, warm-hearted season when
We sort o' love our fellow men,
  Likewise our fellow women.
But there's no other time o' year
To lone unmated men so drear.
I want some one to call "My dear!"
  My heart with love a-brimmin' !

The poet tells us it's in May
A young man lets his fancy stray
To thoughts of love; but I must say
  That I've no time for larkin'
With lots of hard farm work to do;
But when with summer's rush I'm through,
And winter's here, there's time to woo,
  And then I'm in for sparkin' !

So, every year 'bout Christmas-time,
With all my thoughts in soothin' rhyme,
Is when I'm sure to find that I'm
  With love most deeply smitten.
Then I go courtin' Marthy and
I try to make her understand
I just can't live without her hand,
  But all I get's the mitten.

Last year her folks invited me
To her house to a Christmas tree
And—wa'n't it sad!—I didn't see
  The mistletoe above her,

And so the kiss I've tried to get
For fourteen years is waitin' yet,
Still I have got my heart plumb set
On her, for, oh, I love her!

It may be this year she'll consent
To heap my heart with glad content;
If so, I'll bless the years I've spent
In makin' the endeavor:
For when she's mine my life will be
A never-fadin' Christmas tree
All mistletoed, and her and me
Beneath its boughs forever!



Saugus, Massachusetts

By Elsie E. Hatch

NESTLING among the hills that surround the little town of Wakefield, Massachusetts, there lies a small lake, which the Indians, who once inhabited this region, called Quannapowitt. It is from this lake that the Abousett or Saugus River takes its rise, and flowing toward the east, empties into Massachusetts Bay near the southern border of the city of Lynn. Although this river is at places narrow, indeed scarcely more than a meadow brook, as it winds in and out among the low hills its course broadens until near its mouth the current is capable of furnishing power for the running of large mills. The beauty of the stream, especially along its upper course is seldom surpassed. Quiet, shady nooks, placid pools and rippling waters charm the canoeist and appeal to the admiration of all who enjoy the beauties of nature.

Concerning the winding course of this stream a quaint and pretty old legend has been handed down from the Indians.

Many years ago, the legend runs, Massachusetts Bay was inhabited by a great sea serpent. Now it happened that at certain seasons of the year this serpent, coming up from the sea into the villages of the Indians, destroyed their crops, devoured their children and preyed upon them in many ways. When after a time the ravages of the monster became unendurable, the powerful chief Nonopanohow gathered his warriors about him and determined to rid the land of the creature. They found him, after a long search coiled up asleep in the hollow, now filled by Lake Quannapowitt. Taken by surprise, and unable to cope with his pursuers, the monster's only recourse was to flee to the sea. This he did, gliding forward through the soft earth, and leaving a trail which now marks the bed of the Saugus river.

Early in the summer of 1629 there came a small band of colonists from the neighboring settlement of Naumkeag, now Salem, and pitched their tents among the trees by the river. Among these were two men, Obadiah Turner and Zechariah Hart, who played a very prominent part in the town's early history.

Turner, an Englishman by birth, was possessed of considerable estate and was somewhat of a litterateur, keeping a journal, which for its inimitable picturing of current events and humorous comment on the deeds and misdeeds of his fellow colonists has seldom been equalled. This journal has since proved of much value to historians.

In his account of the settlement, the following extract is characteristic:

"Ye godlie and prudent Captain of ye occasion did, for a time, sit



SAUGUS RIVER FROM IRON WORKS SITE

on ye stumpe in pleasante moode. Presentlie all were hurried together in greate alarum to witness ye strange doing of ye goode olde man. Uttering a lustie screame he bounded from ye stumpe, and they, coming upp did discry him jumping aboute in ye oddest manner. And he did likewise puff and blow his mouthe and roll upp his eyes in ye most distressful way.

"All were greatlie moved and did loudlie beg of him to advertise them whereof he was afflicted in so sore a manner, and presentlie he, pointing to his forehead, they did spy there a small red spot, and swelling. Then did they begin to think yt what had happened unto him was this yt some pestigious scorpion or flying devil had bitten him. Presentlie ye paine mch abated, he said yt, as he sat on ye stumpe, he did spy upon ye branch of a tree, what to him seemed a large fruite, ye like of wch he had never before seen, being mch in size and shape like ye heade of a man, and having a grey rinde wch, as he deemed, betokened ripeness. There being so manie new and luscious fruits from time to time discovered in this faire lande, none could know ye whole of them. And, he said, his eyes did much rejoice at ye sight.

"Seizing a stone he hurled ye same thereat, thinking to bring it to the grounde. But not taking faire aime, he onlie hit ye branche whereon hung ye fruit. Ye jarr was not enow to shake down ye



THE OLD TUDOR ESTATE. ON THIS ESTATE WAS CUT THE FIRST ICE EXPORTED FROM AMERICA

same but there issued from it, as from a nest, divers little winged scorpions, mch in size like ye large fenn flies on ye marsh lands of olde England. And one of them, bounding against his forehead, did in an instant give a most terrible stinge, whereof came ye horrible paine and agonie at wch he cried out."

Zechariah Hart, of Scotch descent was naturally possessed of a religious temperament. At the same time he was not famed for a remarkably cool temper. Turner once said of him:—"Hart did more labor, sweat more, drank more and swore more on that eventful day than any other individual present." Still it was he, who, acting as preacher, gathered the little band about him after the first evening meal and conducted devotional services.

Of this first day's labor, one log cabin was the result.

The colony, thus started was known as the "Third Plantation" and included the present cities and towns of Lynn, Swampscott, Nahant, Lynnfield, Reading and Saugus.

Fifty more families were added to the colony the following summer, and by the fall of 1632 the settlement included so many laborers that, owing to the scarcity of money, the General Court in Salem passed an order to regulate wages to "two shillings a day and victuals found."

At this time the town was protected by a sort of militia, termed the "traine bande," which had two iron cannon and ammunition in abundance. For their use a blockhouse was erected in 1633 to serve both as fortress and arsenal. The first church was established in the year 1634 with a Mr. Batchellor as

pastor. Within three years the settlement had increased so rapidly that an assistant pastor was installed, many farms had been cleared and stocked, mills were built and a ferry established across the river. This same year, 1637, marks a change in the name of the town. At this time the settlement, which had been called by the Indian name Saugus, meaning "great," was given the name "Lin" as a compliment to the new pastor, the Rev. Samuel Whiting, whose home had formerly been in King's Lin, England.

This colonial period was an age of long sermons, and Mr. Whiting was no exception to the rule as the following account makes plain:

"1646. June ye 3: Allen Bridges hath bin chos to wake ye sleepers in meeting. And being mch proud of his place must needs have a fox-tail fixed to the end of a long staff wherewith he may brush the faces of them yt will have napps in time of discourse; likewise a sharpe thorne wherewith he may prick such as be most sounde. On ye last Lord, His day, as he strutted about ye meeting house he did spy Mr. Tomlins sleeping with mch comfort, his head kept steadie by being in ye corner and his hand grasping ye rail. And so spying,



THE BOARDMAN HOUSE, OLDEST IN SAUGUS. ERECTED EARLY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Allen did quicklie thrust his staff behind Dame Ballard and give him a grievous prick upon ye hande. Whereupon Mr. Tomlins did spring upp mch above ye floor, and with terrible force strike with his hand againste ye wall, and also to ye great wonder of all, prophainlie exclaim in a loud voice, 'cuss ye woodchuck.' he dreaming, as it seemed yt a woodchuck had seized and bit his hande. But upon coming to know where he was, and ye great scandall he had committed, he seemed much abashed but did not speake. And I thinke he will not soon againe go to sleep in ye meeting. Ye women may sometime sleepe and none know it by reason of their enormous bonnets. Mr. Whiting doth pleasantlie say yt from ye pulpit he doth seem to be preaching to stacks of straw with men sitting here and there among them."

The present Saugus, then a part of Lin, has the distinction of having been the site of the first successful iron works established in the new country. Specimens of iron ore, discovered in the early history of the town, were taken to England in the year 1643 and submitted to iron manufacturers there. So enthusiastic did they become over the richness of the ore, that a company was immediately formed, and a foundry erected on the banks of the Saugus river. Workmen were imported from England, and a flourishing business was conducted until 1683, when the supply of ore became exhausted. A point of special interest connected with the iron works, is the fact that in the year 1652 was "therein cast the die for the first silver piece coined in New England"—the Pine Tree shilling.

The year 1658 is notable for the earthquakes felt in New England. One evening, some time previous to these disturbances, a strange vessel was seen to approach the shore off the mouth of the Saugus river. When night had fallen a boat was lowered and four men rowed silently up the river, put ashore, and vanished in the woods. The next morning the ship and its mysterious crew had vanished, but a workman in going to his forge at the iron foundry, found a paper reading to the effect that if a certain number of shackles, hand-cuffs and other articles named was made and deposited with secrecy at a certain spot in the woods, and amount of silver equal to their value would be found in their stead. The directions were carried out and the money was found in place of the articles, as agreed. About this time stories of fearful depredations at sea were noised abroad, and suspicions were aroused that the mysterious vessel was none other than a pirate ship. However the vessel returned some months later, and four of the crew took up their abode not far from a cave called Dungeon Rock, in the hollow now known as "Pirates' Glen."

Three of the number were eventually captured and sent to England for punishment. The fourth one, Thomas Veale by name, escaped and made his home in the cave at Dungeon Rock, where it was supposed that the treasure of the pirates was hidden. Here he practised the trade of shoemaker until 1658, when occurred the earthquake, which, splitting the entire

front of the rock, entombed Veale alive. Since then many efforts have been made to find the treasure, but as yet, none have been successful.

The Indians of this district were always on friendly terms with the settlers, so that no outbreak occurred in the vicinity. However, twenty-six men from the colony



PRANKER'S POND

took part in King Philip's War, and later a large number from the town served in the French and Indian War and under Wolfe in Canada.

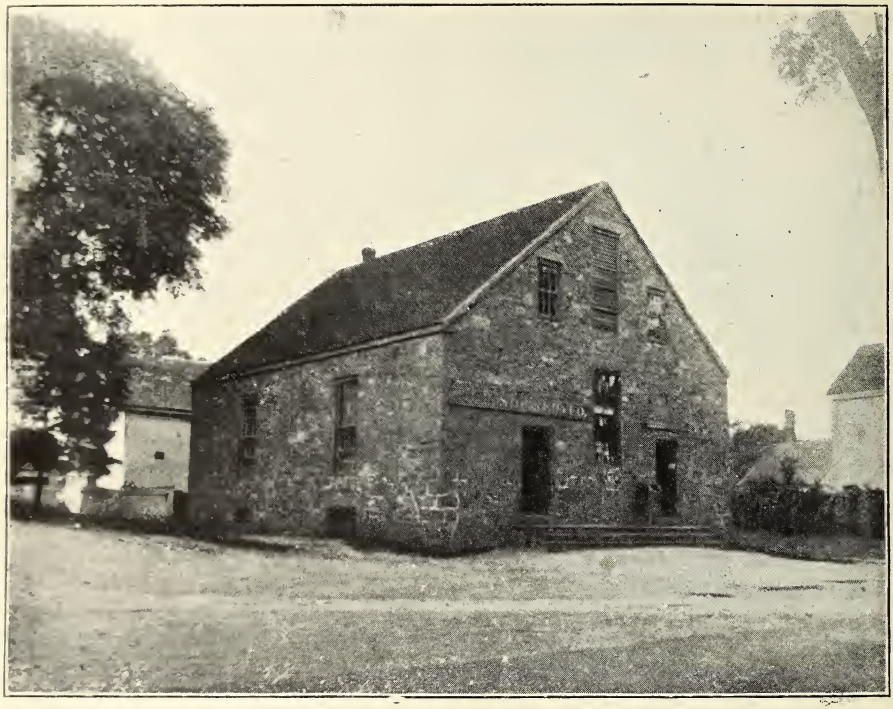
In the year 1732 a separate church was established in Saugus, which was at that time known as the Third Parish. Edgar Cheever, the first pastor, was followed by the Rev. Joseph Roby, who served until the time of his death, fifty-one years later. Parson Roby was closely connected with the Revolutionary period, and formed one of the famous "Committee of Three," chosen April 23, 1775, as a committee of safety to consider measures of defence. It was probably due to his influence and that of Major Appleton, another brave agitator of Revolutionary days, that the parish of Saugus furnished the largest of the five companies that went from Lin to the battle of the Nineteenth of April, 1775. This band, sixty-one in number, was commanded by Captain David Parker. Many who answered to the call that morning never returned. Some were killed,

others followed the army to the end. The rock from which Appleton addressed the people against British misrule is marked to-day by a tablet, and stands on Appleton street, at Saugus Centre.

In the year 1815 the present town of Saugus, then separate as a parish, was officially set apart from Lynn, and the first town meeting was held in the parish church on February 27th of that year.

Six years later a Young Ladies' Seminary was established in the town under the direction of the Rev. Joseph Emerson. Here, at one time, Fanny Fern, the noted authoress, attended, and later, the young men being admitted, Cornelius Felton, afterward president of Harvard College, was a student. For a few years the institution enjoyed unusual prosperity. Then an epidemic of typhoid broke out among the students, from which several died. From this time the seminary was doomed, and in spite of all efforts it was closed in 1826.

The early industries of the town were grain mills, coffee grinding, snuff, tobacco and chocolate manufactures. In the year 1804 the first ice exported from this country was cut on the old Tudor estate, now the Town Farm, and shipped to the West Indies. Later Mr. Tudor made a contract with the British government to supply the island of Jamaica with ice. The first ice-house was erected at Kingston, and the nucleus of the present ice trade established.



THE OLD STONE CHURCH. ERECTED 1750

In 1810 the industry of morocco finishing was introduced by Joseph Enes, and seven years later he and his brother Robert commenced to grind dye woods. This property, situated not far from the ruins of the old iron foundry, was eventually sold to the Scott family of Ebenezer Hawkes in 1770, and was originally intended for a saw-mill. After passing through several hands it came into the possession of Edward Pranker in 1838, and has until lately been known as the Pranker Mills. The company at present occupying the premises was organized



OLD CHURCH MANSION. A MEMBER OF THE "BOSTON TEA PARTY" LIVED HERE

Salem. Since then it has been used for the manufacture of woolen goods, etc. To-day sixty people are employed there.

Another industry which likewise has witnessed several changes, is that of the Saugus Manufacturing Company. This factory, situated farther up stream, was built by in 1904. New machinery and improved methods were introduced for the manufacture of ladies' dress goods, and the mills to-day afford work for one hundred and fifty people.

In Cliftondale, the most thickly populated portion of the town, is situated Coates' Factory. Here,

since 1888, has been carried on the manufacture of all kinds of small novelties, and sixty people are kept busy to supply the demand in both domestic and foreign markets.

Other minor industries are also carried on throughout the town, and the Saugus of to-day, with a population of 6252, is still growing and becoming popular, not so much as an industrial centre, as it is for a residential suburb of Boston.

Legends of Old Newgate

By George H. Hubbard

(Continued from the October number)

VIII

The Great Rebellion

REBELLIONS were frequent at Old Newgate prison. Besides the many individual cases of insubordination and attempts to escape, there were several instances in which the entire convict body conspired to overpower the guard and escape together. As you follow your guide about the prison yard, almost every building reminds him of some exciting incident in the prison history. Noting the solid masonry of the guard house, he tells you how in the early days the buildings were of wood, and more than once a fire was started in one of these and during the excitement resulting there was a general stampede of the prisoners.

An outcropping ledge in the yard not far from the nail shop recalls a serious rebellion started in that shop under the leadership of a gigantic negro named Aaron Goomer. By some means the convicts employed in blacksmithing were freed from their shackles and made a concerted attack on the guards which was almost successful. Goomer had overpowered the officer in charge of the shop and had rushed into the yard when he was shot and killed, falling on this ledge of rock. His death cowed the rest and they were quickly reduced to submission.

As you are about to descend the thirty-two foot shaft into the caverns underground, you are told of a desperate struggle between a number of prisoners and Dan Forward the keeper that took place here one evening. A number of the keepers were sick, and Forward alone was dismissing the convicts to their quarters for the night. A part of the number had gone down, when the others turned upon the guard and endeavored to disarm him. Forward was a large man and

utterly fearless. Seeing the threatening looks of the men as they rushed to the attack, he grasped the foremost by the collar and hurled him down the shaft upon the heads of those already descending. A second followed and a third. The rest immediately shrank back and took their places in the line, descending without further trouble. Had Forward shown any sign of fear or been less prompt and energetic in acting, he would easily have been disposed of and the whole body of prisoners set at liberty.

Twenty years earlier there had been a similar scene enacted at the same spot, when about thirty tory prisoners attacked the guards: and though the latter numbered twenty-four in all they were overpowered, some were badly wounded and the rest were thrust down the shaft, while the prisoners escaped.

But the most serious of all the rebellions in Newgate prison was one that took place in the year 1822, the nail shop being the storm centre as in the case of the rebellion under Goomer.

A few months earlier the number of inmates of the prison had been greatly increased by the transference of many convicts from the less secure county jails to this most secure prison. Notwithstanding the many escapes, the high stone wall, the stone buildings, and more than all the caverns many feet underground, were looked upon by the authorities as furnishing a safe place of confinement for the worst of criminals. There were therefore more than a hundred prisoners lodged in Newgate at this time, most of them rough and desperate characters.

Among the convicts were several leading spirits of more than usual intelligence who were capable of planning a combined movement and of arranging the various details. Chief among these were the notorious Barnes brothers, whose long experience as burglars gave them skill in dealing with fetters and like hindrances; while their extended confinement had made them familiar with every part of the prison and every detail of prison routine and government.

The frequent resort to the stocks, the whipping post and the treadmill had aroused in many of the convicts a desire for revenge, hence it was no difficult task to persuade them to undertake a general insurrection.

William Barnes was the leader. His term was a long one, and he felt that there was no hope of escape single handed. Several times he had made the attempt only to be foiled and severely punished. For his last attempt he had been condemned to the solitary cell for a week, and while there he had worked out his scheme for a general rising.

Contrary to all modern notions of prison discipline, the convicts in Old Newgate were herded together at night in the old mining shafts, without any guard to watch over them or restrain them in any particular. True they were loaded with fetters: but these were often removed as soon as the guard left them, and there was unrestricted liberty of communication. What better opportunity could be desired for hatching plots and fomenting rebellion?

Barnes never did anything hasti-

ly. First he held a council of war with two or three trusty friends. Then all the convicts were taken one by one and sworn to secrecy by the most horrible oaths. A few who were unwilling to enter into the scheme were warned to keep themselves in remote parts of the caverns while the matter was being discussed, under threats of death. Days were spent in noting different points of opportunity or danger, and at night these were thoroughly canvassed and many plans of action suggested. A list was made of all the prison officers together with a careful estimate of their several qualities and a table of their hours and points of service. The convicts allotted to the different shops were carefully grouped and a leader appointed to each group. The most minute directions were given to each leader as to the method of attack and the course to be followed when his company should gain the jail yard. It seemed as though the preparations were so complete as to make failure impossible.

In brief this was the plan adopted. Keys had been made and supplied to all the convicts for the unlocking of their fetters. The nail shop where Barnes worked was to be the headquarters of the movement. Here, at an opportune moment the signal was to be given by striking a shovel violently across the chimney. This could be heard distinctly in every building in the yard, yet it was not a sufficiently unusual noise to attract attention from the guards. At this sound the force in each shop was to rise in a body, remove their fetters, knock down their guards, take their weapons and proceed at once to the guard house in the middle of the yard where all together should take possession of the arms of the prison. Thus having the entire institution under control, they could arrange for their departure at their leisure.

It was a beautiful morning in May, one of those days when every body feels strong and confident, and suspicion seems wholly out of place in any human heart. Apparently the glory of the day had wrought its spell upon even the convicts, for they were unusually tractable. Not a man had reported sick: not an attempt had been made to shirk duty. Even the most surly natures if not wholly softened were at least a trifle less surly than usual. All were in their appointed places, and the prison seemed more like a factory manned by busy and contented workmen than a place of detention and punishment for criminals. Once or twice the look of expectancy or the eager listening of some convict nearly betrayed the secret to an officer; yet a ready explanation served to quiet alarm.

Among the prison officials, the keenest and most efficient as well as the most courageous, was Alexander Griswold. And because of these qualities he was more dreaded by the convicts than any other. To his mind the unwonted quiet suggested a storm brewing, and he mentioned his suspicions to a brother officer who laughed at the idea as utterly without reasonable foundation. Still Griswold was not wholly satisfied, and, being called about half past nine to leave the prison on business he warned officer Case, who was next in charge, to be exceedingly careful and alert.

This warning probably saved the day for the prison authorities.

Griswold had been gone but little more than a half an hour when the preconcerted signal was heard. Clang! clang! rang the iron blade of a shovel across the stone chimney of the nail shop. In a twinkling every pair of fetters was unlocked and a hundred and ten men in the different shops were prepared to make an onslaught upon the slender guard of sixteen. The odds were great, and it seemed scarcely possible that the mutineers could fail of their purpose.

With a bar of iron upon which he had been working, William Barnes knocked officer Roe of the nail shop senseless and seized his cutlass. Three other men who had been detailed to disarm the second guard in the room worked so clumsily, pulling and hauling in opposite directions, that important time was wasted and the carrying out of the plot fatally delayed.

With wonderful coolness and promptitude officer Case, at the first sound of the signal, remembering Griswold's warning, placed a sentinel with loaded musket and fixed bayonet at the door of the guard room, while he himself ran to the shoe shop to head off the rebellion in that quarter. Fortunately there were no leaders of the nerve or ability of Barnes in the other shops, hence the response to the signal had been slow, and the officers having time to collect their wits were prepared for effectual resistance and cowed the men at most points without even the semblance of a struggle. True it was some time before all the men were shackled, and had the rebels in these shops been reenforced by comrades rushing in upon the officers from the yard, the affair might have terminated differently. But as no such reenforcement came, the men submitted sulkily and waited in silence the outcome of the effort made by their abler and more daring leader.

At the nail shop, however, things were different. There were the men of greatest courage and most desperate purpose. There also was the only real capacity for leadership and discipline, and the battle once on raged furiously for a brief space. Hammers, blocks of iron, heavy nails, tongs and other missiles flew thick and fast, and the guards were hard pressed. Roe was down and senseless. His companion was being pulled about and would soon have been disarmed or wounded, and in a few moments the inmates of the nail shop would have been able to cooperate with their fellows in the other buildings. At the critical moment, however, officer Griswold appeared on the scene. After starting on his errand he had been so deeply impressed with a feeling that mischief was brewing among the convicts that he turned about and entered the prison yard at the moment when the nail workers began to issue from the shop. Rushing to the spot, he promptly opened fire with his revolver upon the insurgents. At that instant too officer Roe recovered consciousness and began to use his pistol which had been overlooked in the melee. Two or three guards from other parts of the prison quickly came up and joined the firing party. In the face of these determined men, the convicts lost

courage and soon began to cry for quarter.

The ringleader, Barnes, was most severely wounded, several of the convicts lay dead on the floor of the nail shop and about the door, and altogether the scene was one not easily forgotten by any of those present. The result was a triumph of intelligence and discipline over mere brute force. Seventeen men had conquered one hundred and ten, not simply because the former were armed, while the later were not; but because the prison guards worked in concert, obeying orders implicitly and making no blunders, so revealing thorough discipline. The convicts, on the other hand, displayed their lack of discipline and want of preparation for an emergency. Had the workmen in all the shops acted promptly and together, or had the second guard in the nail shop been disarmed at once according to the plan, nothing could have prevented the rebels from gaining a most complete victory.

Depending as it did upon so many apparently trifling occurrences, the failure of any one of which might easily have turned the tide, the victory was looked upon as almost miraculous, and made a profound impression upon the prison authorities. Doubtless it was a potent force in bringing about the great change in prison methods and discipline that has taken place since that time. The milder and more humane treatment of convicts, with the careful isolation of each during the night has done much to cultivate a better spirit in the criminals themselves, while at the same time it deprives them of any extended opportunity for conspiring together in mischief. Under the present system of prison discipline as practised at Wethersfield any such concerted plan of rebellion or general escape is an utter impossibility.

IX

A Pirate's Treasure

Piracy was not uncommon in the eighteenth century. The frequency of wars and the undeveloped condition of international laws and relations gave abundant opportunity for this class of crimes. And the slowness of communication made it comparatively easy for freebooters to escape detection and punishment. Naturally enough the period has furnished many tales of wild life on the high seas, and of treasures hidden by pirates upon various parts of the American coast. Not a few of these tales are wholly imaginary, and still more are of uncertain worth. But the history of Newgate prison brings to light one such story which is unquestionably true.

In its combination of the prosaic and the romantic, the common place and the extraordinary, the story sets at naught all literary ideals, and all the pet notions of the novelists. We hear of sacks of gold hidden upon the seashore and straightway we expect to learn that the bold robber who hides it bears some distinguished name. It is disappointing to be introduced to plain James Smith. A tale of reckless daring and cold blooded murders suggests thrilling experiences and a tragic end. Instead thereof we find only a common horse thief spending his last years in Newgate prison under an indictment for stealing.

Were this fiction, we should bestow a more striking title upon the hero or criminal in chief; and we should bring his career to an end amid the flames of his burning ship or in some bloody fight with a foe too strong for him. But the story of real life confronts us with its prosaic James Smith, and its plain account of the imprisonment of a common horse thief.

No modern Robin was this Smith, atoning for his cruelty by his chivalry, making you admire him for his generosity while you deprecate his reckless criminality. On the contrary there seems to have been nothing attractive or admirable about the man. As a boy in Groton, Connecticut, he was a torment to his teachers and terror to all peaceable citizens whether young or old. Sullen and vindictive in temperament, he seemed to take delight in wrong doing for its own sake. His pranks were inspired by a spirit of insubordination and lawlessness rather than by any apparent sense of fun. And he early graduated from the school room to the society of hoodlums and criminals. There was a universal sense of relief when it was announced one morning that Smith and one or two of his boon companions had disappeared from town after committing some more than usually aggravated breach of the public peace. Whither he had gone no one knew, and no one cared if only the town were well rid of him.

It was a stormy morning in the spring of 1822, twelve years after his departure from Groton, that Smith next appeared on the pages of history. For several days the wind had been blowing a gale off the coast of North Carolina, and reports of wrecks were numerous. It caused little surprise, therefore, to the household at the Taylor plantation on the shore of Currituck sound when eight men appeared who were evidently shipwrecked sailors, and asked for a few days' shelter and food. They reported that their vessel had foundered from the other side of the sound, and told how they had escaped by means of a raft and had been cast ashore with some of the stuff which they had been able to rescue from the ship. After drawing their raft with its burden well up on the beach, they had made a long circuit about the end of the sound till they had come to this the first human habitation along the coast.

Benjamin Taylor, the owner of the plantation, gave them a ready welcome; the more so, as they offered to pay liberally for all trouble and attention. Their vessel, they said, was a trader from Boston, bound for the West Indies. Two days previously she had encountered a heavy gale which drove her from her course, and after forty-eight hours of beating about she had been driven ashore and foundered. Several of the crew had perished, but they had been more fortunate, escaping not only with their lives, but with considerable money and other articles which they had brought away in a chest from the sinking ship.

The chief spokesman of this company was no other than James Smith the runaway hoodlum of Groton. He was a heavy browed, forbidding person, but as sailors were often rough characters his ap-

pearance excited no particular surprise or suspicion. In the afternoon he engaged Taylor with four of his most able bodied slaves to row him across the sound and bring back the chest containing the money, clothing, etc., that had been saved.

On the way over he pointed out to them numerous indications of the wreck, and although his stories were not perfectly consistent nor always coherent, they were readily believed; the more so when on reaching the opposite shore they found the chest which he had told them. Lifting this to place it on their boat Taylor and his men were amazed at its weight, and their curiosity and suspicion were immediately aroused. When they had returned and deposited their burand his men, Taylor secreted one of his negroes in a closet adjoining from which several large cracks gave opportunity for seeing all that transpired in the room, with orders to watch closely everything that the men might do.

Late at night, when the rest were asleep, the slave came to his master in a great state of excitement. He said that while the household were busy about the evening chores Smith had called his men into the room, opened the chest and taken therefrom a great number of gold and silver coins. These he had divided among the men, keeping a double share for himself as leader. Hearing this, Taylor was convinced that he had a band of robbers under his roof, and he determined to capture them.

Quickly saddling a fleet horse he rode post haste to the nearest town and told his story to the sheriff. Before long the officers had gathered a force of men well armed, and while Smith and his men were yet sleeping the posse arrived at the farmhouse, entered their room and made them prisoners. So complete was the surprise that they offered little resistance, and it was not many hours before they were brought before the district magistrate. Here the slave told the story of the money that had aroused his suspicions. But as there was a total lack of evidence to show that the money had been wrongfully obtained, and as the men agreed in their declaration that it was simply the money that they had been able to rescue from the sinking ship, they were soon at liberty again.

The rest of the men immediately scattered, going presumably to their several homes; but Smith returned to the Taylor homestead to remain a fortnight longer. During that time his mind seemed occasionally to be unbalanced. In conversation with the negroes he told strange and disconnected tales of murders that he had committed during his career, asserting that he had commanded a piratical vessel, and that he still had untold treasures buried in the beach sands not far from the spot where they had found the chest. Little attention was paid to his words; for he was thought to be suffering from the effects of his recent hardships, which had perhaps been aggravated by his sudden arrest and accusation.

He made no effort at the time to recover any more of his riches: but at the expiration of two weeks set out for his old home in Connecticut. To the respectable portion of Groton's population the news of

Smith's return was far from welcome. They remembered well his youthful escapades, and had been only too glad when he ran away to sea years before. To the lower element of loafers and incipient criminals his coming was hailed with considerable enthusiasm, and they lent willing ears to his tales of adventure and crime. Not that they believed his stories: for most of them were considered mere sailor yarns: but they were of the sort most pleasing to them, and they were glad to take lessons in crime from their former townsman. It was the species of hero worship that helps to make criminals.

A few weeks of this sort of life, however, was enough for Smith. His was not a nature that derived any great satisfaction from merely arousing the admiration of others. He found more delight in crime itself than in boasting of crime. No one was surprised therefore when one night a fine horse was stolen from the leading merchant of Groton, and shortly afterwards Smith was captured with the horse in his possession just as he was about to cross the line into the state of New York.

For this crime he was convicted and sentenced to Newgate prison for a term of six years. Here he told to his fellow convicts and even to some officers of the prison the story of his wanderings during the period that elapsed between his running away to sea and his arrest for horse stealing.

He said that he had fallen in with a crew of rough and desparate characters, many of whom, like himself, had taken to the sea as a refuge from punishment of crimes committed at home. Gradually he gathered about him a number of kindred spirits who joined him in successful mutiny. Later they obtained possession of a French vessel with which they had engaged for several years in piracy. As opportunity offered they captured defenceless merchant ships, murdering their crews, taking possession of whatever specie and valuables were to be found, and sinking the ships. In this way they had amassed considerable wealth. At length they determined to disband and, settling down to quiet lives, to enjoy their ill-gotten gains: but they dared not enter any port without regular papers. For this reason they took advantage of a storm to scuttle their ship off the Carolina coast, carrying their specie ashore and burying it with the exception of one trunk full which they divided for present use. It was then that they appeared at the Taylor plantation in the guise of shipwrecked mariners as already described.

Strange as it may seem, no attempt was made to discover the truth of these stories, or to convict him of the crimes of which he so readily accused himself. This was doubtless due to the fact that Smith was looked upon by all who met him as partially insane. Furthermore it was no uncommon thing for convicts to boast of all sorts of crimes which they had never committed, as a man's standing in Newgate society was determined to a large degree by the number and seriousness of his offences. But circumstances which afterward came to light confirmed his most bloody tales: and there is no doubt that cruelty and murder

the most barbarous may justly be charged to his account. Had Smith lived at the present day he would unquestionably have been pronounced morally insane. There appeared to be a definite bias toward crime in his makeup. He engaged in piracy or counterfeiting or thieving, not for what he could get out of it, but because he took a real delight in wickedness. Criminals were his associates from choice. Wrongdoing was more pleasing to him for its own sake than honesty and righteouness.

When he entered Newgate, he was well supplied with money which he had brought with him from North Carolina. Naturally he was not slow in trying its power with his guards. David Foster, whom he first approached, proved incorruptible, although he offered two hundred dollars for very slight assistance in the matter of escape. Foster promised, however, that he would not expose Smith, but at the same time warned him not to attempt a bribe with any of the other officers. That he did tamper with some less faithful man is most likely; for only a few weeks later he made his escape from the prison under circumstances that strongly suggested bribery. One of the prison doors was left unfastened at a most opportune time; but the neglect was never traced to any particular individual and no satisfactory proof of bribery was shown.

From the prison Smith went directly to the house of Benjamin Taylor where he stayed a week or more. There he employed a number of the plantation slaves digging on the shore and searching for treasure which he asserted was buried there. The search proved fruitless, however, and he was greatly disappointed. Possibly the waves had washed away the bags and chests, if any had been placed there. Or his former companions in crime may have returned and taken the prize for themselves. In any event Smith declared them to have been stolen, and he suspected Taylor of the theft. After remaining some days in the vain hope of discovering a clew to his lost specie, he departed in the night, first setting fire to several of his host's buildings in revenge for his fancied wrong.

Whither he went no one knew, nor was anything heard of him for many months. At length he was discovered in Connecticut once more, caught red handed in possession of a number of horses that he had stolen. He was tried and convicted on four indictments and sentenced to Newgate a second time for a period of twenty-three years. This time no opportunity of escape was found, and he passed the remainder of his life within the walls of the prison. He was among those who witnessed the change from Newgate to Wethersfield, where he died in 1836.

Editor's Table

The Passing of the Attic

I have never owned an attic. Probably I never shall own one, though if ever my ship comes in, I shall get me one the first thing. But notwithstanding my garretless condition, I hate to think that the attic is going—nay, has well-nigh gone, out of fashion. So has the horse, yet there are still some among us who prefer driving a leisurely Dobbin to spinning along in horseless up-to-dateness. Are there not some old-fashioned souls left who prefer an attic to a locked bin in the apartment cellar? Does not the charm of that dim mysterious, dream-inspiring region under the rafters appeal to a lofty few, at least of the feminine gender?

I put the question to a neighbor of mine, the other day, and her reply shocked me. She left a dear old New England farm to come to a brand new box of a house in the city, and she glories crudely in the "modern conveniences."

"A garret, you mean?" she answered me scornfully. "No, I'm glad to be shet of one. A garret's just a place to collect old triumphery—stuff you don't want, but can't bring yourself to throw away."

Triumphery, indeed! What would I not give for some old triumphery and a fit spot to house it! I can picture a perfect attic, and, though naturally modest, I have great confidence in my ability to furnish an attic when I get one. I shall take my great-grandfather's rafter room as a model. I never saw it, alas, for the old homestead was sold before my time, but I have listened by the hour to tales of that favorite haunt of my mother's childhood. It was a dusty, dusky, cobwebby place with delightful corners, where one was forced to get down on all fours to avoid bumping one's head. It was full—literally full—of boxes, chests, trunks, and old furniture. There was a hide-covered trunk, (with the hair left on the hide) full of wonderful old dresses and trinkets. There were band boxes, covered with wall paper, where great-grandmother kept her best bonnets. There was a fascinating chest containing books and papers, yellow and crisp with age. There was a broken spinning wheel, and a big weather-stained wool wheel. There were two or three rush-bottom, fiddle-back chairs, which great-grandmother had proudly replaced downstairs with monstrosities covered in green rep. I believe I can manage most of these things in my attic, even though it be a brand new one—money will do so much nowadays! But one thing troubles me. I may not be able to fill my ancient chests with heirlooms of silk and bombazine and scuttle bonnets of a by-gone day. Never mind! They shall at least contain the shirt waists, Etons and lingerie hats of yesterday, which will in time be old-fashioned enough to adorn my descendants at some fancy-dress ball of the future!

Then think of the satisfaction to be got out of an attic from a purely practical point of view. Think of having room enough for all the camphor chests you really need without putting one on another in the usual inconvenient way! In the dark little closet we now dignify by the name of "store-room," the boxes are piled ceiling high, with the result that the very article we need, and must get at at once, is always in the bottom chest. That bottom chest! What a grudge we bear it. There is something demoniacal about the way it absorbs all the things that ought to go into the top trunk. I must confess that it is aided and abetted to some extent by the housekeeper of the family. When the first deceitful "warm spell" comes in the spring, she hastens to air and clean blankets, comfortables, overcoats and winter things generally, and pack them away in camphor. "The moths will get at them

if I don't," she declares, and begins of course with the bottom trunk. In a day or so, the thermometer drops back to 38 degrees, and after a night of shivering under sheet and dimity coverlet, and an influenza apiece acquired by the lack of woolen garments, we admit that we will have to get at that wretched chest. Ah me! I dream delectable dreams of an attic, which shall contain no bottom chests, where every chest, forsooth, shall be a top chest!

But I dream even oftener of an attic which shall be to me a refuge from people and conventions. We all need such a refuge now and then, and where can one find a place better fitted to loaf and invite one's soul than an attic, with its dim cathedral lights, its ancient dust-festooned rafters, its faint, sweet smell mingled of cedar and lavender and thyme, and all the dear old-fashioned herbs; with its peaceful quiet broken only by the drowsy buzzing of one imprisoned wasp on the window-pane; with its air of aloofness from the things of to-day and to-morrow, its memories of yesterday? When it rains, I shall throw myself down on the dilapidated old davenport by the little window, and listen, warm and dry, to the steady patter of the raindrops on the roof, while I read a bit here and there in the quaint old tale which the black chest has yielded to my prying fingers. I shall—

Ah, foolish dreamer! Idle, idle dream! Even now it is rudely dispelled by the bold "honk honk" of an automobile tearing along the city street below me, and calling to me as through a megaphone, "Enter Auto and Apartment—Exit Attic!"

MARY CALDWELL RICHARDSON.

Gilded Age

It has been suggested that if the amount of consideration due a man's opinion was meted out in proportion to his increase of years, Methuselah would be regarded as the one person really worth listening to.

Undoubtedly a great many old things are worthy of extreme admiration. This is however, save in rare instances, not on account of their age but because of their own admirable qualities, which age is powerless to impair. A fine piece of mahogany may deepen into a richer coloring, wine may improve in flavor, but the majority of material possessions deteriorate or wear out altogether.

As a rule, if old things are desirable, it is in spite of, rather than because of, the length of their existence.

The average American who journeys from the new world to view the old one, is marvelously impressed by the simple antiquity of things. The novelty of coming frequently in contact with buildings and works of art which antedate the landing of the Pilgrim fathers by many centuries, takes a strong hold on his imagination and he continually wonders why his trans-Atlantic cousins seem to place so little stress upon the number of years associated with any ancient edifice or massive pile. These old-world folk, who are a trifle weary of antiquity, content themselves with the discernment of the artistic merit or the present utility of anything in question.

"That is a nice old ruin," they murmur, dwelling upon the "nice."

"Indeed it is," the new world representative responds, intent upon the "old."

Familiarity does not breed contempt so much as it does criticism, and a good thing will stand the test of severe criticism and come forth all unscathed; indeed a thing that will not stand familiarity must have pretty weak legs on which to stand at all.

So with the relics of antiquity; they must be tested apart from that mere glamour which their great age sheds round them, and rated at their intrinsic value.

A mummy is interesting for many reasons; it is a curiosity, a scientific study, a revelation of early Egyptian customs; but its interest is not to be computed by a mathematical calculation of just the number of centuries which have elapsed since a deteriorating live Egyptian was trans-

formed into a properly-preserved extinct one. One's respect for the mummy is not because of its longevity, but on account of one's perception that it is a first-class production of its kind.

Old age, then, should demand just the amount of deference which its own individuality has earned, and nothing extra for "auld lang syne." Apart from that consideration which all strength owes to weakness, and robust health to sickness or failing power, what tribute has old age the slightest right to exact merely for the sake of old age?

If any man's opinion is not worth hearing, the fact that he has survived three score years and ten makes it not one iota more valuable. A bore at forty is surely a trial to all his generation, but one at eighty has doubtless harrassed a goodly portion of posterity and should be dealt with accordingly.

An ugly temper is bad enough at fifty but it is certainly insufferable at seventy-five. The weaknesses and follies of youth are easy to forgive, but those of old age deserve far less indulgence, the owner of them surely is old enough to have known better.

One hears so frequently of the shortcomings of "gilded youth" that it seems time to scrutinize the faults of "gilded age"; age that makes an accumulation of years, like charity, cover a multitude of sins; age that demands respect and deference that is unmerited. Because a fool is old is no reason that the community should doff its hat to him. A young fool may grow wiser but an old fool has no reason for being.
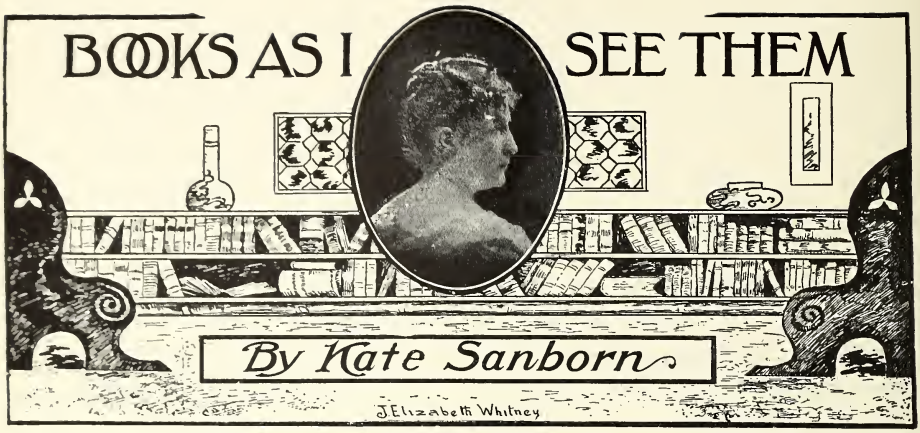
One hears it said that to-day youth has lost its reverence for age. Years and gray hairs do not call forth the grave respect that they were wont to summon. Is this because the youth of to-day is over thoughtless and inconsiderate; or is it that years and snowy locks have overdone the part, and have exacted too much from youth and the result has been a natural revolt against the tyranny of age?

I would bow low to age that bears itself with serene dignity, that stands before me as an example of admirable progression through ever advancing stages of development on to a peaceful goal where it may voice helpful and wise conclusions.

But to a mere querulous and domineering accumulation of years that have not been especially well spent, — to "gilded age," I refuse to contribute one farthing more than its exact deserts. Then if I must be over taxed in some direction let it be for the benefit of struggling youth. I can spare something from my scanty store for those who have succeeded in early years, those who are young and wise, experienced despite their immaturity, who have in a short time grasped that which is usually acquired but by a long and weary process.

To all the great men, and their name is legion, who have been great in early youth, I would pay tribute ahead of those who have attained their greatness in ripe old age.

CAROLINE TICKNOR.



As I see them now, with my own eyes, more than thirty new books are crowding about me on my library table, each deserving a full and immediate recognition. For a change I'll take them in groups as issued by various publishers.

Little, Brown and Company present a brilliant array of volumes with a great variety of theme and all from authors who compel serious attention. "The Dragon Painter" by Mary McNeil Fenollosa, a most original, engrossing story, with refreshingly few characters but the fascination of this exotic romance genuinely oriental in coloring never flags. As a love story it is really something new; the word pictures are artistic gems. It is already a pronounced success; there is a large Australian edition and the Japanese concede the book to be a correct exponent of their home life. Six full page ilustrations echo so truly the Japanese spirit as to give additional charm to the intense and exciting plot. $1.50.

Now that we really know who Sidney McCall is, we are given her picture, showing a strong, earnest, attractive face.

Besides "Truth Dexter," which is still widely read and her former Japanese novel "The Breath of the Gods," she has a volume of poems "Out of the Nest," liberally quoted by Stedman in his "American Anthology," which assures her a permanent place among our best poets.

An important publication is "Mars and Its Mystery"; a study of this planet for the general reader and dedicated to Prof. Percival Lowell, who has by his energy and scientific spirit, established a new standard for the study of Mars.

Mr. Morse is so well known in scientific and artistic circles and as an observant traveller in China and Japan that any opinions of his on a subject that interested him will be regarded with respect and known to be free from exaggeration or too free flights of the imagination. This book tells in a modest and frank way why he became drawn to the study of "the red Planet Mars." The controversies over the interpretation of its curious markings and the wide divergence of opinion as to their nature roused him to examine for himself.

Many of the world's greatest astronomers have thought that Mars might be inhabited, but most of our own students of the starry heavens are discreetly cautious in their statements.

The plurality of worlds has been maintained by almost all the distinguished writers; clergymen and metaphysicians as well as astronomers; Alfred Russel Wallace stands alone in his strange assump-

tion that our little pin-hole of a world is the only abode of intelligent life.

The wonderful surface markings of Mars presents, says Schiaparelli, an indescribable simplicity and symmetry which cannot be the work of chance.

The Italian word "Canali" does not mean canals, such as we make, but the true translation is channels, an intricate network of lines, fine, straight, dark, as if cut by an engraver. For nine years after the discovery of these lines by Schiaparelli, no one else could see them.

He found them in 1877 and in 1886 two others made out a number of them and their drawings corresponded with his. In the clear and steady atmosphere of Flagstaff, Mr. Lowell has added about four times as many. Several of these charts are given, which to an utter ignoramus have very little resemblance.

The polar caps are supposed to be snow and they apparently melt and produce dark bands which Prof. Pickering pronounces water. The white spots in the equatorial region are now regarded as due to vegetation. Mr. Morse quotes Miss Agnes M. Clarke, an astronomical writer of great merit who has written a most lucid and comprehensive "History of Astronomy in the Nineteenth Century," as saying "The canals of Mars are an existent and permanent phenomenon."

Mr. Morse observed Mars every night at the Lowell Observatory for thiry-four days, refusing at first to let any one show or even suggest where he might find a canal or a marking on the disk. And at first his discouragement was overwhelming. "Imagine my surprise and chagrin when I first saw the beautiful disk of Mars through this superb telescope. Not a line! not a marking! Only the open mouth of a crucible filled with molten gold." But examining the golden opalescent disk night after night and drawing what was revealed, he found he at last saw a little of what had been found by more experienced observers.

As to the difference in the charts he says that the drawings of the Corona made at the same instant by a dozen observers in as many different Lookouts were all decidedly different.

It is certainly marvellous that so much has been discovered about our nearest neighbor and really nowadays nothing seems impossible, not even communication with the inhabitants of "Other Worlds than Ours." Little, Brown and Company, $2.00 net.

And next comes Lilian Whiting with another of her "World Beautiful" and "Radiant Life" series; optimistic and ever cheerful with a calm in life's storm and stress that few can attain and a positive faith that we all envy, in the nearness and actual hereness of our friends who have disappeared from mortal sight but are still with us. She says "When Lowell wrote:

"'The spirit world around the world
of sense
Floats like an atmosphere,'

he expressed a scientific fact as well as a spiritual truth." We live, move and have our being in the ethereal world. We live among and in the constant companionship of the inhabitants of that realm.

They join us on the streets in our walks; they come to us in hours of work, or of leisure and silence.

Miss Whiting is to a degree clairaudient and describes the way in which messages are heard by her. "Sometimes it will be as if the person speaking stood by her side and spoke. Again, the words will seem to come with a faint and far-away sound, falling with perfect distinctness on the inner sense of hearing, but as if from a great distance, like the long distance telephone. Sometimes she hears a voice that seems to come from remote space in the most marvellous and indescribable manner; the words seeming not as if spoken by a voice, but rather as if uttered by a note of music, and one can but recall

"'The horn of elfland faintly blowing.'"

She thinks it quite probable that there is in the ethereal world something corresponding to our long distance telephone,

only finer, more musical, more exquisite in its transmission.

She has another idea of inspiration. The inventor, discoverer or creator is for the time dwelling in the ethereal world and the psycho-magnetic powers have taken command. Any pianist will admit that if he stops to think when playing, he touches the wrong key; the spell is broken, he is back in the physical world and has lost this subtle power. In Shelley's exquisite "Indian Serenade," he sings

"I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, Sweet."

The "spirit in the feet" is the psychic self taking command of the physical body; it is the indwelling of the ethereal that makes this possible.

In the ethereal world she assures us we shall find cities, town and country; schools, churches and music; lectures, painting and sculpture. And the artist finds his pictures, the author his books. "The artist creates in the astral before he creates in the material, and the creation in the astral is the permanent embodiment."

You will find all this either efflorescent vagueness and poetical illusions or a blessed revealer of the life that now is all about us and that is to go on forever. The large sale of Miss Whiting's books shows that to hundreds of eager seekers after truth and news of the life beyond, she is a teacher, guide and prophet.

She also gives us this fall "The Land of Enchantment," a beautiful book fully illustrated from photographs, describing with the enthusiasm of a poet and artist the wonderful resources of Colorado and Arizona and the large, full progressive life of the people. The first book is $1.25; the second $2.50.

A graceful, earnest style of rhyming belonged to Miss Sarah C. Woolsey, (Susan Coolidge) and her "Last Verses" with a loving introduction by her devoted sister, the wife of Pres. Gilman, have a touching, tender interest for all who knew her. I wish we might have had her fine face at the beginning. In reading anything I especially like I often turn back for another look at the writer's face, imagining the expression while saying this or that. I well remember how she looked years ago sitting with her sister in the "Nunnery" pews on the left of the old College church at Hanover, and believe I stared at her as much as any sophomore! She will long be remembered for her devotion to work for the soldiers during the Civil War and by her still popular "Katy Did" series. She was a strong and lovable character full of individuality, wit and humor, sympathy and courage. Price of "Last Verses" $1.00.

Four good novels from the same house.

"The Impersonator," a Washington society story, cleverly told by Mary Imlay Taylor.

"The Slave of Silence," an ingeniously woven mystery or chain of mysteries by Fred H. White.

"The Master Spirit," a powerful story by Sir William Magnay, the popular English author; a present day romance of London social and political life.

"An Express of '76," a chronicle of the town of York in the war for independence, by Lindley Murray Hubbard. Price of each $1.50.

Three delightful and in every way desirable books for children.

"The Silver Crown," another book of fables for old and young by Laura H. Richards. A little less easy to be understood by the young folks than "The Golden Windows," but they can be prettily interpreted by mother, aunt or sister. Price $1.25.

"The Story of Scraggles," by George Wharton James; six illustrations. Scraggles was a crippled song-sparrow and he found a friend. That's all, but you get it.

Lastly "The Triumphs of Petrarch," which Prof. Norton pronounces to be the most notable pieces of presswork since the time of Caxton. It is also the most costly volume to be issued locally this season.

Lastly and finally Miss Farmer's Bos-

ton Cooking-School Cook Book. Present edition, with new plates, additional recipes, and more than a hundred illustrations, twenty thousand copies. Price $2.00.

This list is about one-half of this season's output of Little, Brown and Company, Boston.

Four from Houghton and Mifflin:

I could not but feel sorry for "The Only Child" told of by Eliza Orne White last year because the story was so well told and so true to the longing and loneliness and morbid moods of any child who is the only one. I know several such. But in her next book Miss White kindly gives Lois Page "A Borrowed Sister" from April to January. Now all is different and Lois stands in the sunshine. Good times now always, except at school; with their flowers and kittens including a double pawed or witch-kitten, which invariably brings good luck, an occasional outing or driving trip, a birthday party with rhymes and gifts, even a "lovely darning class" with lovelier recess and refreshments, with a merry Christmas as a wind-up, and all so natural and happy, such an improvement on Lois alone that I wish on closing the book that I had three or four dear "Only's" to read it to and so perhaps inspire each to borrow a sister. Illustrated by Katherine Pyle. Price $1.00.

"The Man in the Case," by Mrs. Phelps Ward is a new departure for her; a tale of mystery, suspicion, cruel gossip, mental distress and may I add absurd and useless reticence on the part of the heroine; a wrong idea of honor. But that of course was to make it more intense and puzzling to the thousands of eager readers of the eleven "To be continueds" in "The Ladies' Home Journal" where it first appeared. It reads more like the thrilling stories of Anna Katherine Green and that school; well done, but not at all the highest art of this gifted woman.

The woman in the case has long been a fertile theme; who was she? but with this plot, it is asked—who can he be?

This is her twenty-seventh book; it is well illustrated by Henry J. Peck. Price $1.50.

It is with hearty pleasure that I stroll with Alice Brown along "The County Road," stopping to get acquainted with the plain country folks and their homes and ways and experiences. The temperature is normal again, not feverish and strained; those hypersensitive organizations, she sometimes describes, I pass by as too tense, too capable of mental suffering to be desirable intimates.

But Abigail Bennett, who for the first and only time told lies all one day, to quiet and mislead her fussy and meddling old husband and so help on her daughter's love affair, I fairly dote on. Also Miss Arletta who pained to the quick by the lamentable condition of the ignorant heathen in India, bound by "error's chain," planned to make money to send them with her precious recipe for "Rosy Balm" and then while out on her first mercantile venture, gave every bottle away, is an old darling. I hope that "A Winter's Courting" was a true happening.

Each one of this collection of short stories will bear several readings. Price $1.50.

A new edition of Cowper's "Diverting History of John Gilpin," printed and bound in the fashion of the old primers and illustrated on each page with an original and comic woodcut, the work of Robert Seaver. Price 75 cents.

And the Macmillan Company? Impossible to do their new publications any justice in a brief resumé. Boiling down is a necessity in these days with no end of books to read, estimate and discuss. How I wish for the gift of giving a comprehensive, correct judgment in a sentence at this holiday season! "Tarry at Home Travels," by Edward Everett Hale, printed first in the Outlook, now revised and enlarged. His travels include New England, the state of New York, and Washington Then and Now. Dr. Hale's style is so easy that you feel he is talking with you.

Every page is valuable; full of meat and almost every other page has an illustration, often old and curious. The Doctor's belief that the Tempest relates the

adventures of Gosnold's Colony at Cuttybunk, told in Shakespeare's presence to the Earl of Southampton. And that Miranda is therefore a Massachusetts girl is startling but very probable. No need of praise or quotation; any book by Dr. Hale sells itself. Price $2.50.

"Disenchanted" by Pierre Loti, a fascinating but intensely pathetic story. The learning, and cosmopolitan culture, the many languages, the accomplishments now allowed in Turkish Harems and the restless misery it has caused. Such passionate beating against the bars; the wild desire for freedom and to be loved and appreciated as are other women in other countries. No remedy is suggested; none has yet been discovered but the author feels sure there is one and that it will be found. The facts are all true but the characters are imaginary. Read and be astonished. Price $1.50.

Jack London's last, "White Fang," reverses the situation in "The Call of the Wild" and we become interested in a wolf tamed and at last showing the affection and devotion of a dog will be relished by London's many admirers. $1.50.

As I see it, the only thing I care to say of "A Lady of Rome," by F. Marion Crawford is that it is his thirty-fourth volume; he certainly "knows his Italy" as they say and no doubt the profitable theme will be worked as long as it pays and his thousands of readers call for more Same price as the preceding thirty three; $1.50.

Three books for the young folk: "The Wonder Children," by Charles J. Bellamy, an old-fashioned yet new-fashioned set of fairy tales all about the golden key and the magic mirror and so on in the witching land we loved when children; all calculated to teach thought for those who need help and kindness, or how some bad habit is quickly cured by the wise fairies. Prettily illustrated. Price $1.50.

"The Railway Children," by E. Nesbit, the well known writer for the young. Price $1.50.

"Merrylips," by Beulah Marie Dix, the adventures of a brave little girl who wished she was a lad. Not adapted to the very young. Price $1.50.

"Harvard College by an Oxonian," is a view of Harvard through English eyes, a running comparisn between the ideas and ideals of the two; from George Birkbeck Hill, the editor of Boswell.

This distinguished guest and observer who spent nearly two months in Cambridge shows a conservative, courteous spirit which makes agreeable reading. Now that our picked students are studying at Oxford and our professors lecturing in German and English universities, it is only in harmony with this broad spirit of exchange and wider range that experts from other lands should come here to take notes and report progress. Price $2.00.

"Jeanne d' Arc," a poetical play by Percy Mackaye: Sothern and Miss Marlow have announced this play for production the coming season in American and England. Price $1.25.

A dozen other publishers are equally rich in announcements of tempting books; they will be duly honored next month.



The-National-Society-of-N.E.-Women



BY E. MARGUERITE LINDLEY

The first business meeting of the twelfth season of the National Society of New England Women was held October 25th at 2.30 P. M. at Delmonico's. There was a large attendance. At the opening of the meeting Mrs. Charles Nievuhr presented a gavel made from the rafters of the Old North Church, Boston.

A greeting from the President, Mrs. Theodore Frelinghuysen Seward followed and after the reports of the officers, the Federation notes from the Eighth Biennial held at St. Paul, were given by the President, Mrs. Andrew A. Tuttle and the New England experiences by Miss Lindley, chairman of Colony Committee.

The charter for the Toledo Colony was formally presented to its President, Miss Temperance Pratt Reed, by Mrs. Seward, at the close of the business session; a social hour was then spent over the tea-cups.

The first of the whist meetings was held November 6th under the new regime, which provides for the attendance of all interested without the payment of the usual fee. Tickets had been distributed to every member of the Society and the proportionate number to the Colonies. The response was very satisfactory and proved the success of the new plan.

The first literary afternoon on November 22nd was of special interest. The chairman, Mrs. J. V. N. Dorr, was in charge. The topic of the after was the Indian Basketry and its makers of the West, accompanied by an exhibit.

Mr. and Mrs. William Brewster Humphrey gave most interesting sketches of Indian life and the Indian folk-songs were delightfully rendered by Mr. Humphrey. Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden, President of the National Sunshine Society, gave some personal experiences of life among the Indians. There was a large attendance and many guests and all were most delightfully entertained.

The regular meeting of Colony Two, Buffalo, New York, was held on October 11th. Two new members were elected, namely, Mrs. Silas W. Mason of Westfield, New York, and Mrs. Arthur B. Elliot of Buffalo. There was also an election of delegates and alternates to the approaching meeting of the City Federation of Women's Clubs.

A resolution was introduced for the Colony to withdraw from the New York State Federation.

A delightful literary and musical program was then given. Mrs W. A. Chamberlin read a well prepared paper on Lydia

Huntley Sigourney. Miss Edna Randall read two of Mrs. Sigourney's poems "The Mayflower," and "To a goose."

Herr de Cortez Wolffungen, lately arrived from Germany with the endorsement of Herr Muck of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, favored us with two very enjoyable selections. Mrs. Albert E. Jones told of the unveiling of a tablet in the Old Reformed Church in Delfshaven, Holland, to commemorate the Pilgrim Fathers who sailed from there in the "Speedwell" nearly three hundred years ago. The commemoration exercises were held October 6th and described in the New York Herald of October 7th.

After the meeting light refreshments were served by the hostesses, Mrs. George W. Farnham, chairman; Mrs. John Ayrault, Miss Ayrault, Mrs. Albert H. Briggs, Mrs. Edwin W. Carey, Mrs. N. A. T. Carrell, Mrs. S. C. Brush, Mrs. R. A. Bethune, Miss Bradley, Mrs. C. T. Colman.

Rutherford Colony Six. The first regular meeting of the season, of Colony Six, Rutherford, New Jersey, was held at the residence of Mrs. H. G. Bell, Friday afternoon, October 19th.

After the usual business had been transacted, the President, Mrs. Sarah L. Flowers, suggested the forming of a Colonial Choir, to sing the old songs at the meetings.

This met with the approval of the Colony, and Mrs. Wheelock and Mrs. McBride were appointed to organize and conduct the choir.

Mrs. Galloway, the first President of the Colony, and Mrs. Morrison, both charter members, were appointed as a Philanthropic Committee.

Mrs. Westervelt and Mrs. Aulby, the Hackensack members, were appointed as a Genealogical Research Committee, to assist applicants for membership in tracing their ancestry. Both these ladies have made New England Genealogy a specialty for years.

After a short literary and musical program, refreshments were served and several visitors expressed a desire to become members of the Colony, and were supplied with application blanks.

Mrs. Bell was a delightful hostess and a large number of the members were present.

There is also a study class conducted by Miss Badger, who was Secretary of the Colony for two years, and is an earnest and enthusiastic worker.

Brooklyn, Colony Eight, has started in her second year of fine programs and earnest work. Their membership has reached 215, which is the largest of all the Colonies. Reports of their meetings, also those of several other Colonies arrived too late for insertion this month.

The attendance at the meetings of Colony Ten, San Francisco, has proven that the right key was touched when this Colony was formed.

It is always a pleasure to attend these meetings as the business part of the program is well conducted under the able supervision of the President, Mrs. John F. Swift. There is a literary and a musical program which is highly appreciated, and this is followed by the "cups that cheer but not inebriate."

Since the great San Francisco disaster the Relief Committee has been hard at work relieving the distressed and homeless ones.

The first meeting of the Toledo Colony, was held Thursday afternoon, October 11th, with the President, Miss Temperance Pratt Reed, about twenty attending.

The constitution and by-laws, which had been drawn up by the board of managers and officers, was read.

Mrs. Bailey H. Hitchcock read a most interesting article from the New England Magazine on "The Ideals of New England," by Kate Upson Clark, and Mrs. J. Kent Hamilton spoke cleverly of New England traits, ending her characterization of the early women of that section of the country, with several witty anecdotes. Mrs. Henry Tracy added several interesting facts and the delightful and informal program was followed by the service of tea and wafers, Miss Emma Backus presiding at the samovar in the dining room.

The next meeting will be held on the afternoon of November 24th, at the home of the first vice-president, Mrs. Harriet May Barlow.

The Colony will soon send in to the National Society its charter list of twenty names or more, eighteen application blanks being already in the hands of the vice-president, Mrs. Barlow.

Miss Temperance Pratt Reed, President of Colony Eleven, Toledo, Ohio, represents in every line the best of New England stock.

Her father was Samuel R. Reed of Cincinnati, Ohio, a distinguished editor, being the editorial writer for years on the Cincinnati Gazette and on the Commercial Gazette. Her mother was Helen Young, daughter of Ammi Burnham Young of Boston, who was for years supervising architect of the treasury. His monuments are the southwest front of the treasury in Washington, the Boston Custom House and the State House at Montpelier, Vermont. On her father's side she is a descendant of William Pratt, the settler who came to America with Hooker's congregation in 1633. He was called "the settler" because he was one of three to settle the town of Hartford, Connecticut.

Notwithstanding Miss Reed is herself a native of Ohio she is every whit New England and carries with her a double loyalty, that of New England and Ohio.

She is one of the early members of the New England Society, being number eighty-nine, always an earnest worker and has rendered most helpful service on the Colony Committee. All regret that she will spend the coming season abroad, but her enthusiasm will prevail in the hearts of her co-workers of Colony Eleven.

Mrs. Harriet May Barlow, vice-president of the Toledo Colony, is descended from Robert Treat, grandfather of Martha Treat, wife of William May, who came from England early in the seventeenth century, settling in Connecticut. He opposed the union of New Haven and Connecticut, and when the tyrannical Governor Andros was foiled in his attempt to re-assume the governorship of Connecticut, the original charter was brought from its hiding place in the oak tree and Robert Treat was elected governor, which office he held, with the exception of two years, until 1708. He was major during King Philip's War and served with much honor.

Another of Mrs. Barlow's ancestors, Cyprian Nichols, was deputy of Connecticut 1680-1715 and councilor of the Colony 1696-97, and others served as deputies, selectmen and soldiers in the Revolution. Among the latter were Colonel John May of Boston and Peter Comstock, who at the close of the war was given a grant of land in New York state.

Mrs. Ella Ford Bennett, second vice-president of the Colony, was born in Vermont, and is a descendant of John Warren, who came to America in the "Arbella," landing in Salem, Mass., June 12, 1630. She has in her possession an ancestral chart, which goes back on her father's side through the Warren blood, fourteen hundred years through a long line of royalty. The above named John Warren is of the 20th generation from William the Conqueror. Mrs. Bennett's great grandmother, Sarah Warren, who married Phineas Leland, was the first white child baptized in Grafton, Mass. She had a brother, Joseph Warren, a distinguished soldier of the Revolution. The Leland family includes many names prominent in New England history.

Mrs. Bennett is also a direct descendant from Captain Dolor Davis, who married Margery Willard, they being among the founders of Concord. Among the Davis descendants are governors, eminent judges, and United States senators, and among the Willards are two presidents of Harvard College, and a pastor of the "Old South Church" at Boston, who baptized Benjamin Franklin. Frances Willard, founder of the World's W. C. T. U. is one of the family.

Mrs. Lillian C. Bassett Wolverton, recording secretary of the Toledo Colony, entered the Society of New England Women through William Bassett, the Pilgrim, who came over in the good ship

Fortune in 1621, and died in Bridgewater, Mass., in 1667, also through her maternal grandparents, the Hon. Ezekiel Ladd and his son, Joseph Ladd of Haverhill, Mass., both of whom fought in the war of the Revolution in the same company, Ezekiel Ladd being captain. The Ladd family came over in 1640. One of its descendants is Daniel Webster.

Miss Grace Jennings, corresponding secretary, was born in Hingham, Mass., and through her mother, Esther Jacobs Cushing, is a direct descendant from Matthew Cushing, who was born in Hingham, England, in 1589, and who is in direct line from William Cushing, who died about 1492. Matthew Cushing with his wife, Nazareth Pitcher, came on the ship "Dilligent" to Hingham, Mass., in 1638, the home they built remaining in the possession of the family until 1887. Miss Jennings is also directly descended from Nicholas Jacobs, who came to Hingham, Mass., from England in 1633, and most of whose descendants have lived in Hingham and Scituate since that time.

Mrs. Carrie Dewey Warring, treasurer of the Toledo Colony, is a member of the society through her great-grandfather, Hugo Dewey, who served in Col. John Brown's regiment Mass. Volunteers, and who also took part in the action at Bennington, under Brig. Gen. Stark and was discharged by him. On her maternal side, Mrs. Warring is descended from Major Samuel Wolcott, her great great grandfather, who served in the Revolutionary war as captain and major, and was present at the surrender of Burgoyne. He was also a representative of the town, in the General Court. Ezekiel Herrick, who was captain in the first regiment of the Mass. militia and afterwards served as major in the Revolutionary war and as representative in the General Court.

Mrs. Bailey H. Hitchcock, chairman of the Board of Managers of the Toledo Colony was born in Plymouth Co., Mass., the daughter of Dr. Anthony Collamore, and grand daughter of Capt. Enoch Collamore, who was in the Revolutionary War, and the great-granddaughter of Pyam Cushing of Hingham, who married Harriet Lincoln, daughter of Col. Benjamin Lincoln, who was chosen by Washington to receive the sword of Cornwallis at his surrender.

On her mother's side, Mrs. Hitchcock is descended from Capt. Seth Hatch, her great grandfather, who ran the blockade in the St. Lawrence in 1759, and furnished supplies to Gen. Wolfe. For this, he was publicly thanked and given some of the general's tent furniture. Her great grandmother's great grandfather married Lady Susan, daughter of the third Earl of Lincoln. Another direct ancestor, Samuel Hatch, married Mary Doty, daughter of Edward Doty, the Pilgrim.



Colonial and Patriotic

By Elisabeth Merritt Gosse

Sons of the American Revolution

The educational committee of the National Society Sons of the American Revolution is composed of the Rev. Rufus W. Clark of Detroit; the Hon. Charles W. Lippitt of Providence; Prof. William K. Wickes of Syracuse; the Hon. George D. Todd of Louisville, Ky.; the Hon. J. A. Cartwright of Nashville, Tenn.; Mr. J. Franklin Pierce of Milwaukee, Wis.; and Dr. Charles W. Needham of Washington, D. C.

This committee reports most encouragingly of the work in many states. A fine start has been made, and the work has been taken up in different parts of the country, in different ways, according to local conditions. One society looks after the public schools; another works among artisans and newly arrived emigrants; others are dealing with an influential class of citizens for the formation of public sentiment. The first edition of the tract put out by Gen. Anderson, former chairman of the committe, has been distributed among immigrants coming to this country, at points of departure, and in the ships bringing them over. Prof. Charles W. Needham, president of the George Washington University, declares that this educational work is of the utmost importance, and should be given first place in the work of the patriotic societies. Morris B. Beardsley of Bridgeport, Conn., says that while the marking of historical sites, and the preservation of documents has been well done, yet there is much of equal importance. The condition of our country subject as it is and will be to the influx of vast hordes of not too desirable foreigners, needs the constant care of our best people, and unless we can Americanize them, they will ruin us. To no set of people does the taste appeal so much as to the descendants of early settlers. Patriotic societies can do no nobler work.

In Missouri the Society of Sons of the American Revolution has had five hundred copies of Lincoln's address on "Revolution and Evolution," printed for circulation. In Wisconsin the S. A. R. works among the immigrants of sixteen years and upwards. In Pennsylvania is being introduced Mr. Gill's school city system with great success. In Michigan the committee has brought the subject of instruction in the principles of American government and in our early history, before the authorities of the public schools of Detroit. The Michigan Society, S. A. R., has also organized a historical section, consisting of one hundred members who hold monthly meetings, reading papers, and discussing the events connected with the founding of the nation, and subjects of present day interest.

Mr. A. Howard Clark, secretary-general of the National Society, Sons of the American Revolution, has done excellent work in his compilation of the "Year Book" for 1906. The interesting contents include the list of national officers elected at Faneuil Hall at the annual congress held in Boston last May, and brief biographical sketches. Lists of the general board of managers, of the former presidents-general and of the national committees for this year are given. The illustrations include the insignia of the society; a fine portrait of Cornelius Pugsley of New York, president-general; and a picture of the general officers and guests of the annual congress taken in Boston last May on the steps of the University Club, Governor Guild appearing in the centre of the group. There is also a picture of the delegates and ladies grouped on the steps of Boston's Public Library; and views of the congress in session in Faneuil Hall.

There are now state societies of the Sons of the American Revolution in Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, Washington and Wisconsin. There are also societies in France and in the Hawaiian Islands.

Paul Jones Club, a chapter in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, which is affiliated with the Massachusetts Society, Sons of the American Revolution, organized ten years ago, has just elected these officers: president, William L. Hill; vice-president, William A. Hodgdon; secretary, George A. Wood; treasurer, John K. Bates; historian, Oliver K. Remick, auditor, Dr. William O. Junkins. The board of managers consists of Admiral Joseph Foster, Oliver R. Frisbee, Horace A. Massey, Charles C. Hodgdon, Frederick S. Towle, Dr. H. I. Durgin of South Eliot, Maine, and Frank T. Clarkson of Kittery Point. The well known Ranger tablet erected by this club at Badger's Island is ideally located. It records that on this island Paul Jones' famous continental sloop-of-war Ranger was built.

The board of managers of the Massachusetts Society, Sons of the American Revolution, at its monthly meeting admitted these new members: William Willis Beal of Roxbury; Charles Hobart Clark of Springfield; Ranson Alfonso Greene of Lowell; Frank Edward Kidder of Detroit, Michigan; William Stiles Loomis of Holyoke; Frank Wesley Palmer of Lynn; Ralph Henry Shaw of Lowell; Henry Pickering Smith of Boston; and Gardner Ellsworth Thorpe of Boston.

Daughters of the Revolution

Mrs. Adeline Frances Fitz, state regent of the Massachusetts Society, Daughters of the Revolution, states that the next great piece of patriotic work undertaken by the General Society, Daughters of the Revolution, will be done probably in the state of New York. After the fine work done by the Massachusetts Society, D. R., in raising three-fifths of the $5,000, which it cost to erect the arch and gateway on Cambridge common in commemoration of the fact that it was near the site of the Old Elm that General Washington took command of the American army, the Massachusetts chapters will for another year or so, probably confine themselves to local work, as, for instance that of the Brookline chapter, which is occupied with plans for the preservation and restoration of the ancient Edward Devotion house.

At the last meeting of Nathaniel Tracy Chapter of Newburyport, Miss Palmer of Longwood gave a paper containing much careful study and research on "The General Court." The court terms in England were named Hilary, Easter, Trinity and Michaelmas. When the ocean rolled between the colonists and the King, they held their meetings when they pleased, with the resident governor presiding. The 19th of October, which we now celebrate as "Yorktown Day," stands out, also, as the day when in 1630, the first public meeting, that of the First General Court, was held in Boston.

Deliverance Monroe Chapter of Malden, at its November meeting had Mr. Walter Kendall Watkins' delightful paper entitled "Over Boston Neck to the Mystic Side."

At the last meeting of Washington Elm Chapter of Cambridge, held with Mrs. Walter Verity at her residence in North Cambridge, Miss Elizabeth Ellery Dana gave a paper dealing with the life and work of her great-grandfather, born in Charlestown in 1743, and who in 1776 became a member of the council of Massachusetts, at that time the supreme executive power in the United States. In 1779 he went to Europe as secretary to John Adams, who had been sent to negotiate a treaty of peace and commerce with Great Britain. In 1780 Mr. Dana was appointed Minister to Russia. He was Chief

Justice of Massachusetts from 1791 and to 1806; in politics a Federalist. He was the father of the poet, Richard H. Dana.

Mary Washington Chapter of Clinton, meeting with Mrs. John E. Farnsworth in Lancaster, had a charming paper on "Old Lancaster Inn," written by Mrs. E. M. Clark.

Daughters of the American Revolution

The event of the autumn in the circles of the Daughters of the American Revolution, was the annual state conference, held in Worcester by invitation of Colonel Timothy Bigelow Chapter.

The conference was a two days' session, made doubly interesting by a brilliant reception, and an historic pilgrimage to the old home of Artemas Ward in Shrewsbury. Mrs. John H. Orr, regent of Timothy Bigelow Chapter, welcomed the three hundred and more delegates, and Miss Marie Ware Laughton, regent of Committee of Safety Chapter of Boston, a former state vice-regent, responded. Mrs. Charles H. Masury of Danvers, the state regent, presided over the session.

The chief business concerned the consideration and adoption of a new set of by-laws, and the revised edition was unanimously adopted. This satisfactory conclusion of a matter which has agitated the D. A. R. circles for a year or so, seems calculated to restore harmony and avert the threatened action of the withdrawal of some chapters, and the formation of an eastern conference. The new rules do not materially affect the future, save in making all regents members of the state council, and in giving a larger ratio of representation to the conferences. The present list of officers continues its patriotic work, no change whatever being made under the revised state rules.

Since the state history was published last spring, there have been forty-five deaths in the state society, including nine "real daughters." The total membership is now 4,863, with few new chapters in process of formation.

In December the Old South Chapter, founded by Mrs. Laura Wentworth Fowler of Dedham, celebrates its tenth anniversary. Mrs. Fowler as chairman of the day has prepared a fine program. Among the speakers will be Mrs. Donald McLean, of New York, president-general of the Daughters of the American Revolution; Dr. Moses Greely Parker, of Lowell, president of the Massachusetts Society, Sons of the American Revolution; Hon. Eben Francis Thompson, of Worcester, president of the Sons of the Revolution; A. J. C. Sowdon, representing the Society of Colonial Wars in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; and the Rev. Dr. Edward A. Horton. Mrs. Adeline Frances Fitz, state regent of the Daughters of the Revolution of Massachusetts, will bring greetings of her society. Original poems are expected from Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, and Mrs. Grace LeBaron Hepham. Governor Guild is also expected to be present and to speak.

Paul Revere Chapter, of which Mrs. Charles H. Bond is regent, held its November meeting with Mrs. Erastus Worthington, at her home in Dedham, where the chapter had the pleasure of welcoming Mrs. Flora Adams Darling, of Washington, D. C., one of the founders of the National Society of the D. A. R. Mrs. Allen gave an entertaining paper describing the famous home of Thomas Jefferson at Monticello; and a visit was made to the rooms of the Dedham Historical Society, where the members had the pleasure of seeing the fine bell made by Paul Revere.

Paul Jones Chapter of Boston, of which Miss Marion Howard Brazier was the founder and regent, sent its charter to Washington in October, and disbanded. Miss Brazier has just received from Washington her appointment as regent of a new chapter, named John Paul Jones, which will organize with forty members.

Mercy Warren Chapter of Springfield is raising money for a fund to be devoted to the support of Miss Mary Cooley, a "real daughter," whose father was a soldier in the Revolutionary war.

Molly Varnum Chapter of Lowell has purchased, and is to preserve, the old Spaulding house in that city.

The Society of Mayflower Descendants in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts gave their annual dinner at the Vendome, on November 21st, thus commemorating "Compact Day."

The seventh "Forefathers' Day" service held by this society, will take place on Sunday evening, December 23d, in the New Old South church, when Dean George Hodges, Elder of the Society, will preach the sermon. The order of services used in previous years, will be followed.

At the November meeting of the Society of Colonial Wars, held at Hotel Tuileries in this city, Prof. W. W. Fenn gave an interesting paper on "The Convenants of the Early Churches."

Book Notes

THE PRESIDENT OF QUEX. A Woman's Club Story by Helen M. Winslow. Illustrated by W. L. Jacobs.

A convincing argument in favor of Women's Clubs, with a graceful hint at their development and present broad scope, and lightened up with a pretty little romance. A most readable and popular book, for ignore Women's Clubs as the unenthused may, they occupy a prominent place in present day society. It is the story of what an attractive young widow, utterly cast down by the loss of her mother, baby and husband within a year, chief stockholder in a large corporation which employs child labor and provides unsanitary tenements at high rentals for its employees, and a Woman's Club did for each other and for civic betterment. After a year's hard work as President of such a club, Quex, she takes a cottage at the shore with a friend for a period of rest. "I begin to see now," she told Hope one evening as they watched the moon rise from the rim of the sea, "where a woman may be doing wrong in giving herself too freely to club work. If the woman has a family who need her, if she has children, or a husband, or any one dependent upon her for comfort or inspiration or support, she cannot afford to give herself too generously to causes. With me it has been different. I needed just this sort of stimulus." "Yes, and there are others who do," answered Hope. "The woman's club is a blessed boon to the woman who has raised a family of children, who no longer need her at home; to the widow, who, under the old conditions would pine in solitude; to the spinster who is dependent on the charities and the social opportunities of the boarding house or small flat, and through these, it becomes a great influence for good in a community. Look at Mrs. Blake, a solitary though cheerful widow; at Felicie, an up-to-date bachelor maiden without the slightest inclination to preside over any man's home; at yourself, who would have buried yourself in grief over the inevitable; at me, who am an independent working woman. The club has been our salvation in a way." "Yes," admitted Nancy. "But there are a good many young mothers in Quex. Most of these are sensible enough to come only for the inspiration and relaxation they get at the meetings. I never put them on committees or ask them to do club work. I do not believe they ought to give themselves to work outside their own homes." "Any more than you would deny them the stimulus of meeting with us once or twice a month," said Hope. "Club work is a delight to me. I have time for it. I like it. But my sister who has four children and a husband whose digestion seems to suffer from her absence at his table, has all she can do to look after them. 'You may do the looking after the Borrioboolah Ghas,' she said the last time I saw her, 'I have neither time nor strength to ameliorate the conditions of the children in the slums. That work is for unmarried women or childless ones at any rate. As for us young mothers, by the time we have ameliorated the conditions of our own children and pacified our husbands, it is time to go to bed—and we are tired enough to do it too.'" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.)



THE LATE MARGARET BOTTOME
PRESIDENT INTERNATIONAL ORDER OF KING'S DAUGHTERS AND SONS

(See The Story of The King's Daughters, by H. O. McCillis.)

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

January, 1907

VOLUME XXXV PUBLISHED MONTHLY NUMBER 5

Hernando Cortes, the Central Figure in Mexican History

By G. F. PAUL

THE world is fortunate in having from the pen of Hernando Cortes several letters written from Mexico to the royal sovereign, Charles V. of Spain. With these letters before us, we can live again the days of Aztec and Zapotec and Spanish don, those days when, by making use of every means at his command, after stranding his little vessels, the conquerer advanced with the cross and the sword to the seat of a powerful and ancient empire. While there are several glowing accounts of the exploits of this redoubtable "conquistador," yet in his personal narrative is a force and vigor, springing, like the virile strength of Caesar's "Commentaries," not from the secluded library of the musty historian, but from the open-air workshop of the tumultuous warrior.

Cortes was essentially a man of action. At the age of nineteen, he took passage on a merchantman bound to the island of Santo Domingo, where he was kindly received by his kinsman, the Governor. Service in the wars against the natives followed, and later, when Diego Velasquez organized an expedition for the conquest of Cuba, the young Cortes set sail again in the capacity of Secretary to the King's Treasury. This training stood him in good stead later in life, for without it his organizing of expeditions and his establishing of permanent governments would probably have been impossible. The Governor of Cuba, recognizing his executive ability, entrusted him with the erection of a hospital, a smelter, and other public buildings. Velasquez little dreamed that he was thus training a younger rival whose fame was destined to eclipse his own. Cortes soon found in the retinue of Don Diego Columbus a



SCENE ON THE VEGA CANAL, CITY OF MEXICO

señorita from Granada, in Old Spain. This lady, Catalina by name, was finally married by the adventurous Cortes. A difficulty with Velasquez was breached over by the Governor's standing as godfather to the daughter of Cortes. Velasquez, ambitious but irresolute, obtained in conjunction with Cortes a license to traffic. Cortes at once began preparing his brigantines, whereupon adventurers, hearing of his purpose, came flocking to his standard. The parsimonious Velasquez, aroused by what he considered the extravagance of Cortes, desired to withdraw from the contract, hoping thereby to discourage Cortes. The latter, however, hastened all the more his departure, proclaiming to his followers that he had nothing to do with Diego Velasquez. After dodging the efforts of that zealous Governor to trap him, he managed to take on board sufficient provisions, and at last he found himself at Cape Corrientes, or Point St. Antonio, which is the northern extremity of Cuba.

Here a review of his forces showed 550 Spaniards, fifty of whom were mariners. These men were divided into companies of fifty each, and over each company was placed a captain. The ships, eleven in number, were under the guidance of Antonio de Alaminos, who, as chief pilot, had served with Cordova and Grijalva. About two hundred natives were taken as burden-bearers. In the vessels were stored five thousand hams and six thousand cargas (fifty pound burdens) of maize, cassava, and yams, besides fowls, sugar, wine, oil, peas, etc. The commander's ship was of one hundred tons' burden; three others were each eighty tons, while the rest were brigantines and small vessels without decks. The flags bore a device showing flames of fire on a white and blue ground. A red

cross blazed in the midst, while around the borders ran the legend in Latin: "Amici, Crucem sequamur, et in hoc signo vincemus." ("Friends, let us follow the Cross, and in this sign we shall conquer.")

Under such circumstances did the little fleet weigh anchor on the 18th of February, in the year 1519. Driven by severe storms and adverse winds, the adventurers at last reached the present site of the city of Vera Cruz. In their journeyings along the coast of Yucatan, many strange things befell them. Once they encountered a party of four savages, armed with bows and ar-



STATUE OF THE TZIN, CITY OF MEXICO

rows. Three of these strangers fled at sight of the Spaniards, but the fourth bade his comrades have no fears. Turning to the Spaniards, he asked if they were Christians.



HERNANDO CORTES
PAINTING IN MUSEUM, CITY OF MEXICO

On hearing their answer, tears of joy filled his eyes. He then asked if it was not Wednesday, for he had a prayer book that he used daily. Kneeling devoutly, he gave thanks to God for his deliverance from savages and his restoration to his countrymen. Cortes joyfully welcomed the outcast. The name of this man, eight years a captive, was Fray Geronimo de Aguilar.

When Cortes received the Cacique of Tabasco, he found, among the twenty female slaves presented to him by that monarch, a girl of great beauty and sprightliness. On being baptised, she took the name of Marina. By birth she was the daughter of a cacique, but had been sold into slavery immediately after her father's death. When Cortes discovered her knowledge of the Mexican language, he promised to

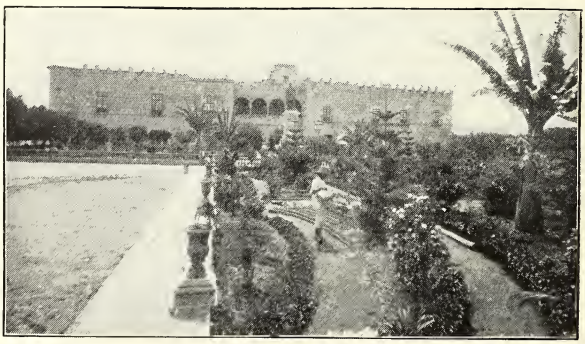


PYRAMID OF CHOLULA NEAR PUEBLA
HERE CORTES MASSACRED THREE THOUSAND CHOLULANS

reward her with her freedom if she would serve as an interpreter. This she did, interpreting the Mexican into Maya to Fray Aguilar, who in turn spoke to Cortes in Spanish.

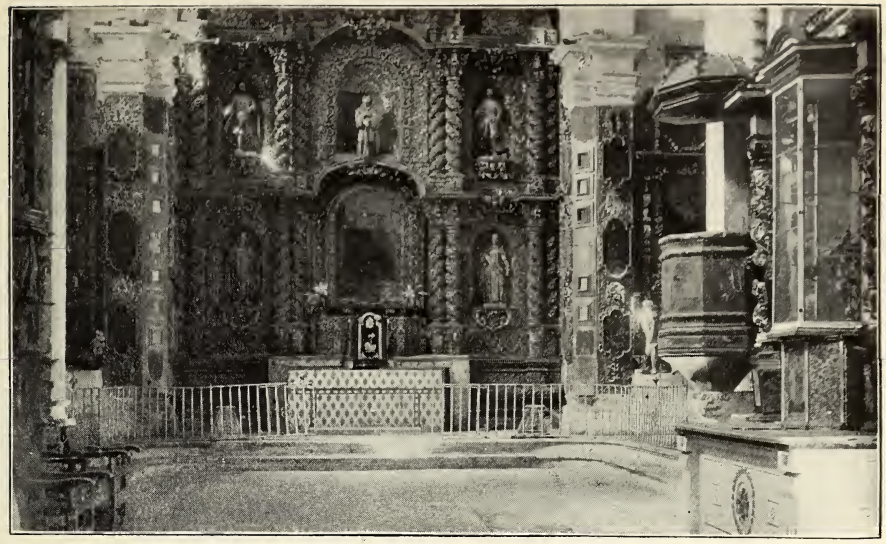
Soon, through natural ability abetted by love, she learned to speak to Cortes in his own language. The historian Clavigero says of her: "She was always faithful to the Spaniards, and her services cannot be overestimated, as she was not only the instrument of their negotiations with the Mexicans, the Tlascalans, and other nations, but frequently saved their lives by warning them of dangers, and pointing out the means of escaping them."

Near the city of Puebla, which is itself more than half way from Vera Cruz to Mexico City, rises the pyramid of Cholula, where the slippery surfaces of the sacrificial stones daily reeked with the blood of human victims. The part that La Marina played there may be told in the words of Cortes: "During the three days that I was there they provided very poorly for our wants, each day being worse than the former one. A female interpreter that I had, who was a native of this country, was informed by another female, a native of this city, that a numerous force of Montezuma lay very near the city and that an attack was meditated which would destroy us all. I determined to anticipate their movements, so I sent for the nobles of the city. These I shut up in a room by themselves. Mounting a horse, I caused the signal gun to be fired, and we made such execution that in two hours, more than three thousand of the enemy perished."



PALACE OF CORTES, CUERNAVACA, MEXICO

After routing the Cholulans, Cortes pushed on through the lofty



OLDEST PULPIT AND ALTAR IN AMERICA AT TLASCALA, MEXICO

mountain pass to the City of Mexico. Here he was welcomed by Montezuma, whom he in turn made virtually a prisoner. Leaving a garrison in the capital, he hastened to the coast and overwhelmed the forces which headed an expedition equipped by Velasquez to crush Cortes himself. These would-be captors Cortes won over and returned to the capital. Here he found matters in such a plight that on the night of July 1, 1520, the Spaniards fled for their lives over the causeway to the mainland,—for it will be remembered that this inland capital was built on an island in Lake Texcoco. On this "Dismal Night" heaps of bodies clogged the moats. Alvarado, executing a wonderful leap that has perpetuated his fame to the present day, joined his disheartened commander under the famous Noche Triste tree. Then followed the six days' battle of Otumba, in which Cortes won but a nominal victory. For half a year he labored in his preparations to retake the capital. Timbers for thirteen brigantines were hewn, and then were carried on the shoulders of allied Tlascalans to the neighborhood of the capital. Each boat, on being launched, was supplied with artillery; Mount Popocatepetl had again been ascended for sulphur to be made into gunpowder. Then, after a long siege, the capital fell, and the war ended with the capture of the 'Tzin. On regaining the city, the Spaniards erected many memorials. One of these stone memorial tablet on the old church of San Hipolite says: "In this place, on the night of July 1, 1520, called the Dismal Night, so great was the slaughter of the Spaniards by the Aztecs, that after entering the city again in triumph next year, the conquerors determined to build a memorial here, to be named the Chapel of the Martyrs, and to be dedicated to San Hipolite, for on that saint's day the city was taken."



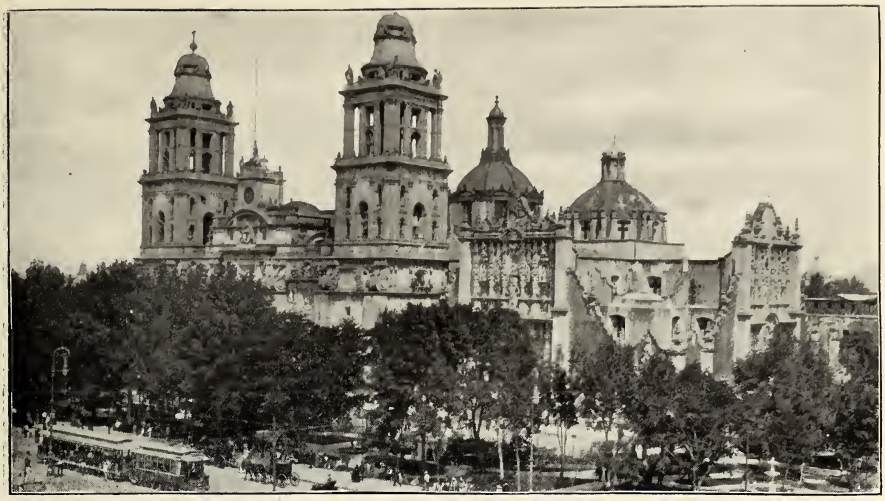
MEETING OF CORTES WITH MONTEZUMA. PAINTING IN MEXICAN MUSEUM

After regaining the capital, the conqueror's first demand was for gold. This was not forthcoming, so he ordered the young 'Tzin to be tortured. In the administrative palace at Coyoacan, a suburb of the capital, he bound Guatimotzin, and placed a brazier of glowing coals beneath his feet. Then Cortes commanded his captive to reveal the hiding place of the royal treasure. But his commands were given in vain; the Aztec prince would not divulge the secret. After dallying with his captive as a cat with a mouse Cortes hanged the lion-hearted prince.



"THE TREE OF DISMAL NIGHT"

It was also in this palace at Coyoacan that tradition says Cortes committed one of his blackest crimes. The Lady Catalina came from Cuba, and was received with chilly ostentation by Cortes. A family quarrel is said to have ensued. The best authorities state that after finishing his supper Cortes went and found Catalina kneeling there before a crucifix. Leading her into her room he locked the door, a heavy one that would deaden all sounds from within. And then throughout the corridors the silence of death reigned, till shortly after midnight,



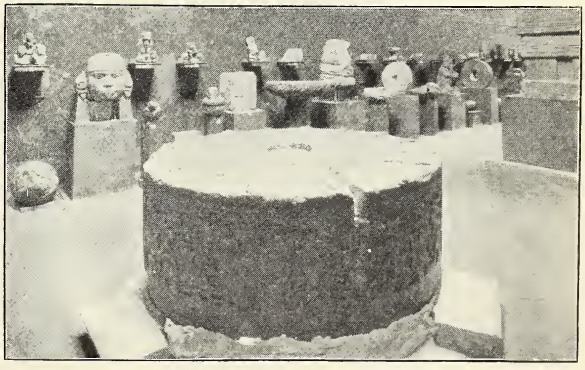
CATHEDRAL, CITY OF MEXICO, ON THE SITE OF THE AZTEC TEMPLE

when Cortes, summoning his servants, said to them, "Creo que es muerta mi mujer." ("I think that my woman is dead.")

The meritorious services of Cortes — along martial, not marital lines—won for him from Charles V. the title of Marquis del Valle de Oaxaca. New honors meant a new wife for Cortes, so La Marina was supplanted by Dona Juana de Zuniga. At Cuernavaca, a wonderful city in an Alpine setting some fifty miles from the capital, Cortes established a residence. From here he continued to direct his iconoclastic work. The temples of the heathen were razed to the ground. The grotesque idols were hurled from their pedestals. All things were overthrown where formerly,

"Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of
serpent's skin."

The spirit of Cortes can be shown in no better way than by citing his own words, wherein he describes the conflict that raged in gaining possession of the Aztec temple-fortress that stood where the great Cathedral of Mexico City now rises: "I began to ascend the stairs, followed by certain Spaniards. While they who were above disputed the ascent with great courage, by the aid of God and His glorious Mother, for whose house



THE ANCIENT SACRIFICIAL STONE

this tower had been designated, and whose images had been placed in it, we succeeded in ascending, and engaged with the enemy on the upper area, until I compelled them to leap down to a lower terrace that surrounded it, one pace in width. Of these terraces the tower had three or four, about sixteen feet, one above the other. Some of the enemy were hurled to the very bottom, where they were slain by our soldiers. Those who remained on the upper terrace fought so desperately that we were more than three hours engaged with them before they were all despatched; thus all perished, not one escaping. And your sacred Majesty may be assured that so arduous was the attempt to take this tower that if God had not broken their spirits, twenty of them would have resisted a thousand. I caused this tower and others within the temple to be burned, from which they had removed the images we had placed in them."



BANNER CARRIED BY CORTES

Whether we regard the conquest of an unknown and powerful empire by a handful of men, cut off from the outside world, or the matchless self-reliance shown in the destruction of their own fleet, or the lion-heartedness that in turn overcame overwhelming obstacles, or the firm purpose manifested after victory had been secured, we may place the achievement on a level with the most daring dreams of Alexander the Great or Hanibal's triumphant crossing of the Alps. Stern times demanded stringent measures. This, with the Crusade-like nature of the expedition, may palliate some of the atrocious crimes that the great Conquistador instigated. Not only did Cortes have to battle incessantly with his hordes of Aztec foes, but daily he had to quiet dissensions and quarrels in his ranks. He was essentially a man of action, and not of calm deliberation. When the news was brought him that Narvaez had come against him from Cuba, he did not wait, as would a Montezuma, but summoning his followers, he turned to best advantage the "tide in the affairs of men."

There is no wealth of monuments to Cortes in Mexico, yet the very land breathes of him. His remains were carried to Italy, and now rest in the tomb of the Monteleones.

19th Century Boston Journalism

By Edward H. Clement

III

The Transcript under W. A. Hovey—John S. Dwight, Brook Farm Idealist and Musical Critic—John G. Hassard in the same role—Interesting experiences of the writer in musical criticism—Carl Zerrahn and the critic—Benjamin E. Wolff of the Saturday Evening Gazette—Maturin M. Ballou and his political editorials on Jute and the Jute Market.

WHEN the son of C. F. Hovey, William A. Hovey, became editor of the Transcript, in 1875, he summoned me by telegraph to Boston. I had had plenty of experience by that time in daily newspapers, in New York City, (where I had been through all the grades from reporter to night-editor on the Tribune of Horace Greeley's day) in Newark and Elizabeth, New Jersey (where I was one of the owners of the Journal) while Hovey's journalism had been practised wholly on weeklies up to that time. The panic of 1873 had hit Elizabeth hard, as she had been the quarry of hustling real-estate and wood-pavement syndicates, which had paved premature boulevards and superfluous streets far out into the corn-fields and potato patches of the surrounding country. We had been obliged to take goods in place of cash for advertising and I was glad to abandon the role of proprietor and become salaried employee again, and especially glad to get back home to Boston. Mr. Hovey's editorship lasted six years, and was distinguished by flashes of erratic brilliancy not appreciated by the proprietorship. William Alfred Hovey was the son of his father. What manner of man that father was besides being the founder of the department store which bears his name (the first of the kind in America) but in which none of his several sons ever had share or lot of any kind, may be gathered from this clause in his will, (which moreover bequeathed a large part of his fortune away from his family to the fight against slavery):

> Article 22. I particularly request that no prayers be solicited from any person and that no priest be invited to any ceremony whatever over or after my body. The Priesthood are an order of men, as I believe, falsely assuming to be reverend and divine;, pretending to be called of God; the great body of them in all countries have been on the side of power and oppression; the world has been too long cheated by them; the sooner they are unmasked the better for humanity. As I have heretofore borne my testimony against slavery, intemperance, war, tariff, and all indirect taxation, banks and all monopolies, I desire to leave you record of my abhorrence of them all. The fear of being buried alive is slight, nevertheless it is greater than the fear of death itself. I therefore request my executors not to bury my body until at least three days after my decease."

William A. Hovey was so proud and fond of this testament and its testimony that he had the paragraph quoted above printed upon little slips for distribution among his friends and all who desired a copy of it. He did not, of course, venture "to turn it all on" at once, but its high spirit of revolt against consecrated sham was continually flaring up in his editorial conduct of the Transcript. He was a prince of good fellows, with an overmastering sense of humor, and a fund of good stories accumulated in long sessions in smoking-rooms with congenial spirits on land and sea, all over the world. His "Causerie" a semi-occasional column of caustic comments, anecdotes, and off-hand philosophizings was the forerunner of the "Listener" in the Transcript and perhaps the one enduring monument of his brief and troublous incumbency as editor-in-chief of the Boston Transcript. Having no taste for routine, no acquired habits of daily toil, he delegated a good deal of the daily task of building the daily house of cards to others, and faute de mieux, the principal part of the worry fell upon me. So that when, in 1881, he resigned, and I was requested to fill the vacant place of the chief editorship, I had only to take on a little more of what I had already been doing.

But I was then obliged to relinquish what had been a very congenial specialty, or rather group of specialties, the musical, dramatic, and art departments. I had had the advantage of a good deal of acquaintance with the art and artists of New York during my newspaper work in that latitude, so that I was able to bring to the aesthetics of the Transcript under the Hovey regime some little vogue and prestige. It has never been established either by law or fact that a technical musical education is a requisite sine qua non for competency in musical criticism in the public press. As a matter of fact some of the most distinguished and most trustworthy of critics the world over, in times present and times past, have been men never educated especially in music, that is to say, men who could neither compose music nor "execute" it on any musical instrument.

It is as unreasonable to deny the authority of a critic of music because he neither writes music nor plays it, as it would be to deny the fitness of a critic of painting or sculpture unless he can paint a picture or mould a figure in clay. The presumption indeed is that a man who can express himself in the plastic art cannot do it in writing because he has no need of any other but the direct expression in the art itself.

At all events here in Boston, was John S. Dwight, the revered founder of Dwight's Journal of Music. He with his paper was a large figure in the highly cultivated society of the Boston of the middle of the nineteenth century ranking in that galaxy of stars of the first magnitude in letters which established the Puritan capital of Puritan New England as a centre of art and literature of world-wide fame and authority. Mr. Dwight had been one of the idealists of Brook Farm. There he was said to have been thought by Margaret Fuller and other of the ladies of the phalanstery to have a head like that of the Christ. In

my day he was but a grizzled, frost-bitten, shrunken little diner-out, but much in request for conversation. His Journal was on its last legs, too, as a publishing enterprise. But he wrote about classical music with power, beauty and authority, such as there is none of here to-day. The notes of the Symphony program, edited by our contemporary, Philip Hale, habitually cite Mr. Dwight with respect and reliance on his judgment. His decisions on the merits of great compositions heard for the first time in his day are often prophetic beyond the verdicts of most of their contemporaries. I cherish, as among my most precious critical triumphs, his quoting with approval in a critique in his classic "Journal of Music," my description of Henschel's shaking of a note in a Handel flourish as like Towser shaking a rat.

The late lamented John R. G. Hassard, of the New York Tribune, was another conspicuous case in point. There was in his day no critic in New York or the country whose writing was so anxiously waited for by such musicians as Theodore Thomas or the elder Damrosch or by the entrepreneurs of grand opera, as was Hassard's. Nor had he ever had any musical training beyond his diligent attendance at the best concerts. He was dowered with delicate perceptive powers and exquisite refinement of taste and intuitions. The amateur of such quality, with accomplishments in writing, makes apparently the best of critics.

Journalism, to be frank, is the art of smattering, and the best "all-around journalist" is simply the best smatterer. The man who can deliver an oracular opinion with the greatest appearance of finality, the most plausible array of considerations which seem for the nonce to settle things which really never were and never can be settled, is the best journalist—though that, as every one knows by this time with the examples of the highest-paid journalists before the country, is not saying a great deal. The great public which leaves its newspapers to make up its mind for it, deserves no better fate than to be fooled in this way.

However I did not intend to fool anybody in taking up musical criticism. I proceeded, in writing criticism of a concert or opera, on the principle that what was wanted was the impression made by a piece or a performer, not upon professional musicians, but upon the cultivated general ear, the average listeners, such as, in fact, compose all the audiences. If music were for the musicians alone it could have but a fraction of the support it does in fact command.

That was all I pretended ever to give, and that I believed to be good service to public and artists alike. Certainly I did not lack in my time as musical critic testimony of various sorts to my critical work as worth while; and I still meet occasionally some veteran musician or veteran concert-goer, who assures me that no critic, except of course Papa Dwight, ever spake as I spake,—that is, for him, or for her. My early "scrap-books" contain a multitude of autograph witnesses to my "appreciations" having at least pleased the recipients beyond measure. But my experiences were by no means invariably agreeable.

I was continually being overworked by certain of these professional admirers. One of my autographs shows an eminent pianist characteristically "all tears" because I had skipped one of his recitals. A like remissness in the case of another whom I had imagined a friend from general considerations besides what he was getting out of my notices, cost me his friendship, and even the bowing acquaintance of his family.

A still severer experience was the bad quarter of an hour I went through when Mr. Carl Zerrahn visited my closet at the Transcript office and flinging on my desk the big book of the score of "The Messiah" demanded of me that I then and there indicate the right tempo for the passage I said he had given wrong at a Handel and Haydn concert. A man of his height in a towering rage does not make an agreeable impression in a small room. I forget just what the dispute was about. I only remember that I had committed myself to rather too technical a criticism on the authority of a professional musician, himself a veteran conductor of choruses who had explained to me after the concert just why I had felt something wrong in Mr. Zerrahn's interpretation. It was when Mr. Georg Henschel and Mr. Zerrahn differed about the tempo of "The people that walked in darkness," and I was enthusiastic over Henschel's innovation, that I received a note from Mr. Henschel saying:

"I learn that your notice in the Transcript about the Messiah has excited some disturbance in the minds of the critics; some of them have gone so far as to doubt whether on an English concert-stage I would dare to sing the air at the same tempo as I sung it here where it seems to have been considered contrary to all tradition. You may therefore be interested to know that in addition to having sung the Messiah about fifty times in Germany, I have sung it several times in England under such conductors as Sir Michael Costa, Charles Hallé and others. And I do not think that my conception and rendering could have changed in so short a time. I confess that I may sing the same air differently at different times, but as to the air in question I could most surely never sing it faster than I did here."

This was the only point. I had insisted that the unaccustomed slowness with which he had delivered the aria had added immensely to its impressiveness, and that he had set a precedent to be followed henceforth, as he was abundantly qualified to do.

The leading critic of music in the press here at that time was the brilliant Benjamin E. Woolf, then of the Saturday Evening Gazette, afterwards for years the music critic of the Herald. He had dealt savagely with Henschel on almost every occasion—deeming it a sort of public duty, no doubt, to repress the effusive, snobbish adulation that followed him. Everything the poor man did, whether as singer or as conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, Woolf would sneer or snarl at. He did not spare any "callow critic" who admired the new reading from London.

It was indeed on another and subsequent difference with a criticism of mine, this time on a question of La Farge's painting—that he had described the Transcript critic as a "bombarding beetle, emitting his tiny puff of smoke," a "bedbug," etc. It is true I had improperly intimated in retaliation that he had derived his notions of landscape painting from study of the drop-

curtain of the Boston Museum while a fiddler in the orchestra. But I possessed my soul in patience, for "callow" as I might have been I had saved the letter Woolf sent me the day after the first performance of Hans Von Bulow in Boston in 1875, my Boston debût as well as Bulow's:

"My dear Clement:

"Let me compliment you upon your Von Bulow notice in to-night's Transcript. It is the only one in to-day's papers that gives the slightest idea of the artist's playing. The others are all bosh, gurry, twaddle, saying nothing and meaning nothing. I have been exasperated all day at the idea that the whole guild has been made ridiculous here by the inefficiency and silliness of our musical critics. What will they say to us elsewhere? Your article was a great relief to me, I assure you, and I have to thank you for the pleasure and the satisfaction it has afforded me. It is in delightful contrast to the pretentious imbecility of the Advertiser, the crass ignorance of the Globe, and the callowness of the Traveler. In fact it is the only straightforward and manly critique that has appeared on the subject. I feel obliged to make this acknowledgment to you, not because it is necessary, but because I think such work well done is rare enough here to receive the praise it merits; and in your case the merit is far higher, believe me, than the praise I have given. Excuse the liberty I have taken and believe me

"Yours sincerely,

"B. E. Woolf."

Who would say after this that the professional musician (and the professional musician who is also a critic of the first class) cannot find anything worth while in the musical criticism of the critic who was never a musician? And if the professional musician and critic can thus find a non-musician's criticism has something to say worth the saying, how much more should the lay public find it tolerable.

It has always seemed a singular thing to me that in journalism anybody seems equal to writing a heavy editorial on politics, society, religious movements, while it is recognized that criticism, whether of painting or music or literature calls for special training. The explanation seems to be that till the rash, rough, bludgeoning yellow journalism arrived, a dozen or more years back, the editorial page had gone to seed. It was only a survival, the rudimentary trace of an organ no longer useful. Commercially managed and inspired journalism, with its eye upon the advertising receipts, the business of newspaper publishing merely, rather than upon public questions, party purposes or any kind of moral influence, would naturally, of course, evade any mission of journalism of the higher sort. The promotion of public tendencies might open questions on which men divide sharply, and some readers might stop their papers. A blank editorial page would be better than losing circulation, and so, advertising! Hence in place of the editorial of such journalists as Horace Greeley, for instance, would be substituted the something looking like editorial,—platitudes such as were stigmatized in an article on the newspaper business in the Atlantic Monthly a while ago as "editorialene." Anybody could do articles that would pass as editorial and provide the conventional quantum of space assigned to such matter on the editorial page. Of course it was all a perversion and debasement of the press, this denaturing of the editorial leader. It had its most extreme exemplification in the newest born of the leading Boston dailies under its originator the late Marturin M. Ballou. It was one of his maxims that for the Globe

when in doubt on a political issue or some local excitement on which feeling was at a high tension, an editorial on "Jute and the Jute Market" would be the best thing. Ordinarily in the general run of newspapers the Indian question or the Triple Alliance, or Education answers the same purpose — the purpose of the oil bag towed alongside the ship in a stormy sea.

Criticism is capable of being made the most entertaining, the most brilliant, the most distinctive feature of a paper. Often and often some moribund weekly may be kept alive by some gifted critic's column. No doubt a great part of the popularity of certain of our dailies is due to the expectation of those fond of the theatre or of music of finding a sympathetic article about the play or the artist which has given them so much pleasure the night before. It is a pity that critics should ever abuse this trusting faith of their readers,—should ever indulge their personal whimsies and caprices, or feeling of pride of opinion or fine writing at the expense of giving a good, careful, honest, conscientious account of what they have seen or heard. There be critics whose dealing of damnation round on occasions can be traced to disordered digestion entailed by prolonged festivities involving late hours, or perhaps to their domestic infelicities; and there have been those whose fervid encomiums could only be accounted for by domestic infidelities. But we set too much store in general by criticism. Mr. James Huneker, New York's leading critic, does not place a very high value, he says, on any man's criticism, not even Mr. George Bernard Shaw's. The truth is that anybody who has practised the critic's art diligently for many years has little faith in the finality of any newspaper judgment. This is a genuine confession and may be taken as one of those guarantees of good faith which are occasionally offered by men too blindly trusted. I have said as much in public many times. Still for the great herd of people without minds criticism is as necessary as the Church. Not one man in a hundred has any opinion on any subject that he has not accepted from somebody else either consciously or unconsciously. No man cares to clap or hiss alone in a theatre; only in the mass will he express any sentiment either way at the play. The critic's responsibility is therefore one that is keenly felt by the conscientious man. In my innings at it I always took care to study rather the intention of the artist than his effect on the audience, or even his own measure of success in achieving his ideal, often far short in actual performance of what he proposed. When on promotion, in 1881, to the chief-editorship, I was obliged to relinquish this particular responsibility, so delicate in its relations to persons, so serious in its relation to the public, I selected Mr. W. F. Apthorp for the place, because I had observed in his criticism the willingness to consider to some extent as entering into any just estimate of an artist's performance a fair estimate also of his intent.

A Singer of Southcreek

By Mabel Ward

Chapter I

LATE one afternoon of a day in September, Mrs. Bill stood before the range in her kitchen. This room made one of many additions to the house, and was immaculate in its cleanliness. A large, old-fashioned fire-place at one end of the room had been boarded up, and, aside from its quaint, narrow shelf, no part of it was visible. In front of it, with the pipe running into the chimney, stood the cooking stove. The floor of the room was covered by a rag carpet, its gaily repeated stripes reminding one of the rugs woven by Navajo Indians. Mrs. Bill was preparing the evening meal for her numerous family, who were already assembled in the next room, waiting in hungry expectation.

"I wonder where Annabel is," she said, as she turned the nicely browning cakes on the griddle. "I wish you'd go down to the crick, Silvie, and see if you can find her. It seems to me I saw her goin' towards the summer-house 'long about four o'clock. The griddle's just right, and the cakes doin' fine, and besides, the dew's fallin' and it's time she was in."

Mrs. Bill was of a romantic turn of mind. In her youth she had been a school teacher in the Horse-Hill district, and her husband often spoke of her as "such a grammarian." Nevertheless, from the effect of constant association, she frequently lapsed into the vernacular of her neighbors.

"Beller ain't looked jest right of late." she mused, "kinder peeky. Guess I'll get her pa to take her over to Quohonk Center to the new docter next week, when he goes peddlin' that way."

Silver sauntered down through the home lot, munching an apple and occasionally emitting a loud "Coo!" with a shrilly added "Annabeller—Ann-er-beller!"

Mrs. Bill took up a plate of the cakes and set it in the open oven to keep warm.

"Come home to your tea, my daughter dear,"

she said softly to herself, as she ladled out more of the batter.

"Your brothers and sisters all are here.
Oh, Annabel Lee
Come home to your tea."

She hastily left her cooking, took down a pencil from the shelf behind the stove, and tearing a piece of paper from a grocer's package that lay on the table, wrote down her inspiration, adding:

"For when you stay late—

What else rhymes with Lee?" she said aloud, "he, minor key, I wonder where you can be. No, that ain't good—"

"More pancakes, Ma," called a voice from the next room.

"I'm comin' with 'em right away, McKinley."

"I smell 'em burnin', Ma."

An exclamation from Mrs. Bill, an expert use of the pancake turner, and then she resumed:

"For when you stay late, it's a worry to me."

She took a plate of the cakes into the next room, and returning, read over her verse with great satisfaction.

"How many verses I've made up about that dear child," she thought. "I'm so glad I gave her that name. I used to set such store by Poe, and that name just stuck and clung in my brain; so I was glad when she came 'twas a girl, even if Cap'n was disappointed that he couldn't begin his jokin' right away. How pleased her beau will be!

"'We loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee.'"

She stood thoughtfully looking down at the stove.

"A sweet name; all my girls have sweet names."

Indeed the naming of her daughters had been left entirely to Mrs. Bill. Her husband remarked facetiously that his "turn would come."

Annabel Lee, the eldest child, was a pretty, delicate girl, just turned twenty. Marianna—the neighbors, greatly to her mother's distress, called her Mary Ann—Florilla, Rosalie, and Maud followed quickly in turn. When the birth of little Araminta was announced, there was much joking at the father's expense, and the expressed conviction that his friends would never know his taste in names. But "Captain" Bill tranquilly stood the laugh at his expense, and bided his time.

"The Bills allus hev their girls fust," he drawled. "I'm the sixteenth child, myself, but the seventh boy. Don't you fool yourself, the boys are surely comin'!"

And sure enough! Next Christmas brought another little stranger. This time it was the long looked for boy; and "the Cap'n" grinned triumphantly as he stood up in church with his latest acquisition in his arms. He had studied carefully a book of the proceedings of the United States Senate, and forthwith perpetrated the joke which so long he had cherished in secrecy. Through the chill, wintry air the innocent little pink and white specimen of humanity was hurried home, hampered for life as Bland-Allison Silver Bill.

Embargo duly followed in his elder brother's pathway, after whom came McKinley Tariff. And now, fast asleep in his cradle, that was never without an occupant, slumbered little Anti-Trust Bill.

Some fear had been expressed that the boys would be ashamed of their names, and might become the butt of their school-fellows. On the contrary, coached by their father, they went about their daily tasks with little heads held high, conscious of the dignity of somehow appertaining to the government of the United States.

Chapter II

Southcree'-. at one time, was but a district of the prosperous colonial town of Quohonk. During the latter part of the eighteenth century, however, it became a town by itself,

and for a long period thereafter it bade fair to surpass, or at least to rival, in wealth and importance its neighbor and mother town. This was especially true in the days when the ship-building industry was successfully carried on along the coast of Connecticut. Then the small rivers and creeks, tributary to Long Island Sound, each sent out its quota of fair sloops and schooners to join the ranks of the West Indian and China traders. Many a vessel built far inland, was launched and floated down a small stream out on to the waters of the Sound. Often such a ship was commanded by the man who had planned, and with the help, perhaps, of sons and neighbors had built her. Sailing under his orders, as mate and members of the crew, were these same helpers. Hammer and saw laid aside, the same hands that had used them were now no less ready and skillful in handling tiller ropes, or in performing all of the duties of a sailor.

And so the women of Southcreek used to wait at home and watch for the home-coming of the home-built ships. When, at last, their patient vigil was rewarded, the rudder would guide the well loved "trader" up the home stream at the flow of tide to anchor again at the primitive wharf, built within a stone's throw of the owner's homestead. The cargo there unloaded, consisting of sugar, rum, and molasses, brought wealth to the community. Next year, perhaps, came a vessel from China, and, treasured as heirlooms in many of the old houses to the present day, are to be seen pieces of blue Canton ware, quaint bits of carved ivory, or shawls and scarfs of antique Chinese embroidery.

The ship-building industry is now a thing of the past, and the captains who voyaged to such far-away lands have many of them been laid to rest in the old graveyard. Not all, however, are resting there, for one will find more than one stone inscribed with the pathetic legend, "Lost at Sea." To-day the men of Southcreek retain the love of the sea that inspired their sires, and although rarely venturing far from home, their manners and speech are reminders of things nautical.

The "Cap'ns" of the shore of Connecticut rival in number the "Kunnels" of Kentucky. Like the stars they differ in glory—the degrees of their importance determined by environment, ranging from the uniformed and dignified chief officer of a Sound steamer to the no less dignified lobster dealer standing erect in his punt, which, piled high with traps, is poled along the shore.

The main street of Southcreek is part of the old turnpike connecting Quohonk with New Haven. Through the confines of the town proper it is bordered on either side by elm trees, their graceful branches drooping overhead so as almost to form an arch. Beyond the trees is a footpath running near the boundary fences. In some instances fragrant box hedges have been preserved, their stiff precision outlining a miniature lane that leads to some doorway.

Few modern houses have been built on the street; but the sheltering abodes, built in a by-gone day, have been kept, for the most part in repair, and form a pleasing succession of comfortable homes. In many instances they are surround-

ed by flowering shrubs and carefully tended flower gardens. All through the whole length of the street, the beauty of simple colonial architecture is revealed in the variations of peaked, gambrel, and lean-to roofs, the differences of ornamental fan-lights over the front doors, or fan-shaped attic windows.

In close proximity to the church and stores, but built a little to one side on a slight elevation of ground, stands a house that would at once attract the attention of a stranger. Like the greater number of houses in the vicinity it is painted white, and has green outside blinds. Ells and wings have been added to the original building, the whole forming a rambling, home-like dwelling. Across the front of the house, extending its length under the projecting edge of the roof, is fastened a cornice, which at once establishes the period of time at which this, the oldest part of the structure, was built. This simple ornament is boldly carved with elongated drops resembling the top of an antique mirror. The fan-light over the front door must have been an addition of later date, for in the centre of the radius made by the small, leaded panes of glass, appears the representation of an eagle with widespread, gilded wings.

In the early part of the seventeenth century, when the town of Quohonk was first settled by a party of adventurous Englishmen, who retained for it the Indian name of the locality, one Isaac Bill, a first proprietor of the town and first of his name in New England, decided that he would make his home quite far away from the stockade at the "centre." With no fear of the neighboring Indians, with honest purpose, he bought land of them, and proceeded to establish a home, in so far as he was able, after the manner of the one he had left in old England. If he could not have the well kept park, he at least had the acres of one in the surrounding virgin forest. Here, with plenty of breathing room, his descendants have remained unto this day, watching with no great approval the ultimate encroachment of civilization. Little by little the vast estate has been absorbed by others, until now the old house with its many additions, representative of succeeding generations, stands within a few rods of the boundary of the church property. On the other side, however, and at the back, there is still ample farm land.

To this home Captain William Bill, in his early manhood, brought his young wife, born Amanda Stebbins; and here, undoubtedly, he was destined to pass all his days. He, according to the carefully preserved church records of Quohonk and Southcreek, was seventh in descent from the Isaac Bill, who here built the house of the cornice. His title "Captain" was acquired through his ownership of the neat, one-masted boat, in which at the proper seasons he sailed away to fish for shad, black bass, or mackerel. During mid-summer he and his sloop were in demand to take out sailing parties, made up from the cottage people at the beach. He enjoyed the enviable reputation of never having had an accident, and the most timid land-lubber felt safe when out with "Cap'n" Bill in his firm and swift little craft.

Although loving the sea with in-

herited fervor, much of his time, of necessity, was spent on shore caring for his farm. He owned good land for his cows. His pigs were fed in a way that would have seemed extravagant to the uninitiated, good potatoes, boiled especially for them and mashed with warm milk, peaches, apples, and corn, all finding their way to the pig trough. As a result his home-cured hams and fresh roasts proved to be a sort of glorified pig's flesh, a different animal from the western product sold in city markets. He raised the different vegetables in their season, and melons, grapes, quinces, pears, and plums, all appeared on the family table in turn, the products of his own land; while milk, cream and fresh eggs, were extravagantly used in the household.

He regularly set his lobster and eel pots out in the waters of the Sound opposite his own stretch of salt meadow, and would occasionally take a morning off to go clamming, or, as the season came around, to gather the oysters found at the mouth of the small river which gives Southcreek its name.

With his corn-fed chickens, turkeys, ducks, and home raised pigs, there was small need to buy much "butcher's meat," as steaks and roasts of beef were designated; and it was only occasionally that Amanda Bill purchased anything from the village market cart.

William Bill owned several other pieces of land not included in the farm proper. Down by the Sound was his salt meadow, the grass from which was gathered each year with as much care as the hay from the fields. He owned a large tract of timber land, part, no doubt, of his early ancestor's "park." It was, therefore, wood rather than coal that the family consumed as fuel; and, quick to turn an honest penny, he furnished the summer cottagers on the beach with many a load of birch and hickory, cut for stove and fireplace. He also took ice from a pond that was set in the midst of his woodland, stocking a shed with it, and selling it to his neighbors as well as supplying his own needs.

Canny, honest, and thrifty, there was small doubt but that already he had a snug sum salted away in Quohonk Bank; but, in the meantime, his children, well provided for as far as the necessities of life were concerned, early learned to supply themselves with spending money.

In his prosperity, and the ability to keep his larder so well stocked to supply the needs of his large family, he did not differ from the majority of his neighbors, or, for the matter of that, the usual run of inhabitants of the whole state. The English farmers of Connecticut in no way resemble the peasants of the continent of Europe. Descendants of those tenant-farmers, or of families of landed gentry in old England who took part in the great Puritan exodus to America, they have retained to a remarkable degree the prejudices, as well as in many instances the forms of speech, of those ancestors. Like them they are a stay-at-home people, passing their land down from father to son for many generations; a kind hearted, moral, and thrifty race; their wives and daughters neat, capable house-wives, retaining the traditions of former generations.

There were no real paupers in

Southcreek, and no almshouse. The few people who required help from the town were the very aged, who, having become too feeble to be self-supporting, had unfortunately outlived their near kin. Three, thus situated, were boarded out by the selectmen in responsible families. A fourth, an old man of ninety years, was allowed to remain on in the house in which he had been born; where he had lived as a boy and man; to which he had, long years ago, brought his girl-bride home; and where his children had been born to him, and taken from him. In the midst of old memories he was left undisturbed. The town attended to his few simple wants, with the understanding that at his death, his farm and few remaining belongings would be sold to cover such expenses. Live on, old Jonathan Ellsworth, unmolested, and without a care! Toddle out into the warm sunlight, leaning on your cane, and sit on the narrow, wooden bench by the south door. Mumble to yourself dear familiar names, now quite forgotten in the village. Live on to ninety-five or one hundred—it matters not. You will always be cared for, you need not worry!

Chapter III

Night had fallen and a strange hush was over the usually clamorous household of the Bills. Awed, and for once silent, the children had crept to their beds. Mrs. Bills, spent with the tumult of her grief, had been put to bed, after having taken a dose of strong catnip, administered by motherly, old Mrs. Pond.

"I allus keep it in the house," remarked the latter. "Gather it myself, fresh every year, and hang it in the garret to dry. Best thing in the world for nerves—births and funerals all the same, for mourners, and mothers, or babes—catnip or clam juice."

She crept softly down the stairs and entered the parlor, which the kind hearted nieghbors partly filled. The news had travelled fast, and Southcreek knew now that Annabel Bill had been found at sundown by Silver, drowned in the deep and sluggishly moving stream that ran but a few rods behind the house.

In the corner of the best room she lay on a hastily improvised bier, an old sofa brought in from the kitchen and covered with soft, old-fashioned, homespun linen sheets, her sweet face pale and set, her hands folded on her breast. And these friends of her parents passed in and out through the door, their sympathetic tears coursing down rugged, sun-tanned cheeks.

A hasty message had been sent for the father who was driving through the back country on one of his weekly peddling trips; and now the household waited, hushed, silent. Outside the September moon shone radiantly. People came and went on the path leading to the front door.

Mrs. Pond sat down by the window near Mrs. Tracy who had just come in, and commenced a mournful conversation, speaking in a hoarse whisper meant to convey the respect due the occasion.

"How do they think she done it? Yes, she could swim, an' she's rowed a boat in that same crick 'most ever since she could walk. 'Pears to me like as if she fainted.

Where's Zack Garrett all this time? Queer he don't come up to the house. She's ben a goin' with him pritty stiddy of late. Saw 'em pass my house no later'n last night. Whew! I am tired; jest about tuckered out. Ben to work on my beach plums to-day. Ephraim got me a fine, big mess early this mornin', and I went right to work —stewed 'em down, an' had the jell all made, an' put away down cellar come sundown. Queer that Zack hain't ben up! Wonder if anyone's seen him? They do say he's a leetle too fascinatin'. What made Pamelly Stiles leave home so suddint jest after he commenced keepin' company with Beller? My Ephraim said he'd orter ben horse whipped. An' there was Susie Fred — you know who I mean — Fred Stebbins's darter, over to Stebbins's Corners. Some call it Stebbinsville, but when all's said and done, I stick to the old way o' namin' most things. They do say that Cap'n Bill warned him to keep away from Beller. She wuz pritty sot in her way, if she wuz so delicate lookin'. Poor child, poor child! Who'd 'a' thunk it!"

Mrs. Pond gave way to her grief, and threw her apron over her head, her ample bosom heaving with her sobs.

"I've jest giv' Mis' Bill a good dose o' catnip tea," she continued, recovering her mental equilibrium and rocking her chair to and fro. "Queer, ain't it, how all the yarbs o' the field are put there for our use, if only we knew enough to know it! There's boneset—"

"What time was it Silvie found her?" interrupted Mrs. Tracy.

"Jest about sundown — there's boneset; nothing so good for a cough."

"Where'd he find her?" said Mrs. Tracy, persistent in her endeavor to learn the details of the sad story.

"Over by Eb Ollin's—dress had caught in the fallen tree lyin' over the stream,—and then there's sassafras rut, birch bark, an' sech. Nothin' sets one up faster'n good home-made beer, unless it's malaria makes you peeky. You don't look jest right yourself, Mis' Tracy, but most folks do have malaria round here, leastwise them as live near the salt marsh. Now why don't you try cider'n' tanzy? Bruise the leaves; put in a gallon o' cider and add red peppers; shake up well for a few days, an' take a dose before eatin' your vittles. It's a sure cure. We never have malaria to hum. And for the stummick, sweet flag-rut; boiled down once—throw the water off; boil it up again—"

"Who got her out?" insisted Mrs. Tracy mildly.

"My Ephraim. He wus hayin' in the salt medder. Silvie ran shrieking an' he come an hooked his pitchfork in her dress, an' pulled her up onto the bank—then you cut up the rut real thin an' boil in a syrup made with sugar'n' water. I keep a glass jar in the buttery with some in it to go to any time. My folks all set great store by my candied flag-rut."

Mrs. Pond smiled a sweet, childish smile, which quickly vanished as a tear trickled down her cheek and on her stiffly starched white apron.

"It's 'long about there, some-eres near that tree, where I get my mountain mint," she resumed with a sigh.

"What happened next?" asked Mrs. Tracy.

"Why, Silvie ran up to the house, o' course, for his folks, an' then after the doctor; but 'twa'n't no use. But I will say, an' stick to't too, that if they'd 'a' poured a good dose o' catnip tea right down her throat, an' put some mullen leaves on the soles o' her feet, then an' there, she might 'a' ben alive now. —What wuz I a sayin'? Oh, yes! the mountain mint growin' near that tree—wild isop some calls it—"

"Hyssop," corrected Mrs. Tracy softly.

"Wild isop," reiterated Mrs. Pond. "There are them in these parts as swears by that, an' I allus has a bunch hangin' with my other yarbs. But for me, when all's said an' done, give me catnip. Even the the dumb beasts know its virtoos, an my cat'll foller me up garret an' stan' under that bunch, an' mew, just to get a taste on't. Cats or humans, it's all the same, an' there's nothin' like it—unless it's clam juice. That's mighty good for the stummick too, or fer a tonic. Why, Ephraim comes in sometimes all het up from hoein'. 'Debby,' he'll say, 'I'm all played out. I'm goin' to lie down fer a while on the sofy.' Then I go down cellar after clams —allus keep a basket of 'em down there where it's cool; throw 'em out though every second day, any that's left, fer a'ter that they're pizen—an' I stew up a leetle mess of 'em, an' fetch him a cup o' the juice. My don't he drink it, an' is up an' out again quicker'n you c'd say 'Jack Robinson'! By'n bye I'll fix a bowl fer poor Mandy. It's 'most as good fer hystrikes as catnip. When I was to hum—"

Mrs. Tracy rose from her chair and crossed the room, walking softly on her tip-toes. She fingered the crocheted lace which trimmed the neck and sleeves of the waist worn by the dead girl.

"I taught her to do that pattrun," said she, drawing in her breath with a long, fluttering sigh. She returned to her place by Mrs. Pond. "But didn't they do a thing to bring the breath of life back to the poor thing?"

Mrs. Pond shut her lips very tight, shaking her head slowly from side to side, at the same time closing her eyes. After an interval of silence she opened them again, and rocking gently to and fro, resumed her former train of thought.

"When I was to hum, before I married Ephraim, sister wuz tuck down with jaundice. She wuz yeller as saffron. We didn't doctor with anyone, all we giv' her wuz jest clam juice—long clams o' course, not round ones, they hain't got the same virtoo—an' she come round so quick, an' so clear complected, whiter'n she ever wuz."

There was a stir among the men gathered on the steps. Mrs. Pond, looking from the window, saw a covered wagon coming up the road, the horse urged to a mad galop. It turned in at the gate, and the occupant alighted, the crowd of men surrounding the door-step making way to allow the father to enter the house. As he stood looking down at his daughter one big sob shook his frame, and with a groan, he turned and went up the stairs to his wife's room.

"Steady, gal, steady," said he, taking both her hands in his, as at

the sight of him her grief burst out afresh.

"She is gone, Billy, gone, gone! Tell me it isn't true! The water, the horrible water! How I used to dread that windin', snaky crick when my babies first began to toddle, but we had grown so used to it, and now, the oldest of them all —oh, the horrible water!" For a time she wept aloud unrestrainedly, but presently she grew calmer.

"I wish I had let you name her, Cap'n. Annabel Lee must be an unlucky name. She was always steppin' into puddles and gettin' her feet wet; always bein' caught out in the rain without an umbrella, and comin' home wet through to the skin; but I never, never thought it would come to this, drowned! Oh, Cap'n, where shall we put her—my beautiful Annabel Lee! You did not take my angel Rosalie away, my little baby girl, but let me keep her under our own rose-bushes in the garden. Never, never in the awful, gloomy graveyard can I lay my first born, my Bella!"

"Jest as you like, old gal, jest as you say. You had the namin' of her, and in life, in death, you have the say, I guess."

"Down by the sea, Cap'n, in the meadow next the salt marsh. She allus loved the water so! Ever since she could walk she'd make for the water, sound, or crick.

> "O Annabel, Annabel Lee,
> Your tomb *shall* be by the sea,
> Your sepulchre by the sea!"

The poor mother lay back on the pillow almost fainting in the excess of her grief. Suddenly sitting up again, she exclaimed:

> "O my Annabel Lee
> Come back to me!"

"That's right, let it come," said Mr. Bill. He gravely took a pencil from his pocket, tore a leaf from his memorandum book, and handed them to his wife. He turned to Mrs. Pond, who at that moment came into the room, a bowl of steaming clam broth in her hand.

"Her brain's working," he said apologetically, "and it'll help divert her. She likes to ketch all the po'try she makes up. She keeps it in a blank book, all she's ever made; and next to me an' her babies she loves that po'try mor'n anything else. It's comin' now, hush!"

"O Annabel Lee!" whispered Mrs. Bill faintly, "come back to me, my first-born darling so fair to see. Borne through the night, with voices affright—with voices affright —Cap'n, Billy, I can't get a last line!" She was crying softly.

"There, there, poor soul!" said Mrs. Pond, "take your clam juice while it's hot, an' lay back on the piller. Leave your po'try 'till tomorrer, do, an' try to git to sleep.'

The stillness in the house grew intense. Outside, the insect life pulsated. Somewhere a door banged, and Marianna ran down the hall, sobbing, and into her parents' room. She held a scrap of paper in her hand.

"See, father, what I've found! She did it herself, oh, she did it herself!"

Annabel's neat, precise handwriting was blurred, and the paper blistered as if tears had fallen upon it.

"Father, mother, brothers, sisters, good-bye to you all. I leave you my best love. Don't grieve. Tell Zack I forgive him."

(To be continued)

The Seven Adventures of John Henry

By Grace Liscom Hewett

V

John Henry Entertains Mrs. Witherspoon

"OH John Henry," cried his mother, "where are you? That front door bell's ringin' to beat the cars. I bet it's Mrs. Witherspoon. She'll want to know all about your sister Emmeline's trousseau, but don't you dare tell her a word about it. I've got to clean these faucets before I can see her. You'll jest have to entertain her. But whatever you do, don't tell her how old I am, nor Emmeline, nor Howard. She's sure to find out, but don't you tell her. You just say you don't know. There the bell's ringin' again. Pull your right stockin' up and your necktie round front and do get a little mud off your shoes before she sees you."



John Henry banged the entry door loudly; he wanted her to hear him coming. It would give him a little more time. He jerked up his stocking and flicked his shoes with his handkerchief. That was all he could do in such a short time. "Why Mrs. Witherspoon," he said in his politest way, "how do you do. Ma wants you to come in—she isn't quite ready to see you, but she'll be here soon."

"Well," observed Mrs. Witherspoon, "I may's well wait now't I've got here. Dreadful long walk from my house, ain't it?"

"Yes'm," said John Henry.

"Well how's your ma today? Feelin' smart, John Henry? It's a terrible lot of work, ain't it, ter git ready fer a weddin'? Let's us see, when's Emmeline thinkin' er gettin' married, next month or the one after? I allus fergit." "We don't know yet," said John Henry cautiously, "we aren't quite sure."

"'S that so, I was thinkin' 'twas all settled. It must be tolerably soon or she wouldn't hev nigh so many things done. I heerd she'd got three trunks full, 's that so?"

"She won't let me come into the room," said John Henry, shaking his head sadly, "she's afraid I'll hurt somethin'."

"Well that ain't but natural," said Mrs. Witherspoon wisely, "small boys is terrible bothers. They're allus in the way."

John Henry was balancing himself on a blue plush chair. If he sat way back in it, his feet stuck out straight, if he sat on the edge, his back ached from supporting itself, so he sat sideways and tipped the chair to reach the floor with his feet.

"Look out," exclaimed Mrs. Witherspoon, "if your chair should

go over, you'd hit that desk 'n 'twould splinter them legs all ter nothin'. I guess your Ma would want that you should go away for a while then. Didn't she pay twenty-five dollars fer that desk? I heerd she did. It's orful expensive. You'd better be careful."

John Henry decided to sit in the little rocking chair. It was more comfortable. Mrs. Witherspoon was examining a doily on the piano. John Henry thought that was better than talking and he rocked very quietly.

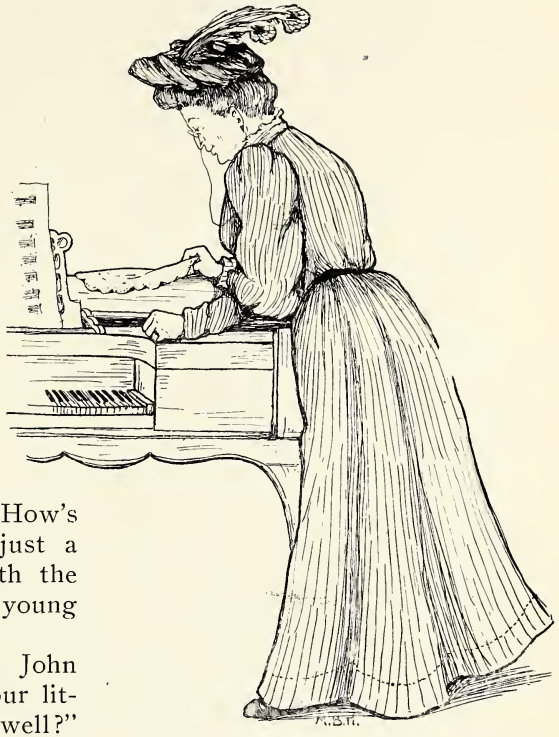
"John Henry," said Mrs. Witherspoon rather suddenly, "wasn't this the doily 't yer cousin Fanny made? I heerd 'twas, but I ain't had a chance ter see it close to. She was the one that ran away with your father's brother's son or was it his nephew? The one with the curly hair 'n the black mustache. He allus did have a taking way with him. How's Emmeline's beau? Feelin' just a little bit shaky, I s'pose with the weddin' so nigh. He's rather young ter be married, ain't he?"

"Why, I dunno," said John Henry, "I'm sure. How's your little nephew, is he pretty well?" John Henry thought he ought to be polite and he knew his mother always asked for babies when she wanted to be nice.

"Oh," said Mrs. Witherspoon, "he's fine, some day he'll grow up, I s'pose, but you'll get there fust 'n I s'pose you'll want ter be married at 'bout the same age 's Howard, won't yer? You think he's pretty nice. Or had you rather be married when you're twenty-four?" She was sure Emmeline was twenty-six, last March. Louise Sawyer had told her that and she was sure to know.

"Why," said John Henry, "Howard's," then he stopped. His mother had told him not to tell.

"Yes," beamed Mrs. Withersoon, her fat face shining.



"Howard's too old," said John Henry.

Mrs. Witherspoon's three double chins showed. Wasn't that disappointing! She had counted on his being two or three years younger than Emmeline. To be sure Emmeline didn't look older, but somehow Mrs. Witherspoon knew she must be.

"I think, Mrs. Witherspoon," observed John Henry, "that I'll be engaged when I'm fourteen. Then I won't have to go through the High School. That'll save me four years of hard work."

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Witherspoon hopefully, "he may be after all."

"Who?" said John Henry, more curiously than politely but always conversationally.

"Why!" exclaimed Mrs. Witherspoon, at loss for a minute, "you, of course."

"Oh," said John Henry.

"But," continued Mrs. Witherspoon, "I shouldn't think that you'd want to be married ten years before Howard. You won't get nearly as much salary to support your wife on." Mrs. Witherspoon waited. That was sure to take effect.

"Oh," said John Henry, "that's easy, my father'd make me an allowance."

"Why I didn't think," muttered Mrs. Witherspoon to herself, "that Howard Stillingham's father was rich enough to give him an allowance, but I wondered how they were going ter housekeeping in that new house of George Billingses. I told Mandy there must be money coming from somewhere. All the same they're an extravagant couple 'n they'll end up in flats 'n tenement houses 'n have to move to avoid their debts. But I guess I'd better find out a little more. Mandy always says I get things wrong but I know I don't jump at conclusions. She's the one."

"But, John Henry," she said aloud, "don't you want to earn your living the way Howard does?"

"Well," said John Henry, "you know it depends. If my father has enough money to give me an allowance, when I'm as old as Howard—"

"That's twenty-four ain't it?" said Mrs. Witherspoon quickly.

John Henry reached down for his stocking. He wished she would not look at him all the time. He wanted to pull it up. He didn't like to sit on his foot, because it went to sleep and that was very uncomfortable. Mrs. Witherspoon's face was a mass of creases. John Henry had got to say something. He did not dare to disobey his mother and he was much less afraid of Mrs. Witherspoon. Besides she ought not to interrupt him. His father wouldn't let him. He would do the way his mother did when he interrupted her.

"—I shan't have to earn my living," he continued calmly.

"Well," panted Mrs. Witherspoon, "well, you don't say so!"

"Yes'm," returned John Henry firmly, "I just said so."

"Well, of all things," exclaimed Mrs. Witherspoon, not connecting the interruption with this announcement, "I didn't know your Pa could afford to support you."

John Henry managed to pull up his stocking while Mrs. Wtiherspoon recovered. John Henry's mother must have inherited. There wasn't any other explanation for it. Those five children! Why she and Mandy and everybody thought that it was all his pa could do to keep them going 'til they could earn their living. 'Course Emmeline would be out of the way, but her trousseau must be a terrible pull for them. Howard and Emmeline were young to be married and they were



so extravagant, they might have to come back to live on her pa. There was no telling. If Howard was only older. Was he older than Emmeline anyway? She must find out. It would be a great rise on Mandy and the rest.

Mrs. Witherspoon hitched her chair up for another try. "Your pa's gettin' old, John Henry, I sh'd think you'd have to support him. He was young once and he married early too. 'Bout 's old 's Howard 's far 's I c'n judge. Let's us see, will Howard be twenty-five in March or April?"

"Oh, here's Ma," said John Henry, with a great sigh of relief.

VI

John Henry gets Permission to go in Swimming

John Henry wiped his dirty face on his blue and red speckled sleeve. He was hot and he had to cut all the grass around the rose bushes on the front lawn. His mother said that he must. He would have liked to go in swimming. Jimmy and Pete had. They always could do what they liked anyway. John Henry's mother was afraid that he would have a cramp and drown. He didn't think he would, but how could he be expected to know; he was too young.

"Oh, Ma," he teased, "can't I go in swimming? Please."

"No," said his mother, "you can't. I told you to cut that grass. You haven't half done it and now you want to go in swimming. Of course you can't."

John Henry turned back wearily. He wondered if she ever would let him go anywhere. She always wanted him to work. John Henry cut ten blades of grass. It wasn't so awful hard to do only it was hot. If he did it nicely would his mother let him go? John Henry wondered. He cut all the grass on the side nearest the house. Then he went in.

"Oh, Ma, can't I go in swimming? It's awful hot."

"John Henry," said his mother, "you're always teasing. If you could work for a little while without asking to go somewhere, I'd let you go. I don't believe that you've cut any grass at all since you came in last time. I do want to finish this waist this afternoon and you bother the life out of me. Don't you ask for another thing. Your father has to come home and

chop wood when he's dead tired. I think it's a perfect shame for him to do it when he has a son as old as you. All you want to do is play, play, the whole live long time. I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself, John Henry. Go right out of my sight. I'm too disgusted to look at you."

John Henry went out and sat on the back door steps. It certainly was discouraging. There he had cut all that grass on the house side and she hadn't even looked at it. Of course she thought he hadn't done it. She always did believe the worst of him. He wished Mrs. Munro was his mother. Jimmy and Pete never had to do any work that amounted to anything. John Henry picked up the hatchet sadly and walked over to the chopping block. He wondered what his mother would do if he should chop his foot. Perhaps she would let him go in swimming then and not make him work all the time. No, she wouldn't even then, she'd tie a bandage around his foot and make him go to bed. John Henry thought he had rather chop wood. When he had cut up an armful of sticks, he carried them into the shed and let them fall with a bang. She could hear that. He would do five armfuls.

John Henry's mother stitched away on the shirtwaist. She had almost done wrong, she thought, to make that little boy chop wood. If he only could, it would be so nice for his father. Howard had always chopped the wood ever since he was eight years old. Why couldn't John Henry? But John Henry was always hurting himself. He cut his head on the fence sliding down that hill and he had had fits when he was a baby. She couldn't have anything happen to him. She didn't want to be silly, though. John Henry's father said she was always too easy. Boys needed discipline. But it was John Henry. Suppose he should cut himself, what would she do. John Henry's mama went to the door. He was chopping the wood all right and quite fast. She was too anxious. She went back and stitched another cuff. Matthew Kingsley's little boy had been lamed for life, just chopping wood. John Henry's father didn't want a cripple for a son. She had rather have him pick off potato bugs, that was safe anyway.

"John Henry," she called.

"Yes'm," answered John Henry hopefully.

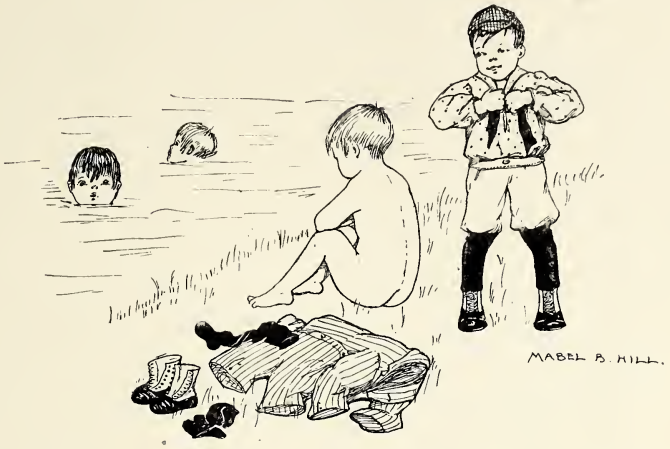
"I'd rather have you pick off potato bugs, John Henry. Your father says there are so many that we won't have enough potatoes for this winter. I don't know what we shall do. You can see to pick them off much easier in the daytime than your father can when he gets home at night. You'd better go straight out there now."

"Oh, Ma," cried John Henry despairingly, "can't I go in swimming?"

"John Henry," said his mother severely, or so it seemed to him, "don't you remember what I told you before? Don't let me hear that again. I should think that you'd like to help your father along once in a while. You're gettin' to be awful lazy, John Henry. Your father and I are trying to bring you up to be a useful man and not one that will end in state's prison. Now, John Henry, don't you think you

can help your father that little bit? I'd be ashamed of myself if I couldn't."

"Oh, dear," said John Henry, I'm awful tired 'n hot. Can't I have a drink?"



"Of course you can," said his mother, "don't ever ask me such a foolish question. Hurry up and pick those potato bugs."

John Henry wiped his face again on his blue and red speckled sleeve and drank three mugs of water. "Oh," he groaned dismally to himself, "those old potato bugs!" He found an old tomato can and went slowly out into the garden. He poked the potato bugs into the can, watching their agonies and frantic efforts, with delight. He liked to tease. He got a stick and just poked the funny colored bugs. They scurried quickly in every direction. A huge disturbance was overturning their houses. They had to flee to save their lives and they always reached the tomato can.

The sun was very hot and John Henry felt the heat. It was always cool in swimming. He wished there was someone else to pick off those old bugs. He always had to do all the hard things. If only dogs and cats could do such things. John Henry thought a minute. Yes, they could. He put his tomato can on the ground and shut the cover down tight so they couldn't crawl out. John Henry went back into the pantry and got another can and some string. Then he dragged the cat out from behind the stove and carried her into the garden. He hitched the can on the cat's tail and gave her a little whack with his stick.

The cat started to run and when she felt the can hitting her heels and heard John Henry behind her, she ran as fast as she could. They tore through the garden and back again. Finally John Henry thought he had run enough but he couldn't seem to make the cat feel that way. She was very excited. John Henry gave a jump, he wanted to get the tomato can, but he landed on a potato plant and crushed it to the ground. He couldn't stop for that, he jumped again and this time he fell flat on his face and crushed

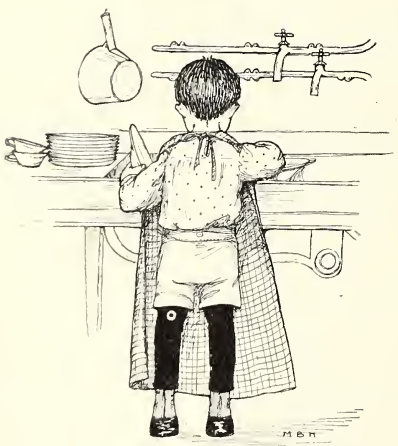
many potato plants but he caught the cat.

The can didn't have very many bugs inside. They must have crawled out when the cat was running. But there were a few and John Henry had several, oh, nearly a quarter of a can full in his other tomato can. Some of the plants were rather badly torn. John Henry hoped his father would think that the Munro's dog had been chasing the cat. He often did. John Henry poured the bugs carefully into one can and took them into the house.

"Oh, Ma," he exclaimed.

"Can't you ever be polite, John Henry?" she said. "Now say how do you do to Mrs. Gibbons, then tell us what you want."

"How do you do," said John Henry shame-facedly. "It's a nice day. Oh, Ma, just look at these



potato bugs." John Henry poured them out on the table to show his mother.

"John Henry," she shrieked, "put those dreadful bugs right back into that can and burn them up. There are enough there to make the whole house wiggle. How they do squirm. Ough." John Henry's mother shivered and so did Mrs. Gibbons.

"Oh, Ma," pleaded John Henry, "can't I go in swimming now? I've done a lot of work."

"Well," said his mother thoughtfully, "if I don't let you, I suppose you'll bother me all the afternoon and I want to talk to Mrs. Gibbons. You certainly did pick a lot of bugs. Yes, you can go."

VII

John Henry Commits Suicide

John Henry was not liked. He was sure of it. His mother always said he worried her to death and his father said he tormented him to death. He was afraid he would make them die, so he had decided not to become the reproach of every one. He would die himself. That was the way that real grown up people did on the stage and in the newspapers. It was a brave thing to do.

John Henry didn't want to kill himself. He had rather live to become famous and make all these people sorry for the bad things they said of him. He wasn't sure whether he would use a razor or a carving knife or strangle himself with a rope. Ough! They were all delightfully horrible. All the boys would envy him.

"John Henry," called his mother, "aren't you ever coming down to breakfast?"

"Yes'm," John Henry called back, "in just a minute."

He would be a good boy on this very last day of his life. Then they would always remember how good

he had been and wish they had treated him better. He washed his face carefully and left only a little rim of dirt around it. You could see that he had tried. He put a little water on his hair and parted it with his hands. At least that was better than usual. He walked quietly downstairs instead of jumping or sliding down the banisters. He didn't ask for a second helping of meat and he ate every bit of his oatmeal, that he hated worse than living. He politely asked his mother if he couldn't help her do the dishes.

"Why, yes, John Henry," said his mother, "I'd love to have you do them."

This wasn't quite what John Henry had said he would do, but to-day, he would do everything they asked of him. Perhaps he might work so hard that he would die. That would make them so much sorrier. He started to take the sugar out of the coffee cups with his fingers, but then he remembered and he gave them to the two youngest. It would be the last time that he could ever give them anything. They were so astonished at John Henry's unexpected generosity that they offered him one lap with his fingers. John Henry sadly refused. It was his day to give. He carefully washed all the dishes and wiped them dry. His mother should know how well he could do if he tried. How sorry she would be! He wiped a tear from his eye with the dish towel. It would never do to let any one see. They would suspect the trouble and stop him.

John Henry helped his mother that day. He was very slow, she thought, but perhaps he was learning to be thorough. It would be such a comfort if he was. He even tried to clean his two younger brothers, but they objected so strongly that he had to stop. He wanted to do as much good as he could, but if he had to pound them to wash their faces, he would have to do something bad too, so he stopped.



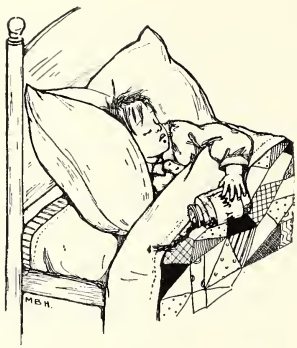
"Oh, John Henry," said his mother, " you were so good this morning. I just want you to take this cup of sugar over to Mrs. Gibbons and come right back. If you do that you can play with Pete and Jimmy."

John Henry forgot his sad fate

for a minute and turned a somersault on the kitchen floor.

"Look out, John Henry," said his mother, "you'll break something. You know you always do. Do be careful once in a while. Some day you'll learn, I suppose, but it does seem that that day is terribly far off."

John Henry's chin quivered. He had tried so hard to be good! Well this was just like what it always was. He wasn't wanted. The sooner he left the better. He picked up the cup with his forefinger and thumb. His little finger hit the bottom of the cup and gave it a little swing. In his fear that the cup would tip over, he let go with his forefinger to grasp it higher up. The cup balanced for a single second on John Henry's thumb. It seemed to him that it landed with a fearful crash on the kitchen floor.



"There," said his mother, "if you haven't done it! John Henry, I told you to look out. You are the worst boy for breaking, that I ever saw. You've wasted all that sugar and you know we're poor and can't afford to throw away good sugar like that. Oh, John Henry, it is discouraging to have a boy like you! Just as soon as we get a little ahead, then you go and break something. Take off your clothes and go right to bed. I don't ever want to see you again. Hurry up."

John Henry climbed upstairs. This was the way that everything happened. It was perfectly clear that he wasn't wanted. Didn't his mother say that she never wanted to see him again. He hadn't a doubt but that his father would say so too or something even worse if he knew. His brothers always wanted him out of the way. There he had been good all the day up to now and just because he dropped that cup of sugar on the floor, he was sent to bed in the middle of the afternoon.

He got into bed and thought. She said she didn't want to see him again. Well, she wouldn't after today, anyway. He was going to leave. Then wouldn't they be sorry. He loved raspberry jam. He wished he could have some before he died. They always did give people their last wish, but he knew she wouldn't give him his. He would have to steal it. Steal, in his own father's house! But they didn't like him, they never had, that explained everything. He had tried so hard to be good that day. Should he break his promise to himself and steal it? It would be the last thing he had done on earth. They would forgive him that. He thought he would. It would be his last pleasure.

John Henry got up cautiously and listened. His mother was out feeding the hens. He crept downstairs softly. There it was on the top shelf. He would have to get a chair. The chair was not quite high enough and when John Henry reached out too far, the chair slipped and fell with a crash on the floor. John Henry clung to the jar

and the shelf. He hoped his mother hadn't heard that racket. He put the chair back and crept upstairs. His mother didn't come in; probably she hadn't heard it, after all. He laid his head on the pillow. He would eat some jam and then sleep a little while, all the brave heroes slept before they were executed to show that they weren't afraid, and of course he wasn't, and then—he would die.

He dropped his fingers in the jar and then put them in his mouth. Oh, wasn't that good! It was bully! John Henry ate half of the jam. He wondered how he would look after he had cut his throat. All red and horrid. He drew his fingers across his throat and left the jam behind. Wasn't that enough to scare anybody? But it didn't scare him. He was brave like the old heroes. He laid down again and tried to sleep.

John Henry's mother came upstairs an hour later to tell him that he might get up and there, at half past four on Wednesday afternoon, John Henry lay on his bed with a long, red, dripping stripe of raspberry jam across his throat!

Flowers of Winter

By Curtis Hidden Page

I sent you camelias one winter's day
(Oh the flowers of love, the red, the white!)
The white were pure love, passion red,
And you wore the white that night.

We walked far out in the bitter wind
(Oh the flowers of love, the pure, pure white!)
And the wind blew cold while the heart was red
The flowers of white to blight.

One after one they were torn and fell
(Oh the flowers of love, the withered white!)
And the wind blew wild and the heart was flame
And gone were the flowers of light.

But the red gleamed hot in the stifled house
(Oh the flowers of passion, the red, the red!)
And their petals glowed in the lambent gloom
Like a crimson heart that bled.

And panting love blazed red in the heart
(Oh the flowers of passion, the burning red!)
Till the hot parched petals withered and fell,
And passion and love were dead.



Photo by R. M. Dayton

The Home of Lost Youth

By Dora Read Goodale

Hark, what a driving storm, Dear!
  Down in the restless street
Hear the slipping of horses,
  The fierce hiss of the sleet . . .

Think of the old, loved home, Dear!
  On the hill-top high and bare,
Fresh from the fields untraversed
  Rave the Powers of the Air.

How the wind like a demon
  In the old, kind chimney roars—
Shrieks at the rattling casements,
  Plucks at the unhinged doors!

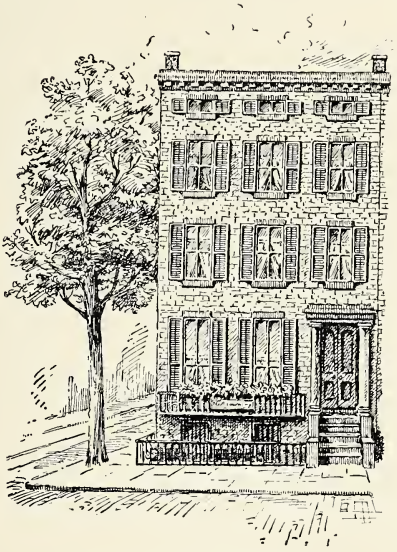
Love was enthroned there once, Dear,
  Victor, lord of the breast . . .
We have served many masters,
  But first, fond love was best.

Lurks its ghost at the gate, Dear,
  In the wild wind and the rain?
Would that we two were there, Dear!
  Would we were young again!

The Story of The King's Daughters

By Herbert O. McCrillis

THIS is a humanitarian age. In spite of the alarm of some who seem to feel that the world is becoming more and more wicked, and that the desire for selfish gratification, particularly in the line of money getting, is rampant, the optimistic, and happily they constitute the greater part of mankind, take a broader view and see that though much is still wrong with the world, the trend on the whole is toward more Godliness and a more conscientious spirit of brotherhood.



BIRTHPLACE OF THE ORDER

At what time in the world's progress have been known so many agencies for teaching the gospel and for relieving the unfortunate as now? In what previous age have so many millions been turned into the channels of missions, religion, education, and other means for elevating spiritually and morally, for relieving distress, and raising up those who have fallen?

Organization for bettering the world seems to be the word everywhere along the line, not only in the world of business and science but in benevolence. There is strength in concerted movements.

It is the province of this article to tell the story of one out of many of these great humanitarian movements that have been born within a generation; of one whose work has become world wide; which originated and is carried on by women mainly for those of their own sex.

Like the great Christian Endeavor movement, that of The King's Daughters originated in a very quiet way. A few women who wished to grow spiritually, and to reach out to those near them to do them good, formed a little society for that purpose. It was not to gain more saintliness only, but, having gained this, to bring the Christ touch to a sinful and suffering world.

Just twenty-one years ago this month, January 13, 1886, these women, there were nine at this first meeting, assembled at the home of Mrs. Margaret Bottome in New York City to talk over this idea of a coöperation "for their own greater advancement in true Christian liv-

ing and usefulness in practical good works."

Beginning with this central circle it was hoped that each member might become the nucleus of a group of friends, and that each of these in turn might become a centre of influence, thus ever widening the waves of usefulness.

They builded better than they knew. It isn't probable that one of the ten could have had an idea of the world-wide movement their simple scheme was inaugurating. They only did "the next thing."

The ten women who really were the pioneers of this excellent enterprise were Mrs. Margaret Bottome, Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, Miss Hamersley, Mrs. Theodore Irving, Mrs. F. Payson, Mrs. C. D. P. Field, Mrs. J. F. Ruggles, Mrs. I. C. Davis, Miss S. B. Schenck and Miss G. H. Libby.

Mrs. Bottome and Mrs. Dickinson were elected respectively president and secretary and they have administered these offices with great efficiency since. By the recent death of Mrs. Bottome the order has lost one of its ablest and most useful members.

The name "The King's Daughters," since so widely and favorably known, had been used by Mrs. Irving, one of this company, in her young ladies' school in the city. So it was decided to give this name to those who went forth as The King's messengers to make the world better; also that the society should be known as "The King's Daughters."

Cheerful acknowledgment is given to Rev. Edward E. Hale, D. D., of Boston, Massachusetts, for the idea of organizing in bands of ten, also for the motto which is used.

"Look up and not down,
Look forward and not back,
Look out and not in,
Lend a hand."

Right royally has the work been carried on. The King Himself has blessed the work of his loyal subjects. All over this land, and in almost every country of the world around, glistens the silver Maltese cross, the badge of the order, bearing the letters I. H. N., which signify "In His Name."

According to the constitution the objects of this order are declared to be "the development of spiritual life and the stimulation of Christian activities.

The membership, which at the start was only ten, increased very rapidly, proving two things; that its projectors had been quite right in the supposition that there were "multitudes of women eager and desirous of making their lives of value to themselves and of use to the world, and that what they needed was not stimulation to make them willing to work, but education in the world's needs, and instruction as to the best methods of battling with its misery and sin.

It is not possible to state the exact membership of the order. The number is certainly several hundred thousand. A conservative estimate places it at five hundred thousand, though some say that the number entitled to wear the badge of the Order is much more than that.

In 1887 it was decided to admit men and boys to membership. The proportion of them in the order is very small. There are some strong circles of The King's Sons however, and a few where men and women



THE MASSACHUSETTS EXECUTIVE BOARD

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—MISS M. GERTRUDE DAY, MRS. SUSAN M. JOHNSON, MRS. ADDIE HARRIS OSWALD, MRS. GEORGE M. HAMLEN, MRS. DAISY D. GOODRICH, MRS. WHEATIE FARLEY, MRS. E. TRASK HILL, MRS. SATILLA HALLETT SMITH, MISS SUSAN R. BROKENSHAW, MRS. ANGIE GORHAM BUFFINGTON, MRS. LUCIA C. HASKELL, MISS MARY E. COGSWELL, MRS. MARY E. STOWELL



MRS. E. TRASK HILL
STATE SECRETARY, MASSACHUSETTS

work together. In 1889 the order was incorporated under the laws of New York, and in 1891 the word International was legally added to the name, making it The International Order of The King's Daughters and Sons, for, before this time, the work had spread beyond this country.

What is the work of The King's Daughters and Sons, and how is it carried on?

It is a thing not to be lost sight of, a principle reiterated constantly that the primary work of the order is the development of character among its members, and their training to Christian service.

It is not to accomplish large things that bring glory and make the world talk about them, that these women are banded together; but to do the million little kindnesses; to relieve suffering, elevate, in fact, wherever they can, to bring more of Christ's truth and His sunshine into this world in a threefold sense, spiritual, moral and material.

The unit of the order is the circle. It was at first suggested that the number in each be ten only; but no such limit is placed on the circles now, some of which are large. Each circle is allowed the liberty of managing its own affairs, carrying on its meetings, choosing and do-

ing its own work guided always by the general principles of the order as set down in its constitution.

No sectarian lines are drawn. All meet in allegiance to Him who is King and Lord of all. It is considered that the order has no right to question the love of those who accept a call to commit themselves to labor for His sake and in His name.

Much has unquestionably been accomplished in the line of the first object of this organization by frequent special meetings for reading, praise and prayer.

The circles generally meet once a month at the house of a member, or in some convenient place which is available. The first part of the meetings is devotional. Then commonly follows an informal talk upon the work of the circle, plans for its accomplishments, and suggestions for new work. Frequently selections are read from the literature of the order or something equally appropriate.

Members of the order who are actively engaged in carrying on some philanthropic work, for which the organization is responsible, come to the circles and tell of what is being done.

Sometimes entertainments are given for raising funds for the work.

Of course the different ways of conducting the meetings, and of carrying on the work, depend in a great measure upon the originality of the members of a circle, their location, and opportunities.



MRS. MARY LOWE DICKINSON
GENERAL SECRETARY AND TREASURER OF THE ORDER AND EDITOR OF "THE SILVER CROSS"

One very remarkable thing about this movement is the quietness with which it has made its great advancement. There has been no flourish, no great newspaper notices and no crowded halls. But the work is being carried on with great efficiency.

The circles organize in city unions, sometimes in chapters, and there are also county, state and national unions, holding regular conventions.

On account of the marvelous growth of the order it became evident that a more complete organization was essential.

Within two years over seventy thousand had been enrolled as workers "In His Name." It was impossible to carry on central meet-

ings, do the necessary clerical work and correspondence in the private homes, so headquarters were provided in New York City and secretaries found who could give their entire time to the increasing work. In other large cities there are offices serving as headquarters for the state or section.

Organization has been carried forward as rapidly as possible until now twenty-six of the United States and five of the Provinces of Canada are completely organized and have annual or biennial conventions.

There are three International secretaries, viz., the general secretary, a corresponding and a recording secretary.

This rapid growth, so unforeseen by the founders, has come naturally through the simple telling about the order, but more, through the spirit of the first members stimulating others who observed the great value and nobility of the work. Eager responses came from everywhere to the simple invitation to have a part in this movement to make themselves and others about them better.



MRS. I. C. DAVIS
FORMERLY CORRESPONDING SECRETARY AND MEMBER OF CENTRAL COUNCIL

All branches of the Church of God are represented. It is absolutely interdenominational. Commencing with ministry of and to the individual, now its Christian activities have spread to church work, home and foreign missions, and countless philanthropies.

Reckoned in dollars and cents the work of The King's Daughters amounts to a vast sum. In this country several hundred institutions have been established by them and they have aided many thousand more.

But this enormous expenditure is not their greatest work.

"The self sacrifice, the love, the devotion, the growth in Christ-likeness, the training in efficient service for Him, the lifting up of the disheartened ones, the rescuing of many families and individuals from pauperism and vice, and standing by them and walking with them in the new ways toward the higher life; this is the service that cannot be computed in dollars and cents, a record of which can only be kept on high."

Such is the society in general, its aim, manner of working and results classed as a whole.

To speak of even a small part of the special lines of work into which these circles and unions have advanced, would require many articles like this.

These activities are almost numberless. In almost every state there is some large humanitarian work carried on by The King's Daughters, in some states more than one.

The circles help not only activi-

ties in their own state but work for other good causes elsewhere in the land. As one good state secretary expressed it: "We work for every good cause under the sun."

Probably the Christian activities, to the stimulating of which the order is pledged, might be classified something like this. Work for the aged; work among seamen; to help churches; in the cause of education by the establishment of libraries and a home study system; work in home and foreign missions; providing outings and vacations for worthy women and children otherwise denied these privileges; and in other ways which might be termed the "Sunshine" class giving aid, sympathy and cheer among the sick, overburdened and unfortunate.



MRS. ROBERT J. REED
SECOND VICE PRESIDENT AND CHAIRMAN OF THE CONFERENCE

In times of great calamity, for example, the time of the India famine, suffering in Armenia, Galveston flood, San Francisco earthquake, Cuban relief work, etc., the order has appealed to its various branches to make common cause in assisting the sufferers and there has been a large response.

The names of the circles show, in many cases, the spirit of the organization, for example, Willing Workers, Do What You Can, Inasmuch, Guided, Helping Hands, Loving Service, etc. Many are named for prominent members or people, as, Frances E. Willard Circle, Bridgman, Margaret, Newman Circles.

While the membership is mostly of adults there are also many children entitled to wear the silver cross. They too are active in doing "The King's errands." Here are some of the errands. Doing disagreeable things pleasantly and willingly "in His Name," keeping the wrinkles from mothers' faces, preparing picture books for children's hospitals, reading and singing to the sick and aged, being respectful to the aged, being reverent at church.

The very mention of these things brings a glow of satisfaction and a thrill of delight to us. What must the doing of it all mean to those who are in bitter need and receive these blessings from The King's hand by means of these His messengers?

Prominent among the institutions established in the country by The King's Daughters and Sons are the Day Nursery, Los Angeles, California, National Junior Republic in District of Columbia, Silver Cross Hospital, Joliet, Illinois, Industrial School, Moline, Illinois, Newsboys' Club, Des Moines, Iowa, Jennie Casseday Infirmary, Louisville, Kentucky, Gymnasium (The King's Sons), Jersey City, Sailors' Loan Library, New Ro-

chelle, New York, Frank Bottome Memorial Settlement, New York City, Summer Crèche, Montreal, Canada.

Excellent as every cause of The King's Daughters is, all in the order admit that special mention should be made of the work of Miss Sophie B. Wright called in New Orleans, Louisiana, "Our First Citizen." Frail and crippled in body yet she has been the means of bringing education and better lives to hundreds of young men and women of that city, and providing a place of refuge for those afflicted with incurable disease.



MISS SOPHIE B. WRIGHT
STATE SECRETARY OF LOUISIANA, MEMBER OF CENTRAL COUNCIL

These are, however, but a few instances of the ways in which the Master's work is being done all over the land and world by The King's Daughters. Consecrated service is being carried on by the circles of this order in at least one thousand different lines all over the country and the world.

In New England, Gordon Rest and the Pond Home are prominent instances of the successful work of The King's Daughters of Massachusetts.

Weary working women and girls have found in the former a real home, sometimes the only home they have, where they can rest and be care free, and perhaps more, worry free.

Through the beneficence of James Gordon, who left at his death a fund for a vacation home for working women, this beautiful place in Hanson, Massachusetts, formerly the property of Rev. Mr. Gracey, a Methodist minister, was purchased by the order of the New Helping Hand Society who had carried it on for ten years but who felt it a burden with their other work. The real start had been made in 1887 through the good offices of Mr. George Simpson of Hanson, and Mrs. Henrietta McKinnon, superintendent of the New England Helping Hand Home.

As now re-modelled, the house can accomodate fifty. In 1903, an adjoining cottage and twelve acres of land were added, increasing accommodations for twenty more, and providing excellent gardens and woodland. Many who have been overtaken by misfortunes have found a haven here where they could gather strength for life anew.

Some have paid a small price for board. Through the order, contributions have come from churches, Sunday schools and benevolent people to support this worthy place. To one generous friend, who has paid for seven consecutive years one thousand dollars annually, must be given great credit, for without him, carrying on the home would have been very difficult.



GORDON REST, HANSON, MASSACHUSETTS

Flavel S. Thomas, M. D., a physician of undoubted skill, has given his services for years to the home. It is evident to all who study it that Gordon Rest is doing a good work. And those to whose hearts it lies nearest see great opportunities for helpfulness just ahead. "It isn't self supporting now," they say. "We have to work on faith. We need more room and improved conditions."

"The King's Daughters and Sons by the help of God have done nobly thus far, but greater things can be done here if friends in and outside the order will aid."

A dozen years or so ago Dr. E. E. Hale remarked to the Unity circle of Quincy, Massachusetts, "You King's Daughters sometimes adopt children and care for them; why not adopt a grandmother? Should we not care for the aged, who often need our care quite as much as the little ones?"

The suggestion ripened into fact by the circle's really adopting, caring for through life, and providing burial for a worthy and homeless old lady.

"Why not a good idea for us all?" came the question to the Norfolk County Massachusetts circles.

About that time (1896) it was brought to the attention of The King's Daughters of Readville, Massachusetts, that four aged, worthy people near needed just this assistance. A dollar bill handed to the county secretary, Mrs. Sawtelle, set in motion the project for a Home for Aged People of the county.

Of course, many other dollars followed this first one. The King's Daughters seemed to be undertaking the impossible; but through faith that providentially means would come and undoubtedly much prayer, "the iron gate" did swing wide at last, and the way was provided.

Mr. Virgil S. Pond, a generous citizen of Foxboro, Massachusetts, was moved to present the corpora-

tion, "The King's Daughters and Sons Home for the Aged in Norfolk County, Massachusetts," the Pond homestead at Pondville, Massachusetts, which he did in April, 1900.

After hard work by the county circles in remodelling, furnishing, etc., it was formally opened June 3, 1902, with a family of three women and two men. Norfolk County circles had decided to adopt grandpas as well as grandmas.

Thus the work commenced; and it has gone on with great success. It is a home; a place where worthy, homeless, aged people can spend their declining years in peace.

If The King's Daughters did no other thing in the county, this would justify their existence.

The Pond Home comprises a house of fifteen rooms, and a farm; accommodates ten old people; the responsibility of its maintenance rests entirely on The King's Daughters of the county.

It required much thought, hard work, faith and courage, as well as much sacrifice, to bring the Home to its present usefulness.

The King's Daughters need the co-operation of the community. They are working hard to enlarge this Home. It is one of its greatest needs. Perhaps the greatest need is an endowment fund to give a greater sense of security to the trustees, also to those enjoying its shelter.

As one of the trustees puts it, "we are not like the boy who said, 'I'm twelve but my trousers is marked fifteen'; but like that other boy whose garments fell far short of the requirements."

A work loyally recognized by all the circles of New Hampshire, and to which they devote some of their attention and gifts, is the Day Nursery and Children's Home located on Kinsley street in Nashua of that state.



EMILY L. CHACE MEMORIAL HOME
OAKLAND BEACH, RHODE ISLAND

It is probably the largest single work conducted in New Hampshire by the order, and the only one of its kind.

In the fall of 1893 the need of a place where working mothers could leave their young children while at work was brought to the attention of The King's Daughters of the city. The result was the offer of a house and the promise of more means in the future.

This led to the formation from the churches of an organization called "The King's Daughters Benevolent Association" for establishing and maintaining a Children's Day Nursery and Home.

The association was however soon doomed to disappointment in not realizing the promises made them in the beginning of means to start with, and were thrown upon their own resources with a burden they could not lay down.

Here is where the loyalty and persistence of the order showed.

They prospered in spite of obstacles and, to-day, own clear a fine sixteen-room house fitted with all conveniences and large enough for the accommodation of thirty children.

Only nineteen are now cared for though, because of lack of means for more, and need of more persons to help. Many children have been received and cared for during the past twelve years, and homes have



CHILDREN'S HOME
NASHUA, NEW HAMPSHIRE

been found for eight into which they have been adopted.

These little ones range from three to ten years in age; they attend Sunday and day school. Sometimes, to secure homes for them, some are kept beyond the age of ten years.

From the children's parents or friends some money is received, and the Home is about half self-supporting. Miss Lucette H. Blunt, who has been the president of the organization from the beginning, says, "We have always been able to meet our bills from month to month,—sometimes wondering before hand how."

In January, 1894, the state granted them a charter. The city has for several years given an annual appropriation of two hundred dollars, and the citizens, too, remember to send in their gifts of money, food, clothing, etc.



CHAPTER HOUSE
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Some benefactions to this work have taken the form of memorial rooms. There are four of these, two of which are known as the Rebecca C. Hale rooms, the furnishings being given by Mrs. W. B. Spencer of Boston in memory of her mother.

A third room is furnished as a memorial of Mrs. Anna King Collins one of The King's Daughters; and the furnishings of the fourth were given by The King's Daughters Circle of Newbury, New Hampshire.

The story of this good work is that of others of its kind. It has grown in usefulness. To proceed has often seemed impossible. It needs endowment funds.

Here is a chance for some one who loves the children to strengthen the hands of those who are doing this "errand" of the King, by a gift "in His Name."

Persistence is a quality in which this order abounds; otherwise these good things could not be told here.

Down in Connecticut the circles



MISS G. H. LIBBY

MEMBER OF CENTRAL COUNCIL, ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE ORDER

have striven diligently for ten years to give worthy Protestant women, who needed it, a place that they might call home. And the eighth of last November they reached their goal, and were able to add this new institution to the already long list of excellent causes for humanity.

"The King's Daughters Home for Worthy Protestant Women" (incorporated) is the old J. A. Sterry house of twenty rooms, situated on the historic Norwich Town Green, and was purchased by the order about four years ago for $6,000 and thoroughly equipped by the members after much patient labor in many ways to raise the money for the enterprise.

The twelve circles of Norwich and the home chapter have borne mainly the burden of the work.

In addition to being able to purchase and equip the home, The King's Daughters have a small fund with which to start their good work. It isn't probable, however, that any extra funds offered would be refused.

Another Connecticut centre of usefulness is The King's Daughters Chapter House in Hartford. This grew out of a need of religious instruction for the children of the neighborhood, noticed in 1889 by two young ladies there. They established a Sunday school in the unoccupied hall of the schoolhouse which proved a success. Later, preaching services were carried on, and so successfully that an association was formed for the conducting of these religious services. In 1892 "The Cheerful Workers Circle" of The King's Daughters was formed, and, after a time, it was proposed to erect a building for these different organizations to use. The circle had so increased in numbers as to need a larger meeting place than any home afforded. By systematic and persistent work the members of the circle got together in a few weeks money enough with the $1300 saved by the association during the seven years before, to build the Chapter House, which cost $6,000. It has been, since its erection, and is now, constantly used for the Sunday school and is most serviceable as a centre for the many lines of work carried on by The King's Daughters of the city.



POND HOME
PONDVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS

Vermont circles are active in several lines. The library at Swanton is an example of the contribution of The King's Daughters to the public welfare, and one of their best accomplishments.

Attention is chiefly directed now to the establishments of "The King's Daughters Bethany Home," which provides for feeble minded girls of the state.

It must be apparent to all that the circles, unions and branches of this order do not pick out the easiest tasks, or those in which they expect to win glory for themselves.

Some of The King's Sons are travelling salesmen. There is a large and useful chapter of these men who have consecrated themselves to everywhere use their influence for righteousness and promotion of all good causes.

Many men belong to the order as honorary members and contribute not a little financially toward the success of its work.

The official organ of the order is The Silver Cross, a monthly magazine which contains excellent religious and literary matter.

The twofold purpose of the order is apparent in its articles, which aim at building up the character, spreading the news of the work, and making suggestions for it.



MISS KATE BOND

VICE PRESIDENT AND HEAD OF HOME STUDY DEPARTMENT

This paper is ably edited by Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, the general secretary, and nicely printed.

The International Order of The King's Daughters and Sons fulfils its mission in foreign lands in the same manner as in the homeland. Here are just a few examples.

The missionaries find it helpful in their work. In Berlin, Germany, is a church which members of the order helped to erect. In the Bahamas is the Boynton Normal and Industrial Institute to which they are devoting funds.

Visitors to the west of Africa reported seeing the silver cross worn by native members of the order.

When the International Sunday School Convention was held in Jerusalem a circle of little blind girls was organized there by the widow of the late Bishop Newman.

In India there are many circles. The "Ever Ready" Circle of Shanghai China is not only very helpful at home, but is giving an appreciative young man a seven years' college course. "The Light of the East" is a paper published by the Smyrna Syria Circle which has a membership of eighty-four.

The order is very well organized in Japan in which country there are many circles doing a noble work.

In educational lines, beside the maintaining and assisting libraries, The King's Daughters are doing very quietly a great work for those of their number who, from force of circumstances, have been denied the privileges, so common, now, for procuring an education.

Over fifteen years ago this idea of bringing together these who need instruction, and others in the order who could and would teach them by correspondence, was put into practice. We hear much of correspondence schools nowadays. Here is one in successful operation numbering many teachers and students; but no tuition is asked, and the teachers all work "in His Name" and asking no further reward than the consciousness of helping some one.

Miss Kate Bond, vice-president of the order, has been from the beginning at the head of this university extension work, and by her untiring zeal and patience has accomplished wonderful things.

Many have responded to the call for teachers and have gladly taken up the work. College professors have freely given of their time and strength for it. Girls of wealth and education have patiently helped poor girls who could hardly write legibly, until they have had satisfaction of seeing them good correspondents. And all this and much more in the spirit of "not to be ministered unto but to minister."

"It would require a volume," says Miss Morehouse, the corresponding secretary, "to tell of the work done, for it covers every line of instruction from the three R's up to languages, law, literature, art, architecture, harmony, kindergartning, bookkeeping, etc.

"Stories could be told of students in all these and many more branches helped to a wider and more useful life; of persons, no longer young, given their first opportunity to study, and the new world it opened to them; of girls helped to secure better positions through a knowledge of music, language, stenography, etc.; of successful kindergartners trained; of those helped from drudgery to more congenial occupations; of friendships formed, and of a thousand more beautiful things."

Quietly, and yet so effectively, is this organized body of devoted women and men pursuing its way taking hold resolutely of any line of work that promises to make somebody better, happier, healthier, and more able to meet life's problems.

It ought to make every one feel safer to know about this work. The forces of evil do not have it all their own way.

"In hoc signo vinces" was the motto Constantine put on his conquering banners when Christianity was new to the world. By the same sign and with loyalty to the same Leader, manifested in the gleam of the silver crosses they bear, The

King's Daughters and Sons have gone, and still go, forth to conquer evil and bring good.

The order expects to help those who need its ministrations; it invites all to share in its blessings; it appeals to anyone, anywhere, who, with true missionary spirit, heeds the "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Leaves

By VIRNA SHEARD

Summer is past for the little leaves,
So the wind by night and day
Gathers them close, while he sighs and grieves,
And carries them all away.

Leaves that are yellow as beaten gold,
Leaves of a passionate red,
Leaves that are broken and brown and old,
Leaves that are withered and dead.

Some he will blow to the mad sea waves,
And in the ebb and the flow,
They will reach the green forgotten graves
Of the drowned that lie below.

Some he will drift to the place of sleep,
The great brown Mother of rest,
And to Slumber, dreamless, sweet and deep,
She will hush them on her breast.

For the fleeting days of blue and gold
They will fret no more, or sigh;—
They will not know it grows dark, and cold,
Or stir when the rain sweeps by.

And none shall unfold the mystery
Of the things that come and go,
Save only He who holdeth the Sea,
And maketh the winds to blow.

Our Unique Reception of Rev. Mills

By L. J. Dann

THE First Christian Church of Derrydale was without a minister. Usually a vacant pulpit and the selection and installation of a new pastor savors more strongly of tragedy than comedy, but this was one of the exceptions always necessary to prove a rule, and even to this day, the most staid of our membership cannot suppress a smile at the mention of the advent of Rev. Mills into our midst.

The town of Derrydale numbers about six thousand inhabitants and is situated in the midst of a very prosperous farming community in the good old state of Massachusetts. Although we had been several months without a pastor, we were very deliberate in the choice of a man to fill our pulpit, for at this time we had newly papered and painted the parsonage and made a number of needed improvements in and about the church edifice, and we paid a fairly liberal salary, therefore, we felt ourselves of sufficient importance that we might venture to be particular. Moreover, the church, with one assenting voice had agreed to call Rev. Mills to labor among us, and everything was perfectly harmonious — even the members of the choir being on speaking terms with one another—so the pastoral horizon seemed remarkably clear and bright.

Rev. Mills, the man of our choice, arrived with his family, consisting of his wife and his two little daughters, aged respectively four and six years. The only help they kept was Hilda, a pretty, fresh faced German girl.

The reverend gentleman himself was a handsome, dignified person of, perhaps, thirty-five; his wife, a few years his junior, a pale little lady, slender, delicate and refined. The two little girls were rosy, noisy, mischief loving children, notwithstanding the fact that they had been brought up under the very "droppings of the sanctuary."

It being late in the week when the minister and his family were set down at the parsonage in a state of chaos, we considered that it would only be reasonable courtesy to excuse him from preparing the usual two sermons for the ensuing Sunday, believing, as we did, that no fragment of the ruins of Adam's fall could be equal to the task of setting up beds and putting down carpets and at the same time keeping his mind on the good things of the Kingdom that is to come.

Deacon Havens, the youngest officer of our church, resided across the street from the parsonage, and we requested him to say to our new pastor that we would not expect him to occupy the pulpit the following Sabbath, and that we would conduct the services ourselves, as we had done hitherto, during the time our fold had been

without a shepherd. Of course, we well knew that as a consequence of this generous act, we must listen while Sister Alzina Alderson read another of Doctor Talmage's sermons. The better to understand and appreciate our sacrifice, the reader should know that Sister Alzina lisped and talked through her nose and was never known to drop her voice at a period. There is nothing in Nature which could come so near to imitating our good sister as a bullfrog croaking in a hollow log. However, with relief in sight, we felt that we could endure it.

Deacon Havens and his son Ned, a boy of about fourteen years, went together to impart the message of relief to our pastor. They found him engaged in hanging pictures in the parlor. He appeared somewhat disheveled and wore a frayed dressing coat, which, in his frantic efforts to reach the high picture mouldings, he had split up the back, revealing about twelve inches of quilted wadding, grinning white between the parted lips of the tan colored garment. He was a trifle embarrassed, but he greeted his callers very cordially. He had hung the pictures at every known angle and dizzily the India ink portraits looked down upon the visitors, as though entreating to be set straight with the world.

The deacon and Ned were glad to note the minister's look of relief when informed he would be excused from duty for another week. After receiving his heartily expressed thanks, they were about to depart, when Mrs. Mills came into the room looking pale and worn. She bit her lips from annoyance, as she gazed at the tipsily hung portraits; then, catching the effect upon the picture of her staid, old Puritan grandfather, who was tipped just enough to one side to give him the rakish and jaunty appearance of a tin-horn gambler, she burst into a hysterical little laugh, and as she shook hands with Deacon Havens and Ned, they could not fail to observe how frail she seemed. Fearing that they might be delaying the work of settling, the callers hurried away.

As they were crossing the street, Ned mischieviously inquired of his father if all Christian ministers split open on the back like locusts, at this season of the year. Deacon Havens reproved his son as he thought he deserved, but in repeating the circumstance to his wife, he said that he was himself of the opinion that the new minister was displaying the "White feather" in a manner ill becoming a true soldier of the cross.

During the remainder of the week little was seen of Rev. Mills or his family. The internal revolution was too hard fought to allow of their paying any attention to the skirmishing on the borders; so if the curious, in passing, caught a glimpse of Rev. Mills, they saw him armed with a hammer and with his mouth full of carpet tacks; and if by chance they saw Mrs. Mills, she was arrayed in a print wrapper, her pale face framed in a great, blue dusting cap.

However, if the battle waged fiercely, it was the sooner ended, and by Saturday afternoon all sounds of hammering had ceased, and, apparently, peace and quiet had settled down upon the parsonage to stay.

Now, it happened that a new

family had just moved into the house adjoining the parsonage. Strange to say, this new family also bore the name of Mills, and still more strange was the fact that Mrs. Mills departed this life on that Saturday afternoon when peace and quiet first manifested themselves at the parsonage. But so it was, and this Mills family not being settled and knowing no one in Derrydale, had the remains of the deceased Mrs. Mills removed to the depot the same evening, from whence she was conveyed to the home of her mother, in the town the family had so lately left, and thinking it unnecessary, under the circumstances, to place crape upon the door, there was no outward sign of bereavement about the house.

Doctor Hildreth, the physician who attended the deceased lady, not dreaming of the labyrinth of confusion into which he was about to lead the unsuspecting people of Derrydale, simply remarked that Mrs. Mills was dead, and this in the presence of Ned Havens, who formed the very erroneous conclusion that it was the wife of the minister to whom the doctor referred, and hastened home to impart the sad news.

Deacon Havens and his wife, after exclamations of surprise and sympathy, fell to considering what was best to do. They first dispatched Ned on his wheel to inform some of the leading members of the church of the sad bereavement of the new pastor. Returning, Ned was sent across the street to inquire at the parsonage if anything was needed there that the Deacon or Mrs. Havens could supply. Hilda, the servant, opened the door and gave Ned a polite reply in the negative. Then he went home to sit down and look blankly across at the parsonage, which suddenly seemed to him very still and very cheerless.

The morning following this very eventful Saturday dawned clear and sunny, and as the members of the First Christian Church of Derrydale hurried up the steps to do their weekly penance of listening to Sister Alzina, they cast sympathetic glances in the direction of the parsonage. The window was slightly raised in the bedroom, and they all agreed that in there must lie all that was earthly of Mrs. Mills. The announcement of the death of the wife of the newly arrived minister was made from all the pulpits in the city, and, granting that the theory of our mental scientist friends is true, the atmosphere surrounding the parsonage must have been quivering with waves and vibrations of sympathy.

Meanwhile, Rev. Mills and family, all unconscious of the rumor which was afloat, arose late, much refreshed from their few hours of rest. Mrs. Mills seemed to have entirely recovered from the shock occasioned by the unwonted refusal of the portraits of her ancestors to toe the line. As they sat at breakfast, there came a gentle ring at the door bell. The two recent editions of Mills, Mildred and Margaret, dropped the spoons with they had been transporting oatmeal to their two pairs of rosy lips, and Mr. and Mrs. Mills deferred the further enjoyment of toast and coffee to listen, while Hilda went to the door. There she found only a fine looking gentleman, who in-

quired if there was anything he could do for Brother Mills. Hilda informed him that she knew of nothing he could do, and, with a deferential bow, he departed. This was but the first of a series of rings, all accompanied by about the same inquiry. Hilda's whole time seemed occupied in answering these calls at the door.

Mr. and Mrs. Mills became more and more bewildered as to the meaning of it all. Mrs. Mills ventured the remark that she considered it, at least, a very strange way to welcome a minister, and then they drifted into idle speculation as to how we acquired this novel custom. During the temporary absence of the little girls and Hilda from the room, Mr. Mills remarked confidentially to his wife, that if he should allow every one who called to "do" for him, he would be decidedly "done" by nightfall.

Satisfying themselves that this was our manner of welcoming our new pastors, they dismissed the subject.

Monday morning the Mills family were in the sitting room chatting a few moments after morning prayers. Mildred begged her papa to play steamboat with her. Thinking it would be a good time to reward Mildred for obedience by giving her the coveted steamboat ride, inquired—

"Then you didn't eat any more of that domino sugar after mamma told you not to?"

"No, no, I never touched the sugar!" exclaimed Mildred, hopping deliriously around in a circle holding up one foot.

At this juncture Margaret raised a reproachful protest:

"Mildred is telling things that aren't very so. She didn't eat the sugar, but she ate nearly all of the candied citron mamma wanted for the pudding to-day."

Rev. Mills made a lame little attempt to impress upon the irrepressible Mildred the difference between eye service and the true obedience prompted by love, but his words were all unheeded in her excited entreaties for the steamboat ride.

Down on all fours flopped that dignified divine, while Mildred, with a scream of delight, planted her small self squarely on his back. Slowly the steamboat commenced to move. "Hoo-oo-oo, hoo-oo-oot,' tooted the imitation whistle. It was, indeed, a mighty whistle for such a small craft, and the joy of Mildred knew no bounds.

Here again Fate had another fling at the people of Derrydale, for just at the time when the "Steamer Mills" was sounding its doleful whistle, Rev. Waldron, the Episcopal rector, stepped up on the porch of the parsonage, thinking to say a word of consolation to his bereaved fellow worker. For a moment he stood as though rooted to the spot, then hurried away, going down the steps on tiptoe, and to the gentleman he met a block away he said:

"Such outbursts of uncontrollable grief I never before heard and hope never to hear again. Such sorrow as that is too sacred for intrusion."

Soon after the steamer had sailed into port, there came a ring at the bell. Mrs. Mills looked blankly at her husband. Was the ordeal of yesterday to be repeated? Evidently not, for now, instead of the

polite inquiry, there was a box delivered to the wondering Hilda.

Rev. Mills and his now thoroughly puzzled wife, opened the box and saw, to their delight, two dozen fresh, dewy American Beauty roses.

"Now," said the minister, "they are beginning to 'do' in good earnest, but I never before heard of a minister being thus received, but, no doubt, having been without a pastor so long, they appreciate the great favor I am doing them in allowing my matchless eloquence to flow over and irrigate the waste places in their intellects."

"It is a pity," retorted Mrs. Mills, "that Pasteur died before discovering an anti-toxin for conceit."

Another ring and another box. Mammoth white carnations, fresh and fragrant. Still another ring, this time accompanied by a beautiful wreath of yellow and white chrysanthemums. Hilda had hardly raised the cover from the box containing the chrysanthemums when she was startled by another ring, sharp and decisive. She opened the door and was handed a note. It was written on very stiff paper, in a queer, cramped hand, and it imparted to Mr. Mills the astounding information that Mrs. Theresa Holmes would be glad to take him and the two little girls to board, as long as it might be agreeable for them to remain.

As she read the note, Mrs. Mills turned a shade paler. "Are we crazy," she exclaimed, "or has the whole town gone stark, staring mad?"

Another ring and a large glass of peach preserves and a pan of crullers were handed to Hilda.

"Here at last," said Mrs. Mills, "is something we can appreciate, if we cannot understand it."

Mrs. Tubbs had sent the crullers and preserves, because, as she said, "There's no use trying to console a man when he is hungry. You have got to bolster up his heart by filling up his stomach. Sort of propping it up from below."

The little girls had been so much surprised and interested in the opening of the packages that they had not managed to get into mischief, but at sight of the crullers and preserves, Mildred circled around the room on one foot, shouting, "Goody, goody, a donation party!"

Another ring and Hilda came back bringing a box containing a beautiful pillow of white flowers, bearing the word "Mother" in purple immortelles.

This was too much for the overwrought nerves of Mrs. Mills. She dropped the pillow on the floor, "Oh, Henry, Henry," she cried, "there is a horrible mistake somewhere!" Then, like any other woman, she began to sob hysterically.

Our good pastor gathered his wife up in his arms, and, sitting down in a large rocker, tried to quiet her, much as he would have done with Mildred or Margaret.

Margaret, frightened and confused by what was passing, sat on the edge of a chair, with her eyes widely opened, unable to comprehend the situation; but Mildred gyrated around the pillow lying neglected on the floor, declaring it to be a "beautiful sofa pillow for mamma," then she calmly seated herself upon it and munched a crul-

ler, while with the spoon she had brought from the dining room, she took generous helpings of peach preserves from the glass by her side.

During this brief interval, Hilda had answered several rings and on the parlor floor were flower pieces of every description — gates ajar, broken columns, wheels minus a spoke, anchors, crosses and crescents.

Mrs. Mills was fast becoming desperate. Another ring. This time she went to the door herself. It was Ned Havens. He looked at her, then turned deadly pale. His jaw dropped, his knees shook and all that came in stammering accents from his dry lips were these words—

"Why—why, you are dead for three days and we are all so sorry."

He was about to take refuge in flight, when Mrs. Mills caught him gently by the shoulder.

"What does this all mean?" she asked.

"I don't know, I don't know," groaned Ned, "only the doctor said you were dead and we were all so sorry."

Then the reaction came, and as he gazed around at the choice hothouse products lying everywhere, the ridiculousness of the situation overwhelmed him, and he laughed with the natural abandon of a boy of fourteen. Then he told them all he knew of the strange report.

Rev. Mills stepped to the telephone and called up Doctor Hildreth, and sternly demanded how he dared to report that Mrs. Mills was dead. The doctor, who had been out of town over Sunday, could not for the moment comprehend, then it dawned upon him and he explained with profuse apologies. Rev. Mills, in turn, explained to the waiting group beside him, and then the peals of laughter which rent the air seemed strangely out of joint with the tokens of sympathy lying all about.

As Ned Havens started to correct the report he had so innocently circulated, Mrs. Mills remarked whimsically:

"These ante-mortem funerals are rather embarrassing to the star performer."

Why, on the following Sabbath, Rev. Mills read for his scripture lesson a portion of the eighth chapter of Corinthians, we never dared to inquire, but we all do know that there was a decided upward tendency to the corners of his mouth when he read, "They that have wives be as though they had none," and Ned Havens stuffed his handkerchief in his mouth and went out with a very red face.



The Massachusetts Navy of the American Revolution

By Charles Oscar Paullin, Ph. D

IN the first years of the American Revolution, as is well known, a federal government was organized at Philadelphia. But owing to the newness and weakness of this government, to the practices and traditions of separatism in the states, and to the urgent and insistent calls for protection from the attacks and depredations of the British, each of the thirteen original states, on its own initiative, made some provision for its defence. The states as well as the federal government raised and organized armies and navies. Of the state fleets, those of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, South Carolina and Virginia were the largest. That of Massachusetts was the strongest and the most serviceable. Since the chief need of the states for a navy was to defend their sea-ports, coasts and trade, they provided themselves as a rule with small craft, adapted for running in and out of shallow harbors, rivers and bays. These craft consisted of vessels of various sizes and rigs, galleys with and without sails, half-galleys, floating batteries, barges and fire-ships. In addition to these vessels most of the states had a few larger and stouter sailing craft, mounting generally from ten to twenty guns, and fairly well fitted for deep-sea navigation. The navy of Massachusetts differed from other state navies in that most of its vessels were adapted for cruising in the deeper waters.

The beginning of the Massachusetts navy may be dated, August, 1775, when a petition came to the General Court of Massachusetts from Machias, Maine, asking that commissions be granted to officers and men on board two armed vessels, which the citizens of Machias had fitted out for the defence of their town. These men of Machias had already displayed courage and enterprise by capturing the King's sloop, "Margaretta," after mortally wounding Lieutenant Moore, the commander, and inflicting a loss of fourteen men. In response to the petition the General Court took into the service of the state the sloop "Machias Liberty" and the schooner "Diligent." Jeremiah Obrian, one of the men who had signed the petition, was commissioned by the Massachusetts Council, commander in chief of the two vessels, and was directed to enlist not more than thirty men for each vessel. The "Machias Liberty" and the "Diligent," after capturing several prizes, were discharged from the service of the state in October, 1776.

In February, 1776, the General Court decided to build ten sloops of war, of one hundred and ten or

one hundred and fifteen tons burden, suitable for carrying fourteen or sixteen guns, six-pounders and four-pounders. It voted for that purpose ten thousand pounds. Six of these vessels were at once placed upon the stocks. Naval officers were appointed and seamen were enlisted, and their pay was fixed. A captain was given a monthly wage of eight pounds, a first lieutenant, five pounds, eight shillings; a second lieutenant, five pounds; a master four pounds; a mate, three pounds; a surgeon, seven pounds; and an ordinary seaman, two pounds.

No better proof of the rawness of the Massachusetts naval service is needed than that afforded by the regulation that recruits, whether officers, seamen, or marines, should furnish themselves with a "good effective Fire-Arm, Cartouch-Box, Cutlass, and Blanket." On April 29, 1776, the General Court decided that "the Uniform of Officers be Green and White, and that the Colours be a white Flagg, with a green Pine Tree, and an Inscription, 'Appeal to Heaven.'" It had already fixed the shares of the proceeds of prizes. A captain was given six shares and "all the Cabin Furniture." The rules and regulations for its ships of war, which the General Court adopted, followed the same general lines as the naval rules drafted by the Continental Congress. They show either the influence of the Continental rules or else of the English rules upon which the Continental rules were based. The following curious rule throws light upon the punishments for misdemeanors in the navy, which were inflicted at the time of the Revolution.

"And if any Person belonging to either of such Vessels shall be convicted of Theft, Drunkenness, profane Cursing, or Swearing, disregarding the Sabbath, or using the Name of God lightly, or profanely, or shall be guilty of quarreling or fighting, or of any reproachful or provoking Language tending to make Quarrels, or of any turbulent or mutinous Behaviour, or if any Person shall sleep upon his Watch, or foresake his Station, or shall in any wise neglect to perform the Duty enjoined him, he shall be punished for any of the said Offences at the Discretion of the Commission Officers of such Vessel, or the Major Part of them, according to the Nature of the Aggravation of the Offence, by sitting in the Stocks, or wearing a wooden Collar about his Neck, not exceeding 4 Hours, nor less than one, or by whipping, not exceeding 12 Lashes, or by being put in Irons for so long Time as the said Officers shall judge the Safety and well being of the Ship and Crew requires, or otherwise shall forfeit to the State not more than six, nor less than two Days Pay for each offence."

During every year of the Revolution attempts, which were usually successful, were made to add vessels to the Massachusetts navy. The expense thus incurred was in part met by confiscating the estates of Loyalists. In 1776, the brigantine "Tyrannicide" and the sloop "Massachusetts" were built at Salisbury; the brigantine "Rising Empire," at Dartmouth; the brigantine "Independence," at Kingston; and the sloops "Republic" and "Freedom," at Swanzey. The largest vessel of the navy was the "Protector," mounting twenty-six guns, and was completed towards the end of 1779. The ship "Tartar," built late in the war, was of four hundred tons burden and mounted eighteen nine-pounders and six two-pounders. The brigantines "Hazard" and "Active," the ship "Mars," the sloops "Defence" and "Winthrop," and the galley "Lincoln" belonged to the navy, and were probably added to by purchase.

The frigate "Protector" was built at Newburyport. The launching of this vessel was a matter of more than usual local interest, and in accordance with the customs then in vogue it was made a social and festive occasion. Stepen Cross, who had charge of the construction of the "Protector," wrote the following letter to the Massachusetts Board of War, in which body the management of the navy was for a long time vested. Cross's language is a bit involved, but his meaning is clear; it is hardly necessary to say that the "souring" refers to lemons.

"Gentlemen:

It being customary for the owners of Vessels when they are Launched to give Workmen something Better than New England Rum to drink & Likewise something to Eat and also all those Persons who attend the Launching Expect to be asked to Drink and Eat something and Especially Publick Vessells it will be Expected that something be Provided and it is my opinion about sixty Galls of West India Rum & sugars for the same & souring if to be had and one Quarter Cask of Wine and A Hamper of ale or Beer together with a Tierce hams Neet Tongs or Corn Beef will be necessary to Comply with the Customs in these Cases."

In addition to her armed craft, Massachusetts owned a large unarmed fleet of merchantmen which were used for commercial purposes. The Massachusetts Archives contain a list of thirty-two such vessels. They were sent on trading voyages to Nantes, Bilbao, Martinique, Guadaloupe, St. Eustatius, Cape Francois, Baltimore, and the ports of North and South Carolina. They carried as staple exports, fish, lumber and New England rum. The naming of some of these trading vessels is interesting as showing the influence of the friendly relations existing between the United States and France during the Revolution. In December, 1776, the Board of War changed the name of the "Julius Caesar" to "Bourbon," the "Venus" to "Versailles," the "Friend," to "Paris," the "Charming Sally" to "Penet," and the "Isabella" to "Count D'Estaing." The "Penet," which was named for a French merchant at Nantes, a member of the firm of Pliarne, Penet & Company, agents for the United States, has often been confused with the "Perch," which was obtained by Massachusetts in the fall of 1777 for the sole purpose of conveying the news of Burgoyne's surrender to the American Commissioners at Paris. This intelligence was intrusted to Jonathan Loring Austin, Secretary of the Board of War, who made the voyage on the "Perch" to France in thirty days, and was the first to spread the gladsome tidings in Paris.

The armed or naval vessels of Massachusetts generally mounted from ten to twenty guns, four-pounders and six-pounders. The "Protector," twenty-six guns, was the only larger vessel. The "Tyrannicide," "Hazard" and "Winthrop," each carried about one hundred and twenty officers and men. The following captains were the chief officers in the Massachusetts navy, Jeremiah Obrian, John Lambert, John Fisk, John Foster Williams, John Clouston, Jonathan Haraden, Daniel Souther, Simeon Samson, Richard Welden, Allen Hallet, John Cathcart, James Nevens and George Little. Massachusetts, unlike many of the other states, did not establish the rank of commodore.

The vessels of this navy cruised in European waters, in the region

of the West Indies, and to the eastward of the Bermudas in the path of the richly-laden West Indiamen bound for England. More frequently, however, they cruised nearer home off the Massachusetts coast. Sometimes they were sent to capture the vessels of the enemy in the neighborhood of Nantucket, and after 1779 they were often ordered to protect the Eastern Coast, as the coast of Maine was then called. In the spring of 1777 the "Tyrannicide," Captain Jonathan Haraden, "Massachusetts," Captain John Fisk, and "Freedom," Captain John Clouston, cruised eastward as far as the coasts of France and Spain, and captured some twenty-five prizes. This was a most fortunate venture, for, all told, one cannot now count more then seventy prizes captured by the Massachusetts navy during the Revolution. Some notion of this cruise may be gained from the following letter written to the Board of War by Captain Clouston from Paimboeuf, France. Clouston's disregard of orthography and punctuation is exceptional even for a Revolutionary naval officer.

"Gentlemen:

"I have the pleasure of Informing your Honours by Capt. Fisk of the Massachusetts That on the first Instant I arrived safe in this Port after taking twelve Sail of Englis Vessels Seven of which I despatched for Boston Burnt three gave one smal Brigg to our Prishers and one Retaken by the Futerange which Chast us fore Glasses and finding she Could not Cume up with us she gave Chase to our Prize and toock her in our sight—I have Cleaned & Refited my Vessel and Taken in forty Tons of War like Stores and have bin waiting for a wind to go this fore days—Capt. Fisk being short of Provisions I have supplied him with foreteen Barels of Pork Eleven of Beef and have Suffisantse for my Vessel left."

The vessels of the Massachusetts navy sometimes joined in cruises with privateers or with Continental vessels; in some enterprises all three classes of armed craft cooperated. In April, 1777, the state took into its service for a month nine privateers, mounting one hundred and thirty guns and carrying ten hundred and thirty men, to cruise with the Continental frigates, "Hancock" and "Boston" after the British frigate "Milford," which had been especially annoying and destructive to the trade of the state. This undertaking was fruitless. In February, 1781, the "Protector" was cruising with the Continental frigate "Deane" thirty leagues to the windward of the island of Antigua. Several British vessels were captured. About this time attempts were made to send a fleet composed of vessels drawn from the Massachusetts navy and from the French fleet at Newport against the British forces off the Maine coast.

During the Revolution the capture of a prize often amounted to little more than the chasing of a merchantman and the firing of a few shots as a signal for surrender. At times, however, when the merchantman was armed or when the enemy's vessel happened to be a privateer, the action was more serious. One of the most severe single engagements participated in by a vessel of the Massachusetts navy was that between the "Protector," Captain John Foster Williams, and the privateer, "Admiral Duff." It took place on June 9, 1781, in latitude forty-two, north, and longitude forty-seven, west. The engagement was heavy for an hour and a half when the "Admiral

Duff," having caught fire, blew up, and all on board were lost, except fifty-five men who were picked up by the "Protector." The American vessel lost six men.

The following account of one of the engagements of the Massachusetts navy is taken from a letter of Captain Allen Hallet to the Board of War. It is dated on board the "Tyrannicide," latitude twenty-eight north, longitude sixty-eight west, March 31, 1779. This graphic account, told in the simple and direct language of the Massachusetts captain, shows with clearness the character of the engagements fought by the Massachusetts navy during the Revolution.

"I have the pleasure of sending this to you by Mr. John Blanch who goes Prizemaster of my Prize, the Privateer Brig Revenge, lately commanded by Capt. Robert Fendall belonging to Grenada, but last from Jamaica, mounting 14 Carriage Guns, 6 & 4 pounders, 4 swivels & 2 cohorns, & sixty ablebodied Men, Which I took after a very smart & Bloody Engagement, in which they had 8 men killed & fourteen wounded, the Vessell cut very much to peices by my Shott, so that they had no command of her at all—amongst the killed was the Ist Lieut. & one Quarter Mr.—amongst the wounded is the Capt. 2nd Lieut. & Gunner—I captured her as follows: on the 29 Inst. at 4 P. M. I made her about 4 leagues to windward coming down upon us, upon which I cleared the Ship and got all hands to Quarter, ready for an Engagement, I stood close upon the Wind waiting for her, about half past six P. M. she came up with me, and hail'd me, ask'd me where I was from. I told them I was from Boston & asked where they were from. they said from Jamaica & that they were a British Cruizer, I immediately told them I was an American Cruizer, upon which they ordered me to Strike, & seeing I did not intend to gratify their desires, they rang'd up under my Lee & gave me a Broadside, I immediately return'd the Compliment & dropping a Stern, I got under their Lee and then pour'd Broadsides into her from below and out of the Tops, so fast & so well directed that in one hour & a Quarter we dismantled two of her Guns & drove them from their Quarters & compell'd them to Strike their Colors, during the whole Engagement we were not at any one time more than half Pistol Shott distant & some part of the Time our Yards were locked with theirs—I had Eight men wounded only two of which are Bad—amongst the wounded are my first Lieut. & Master, I intended to man her and keep her as a Consort during the Cruize, but having twenty wounded Men on board, of my own men & prisoners, I thought it Best to send her home, with all the wounded men on board under the Care of the Surgeons Mate."

By far the largest naval undertaking of the Revolution made by American vessels was the Penobscot expedition. Until 1779 the general policy of those who managed the navy of Massachusetts was to send its vessels cruising against the British transports, merchantmen and small privateers, and leave the coast to be defended by the seacoast establishment and by local forces. In August, 1777, the Massachusetts Council agreed with this policy for it then spoke of the Continental vessels, the state vessels and the privateers as "improper" to be employed in clearing the coasts of these "vermin." In April, 1779, however, it disapproved this policy. It now in a message to the House of Representatives submitted whether, instead of sending the armed vessels of the state on long cruises after prizes, it would not have been vastly more to the advantage and profit of the state to have employed them cruising on the coast of Massachusetts for the protection of trade and the defence of harbors and sea coasts, "which have been left in such an unguarded and defenceless Situation that where we have taken one Vessel of

the Enemy, their small Privateers out of New York have taken ten from us."

The Massachusetts government made the best disposition of its fleet by employing it in prize-getting. It was not strong enough for defensive warfare. The capturing of small privateers and of merchantmen were the only enterprises for which the Revolutionary fleets were adapted. Those vessels which cruised continually near the American coast sooner or later fell foul of the stouter and better armed ships of the enemy. In order to meet the competition of privateersmen for seamen, which was most active throughout the Revolution, the Massachusetts government, no doubt, felt obliged to employ its vessels in prize-getting, a most lucrative business. A call for a naval defence was now, however, made, to which a deaf ear could not be turned.

During the first half of 1779, the British vessels were very destructive to the trade and shipping of Massachusetts and New Hampshire. On June 9, 1779, eight hundred of the enemy, encouraged by Tories in Maine, effected a lodgement on the Maine coast at a place called Bagaduce, now Castine, near the mouth of the Penobscot river. This made a fine vantage-point as a base for the operations of British vessels. The appeal for protection which the inhabitants of Massachusetts now made upon her was a strong one. Boston and the neighboring seaports drew their supplies of wood from Maine and they were greatly alarmed at the prospect of a scarcity of this necessity. Men who had made their fortunes by war, for once and for a moment, felt a public spirit, and freely offered their vessels to the government.

Towards the close of June, the Massachusetts government began concerting, with the Continental Navy Board at Boston and with the government of New Hampshire, an expedition to capture and destroy the British station on the Penobscot. Samuel Adams who had recently retired from the chairmanship of the Marine Committee of the Continental Congress and had returned to Boston furthered the enterprise. To the fleet which was now formed, New Hampshire contributed the "Hampden," twenty-two; the Navy Board of Boston, the Continental vessels, "Warren," thirty-two, "Providence," twelve and "Diligent," twelve; and Massachusetts, the three state brigantines, "Tyrannicide," sixteen, "Hazard," fourteen, and "Active," fourteen, together with thirteen privateers, which were temporarily taken into the service of the state. These twenty armed vessels mounted in all three hundred and twenty-four guns, and were manned by more than two thousand men. Besides the armed fleet there were twenty transports supplied by Massachusetts, which carried upwards of one thousand state militia. The naval forces were under the command of Captain Dudley Saltonstall of the Continental navy; and the troops were commanded by Brigadier-General Solomon Lovell of the state military forces of Massachusetts. Paul Revere was Chief of Artillery with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

The assembling, manning, provisioning and fitting of so many armed vessels greatly taxed the re-

sources of Massachusetts. Much delay necessarily ensued before the fleet could be got ready. It left Boston July 19, and during the last days of the month appeared off the Penobscot and attacked Bagaduce. Its success was only partial as it failed to take the main fort. Owing to a divided command and discordant counsels, the fleet was now inactive for several days. Before a second attempt was made, a British fleet from New York under the command of Sir George Collier, who had received news of the movements of the Americans, appeared in the Penobscot. Collier's fleet, counting the three small vessels at the garrison, consisted of ten vessels, which mounted two hundred and forty-eight guns and carried sixteen hundred men. In number of guns and men the advantage lay with the Americans, but in weight of metal and tonnage the advantage was probably with the British.

On the morning of August 14 the British fleet came in sight of the American. The two fleets were barely in range of each others guns, when the Americans were seized with a panic, and fled with their vessels helter skelter up the river, pursued by the British. The Americans offered almost no resistance whatever, but ran their ships ashore, set fire to them, and escaped afoot when not to closely pursued. With the exception of two or three vessels which were captured, the American fleet was annihilated. The British lost thirteen men; the American loss has been placed at four hundred and seventy-four. The larger part of the American sailors and soldiers returned by woods to New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

The total cost of this expedition to Massachusetts as calculated by the Board of War was a million seven hundred and thirty-nine thousand, one hundred and seventy-five pounds. This does not include the loss to New Hampshire and to the Continental Congress. The greater part of the above sum, a million, three hundred and ninety thousand, two hundred pounds, was charged to the account of the navy. It suffered the loss of three state armed vessels, and a victualler, nine privateers and twenty transports. Among the twenty transports, with possibly one exception, was the whole after the disaster a joint committee of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and Council, with Artemas Ward as president, held an inquiry and made a report on the causes of the expedition. In answer to the question, "what appears the principal reason of the failure", the committee decided unanimously, "want of proper Spirit and Energy on the part of the Commodore"—Captain Saltonstall. A court martial which was held on the frigate "Deane" in Boston harbor found against Captain Salionstall, and dismissed him from the navy.

Rarely has a more ignominous military operation been made by Americans than the Penobscot expedition. A New Englander with some justice has likened it to Hull's surrender at Detroit. Had it been successful, it would not have been worth the effort it cost. Its object had no national significance; it was an eccentric operation. "Bad in conception, bad in preparation, bad in execution, it naturally ended in disaster and disgrace."

Beside the "Tyrannicide," "Haz-

ard," and "Active," the Massachusetts navy lost to the enemy at least three other vessels. Towards the close of 1777 the British captured the "Freedom" and "Independence." On May 5, 1781, His Majesty's ships "Roebuck," forty-four, and "Medea," twenty-eight, captured the "Protector," twenty-six, with more than one hundred and thirty men on board. She was added to the Royal Navy as the "Hussar."

In the latter half of 1782 Captain George Little in the "Winthrop" cruised on the Eastern Coast against the British, and sent into Boston "nearly the whole of the arm'd force they possessed at Penobscot," thus in part retrieving the naval honor of his state. Acting under the orders of Governor John Hancock, Little in the "Winthrop" made the last cruise of the Massachusetts navy, when in the winter of 1782-1783 he visited Martinique. On his return, he was fitting for a cruise on the Eastern Coast, when about April 1st the news of the permanent peace with Great Britain arrived. On June 4, 1785, the General Court directed the Commissary-General to sell the "Winthrop," the last vessel of the Massachusetts navy. Captain Little's accounts were being settled in March, 1785.

TWO RIVERS

By Charlotte W. Thurston

I

Far from the ocean's passion, coldly gleaming,
The frozen river sleeps along the plain;
The tideless river, grey and lone, undreaming
The deep-sea-mysteries of love and pain.

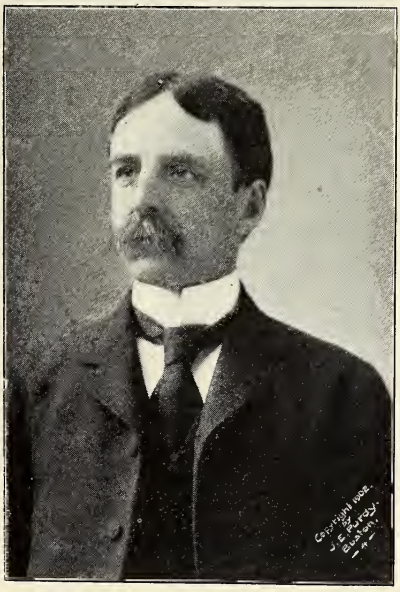
II

The tide sweeps in;—the river's ice is rended;
The blue, blue water dances wild and free;
Huge ice-blocks, shoreward piled, white, rainbow-blended!
The salt sea-tide—pain, life, love, liberty!

The Harvard Lampoon: Its Founders and Famous Contributors

By Mary Stoyell Stimpson

ONE morning thirty years ago, two Harvard students, in the very early dawn, were busily engaged in fastening to the trees in the Yard and to the Bulletin Boards posters — posters which heralded the advent of a sheet called "THE HARVARD LAMPOON, or Cambridge Charivari." A few hours later brother students striding across the campus, caught sight of the placards and, in all curiosity, hastened to purchase a copy of this paper which had appeared so suddenly and mysteriously upon the literary horizon. Harvard men are mirthful souls and the contents of this cheery adventurer amused and refreshed them. Clever in illustrations and text it was not found wanting when weighed in the balance by its nimble-witted readers.



JUDGE ROBERT GRANT

(From a photograph, copyright 1902, J. E. Purdy, Boston)

Never was there a more instantaneous success. The first edition of twelve hundred proved all too small and the editors went enthusiastically to work upon the second number. The beginning of this now well known college jester (which was really the first comic newspaper in America) is told by one of its founders, John T. Wheelwright, Esq., Harvard, '76:

"While Professor Norton was lecturing on the Fine Arts one day in January, 1878, Ralph Curtis snapped at me a little three-cornered note,—'Come to Sherwood's room after lecture. We are to start a college "Punch."' This seemed at first to convey an intimation of wholesale hospitality, but even from that point of view I did not fear to go to Sherwood's room in Matthews. I met there Samuel Sherwood, '76, his brother, Arthur M. Sherwood, '77, and Ralph Curtis, '76, and I discovered that the "Punch" was not necessarily intoxicating, but that the three had an idea of projecting into the col-

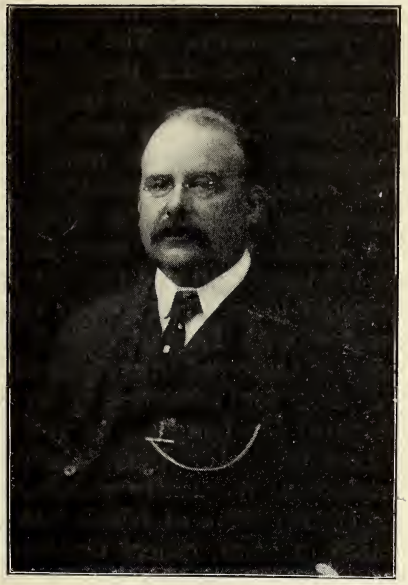


THREE OLD-TIME EDITORS
W. S. OTIS, E. S. MARTIN, A. M. SHERWOOD

lege world a single copy, if no more, of an illustrated comic newspaper. Curtis was celebrated for his skill at caricature, and besides was then an editor of the Advocate. Sam Sherwood was a very clever draughtsman, and Arthur was the life of every party which he joined. Curtis and I had recently sent into the Advocate a skit making light of the then proposed Assos expedition. This the editors of the Advocate had, acting with due discretion, rejected, and Curtis pointed out to me that if we had a paper of our own, even if for but one issue, we could print anything which we chose. He told us that by a process controlled by a company in Boston, pen and ink sketches could be reproduced excellently and very cheaply. It would cost but little to get out an issue, it was a new thing—it would be most amusing to the projectors, at least—and it was voted to do it. William S. Otis, '78, was elected business editor, and Edmund M. Wheelwright, '76, and Edward S. Martin, '77, were added to the staff.

"We worked over the first number in great secrecy, the element of surprise was considered as important as if we were planning a night attack. I think I suggested the name which was finally adopted,

but I always had a liking for Harvard Lampoon, a weapon difficult for a folly to escape. We passed much time at the University Press, putting together our pages of zinc

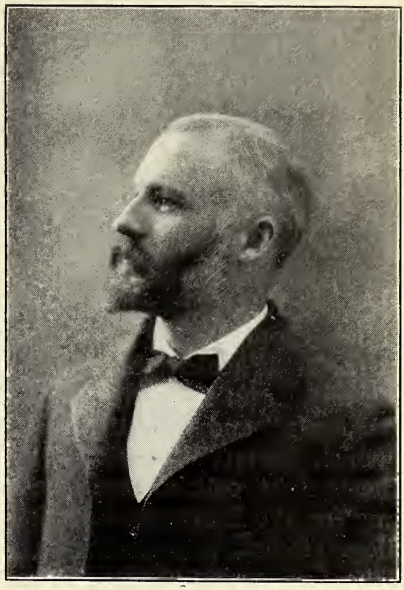


JOHN TYLER WHEELWRIGHT '76

plates and type, with the friendly aid of the foreman."

The second number sold quickly and in the third appeared the first contribution of Francis Attwood's brilliant series entitled "Manners and Customs of ye Harvarde Studente." An early editorial runs thus:

"In launching our light craft on the rather troubled seas of journalism with 'Youth at the prow and Pleasure at the helm' we naturally feel a certain trepidation and would say a few words in behalf of our, perhaps, rash effort. . . . We shall try with trenchant pencil and sarcastic pen to hit off the foibles of our little world and to open a field where the last jest at the club table and the latest undergraduate freak may find a fitting place. . . . In our philanthropic mission base gold is of secondary importance: but we would remind our readers that this faucet of real wit may have to be turned off, if the rates are not paid and that a sordid printer and an unimaginative heliotyper will not receive our efforts at wit as legal tender."

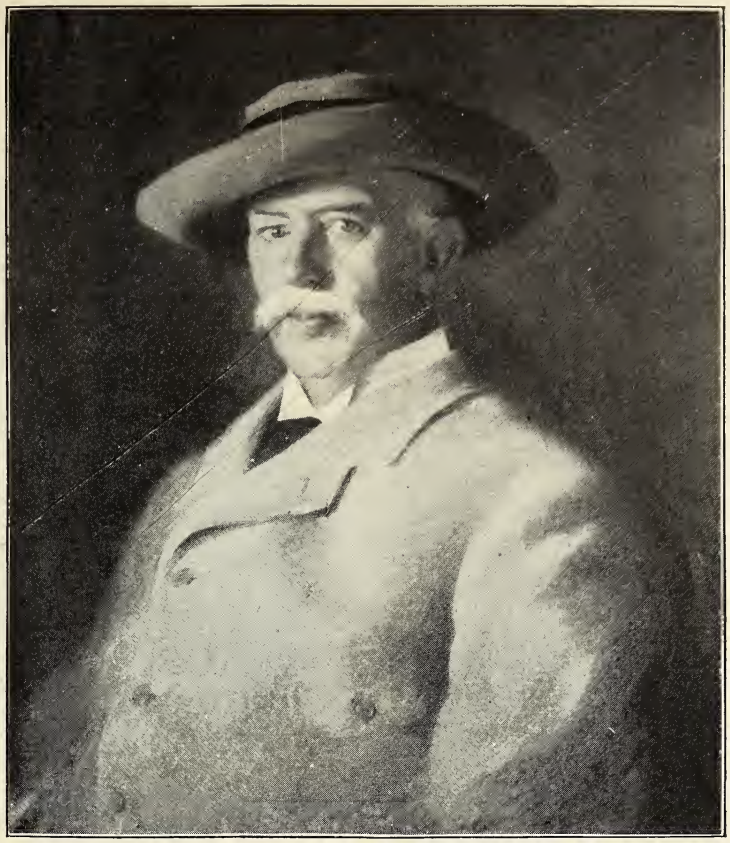


L. F. BRIDGMAN '81

As might be expected the making of such a sheet proved no sinecure and after several issues, the index showing in every number the names of Wheelwright, Curtis, Attwood, Wendell, Martin and Sherwood, the editors protested thus: "When the Lampoon was started the editors imagined that the entire college would be anxious to rush into print, and they would revel in the excellent chance offered

them of inflicting their many witticisms upon the public. As far as illustrations are concerned we have not been disappointed and are grateful to those who have drawn so well for us, but the players upon words and the college wags have kept the offspring of their brains severely to themselves, and instead of being the arbiters and sifters of a mass of witty articles, as we hoped to be, we find ourselves in the unenviable position of college jesters, who have to force a sickly smile once every two weeks. No one set of men can represent fitly the University, and we hope that any man who is possessed of a happy thought will send it in." Two men from the Law School soon began offering many "happy thoughts"—men who have never since laid aside the pen—Robert Grant and F. J. Stimson. The skits "Rollo's Journey to Cambridge" (by J. T. Wheelwright and F. J. Stimson) Grant's "Little Tin Gods on Wheels," and "Poison," a farce in which Barrett Wendell and J. T. Wheelwright collaborated, made a name for the Lampoon outside the college circles.

The first series of the Lampoon ended with the class day number of 1880, but the paper was revived and the first number of the second series was issued the first of March, 1881, the original cover designed by E. M. Wheelwright being used. Able hands and inherited goodwill gave continued prosperity to "Lampy." Curtis Guild, Jr., and Carleton Sprague wrote the editorials; William M. Kent and William Roscoe Thayer furnished almost the entire reading matter; while Kent, Charles Allerton Coolidge, and Lewis J. Bridgman made the drawings. The latter recalling those days says: "The illustrations of that time for the Lampoon were crude enough even at our best but we were handicapped by the method of reproduction, a transfer without photography. The drawings were made the size they were to appear and in a purplish ink. With our ignorance of the tools of the illustrator's craft the result was often cramped and 'finnicky.' The 'Annex' as the Radcliffe movement was called was our new jokable but the tipsy man and the wet yard were old jokes then. Their charm remains with Lampy still, I see, each an asset and transmittendum. We met for consultation in the rooms of the editors who lived in or near the Yard. Curtis Guild entertained us frequently with humorous stories some of which had appeared in print, others destined to become public property. There was no thought of a club house for the staff but a considerable anxiety whether our cash would balance at the end of the year. It did—with a small surplus" The first sanctum the editors knew was, according to Professor George Santayana, provided "when the generous hand of Billy Hearst held the purse strings. It was a room on Brattle street, with a carpet and a genuinely American stove, but with a concession in favor of the French comic papers, to broaden the mind. This new splendor, however, did not change our minds and homely habits, and Thayer I. remained the work-shop and lounging-place of pampered genius. I believe the Brattle street sanctum did not outlast the transit of Hearst through



ARTHUR MURRAY SHERWOOD

From a portrait painted by Mrs. Arthur Murray Sherwood

our heavens, on his way to that higher sphere where he now is shining."

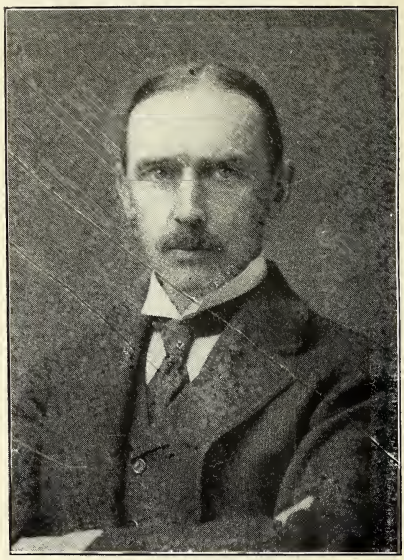
Another sanctum held in sunny memory was "that one flight front, in a little brown house on Mt. Auburn street. The Moorish Slave of that day was a colored gentleman with the really memorable name of Mr. T. O. Tasco. Mr. T. O. Tasco owned the house and was supposed to clean and warm the sanctum, but I don't believe he ever did either; and even at its best, on fine spring days, the room was a cramped and dingy little place, and meetings grew less and less frequent, until Mr. T. O. Tasco's faith in our absence grew so strong that he rented the sanctum to two students of his own complexion, and still continued to collect the rent from the paper. We discovered his double dealings; but Tasco's protestations of innocence were so thoroughly inadequate that the heart of the Business Manager was touched, and he merely decided to move down another flight instead of leaving Mr. T. O. Tasco's too hospitable roof altogether."

To-day the Lampoon has for a

sanctum the whole upper floor of a house in Holyoke street. Many of its editors during the past five years have already won enviable reputations in the fields of literature and art, and it is pleasant to find in the reminiscences of Robert Gorham Fuller, '04, these lines which link the present history of the Harvard Lampoon with the past: "When the Lampoon elected Bill Taylor, (William Nicholson Taylor, '03, now at L'Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris), they found a genius, and never since the days of Attwood has the paper been blessed with any one who could express so much in a drawing of few lines. Taylor's "The Freshman makes his first Impressions on the University" deserves to be placed with Attwood's "Manners and Customs of ye Harvarde Studente." This is indeed high praise, but who, having known Attwood or his work ever fails to pay some tribute at the mention of his name?

Just as all the world loves a lover so does the normal heart warm toward the college man in his jesting hours and it is a thousand pities that the unabridged chronicles of Lampy's editors through its three decades of existence cannot be quoted but it will be no short story to recall the achievements of its founders and resuscitators alone.

Curtis who snapped the three-cornered note in the class-room summoning his friends to council, is now a wealthy artist, who, in his luxurious home on Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, Paris, handles his brush only as it pleases his fancy. The two men who with him furnished the drawings for the first numbers of the Lampoon, Samuel Sherwood and Francis Attwood, are both dead. Sherwood after his degree of LL. B. from Columbia, spent his summers at the old family mansion at Delhi, which was



EDWARD SANDFORD MARTIN '77

built in 1803, devoting much time to genealogical research and writing, doing at intervals decorative work for his own amusement. Attwood left college in his third year and studied drawing with Dr. William Rimmer, then at the Boston Art Museum. His greatest reputation rested on his work for "Life" and "The Cosmopolitan." Refined and sensitive himself; his classical knowledge broad; his work was finished and delicate. His types were mostly New England — Memorial Day, Fourth of July and St. Patrick's were favorite subjects, as was Bunker Hill. He was especially delightful in his drawing of children, whom he usually represented as full of happiness and joy.

Arthur Murray Sherwood, president of the first Board, is a banker in New York. He married the painter and illustrator, Rosa Emmet Sherwood, whose work in oils, pastels and black and white are fine exponents of artistic temperament and

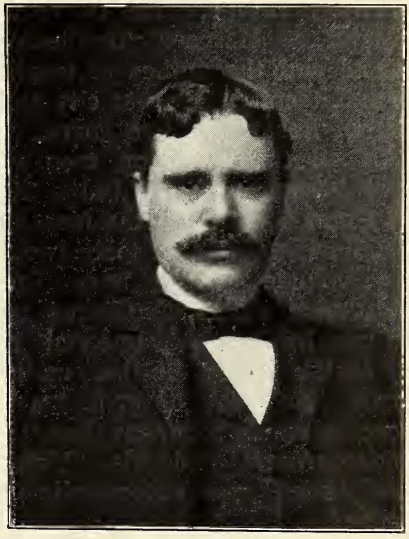


CHARLES A. COOLIDGE '81

marvelous technique. Sherwood who was quoted as "the life of every party in which he chanced to be" in his college days, holds still, with his talented wife, letters patent as genial host whether at Westport, Lake Champlain—their summer home—or at their city residence on Lexington avenue. Some years ago Mr. Sherwood wrote a clever book called "Out of Town." It is illustrated in happiest fashion by Mrs. Sherwood and has run through several editions.

Edwin Sandford Martin is a lawyer, an essayist, journalist and poet of delicate humor. Among his chapters in "Lucid Intervals" one may read his essay on Thanksgiving with pleasure and profit any day in the year. "Sly Ballads in Harvard China," two fairly recent volumes of poems, much general magazine work, and legal duties have made even those years when he was not in active editorship, busy ones.

John Tyler Wheelwright, Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, has been identified with the important municipal affairs of Boston and the Commonwealth variously, having been chairman of Gas and Electric Light Commission, chairman of the Finance Committee, Park Commissioner, Assistant Quarter-Master General and Assistant-Adjutant-



OWEN WISTER '82

General on the staff of Governor Russell.

He has been a contributor to Life, Century, Harper's Weekly, Boston newspapers, has written sketches for dramatic and humor-

ous readers, and is the author of two books, "A Bad Penny" and "A Child of the Century." His famous skit "Rollo's Journey to Cambridge" (in collaboration with Stimson) illustrated by Attwood, appeared in the Lampoon during the years '79 and '80 and was brought out in book form in 1895. A second edition was soon exhausted and there has been demand for the third, which, however, the public must forever be denied since the plates have accidently been destroyed.

Edmund March Wheelwright, who has but recently been appointed consulting architect for the new Art Museum to be built in Cleveland, Ohio, served in that same capacity for Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, Cambridge Bridge and Hartford Bridge. He is visiting lecturer at Harvard Architectural School and the author of treatises on architecture. He was city architect of Boston for five years.

Of all the Lampoon men who have become writers, Judge Robert Grant is, perhaps, the most prolific, having produced some twenty-five volumes. The busy Judge who, as a student, rollicked with his pen, has taken no uncertain aim at social follies in his maturer years. No book of 1904 created more favorable comment than "The Undercurrent" and his "Unleavened Bread" was successfully dramatized.

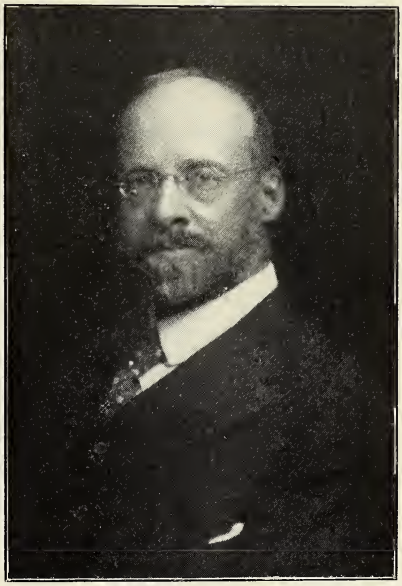
Frederic Jesup Stimson is of an old colonial family and resides on the ancestral estate in Dedham. For two centuries the Stimsons have furnished able students at Fair Harvard, where Frederic J. is now lecturer at the law school, practising his profession meanwhile in Boston; bringing out authoritative works on labor and corporation questions, and volumes of graceful fiction. In the political world Mr. Stimson has been heard through the medium of published articles on important issues, and has been a democratic candidate for congress. Selected by Governor Crane in 1902 to revise, with three others, the corporation laws of Massachusetts, the value of his statistics acknowledged by President Roosevelt and James Bryce, Mr. Stimson may feel that he can speak both as one having authority and as a scribe.

In '76 Barrett Wendell wrote chatty articles for the Lampoon on such subjects as "Dinners and Dining" in which for instance, one finds the definition of a "gentleman"—"one who can order a good dinner." In the same communication he relates the experience of some Harvard men of that date who one night at Parker's (which was the happy hunting ground of all good diners) held discussion as to what their meal should be. Inclination said ice cream. Their duty as college "men" urged something to drink. A compromise was made and they pleased themselves and did their duty. They ordered ice creams and three half-and-halfs! In 1906 Professor Wendell, English purist, lecturer at Sorbonne, Trinity College, Lowell Institute, Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, evades the question of all too solid food and wields his pen regarding the feast of reason and the flow of soul. Aside from his Harvard Professorship and his work on English Composition, eight volumes represent

his diligence and reflect the elegance of his style.

The first business editor of the Lampoon was William Sigourney Otis, afterwards a lawyer, who was made Commissioner of the Court of Alabama Claims, and who died in the success of middle life, greatly beloved and regretted.

Concerning the other men who are pictured in the old-time group, Francis McLennan, of Montreal, registers as Advocate, King's Council; John Templeman Coolidge, Artist, is trustee of the Boston Atheneum and of the Museum of Fine Arts and Vice President of the National Arts Club, while John Templeton Bowen, M. D. is a progressive practitioner, Professor at Harvard University and contributor to American and foreign scientific journals.



J. A. MITCHELL, EDITOR OF LIFE

It will be seen that with such pioneers the Lampoon's rank list runs high, and when the names and accomplishments of those who are credited with its renascence are enumerated one is sure there was magic in the editorial office.

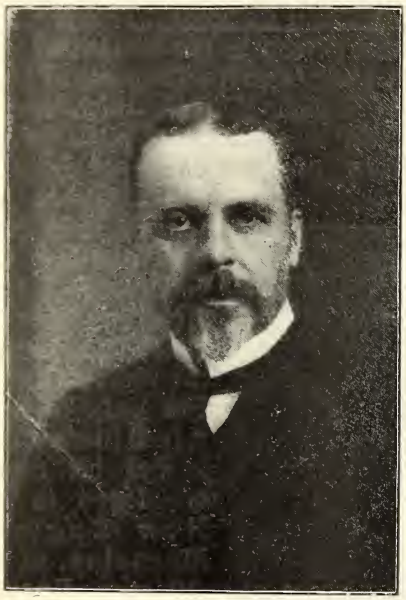
Governor Guild looks back with pleasure on the days when he turned off his columns for Lampy and the occasional poems and articles in the reviews of the day show that his pen still moves easily, though his time, since his college days has been mostly absorbed in civil and military matters. Twice has his native state been glad to endow him with gubernatorial honors.

William Roscoe Thayer who went abroad in the autumn of 1906 as delegate to the Congress of Modern Italian History which met in Milan was created Knight of the Order of the Crown of Italy in 1902. Author, historian, and poet, he founded the Graduates' Magazine in 1892 of which he is still the versatile editor. Not only is he a valued literary critic but his essays are found in the New England Magazine, in the Atlantic, Forum, Century and others, full of verve and fine wit.

Lewis J. Bridgman is a busy illustrator and writer, being a favorite contributor to juvenile magazines, and active in the educational affairs of Salem, Massachusetts.

Charles Allerton Coolidge, architect, who received in September. 1906, the honorary degree of Doctor of Arts from Harvard, was also made Chevalier in the Legion of Honor, in France, 1900. Some examples of his professional skill are the new Harvard Medical School, Ames Building, and Southern Terminal Station in Boston; the Stan-

ford University in California; Chicago Public Library, Chicago Art Institute, the Law School and Commons of Chicago University in Illinois.

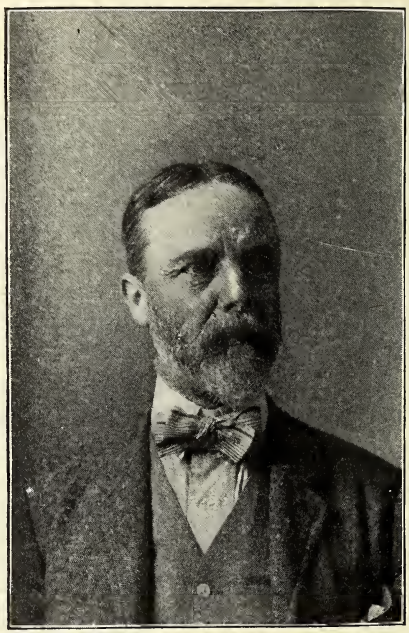


PROFESSOR BARRETT WENDELL

George Santayana is not alone a Professor of philosophy; he, according to Thayer, is "critic, essayist, thinker and in everything an artist; he spends his mornings on Olympus with Zeus and Athene, his noons with Harvard students, his afternoons with Aquinas and Schopenhauer, his evenings with the Muses." He has published some five or six books, and has been one of "Lampy's" sunniest workers.

When that broadly travelled, musically gifted legal gentleman, Owen Wister, wrote "The New Swiss Family Robinson" for the Lampoon in '82, and "Dido and Æneas"—an opera bouffe in three acts for the Hasty Pudding Club the acclaim with which they were received was but the introduction to a brilliant literary future, in which the Lampy brotherhood takes deep pride.

And when J. A. Mitchell, born in New York, but of Plymouth County, Massachusetts, stock — a student of the Lawrence Scientific



F. J. STIMSON

School at Harvard and established as architect in Boston in 1871— started the artistic and satirical journal, Life, in 1883, (somewhat on the lines of the Lampoon, but speaking to a larger audience) he secured Edward Sandford Martin as its first editor and drew about him the skilful aid of two other Lampoon men—John T. Wheelwright and Francis Attwood.

It was on Washington's birthday, 1901, that sixty of the editors, past and present, held a dinner in



GROUP OF EARLY EDITORS OF THE LAMPOON

B. T. WENDELL '77 F. J. STIMSON '76 R. GRANT '73 W. S. OTIS '78
C. A. COOLIDGE '81 J. T. WHEELWRIGHT '76 J. T. COOLIDGE '79 F. MC LENNAN '79
J. P. BOWEN '79 F. P. ATTWOOD '78

Loaned by the courtesy of the present Lampoon Board

honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Lampoon. F. J. Stimson presided, and the list of toasts was as follows: "The Founders," J. T. Wheelwright, '76; "The Renascence," W. R. Thayer, '81; "The Lampoon," W. B. Wheelwright, '01; "Francis Gilbert Attwood," J. T. Coolidge, '79; "Poem," Owen Wister, '82; "Harvard College," Barrett Wendell, '77; "Harvard University," George Santayana, '86.

Wister's poem concludes thus:

"The gladiator's words are in my mind,
And in their Latin I this moral find:
Be old acquaintance ne'er forgot;
The jester and the sage
Clasp hands upon their common lot,
And toil to write their page.
Then here's for life! three cheers for life!
Drink all its wine, that we,
Like Socrates, may sip content
Our morituri te!"

But these valiant benefactors who gave to America her first comic newspaper—whose gay utterances have defied old Time and Care—whose personal careers are creditable alike to college, home and land, might well have taken for their war cry—Victuri salutamus!



The Principles of Money and Banking*

By E. S. Crandon

IN the dark days of the Civil War the problem of the National finances received a solution which in its breadth and applicability to existing conditions was indeed an inspiration. The National banking system was evolved from the necessities of the times. A Nation, made such by war and through enormous expenditure of blood and wealth, was confronted with the old idea of State sovereignty as applied to finance, in that the State banking system utterly failed to apply to the needs of a reconstructed Nation. The National banking system was a great step forward; at once the confusion in monetary and credit matters ceased; the Government was behind the bank bills, secured by the banks' investment in Government bonds, deposited with the Treasury as security for the circulation issued; the failure of a bank had no effect on its notes; these were, in effect, a Government protected obligation, as good as those of the most thoroughly solvent institution. It was a wonderful step in advance, this financing of the National banks in the dark days of Civil strife; it won the admiration of Europe, and throughout the stormy period leading to resumption of specie payments, throughout the era of upbuilding and gradual approach to panic, from 1876 to 1896; during greenback and silver agitation, up to the insertion of the specific word "gold" in the law of the land, after the severe strain and sharp political contests of 1896 and 1900, the National banking system stood sound and secure, the bed-rock basis of American financial strength.

But it was essentially a war measure, and it was based on the needs of a population as yet scarcely familiar with the full meaning of National finance. The United States, though demonstrating that nationality rather than State sovereignty was to prevail in the working out of its destiny by the Federal Union, were yet unused to the broad field of international finance. London was regarded as the world's financial centre; our merchandise trade was small and as a result of the war between the States, was subject to notable variations; there were years when our exports ran behind our imports, and until close to the end of the nineteenth century, the shipments of manufactured products, now so notable in our trade exhibits, were inconspicuous by contrast with the exports of the products of agriculture, cotton and grain, mainly. It has been only since the crucial period of the cheap money agitation, since the victory of gold over silver and the square basis of gold as the meaning of

*The Principles of Money and Banking by Charles A. Conant; 2 vols., Harper & Brothers, New York.

American promises to pay, no matter what the form of currency, that our country has taken a place in the broad field of international finance of surpassing importance and of ever-increasing strength.

Peace has its victories no less renowned than those of war and prosperity brings with it burdens fully as great in differing measure as those of times of depression and panic. In a word, the United States enter the field of international activity, political and economic, equipped in swaddling clothes to play the part of a giant, metaphorically. We are aiding the world, financing it to greater extent than ever, with a currency system of wondrous inelasticity for our own needs. The system of forty years' standing is inapplicable to-day. Money piles into the Treasury, away from business when business needs it most. The Government exhausts the banks in the settlements for customs dues and through the system by which sub-treasuries are members of the clearing houses in the leading cities. Extraordinary means are necessary annually to provide the freedom of movement, the elasticity, of funds needed in the financing of huge crop movements and of general business activity based thereupon, as all prosperity is based primarily on agricultural success. The Secretary of the Treasury invents new expedients annually in the effort to facilitate business, cramped by lack of resiliency in the currency. Clearly, there is a strong reason for another and a decisive step in the broadening of the national idea of American business life. Our currency system is outgrown, outworn, inadequate, infantine in many ways.

All of this is written as a prelude to a review of a work, "The Principles of Money and Banking," by Charles A. Conant, published by Harper & Brothers, in two volumes, and dealing clearly and thoroughly with the whole subject of American finance. It is an ambitious motive, clearly to set forth the history and development of our systems of banking and currency, but the author eminently is qualified for the task. Mr. Conant has held memberships on important currency commissions, has written ably and successfully on financial subjects, and brings to this important task a mind well balanced, long and thoughtful study, well digested and ripened judgment, unprejudiced by political or by financial bias—he writes in support of no theory, per se. Ideas he has as to solution of evils in our system, and they are stated frankly, not dogmatically. But as a whole, his work, to our mind, is a distinct contribution to American history—we speak now of the broad field of National history. It is a phase of the subject made too unimportant by many, even of our standard historians. It requires peculiar ability to grasp the facts leading to the condition of our finances to-day, ability possessed by few, even of the ablest historians. Yet the financial history of America still is in the making, long after the irrepressible conflict between the States, long after Federalism's contest with Democracy and the latter's vagaries since the Civil War, have become history indeed.

From the earliest days of the

Republic, through the stormy times of the Jackson administration and the old Bank, down through the State bank unsettlements, the financing of the Civil War, the suspension and resumption of specie payments, the fiat money craze and the silver danger, to the present remarkable state of things—a world power in finance, taking foreign government bond issues, upsetting the equilibrium of the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" by our growing creditor strength in the world's financial markets, and absorbing a greater part of the world's wondrously increased gold supply than any other Nation—Mr. Conant traces the rise and progress of American banking and the currency system. Here we have, first of all, concise definition of terms—"money," as a means of exchange, and its development, with the place of money in economics, its functions, origins, evolution in various forms, qualities, relations of supply of the precious metals, principles of coinage and of the credit system as based thereupon. We follow through clear essays—for such his chapters are—on the determination of the value of money, relation to prices, distribution, foreign exchange, and and come naturally to a discussion of the bi-metallic propositions, the evolution of the gold standard, the theories of Government paper money. These subjects make up the first volume.

In his second volume, Mr. Conant deals with the banking side of his wide subject, theories and conditions of credit, development of the various phases of banking, of commercial movements, the money market and crises in the supply and demand. We have summarized hurriedly, but enough is stated to show that our remark above is deserved, that Mr. Conant really has written the financial history of the United States, though he makes no such broad claim. He puts forth his work as an essay, or series of essays; discusses the growth of conditions now existent and tells clearly why and how they have developed and why and how they operate to-day. The true American cannot be oblivious to his need of a broader understanding of this most important subject, built into the very warp and woof of American life and of the American future. We are at the turning of the tide, the parting of the ways. Finance and trade are subject to new influences, undreamed of a generation since. The true American must understand those problems facing the National life; the declamations of the stump orator no longer satisfy: "God give us men!" is the cry of the true American now, as we face the burden of prosperity and of the new duties and responsibilities of this wondrous epoch. Mr. Conant's calm, rational work is an event in our financial and economic history.

This is strong praise, but is is deserved, and richly. Would that such a clear, concise, able, thoughtful work could be read and pondered by Americans generally. Better citizenship would result. Now to come to particulars. We have considered the general scope of Mr. Conant's work; what does he suggest in the matter of pressing need to-day, currency reform? He has shown the history of money and of credit systems; has pointed out the clear functions of metal and of

paper. Does he attempt to solve any of those problems which confront our country at the beginning of a new century and of which we have had so striking an experience in the autumn money strain this year? Admitting that huge volume of exports over imports gives to the United States as never before command of international money markets—our merchandise exports in ten months of this year exceeded imports by $379,000,000, or by $100,000,000 more than such excess in the same period of 1905 and by $75,000,000 more than in 1904—admitting the notable change in European attitude toward American investments, due to our wondrous ten years of upbuilding; admitting all of the remarkable gains for our industry, our economic and social prosperity, yet is it fact that we are endeavoring to carry on this huge volume of business with a currency system utterly inadequate, antiquated, non-resilient and bound, if not corrected, to bring panic some day—panic in the midst of plenty? Or is it all of Wall street, of speculation and therefore to be regarded complacently?

A careful reading of Mr. Conant's chapters on Government paper money and his review of the Civil War finance, prepares us for his conclusions on modern banking and on the reflection of values by the stock market, the latter described as "the barometer of the supply of uninvested capital." In that description is a world of suggestiveness, as well as in the further consideration of the stock market's determination of equations of production. The influence of the State on the money market and discussion of the American sub-treasury system, with notes on French, German and British methods, give a clear view of this momentous subject. Mr. Conant concludes that the state of the money market is a symptom, not usually a cause, of economic disturbances and that State socialism by no means is a remedy for crises. Is an ideal money attainable? Can a better form of standard money than silver or gold be devised? "Gold," says our author, "is essentially a standard of relative values rather than absolute values. As such, it forms as perfect a measure as is practically attainable, because it is not subject to large and sudden variations on the side of supply. The variations on the side of demand are the reflection of changes in the production and consumption of other commodities and are in their essence one of the regulating forces of production. When this character of gold as a standard of relative value rather than absolute value is frankly recognized, it ceases to be necessary to attribute fluctuations in the value of commodities to changes inherent in gold itself. These changes then become attributable to changes of relationship between one article and other articles.

"The pursuit of an ideal money is not an ideal which it is desirable should be attained," concludes the author, "because it would destroy the barometer which money affords of the relation of things in their usefulness to men. It is not desirable even that the project should be realized that a given amount of labor will command the same amount of gold on one day as on another, for if that labor is applied to the

production of things which are not useful to the community, it is only by the fall in the amount of gold earned by such labor that the warning can be given that it should be applied in directions which are more useful."

Thus we see that Mr. Conant arrives at the solid conclusion that the gold standard is the safe standard. Our few quotations scarcely do more than to give a faint suggestion of his line of thought; but they show the clear logic, the calm analysis and the appeal to the best thought of the reader. He does not answer directly the questions which we have asked as to the outcome of current agitation for currency reform, but he does define terms so clearly, sets into such bold relief the basic principles of the whole subject, that he who seeks to understand national finance, to theorize on currency reform, or to build into his country's prosperity the needed strength which will come from adjustment of principles now discordant in the attempt to handle twentieth century America—a world power in the arts of peace, in finance, in trade—will find the whole subject wondrously cleared by the calm analysis of our author. It is a work that marks an epoch and it is a work to influence that epoch — would that it might have that careful reading and study that it deserves, for the result would be a better America because a more intelligent one!

The Sleeping Beauty

By Edith Summers

"And many came before the hundred years had expired, and tried to break through the hedge, but perished miserably in the attempt, because it was not yet time for the princess to awake."

O happy prince, wilt thou not weep one tear
For all the valiant hundreds that have failed,
Because nor skill nor giant strength availed
'Gainst that sealed scroll wherein no man may peer—
The dead, who toiled and strove without one fear
To warn them that the chamber yet was veiled—
Hearts that in rout and peril never quailed
Vanquished by that long striving year on year?
O be thou humble, thou, the single one,
Who gained the prize the multitude have lost!
Mark those white fragments bleaching in the sun—
Wan relics of lost hopes and passions crossed:
All that thou didst and more they too have done;
Thy ecstasy is purchased at their cost.

Concerning Home and School

By Sarah Louise Arnold

THE recent meeting of the Social Education Congress in Boston has directed the attention of teachers and parents alike to the truth that education in its true sense is not a function of the schools alone. The Congress was arranged by the Social Education Club under the direction of its able president, Professor James P. Monroe and its secretary, Doctor Colin A. Scott, of the Boston Normal School;—its purpose was clearly stated in the original announcement.

"In the recent development of education emphasis has been laid on vocational training; but in this as in the purely intellectual teaching the growth of individual capacity and facility has been the chief goal.

"The complexities of modern life and society demand, however, that our youth receive a like systematic training for their duties in those civic and social groups in which they are to do their work in life. This Congress aims to draw wider attention to this necessity, to hear the views of eminent specialists regarding this new need, and to bring together all the various forces of the community: the home, the church, the school, business and industry in order to effect a more general realization of the imperative importance of definite social service in every step of education."

Noted men and women came from all parts of the country to present their version of the general theme. It was interesting to observe the various repetitions of the fundamental truth, whatever was the immediate subject under discussion. Teachers, parents, clergymen, physicians, business men united in demanding for the youth of the country such training as would not only prepare them for their individual task in life but would ensure their contribution to the general welfare. Nothing could have shown more plainly that the narrow conception of education is giving place to the larger and finer one, nor could it have been more clearly proved that the factors in education are the home, the church and the community as well as the school.

The thousands of teachers who were gathered in the various assemblies must have been reinforced by the assurance that the truths which they had read and heard again and again were becoming matters of general interest. It is a subject of congratulation that the school can no longer remain isolated in its work.

The Institution Habit

The tendency of any institution is to magnify its function and at last to lose its perspective. The hospital, which is created that the sick may be comforted as well as healed, finds it easy to forget the immediate need of the patient in

the desire to secure a ward which has every appearance of order and cleanliness. The "cup of cold water" may wait a long time in order that the bedspread may be folded at the proper angle before the visiting physician makes his rounds. This does not mean that nurse or physician has become hard of heart, but rather that the detail of the institution demand is unduly exalted in the daily routine,—a very natural consequence of this necessary routine.

So in the school;—just so far as it is separated from the principles and practices of every-day life, the discipline of the school, the order, the grading, the general mechanism, may become a matter of so great interest as entirely to defeat the good of the community or the highest welfare of the many; and the teacher, in his devotion to the interests of the school-world, may easily forget that there is another world. Therefore we are to be congratulated when our neighbor from the outside suggests that the children are sent to school in order to fit them for their life in the community and that the needs of the community should never be forgotten in the immediate demand of the school.

No one so well as the teacher can realize how easily these are forgotten. Those who love and know the schools best are often their severest critics, after all; and teachers themselves could bring abundant proof of the truth that the school interest as it becomes dominant becomes also artificial. If you ask the boy or girl in the ordinary school why he is there, he replies that he wants a diploma, he means to graduate, or he wishes to be promoted. He is there to get through the machine. "What will you do with your arithmetic after leaving school?" "Nothing." "Will you use it?" "No, not unless I am a carpenter or a bookkeeper." "Will the girl use her arithmetic after leaving school? Will she ever buy books, food, dresses?" "Yes, but the clerk will know how much they cost. She doesn't need to know arithmetic." All these answers are given by the actual boy in the actual school, at the same time that he is securing a high mark for his attainment in arithmetic. His school tasks are often completely separated from the real affairs of life.

A Social Experiment

We must therefore most heartily welcome progress like that described by Professor Jackman of Chicago University, in his report of the experiments in the School of Education. Professor Jackman tells us that the Superintendent of South Park appealed to the School of Education to provide bird houses for the park. Professor Jackman met the problem in this way. He called the children together and explained to them how the birds found nesting places in the wild woods. The wind wrests the boughs from the tree:—decay follows the wound and the birds easily make themselves a hollow for their nests at the place where the bough was torn away. In the park constant care and attention keep the trees in fine condition and no such hollows can be found. How can the birds be tempted to build in the parks?

Immediately the children sug-

gested a plan. They could build houses for the birds and ask the Park Commissioners to place them in the trees.

The children estimated the amount of material which would be necessary for the houses, secured the wood from the Park Commissioner, built the houses and carried them to their places. Their arithmetic was used to good purpose. Their measurements were tested in actual construction and the fruit of their labors was yielded for the public good. There is a wide difference between such instruction and the mere repetition of the school task,—the working out of the problem which appears only in the book. Here was co-operation for the sake of the general welfare.

For Ourselves? or for Others?

One of the old problems of the schools has centered about the question of individual development. Is the boy trained for his own sake or for the sake of the community? Is John to make the most of himself or to center his attention upon serving his neighbors?

Individualism versus altruism has been the subject of debate. If one is not in the thick of the contest it is easy to observe that each contestant is looking at one side of the shield, on the reverse of which he would discover the opposing theory. The boy must make the most of himself in order that he may have much to give. He serves his community in proportion as he is well trained. He acquires knowledge and gains skill for the sake of others. It is impossible for him to live to himself alone. He must live in the community, and that which makes for the good of the community results in his personal good.

It must be confessed that it is easy to lose sight of this truth in our instruction of the individual and we have just shown that the school finds itself forgetting the general welfare. Doctor Dewey, in his "School and Society," has pointed out the fact that the modern school-room is so constructed that the student is expected to work as an individual. He sits at a desk by himself, performs his task alone, stands or falls according to his own mental achievement and is virtually isolated in his exercises. So much is true without doubt. On the other hand the class exercise properly conducted is a social exercise, each member contributing that which he has learned and also helping his fellows by making clear his particular need. In proportion as his problem is solved by the help of the others the social spirit is developed. The teacher who realizes this effect of wise administration conducts the class not as a dictator but as a leader who marshals his forces in such a manner that every member may be helpful to every other one.

The mere drill-master does not secure this result. He assumes the attitude of the dictator and his puppets stand or sit, speak or keep silence at his command. The failure to know is culpable and students who do not know are careful to hide their ignorance. In such an atmosphere the social spirit does not develop and the mere school achievement assumes undue prominence.

Team Work

It is therefore natural that the "Team work," so called, should have found its place on the playground rather than in the schoolroom. The achievements of college men in their co-operation for the sake of athletics have taught us something of the spirit which may be developed through co-operation. The ordinary play of children presents the same lesson. Writers on education have given much emphasis to this phase of training in recent years and we have begun to consider fairly the results of co-operation in social endeavor. We are very slowly learning, however, that this co-operation may be secured in school as well as out, and that tasks may well be assigned which demand co-operation rather than mere individual advancement. The desire to help one's neighbor may thus take the place of emulation pure and simple—a consummation devoutly to be desired.

Formal Discipline

The attempt to secure orderly procedure may, under the direction of a tyro or a martinet easily result in a formal and mechanical discipline which in its nature prevents the spirit of friendly co-operation. The young child entering the public school is much impressed by the aspect of the new world into which he is entering. He regards the teacher and older students with a feeling approaching awe and the requirements of this new community perhaps represent to him the highest law which he has experienced. A conscientious, sensitive child may therefore react beyond the teacher's expectations and exceed her purpose in obedience to the law.

A recent incident in a country school points to this tendency. A little girl was asked whether her friend, whom she knew well, attended her school. "Yes, she is in my class." "That is pleasant," commented the questioner, "then you can see her every day." "O no, I cannot see her in school," was the reply. "Doesn't she sit near you?" "Yes, she sits beside me." "Then why can't you see her?" "Because we can't turn around in school."

This is a natural school requirement. In the interests of apparent order each student must attend to his own immediate business. It is more than probable that directions to this effect had been emphatically given and that unoffending members of the school society had been much impressed by the requirement, in this case, at least, to such an extent that to look sidewise seemed a mortal offense. No room, then, in this school for the friendly smile, the helpful suggestion, the neighborly helpfulness. Mary drops her pencil on the floor and John must not get out of his seat to pick it up. Kate cannot state her problem in algebra; but Susan must not help her. The service which would be promptly and courteously rendered if the event were happening in the home or at the fireside or in the street must be omitted in the school-room.

Those who know our schools best known that the martial note is disappearing from them and that formal discipline is becoming more rare. In many of our best schools

the spirit is cordial and co-operative to a high degree and the friendly comradeship betokens the aim of the teacher. But in the large machines which the public school system has developed the contrary is often the case, and the result of the school training is far from being a social contribution.

We therefore welcome most cordially the enterprise of the Social Education Club, and look forward, with hopeful anticipation, to its further activities.



George Ripley

By Margaret Ashmun

Fortune, success, renown—these knew him not,
But stood far off; nor needed he their aid
To keep the compact that his soul had made
With honor. What though, life-time long, his lot
Was toil with scant return? No smallest jot
Abated his high zeal. He labored, prayed,
And faced his grief and failure undismayed—
Content to guard his cause from smirch and blot.

Lives such as his ask no o'er-friendly gloss
Of smooth condoning. Clear in deed and plan
They beacon the far-stretching years across,
And preach, as no lip-spoken sermon can,
That priceless gain that still accrues from loss—
The clean, strong courage of a simple man.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

FOUNDED 1758



Published monthly at
8 DIX PLACE, BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

EDITOR, WINTHROP PACKARD.

SUBSCRIPTIONS
U. S., Canada and Mexico $3.00 per year
Foreign Countries . . . $3.75 per year

Remit by draft on Boston, Express or Post Office Order, payable to
NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

Christmas Cruelties

THE altruistic consciousness which the modern world is developing has its inconveniences. People cannot be so comfortable as they once were in living off of their fellow creatures lower in the order of creation. The mighty hunter of moose is looked on by some as a mere murderer; the most strenuous salmon-fisher, or infatuated angler for trout, is beginning to have conscientious qualms over his quivering prey. Some there be who have lost the relish for game, more especially for the littlest birds that were so delicious "en brochette." The time is coming perhaps when the morality even of mollusk-eating will be called in question, and boards of health will no longer need to issue warnings against our eating the clams and oysters dug in and about the harbors of great cities from beds enriched by sewage. The annual fattening and packing off to market of the family turkeys and geese, when they are not beheaded at home by the farmers, are among the cruelties of Christmas preparations that cannot well be avoided. But what will ultimately take all the zest out of that world festival for humanity that is humane, is the human suffering it entails in shop and factory.

Here comes the current issue of "Charities and the Commons" with a most distressing article that holds you as the wedding guest was fixed by the Ancient Mariner's narrative on the overworking of women in factories turning out articles for the Christmas trade. This "feature" of Charities is the report of the College Settlements Association, aided by the Association of Neighborhood Workers, the Consumers' League, the Womens' Trade Unions League, working girl's clubs and other organizations of the sort. Christmas, it seems, makes a dolorous month or two for the women wage earners. "Paper boxes are an important part of the Christmas trade," says Miss Mary Van Kleeck of the College Settlement, "and in a paper box factory in New York City three or four hundred girls work from 7.45 A. M. until eight at night with half an hour for lunch and no time for supper and frequently work on Sunday besides, making a total of more than seventy hours in a week." A candy factory works from 7.15 A. M. until 7.45 P. M. twelve hours a day. In a cigar factory women

work from seven till seven; promptly at twelve they rush from the factory to dinner returning to work after fifteen minutes or less, being piece workers. But there are worse cases still; notably that of a theatrical dressmaker who, last winter, kept her girls at work for over eighteen consecutive hours, and that of a laundry where a woman works with her feet the pedals of a heavy ironing machine, receiving one cent for each white duck barber's coat ironed. Her day is fourteen or fifteen hours long. There is a bindery which was reported on as working from eight o'clock in the morning until eleven or twelve o'clock at night, discharge following refusal to work overtime. Accompanying the report on this bindery was a note saying, "They are going to work next Friday night until four A. M."

There is plenty of law against this sort of abuse of the one hundred and thirty thousand women working in the twenty-nine thousand factories in New York City, of the quarter of a million in New York State and of the million and a half such victims of circumstances in the country at large. But laws are not always enforced. In New York for example there are but fifty factory inspectors to watch the seventy-eight thousand factories. Moreover some states have no laws on the subject and in others the decisions of the courts are conflicting as to the constitutionality of laws limiting the hours of labor. Illinois has decided that such laws violate freedom of contract. But Massachusetts, Nebraska, Washington and Oregon and the Supreme Court of the United States have declared that freedom of contract is not violated when the State extends legal protection where by reason of economic inequality the contract is not free, or where public health and public morals demand legislative restriction. Massachusetts as usual has to her credit the most humane decision of all, given in 1876. The United States Supreme Court decision, almost equally broad and vigorous, was only rendered this year; and just now the world of charities is watching with eager expectancy for the opinion of the Supreme Court in New York in the appellate division which has promised to promulgate this month its decision as to whether New York State has a right to restrict the hours of women's work in factories.

One may say that with the Massachusetts decision and the national Supreme Court decision the New England conscience can be satisfied. But here are the tempting Christmas boxes and the Christmas trinkets contained in them, cheapened for the Christmas bargain counter by this industrial slavery. That is where the shoe pinches the tender social conscience.

For the Hague Conference

ACCORDING to present plans the meeting of the second conference at The Hague will open in May, and it would be natural for it to open on the anniversary of the first conference of 1899, or May 18 next, the birthday of the Czar, who has issued the invitations to all the nations of the earth which are considered to be of sufficient importance. One subject will be proposed by the Interparliamentary

Union which is not mentioned in the program given out by the Russian initiator of the meeting. It is that of an international parliament, and it was twice indorsed by the recent Mohonk arbitration conference. The petition to president Roosevelt which was adopted by the conference, asking him to instruct the American delegates to The Hague to present three subjects for insertion in the program, named first: "a plan by which the Hague Conference may become a permanent and recognized congress of the nations with advisory powers." The platform of the conference also contained a like worded indorsement of the proposition. Those who have been instrumental in securing the adoption of these indorsements look upon the step proposed as important for the coming formal unity of mankind, as a germ out of which will be developed in due time, by the necessities of the case, a genuine world legislative body, to be followed, as evolution brings about further progress, by a world judiciary, of which the germ is probably the Hague court of Arbitration, and a world executive, whose tiny beginning may yet be traced to that existing executive officer of a present world organization of the nations in official form,—the Universal Postal Union. The proposition of a world representative body was embodied in the recent letter of the directors of the American Peace Society to President Roosevelt, and it is one of the subjects to be discussed in the national peace Congress, proposed to be held in New York in April 1907.

It is quite probable that subjects upon which world legislation will be desired will be brought to The Hague conference next year in consequence of the third pan-American conference at Rio Janeiro this year. Of course practical agreement of the nations upon a world policy, which would be an expression of the will of the world upon the subjects and therefore true world legislation, cannot be secured, in the present stage of political development, without the submission of certain propositions to the different governments for their ratification. But when the ratifications are made, they will be world legislation for so many of the nations as join. One need only recur to the previous pan-American congress—that in the City of Mexico in 1901—to see that some of the subjects discussed there are just as suitable for consideration by all of the nations of the world as by those of North and South America alone. First of the twenty propositions adopted by that congress was a recommendation for a pan-American bank. A resolution was passed in favor of a custom house congress in order to bring about uniform practices and to avoid the arbitrary rulings of dishonest or incompetent officials. Many subjects were proposed to be considered by such a congress and they would be just as important for the countries of Europe and Asia in their relations with each other and with the two Americas as for the latter parts of the world by themselves. One feature of the plan was for a permanent international customs commission for the benefit of international commerce. Still other propositions were for the establishment of what would be an international statisti-

cal bureau for the interchange of official reports, and documents and of statistics upon subjects which would increase international knowledge and show vividly the practical unity of the world as an organism in which, to quote the words of a famous definition of an organism, "each part would be the end and the means of all the rest." An interntaional copyright law was indorsed, also a proposition to codify international law, which would be one of the long strides forward toward a code of true world law, for such a codification would have that status, distinctly in advance of international law on its present basis, as soon as the codification should have been ratified by the nations. Treaties for the protection of trade marks and like devices were approved and, also, an agreement that citizens of different countries might practice the liberal professions freely in other countries. Archaeology, international sanitary arrangements, protection of foreigners and other subjects were approved.

Not one of those mentioned fails to be as important for the world as a whole as for the nations of North and South America. It is a fair supposition that some of these will be brought before the next conference at The Hague, for they are right in the line of progress and some agreement must be reached regarding them in order that further unity of the nations may be attained. One good authority on international law gives his opinion to the effect that the next subject of international agreement will be some principle of expatriation, whereby citizens of one country may transfer their allegiance easily to whatever other country they please, under a general form applicable to all nations. Certainly, too, the project for a codification of international law has been so frequently named in this connection that some action toward that highly desirable end may be expected.

At the present stage of the movement toward the unity of the nations, the greatest need is to make the mind of the world familiar with the idea of world unity. The United States is particularly well fitted to be foremost in the advance because our own government is a development from a group of states which actually claimed and were accorded sovereign powers among themselves. To-day the national constitution recognizes only such powers in the national government as are specifically conferred upon it in writing, by the consent of the states. All other powers are reserved to the states, and there is a large field in which the states are absolutely sovereign, where the United States government has no right to interfere.

Over and above our states sentiment has developed a national sentiment. In a similar way, the growing unity of the nations will develop a status higher than exists under international law. Nations will certainly, in all human probability, continue to have their present national sovereignty, one over against each and all others, which no other will have any right to break down. But there are aspects in which there is a world sovereignty higher than national sovereignty and while the latter may continue to be absolute against any other nation, it must yield before

the higher sovereignty of the world. What no nation can do to any other nation, the entire body of mankind may hold it right and expedient to do, just as one state cannot impose its will upon any other state, but each and every state must yield its sovereignty to the higher sovereignty of the nation.

The Mohonk conference this year witnessed such general and cordial acceptance of the coming political unity of the world that it was highly encouraging to those who have been particularly active in the movement. The advance of the idea proves that the times are ripe for it beyond the conception of most people. It proves the fitness of the world for further effort at political unity because the results attained seem all out of proportion to the effort made, like the fall of a row of bricks when the first one is tipped over. It has been only about five years since a practical proposition was made. It is true that some of the leading daily papers of the country have to this day refused to give one line to the subject. It is true that most of the magazines have refused to discuss it in their pages. But, in spite of such neglect and rejection, it has secured such standing that it will doubtless have a place in the official program of the second conference at The Hague. It was presented by the Interparliamentary Union to President Roosevelt in September, 1904, when they put before him three subjects which they desired to see included in the program for The Hague, and it was included in Secretary Hay's invitation to the nations,—the invitation which was afterward waived by President Roosevelt in order that the Czar might issue the call. The action of the Interparliamentary Union this year in commending the subject to the next Hague conference seems to make it certain that it will come up. It demands public consideration by virtue of being the largest possible political subject which the human mind can consider and because of its momentous consequences, for perpetual peace and prosperity, for all the nations of the earth. It will be henceforth more carefully discussed and will more steadily win its way to the approval of all the nations until the ideal political unity of the world is practically realized.

Risking both House of Lords and Church

"THERE'LL be wigs on the green tonight" was the jubilant observation of the British urchin apropos of a theological controversy nearing its climax. The stand of the Bishops in the House of Lords under the leadership of the Archbishop of Canterbury has brought up in militant array the entire body of Non-Conformist clergymen ministers of all stripes. There'll be something happening on the green, sure enough, in Old England pretty soon, if neither side gives way. In this tense situation, our sagacious ambassador, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, has been making a tactful speech on our own public education in Endinburgh in which he does his best to suggest the way out with-

out, of course, committing the unpardonable indiscretion in a foreign minister of entering into the heat of politics of the country whose guest he is. He points out that all trouble of the kind which is now and has been for the last four years tearing England's vitals is avoided in this country by the disassociation of the schools from the church by virtue of the dissociation of Church and state. To be sure nobody talks of disestablishing the Church of England as a recourse in this quarrel though disestablishment has long been within the range of speculative politics. But it may yet be brought into practical politics if "this eternal blazon" is not put a stop to by some modus vivendi such as the Liberal ministry have honestly tried to frame.

There were premonitions of the present storm as long ago as midsummer. The High Churchmen organized their protest in a manifesto against the Education Bill and issued a manifesto in the spirit of a remark by Lord Halifax. "Should the Education bill pass it would be the signal for a religious war which will show all England what England's church still could do." The church Union, however, had failed to rally the Conservatives in Parliament and charged the followers of Mr. Balfour with conducting only a half-hearted fight against the Campbell-Bannerman bill.

It was devolved upon the Archbishop of Canterbury at the opening of the present session to renew this uncompromising fight of the extremists. Declaring that "he was no wrecker," he blandly proceeded to wreck the bill with amendments. In pursuance of his policy Lord Henneage moved that no school could be recognized as really a public elementary school which did not daily give "religious instruction." And this proposition was supported by the full weight of the Conservatives and the Bench of Bishops. This sounds very simple, but its apparent simplicity and studied vagueness concealed a multitude of administrative difficulties. Who is to decide, for instance, what instruction is or is not "religious?" Free Church opposition to Anglican Church control of schools take their religion with far more intense seriousness than do the High Anglicans; they regard doctrinal points as so essential that they insist on knowing just what the teaching is to be and on its being in the hands of experts and a matter of sole attention in the Sunday Schools, supplementing the general biblical instruction they want in the public schools.

The spirit in which the Bishops have entered the combat is the main thing. The spirit of the Government was that of meeting the "Church with a large C half way, and the Church might have accepted it in like spirit, afforded its help in procuring such amendments in details as would still further soften the bearing of it upon their special interest. But instead of this, as the London Tribune observes, "with perfect ease of mind they demolish structures reared with infinite difficulty by those who have really to grapple with the many conflicting forces of which public opinion is composed. It matters not a whit to the Bishops that the final shape of the compromise reached in the education bill repre-

sented the extreme limit to which the government were able to lead Non-Conformist opinion. The Bishops have nothing to do with Non-Conformist opinion except to flout it." The ramifications and refinements of the theological and sectarian and partisan issues raised in this protentous pother over what seems to us but plain commonsense duty and justice are not worth while pursuing here; but there are certain large and important movements which are easily understood and are extremely interesting.

The first effect of the Bishops' uncompromising attitude is to consolidate all Non-Conformist elements. A tremendous meeting was immediately held to protest against the House of Lords amendments. Between 1100 and 1200 dissenters rallied to London from every English shire, at considerable expense and inconvenience, as the representatives of their local free church organizations. From first to last, the speaking, cheered to the echo by the Puritan host, was a vigorous, stern and unanimous attack upon the Peers, especially the Lords Spiritual. One observer notes that "the best applauded points in the speeches were those that offered fight." The distinguished Baptist divine, recently President of the National Federation of Free Churches, Rev. F. B. Meyer, remarked significantly that "they did not wish to accelerate great constitutional changes nor to speak uncharitably of any fellow Christian, yet they must affirm that the Bishops in the House of Lords had rather acted in the interests of their calls and of their church than as stewards of the custodians of the liberty and welfare of the entire country. The will of the people must stand." Dr. Fairbairn, principal of Mansfield College, Oxford, wrote "the House of Lords which is a special preserve of the institution that calls itself the Church of England claims to resist the will of the people, but unless I am seriously in error, the people will take their own way and not mind the House of Lords." That most active Non-Conformist leader, Dr. Clifford, directly attacked the Archbishop of Canterbury as "a new force that had now come into play, a force that ought not to be in existence at all." He poured ridicule upon him as "the most recent illustration of Mr. Facing-Bothways that this generation had seen," and was cheered to the echo when he declared that "no final settlement of state education could be reached save where the supremacy of the citizens was secure and the explusion of the churches and the clerics was also obtained." He wound up by denouncing this "authorized eruption into the realms of government" of the clerics, as a blow at local government, at liberty of conscience and at the common schools. "They were trying to secure more wealth for the coffers of the Anglican and Roman Catholic churches and more power to the priests."

The total upshot of what one of the Government's spokesmen in the House of Lords declared to be "a general process of battering the Bill out of recognition "must be to make the path of compromise more and more difficult for the Government to tread. "As a council of despair and in order that the school

room of the people's children may no longer remain the cock pit for contending theologians," says Mr. Macnamara, M. P., "the Government will have to insist that the State must confine its function in public education to the provision of purely secular teaching." The answer to the Archbishop of Canterbury's schemes whereby he is trying to force the government to take over the denominational school buildings, pay rentals for them, and keep them in good structural repair for church uses at the same time, will be that the Free Churches will range themselves alongside the Liberal party in hostility to the hereditary and non-representative element in the British National Legislature. "They will have compelled large classes who might otherwise have been indifferent or hostile to constitutional change to recognize that the hereditary house stands between them and religious feeling," says the temperate Tribune. More important still they will make the mass of public opinion rallied on this fight available to the Liberal party and Government for the whole work of democratic legislation for England including land tenure and taxation which lies before the party. At the great indignation meeting of the Free Church ministers and laymen above referred to one of the most acceptable speeches was that of the Reverend C. Silvester Horne who declared that it was "the duty of the House of Commons to restore the education bill to its original shape; then to hand in their list of five hundred liberal peers to the King; and to demand that the measures which they were elected to pass should be passed into law."



Bristol and the Land of Pokanoket

By Harry Knowles



BRISTOL HARBOR SHOWING HOTEL AND ARMORY

EVEN at the present day, the residents of Bristol, R. I., take pride in relating how it happened that their town was one of the first places on the North American continent to be settled by Europeans. The so-called "Northman's Rock," a mass of graywacke on the western shore of Mount Hope Bay, having curious, indecipherable inscriptions upon it, is thought by them to be sufficient proof of this. At any rate, the event is supposed to have come about in this way.

In the year of our Lord 1000, Leif Ericson, a hardy Norseman, who was more at home on the water than on the land, was exploring the western continent, having reached it by way of Greenland. His Viking ship, according to the Norse saga, sailed around Labrador and Cape Cod after which it came to a place where a river "flowed out into a lake." This is supposed to have been the Seaconnet river, up which the Norsemen sailed, as soon as the tide came in, to Mount Hope Bay. The climate of the locality was so much milder than the Arctic regions where their homes were that the men decided to settle in the vicinity for the winter, and accordingly erected buildings to shelter themselves. Next they proceeded to explore the country. Among them was a German who one day wandered away from the camp and was lost in the woods. When he came back to the settlement, late at night, he brought large quantities of delicious wild grapes. This pleased the men, who, on the following day, began to gather and dry the luscious fruit which grew so abundantly that they named the country Vinland.

The exaggerated stories which these men told about Vinland on revisiting their native land naturally induced others to follow their example. Consequently, two years later Leif's brother, Thorvald, captained the boat that had carried the first party safely across the Atlantic Ocean and sailed to the new land.



A TYPICAL BRISTOL STREET

Unfortunately, Thorvald was killed by the natives (Skraelings or "lean men" the Norse called them) so we have no good account of this second expedition. But in 1007 Thorfinn Karlsefni, a Norse seaman, journeyed from Iceland to Greenland, where he married. Then he raised a colony of 151 men and seven women and started for the mild and pleasant Vinland. They found the houses erected by Lief in 1000 A. D., and, as these were not sufficient to accommodate all, they erected more and organized a colony in the new Vinland. At first they lived on peaceable terms with the Skraelings, but after the latter attacked the enthusiastic colonists, they decided to leave the land and so returned to Greenland in 1010. Though Karlsefni did not succeed in colonizing the country, other Norsemen probably came and lived here, for an order commanding the Bishop of Greenland to make a trip to Vinland in 1121 seems to prove there must have been permanent residents in the territory. However, all records of the colonists were eventually lost and so their existence is doubted by some and at best merely a matter of conjecture.

The colony of the Norsemen, the first in Bristol, having been broken up by the aborigines, it was natural for the later colonists to expect more trouble with the Indians. But at first the two races lived in harmony. In March, 1621, some citizens of the Plymouth Colony visited, on a peace mission, Massasoit,

Chief of the Pokanoket tribe of Indians, at his residence on Mount Hope (called Montop or Monthaup by them) which was then included in the Massachusetts territory. Services rendered this sagamore during an illness won his heart and as long as he lived there was no trouble. His successor was Metacomet, rechristened by the English



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King Philip — a fearless, irascible, proud Indian brave who loved his native lands and detested the white men because they had settled in the locality along the shores of Mount Hope Bay. Philip became indignant as he watched the progress of civilization and finally solicited the aid of other savage tribes in the vicinity to exterminate the invaders. The colonists raised an army, which was commanded by Captain Benjamin Church of Bristol and Little Compton for defence. This was in 1675. For more than a year the intrepid Indian chief waged a furious and barbarous warfare against the unprotected towns throughout New England with scarcely any opposition. The English troops accomplished little until they engaged the services of a traitor Indian to lead the white forces to the haunts of



FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

his superiors, who were thereby surprised and slain.

In time King Philip lost all of his important counselors and relatives, and so this intrepid Indian chief, despairing of ever establishing his rights, wandered back to his home, broken in spirit and health, to end his days on the picturesque Monthaup. But not in peace. The colonists had suffered too much to let such a dangerous warrior reside near them. The report of Philip's homecoming was no sooner abroad than Captain Church invaded the prince's territory, where the chieftain's forces were surprised. The Indians did not give battle but started to escape, and as Metacomet was fleeing from those who had usurped his land and rights he was shot down by one of his own tribe who had turned traitor.

Three parties claimed the lawful ownership of the fertile Monthaup lands after the devastation of the savages, the real proprietors. They were the Massachusetts Bay and Rhode Island colonies and an individual named Crowne, and all three filed their claims with the Sovereign. John Crowne was a na-



HOPE STREET RESIDENCE OF SAMUEL NORRIS, JR., SECRETARY OF THE UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

tive of Nova Scotia, a poet and dramatist of some ability and a Royalist to the marrow of his bones. The French occupation of Nova Scotia had deprived his father of the property he held in that locality, and so John, who was somewhat of a favorite at Court, requested the King to give the lands known as Monthaup to his family as a consideration for their loyalty. His claim was considered with the others, but on January 12, 1680, King Charles II granted the lands to the Plymouth Colony, a reservation of seven bear skins per annum being made.

Having obtained possession of the property, the next thing was to sell it. The committee appointed by the Court of Plymouth for this purpose was not long in finding purchases for the fertile tract, which was sold on September 14, 1680 to four Boston merchants whose names were John Walley, Nathaniel Byfield, Stephen Burton and Nathaniel Oliver. The price was 1,100 pounds reckoned in the currency of New England. The Grand Deed conveying the property to these men is a curious document. It exempted the region from taxation for seven years. Among other things it provided that when sixty families had settled on the land it should become a town—this condition was fulfilled within a year and the freemen decided to call it Bristol—and also that "no man's private interest of little or small value—particularly the setting up of mills or the making of mill ponds—shall hinder the public good of the Plantation."

Many interesting things might be said about the original "Proprietors" of Bristol. The most important man among them was Colonel Byfield. He lived in the town for over forty years, during which time he exerted a big influence over local



LINDEN PLACE, HOME OF COLONEL S. P. COLT, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

affairs, serving as Chief Justice in the Common Pleas division of the General Sessions Court for thirty-eight years, receiving five commissions from three different sovereigns—King William, Queen Anne, and George II—and filling many other public positions in an efficient manner. John Walley was a man of sterling character and pleasant disposition. He commanded the land forces of Sir William Phipps in the expedition against Canada in 1690. Stephen Burton was a scholarly man and served as the first Clerk of Peace, a position similar to that of Clerk of Court. Mr. Oliver sold his interest to Nathan Hayman, a shrewd mariner-merchant of Boston. One of the early settlers who figured in many disputes was Judge John Saffin, who married Rebecca Lee, the daughter of the first resident minister. Once he accused Walley and Byfield of graft; but in a famous "retraction" said if their actions were "not unrighteous," then he had done them wrong and had better have spared his "poetical notions and satirical expressions"—an apology that must have been more cutting than the accusations. A few of the other prominent freemen are the following: Nathaniel Bosworth, a cooper and fisherman who was given free wharfage in 1722; William Throop, commonly known as "Goodman" Throop, boasted of being the first man to enter the town by a team (it was a cart drawn by oxen); while Richard Smith was the first Town Clerk.

No part of the history of Bristol interests us so much as that relating to the war between the colonies

and the Mother Country. Though there were some Tories in the settlement, the majority of the inhabitants favored the cause of independence, as the following incident endorsing the famous "Boston Tea Party" shows. In order to manifest their approbation of throwing the tea overboard into Boston harbor, a committee, consisting of Joseph Russell, Nathan Fales, Simeon Potter, William Bradford, Shearjashub Bourne, Benjamin Bosworth, and Joshua Ingraham, was appointed at a town meeting held February 16, 1774, to draw up resolutions, which, upon approval by the town, were to be sent to the Boston Committee of Correspondence and printed in the "Newport Mercury." The document was a bulky one, full of "righteous indignation," which made it plain to all who read that "the blood of our ancestors is boiling in our veins." At the same time confidence was expressed in the Sovereign, George III, and it was wisely suggested that if the "wicked" were taken away from the Court, "an happy era would commence" and "wisdom, justice, and clemency of administration would conciliate the affection of the colonies." In June of the same year a subscription of forty-eight pounds, four shillings, and four pence was taken up in the town for the relief of the destitute in Boston.

It is not to be expected that a zealous manifestation of patriotism like the foregoing could go unpunished by the British soldiers then stationed on the men-of-war at Newport. One Saturday afternoon in October a fleet consisting of the frigate "Rose," carrying twenty guns, the "Glasgow," twenty-four,



HOTEL BELVEDERE

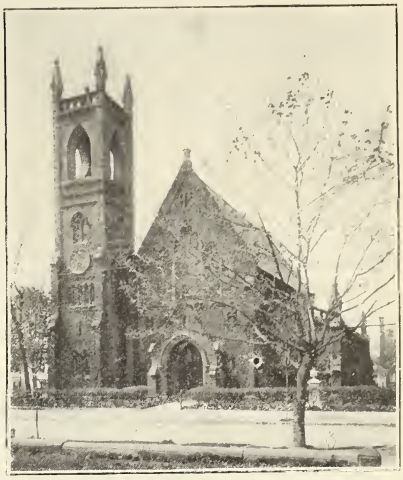
and the "Swan," twenty, under command of Sir James Wallace, sailed from Newport and anchored off the town of Bristol. Word was sent ashore by the Commander that he wanted to confer with a committee representing the town. Some prominent citizens thought it proper for the eminent sailor to come ashore if he wanted to consult any of them, and accordingly sent a message to this effect to him. Captain Wallace immediately opened fire on the settlement. This so frightened the inhabitants and threatened such a dire destruction of the village, that Colonel Potter was asked to go aboard the flagship and find out on what terms the cannonading would be stopped. The irreducible minimum was the presentation to His Majesty's soldiers and sailors of forty sheep, which was willingly agreed



"MIRAMAR"
OWNED BY FRANCESCO E. DE WOLFF

to, there being no other course possible. The mutton must have been furnished largely by Captain Jonathan Peck and Benjamin Bosworth, for at a town meeting held in April, 1776, they were reimbursed in sums of ten pounds and ten shillings, and nine pounds and sixpence respectively for "sheep delivered to Captain Wallace."

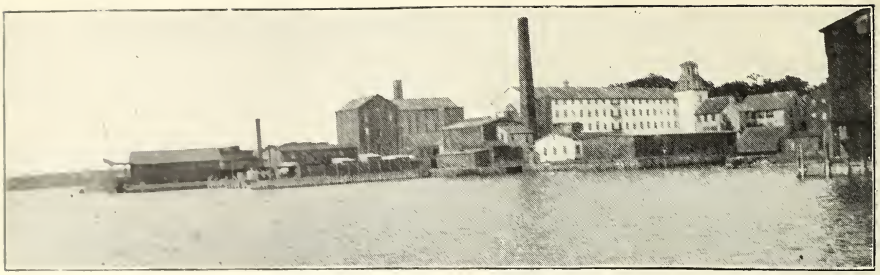
More diastrous than this trivial affair was the burning of the village by the British on May 25, 1778. About five hundred men, most of them said to have been Hessians, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, landed first in Warren and then proceeded to the village, destroying property of every description along their route. Their special object was the destruction of a number of flat boats that had been constructed in order to make a raid on the King's soldiers. The residents had received no warning of the enemy's approach and consequently lost much property and valuables. In all about thirty buildings were destroyed by the British hirelings, among them being St. Michael's Church. Legend says that the soldiers believed the tombs under the church were used as powder magazines. It was even worse than this, for about thirty Bristolites were taken prisoners and carried to Newport. The English-



ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH

men met with no opposition for exaggerated reports about their number so badly frightened Colonel Nathaniel Cary, who commanded the local guard, that he did not offer battle, but left the town with his forces, and consequently it was sacked and burned by the British without any interference. The soldiers robbed everybody and anything that they could put their hands on and it is even said they took worthless things from the slaves.

Incidents of the town's share in the fight of the colonies for independence might be related galore. Precautionary measures were taken some time before war was actually declared. At a town meeting held in the fall of 1775, which, it will be remembered, was after the battles of Lexington and Concord, it was voted to purchase small arms, that



WATER FRONT SHOWING MILLS

extra cartridges be made, and that other measures for the safety of the town be taken. Previously a "watch" had been established, and all men between the ages of sixteen and sixty were liable to be called for this duty. Efforts were made to throw up forts for defence, but in spite of these safeguards, the residents were advised to remove to the interior. Lord Percy was greatly hated by the residents of Bristol. On the other hand, they gladly welcomed that friend of the colonies, Marquis de Lafayette, who stationed his principal corps at Bristol. While in the town the Frenchmen lived in the house of Joseph Reynolds on the Neck. Another noted personage whose visits the residents of to-day like to tell you about was the "Father of His Country." He first passed through the town while en route from Newport to Providence, and again in 1793, twelve years after, he visited Governor Bradford, then a Senator from the state of Rhode Island. When the British left Newport in 1780 quiet was again restored to the entire state. Bristol took on its past customs, the people returned to their daily routine, and the town once more assumed a gayety that had distinguished it for so long. An equally honorable though less romantic part has been taken by Bristol in more recent hostilities. Among the inhabitants who went to the front in the Civil War and distinguished themselves was General Ambrose E. Burnside.



BRISTOL YACHT CLUB

During the early days of the Bristol colony all religious questions were settled in the town meeting—that venerable New England institution which has dealt with so many matters of vital importance.

At the very first town meeting for the transaction of public business, it was voted that forty pounds be assessed for building a house for a minister; while in 1680, just after



THE WARDWELL HOUSE

the deed had been granted, Benjamin Woodbridge "was engaged to preach the gospel." The first religious service was held in Deacon Nathaniel Bosworth's house. Later services were conducted at Nathaniel Byfield's residence, which was used as a town house and parsonage as well. Mr. Woodbridge's sojourn in Bristol was not particularly peaceful, the question of compensation causing momentous trouble. As the people could not decide upon a definite amount, Mr. Woodbridge agreed to preach for a "free and weekly contribution"; but with the understanding that if it did not amount to sixty pounds in a year the town should make up that amount, and if over sixty pounds the surplus should go to the town. But the dilemma did not end here, and on June 28, 1686, several prominent citizens petitioned the Rev. Increase Mather that Mr. Woodbridge be withdrawn from the town, which was ultimately granted.

The second minister was the Rev. Samuel Lee, an Englishman who graduated from Oxford and came to Bristol in 1687 on a salary of sixty pounds a year, at which time the town also appropriated fifty pounds to build a parsonage. Mr. Lee, whom Cotton Mather called the "light of both Englands," was a man of means and culture, and did not find the provincial life in New England suited to his refinement; so he returned to the Mother Country, in 1691, on the good ship "Dolphin." Though brief, his ministry was a



HOME OF H. H. CABOT

very successful one, and on May 3, 1687, the church was organized as "The Church of Christ in Bristol." The third person "called" to the parish was the Rev. John Sparhawk, a Harvard graduate, who was promised "seventy pounds per annum whilst he remains single and eighty pounds by the year when he comes to keep a family," as compensation. He died in the town after twenty-three years of faithful service.

All the previous ecclesiastical troubles of Bristol were small in comparison to the controversy that was then waged. A young man,



OLIVER GRAMMAR SCHOOL

born in Ireland of Scotch parentage, named James McSparran, who was possessed of a marvelous oratory, visited the town in 1718 and pleased the people so much with his preaching that they asked him to become their minister. He consented to this, but in doing so incurred the displeasure of Dr. Mather of Boston. Many derogatory statements about young McSparran's "unguarded conversation" followed him to Bristol and the town held a meeting to decide what was to be done. The result was complete exoneration, as the following extract from a minute made at the time shows: "We do in duty, as well as affection, declare our hearty forgiveness of all his past miscarriages and receive him as our brother in the Lord." But the trouble did not end here; and on October 13, 1719, Mr. McSparran went to England to secure confirmation of his credentials. While there he changed his religious views and was admitted to the priesthood in the Church of England; and when he returned to America, it was to settle in the Narragansett Country as a missionary of the "Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts," where he led a perfectly honorable and blameless life.

This religious society, which was later known as the Catholic Congregational Society of Bristol, Rhode Island, being incorporated by the Legislature in 1784, has had many pastors since Dr. McSparran's pastorate and has of course grown considerably during the time. One able man who occupied the pulpit was Rev. John Burt, who warmly supported the colonies in their fight for independence. However, the community became so poor during the dark days of the Revolution that regular services were discontinued. Another prominent pastor, who also became known outside his

parish, was Henry Wight. He thought the Legislature a little lax in not appointing a day of thanksgiving during its session in 1803 and openly stated his opinion in the pulpit. This brought forth a reprimand from several prominent citizens who disliked his out-spoken manner, in which they warned him that "he had been engaged for the performance of religious duties, not those of a political expositor"; that his occupation as such was "sufficiently copious to occupy more than all his attention"; and charged him with having said that "the conduct of a majority of the Legislature of this state tends more to the promotion of anarchy and confusion than good order" in a Thanksgiving sermon.



HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

The first church was built in Bristol in 1684, two hundred and fifty pounds having been appropriated by the town for the purpose the year previous. This sum did not prove sufficient to complete the structure so the right to build pews was sold in order to raise the necessary amount. The most authentic authorities say the building was of moderate size and clapboarded inside and out. It had a cap-roof with a tower in the centre, in which hung a bell that was rung by "Goody" Corp for three pounds a year. A "Dorman or Luthorn" window above the preacher's desk let in abundant light for his purposes, while there were double rows of windows on each of the four sides. This was necessary because of the large galleries extending around the interior of the church. It should be mentioned that separate places were provided for the women to worship—the custom of their sitting with the men not prevailing. The committee which built this meeting house was made up as

follows: John Walley, Nathaniel Byfield, Benjamin Church, John Cary and John Rogers.

After one hundred years' service this old edifice was torn down and a new house of worship at the corner of Bradford and Hope streets, which was dedicated in 1784, took its place. This eventually became the Town House, being moved to its present location, and the society erected the beautiful stone church upon the original site in 1855. The style of architecture of the latter, which has an eighteen-foot square tower on the northwest corner, is Gothic. The interior is finished with groin-arched ceiling and appropriately furnished with black walnut pews, there being one hundred and fourteen in all. An attractive chapel in memory of William and Charlotte DeWolf was erected in 1869 by their daughters, Charlotte DeWolf and Mary DeWolf Rogers.

The history of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Bristol dates back to the early part of the eighteenth century when services were probably first conducted according to that ritual by laymen. Before 1720 a petition had been addressed to the Bishop of London for a resident minister, and about the same time the first Episcopalian place of worship was begun. Colonel Henry Mackintosh gave the land and two hundred pounds in money. Besides this Boston and Newport each contributed one hundred pounds, while smaller sums came from other places, so that a total of one thousand pounds was collected. The steeple was not added until 1734. The first minister was the Rev. James Orem, who was sent over from England by the "Propagation Society" at a salary of sixty pounds per annum. However, he did not stay long in the town and for a time the parish must have been without a resident preacher; for in 1722-23 twelve men of the Church of England were imprisoned for refusing to contribute toward the support of the Presbyterian teacher, Nathaniel Cotton. A protest was made to the Lord Bishop of London by Dr. McSparran, but this severe policy was continued until 1744. Rev. John Usher, a graduate of Harvard College, and son of Lieutenant-Governor Usher of New Hampshire, was the second rector. The church prospered under his supervision and at the Easter meeting in 1724 the first vestry was elected, the men chosen being prominent or wealthy citizens of the town. The church progressed steadily. In 1728 money was raised for the purchase of a bell, which was shipped from England and arrived in Newport safely. But while it was being brought up the bay, a strong sailor named Thomas Waldron thought to surprise the residents of Bristol by ringing the bell as the ship bearing the precious burden approached the town. His anticipated pleasure was brief; for he struck the metal with the clapper but once when it cracked and was useless. The bell was returned to England and after being recast was reshipped to Bristol, which place it reached safe and sound. Some curious matters were settled by this society. Once it was voted that the rector support all the widows in the parish out of his meagre salary. The baptism of slaves was forbidden for many years.



STREET VIEW, SCHOOL, CHURCH AND COURT HOUSE

The Rev. Mr. Usher died on the eve of the Revolution, after more than half a century of efficient service in St. Michael's parish. During his pastorate he baptized over seven hundred persons, married one hundred and eighty-five couples, and officiated at two hundred and seventy-four funerals. His son, John Usher, Jr., acted as senior warden and clerk after his father's death. He also served as lay-reader and thus kept the spirit of the church alive during the trying days of the war with the Mother Country. After peace had been signed, a new edifice was erected to replace the one destroyed by the British soldiers and until 1800 Mr. Usher, Jr., was at the head of the church, serving it as rector during the last eight years.

No account of St. Michael's parish in Bristol would be complete without at least a brief mention of the Rt. Rev. Alexander Viets Griswold, D. D., of Connecticut, who was rector for twenty-six years, and consecrated Bishop of the Eastern diocese in 1811. Mr. Griswold first came to Bristol on a visit and was invited to become rector of St. Michael's three times before he accepted the call. He found the church in a state of decay and the members in a state of lethargy. The Bishop tells us in his autobiography that he wisely avoided controversial subjects in his sermons. Probably this was the reason why many of the Congregationalists attended his services while they had no minister of their own.

A great revival spread over the town in 1812. More than one hundred persons were confirmed and the parish was so firmly established as a result that it became well known throughout New England.

The venerable Bishop Griswold was succeeded by the Rev. John Bristed, who proved a worthy successor, building up the parish, increasing the membership in 1830-31 at the time of a revival by over one hundred names, and being instrumental in the erection of a new edifice. The next rector was Rev. James Welch Cook, through whose efforts a wooden chapel was erected at a cost of $1,200. The present church edifice was built during the residence of the Rev. William Stowe. It is Gothic in design, built of freestone and has a well-proportioned steeple on the southwest corner. The latter is one hundred and thirty feet high, which includes, besides the freestone tower, a belfry and a spire of wood covered with slate. The interior furnishings—pews, pulpit, desk, chancel rail and organ—are black walnut, and the edifice will seat about eight hundred people. The beautiful chapel on Hope street was erected in 1877.



Y. M. C. A. BUILDING AND POST OFFICE

Trinity Church is really an outgrowth of St. Michael's, for it owes its existence very largely to the beneficence of a former communicant of the latter, Mrs. Ruth B. DeWolf, who left the major part of her estate for the purpose of building it. The first service in the new parish was held on Whitsun-day, 1875, and the Rev. Samuel Moran of Providence was the first pastor. The church was built in 1878 and is a neat wooden building, tastefully constructed and furnished.

No less a distinguished person-



THE IVY CLAD EPISCOPAL CHURCH

age than George Whitfield was the first Methodist preacher to address an audience in the town of Bristol, which he did on September 17, 1740. At the time he was en route from Newport to Boston and had been detained in the village by a heavy rain storm. Mr. Whitfield was not allowed to preach in any of the religious edifices then standing, and it is said that only through the efforts of Lydia, the wife of Hope-still Potter, was the Court House obtained for his use. Almost fifty years later another famous Methodist preacher came to the town. This was the Rev. Jesse Lee who addressed the residents on July 2, 1790. He, too, like his eminent predecessor, had landed at Newport and was en route for the metropolis of the Massachusetts Bay Colony when overtaken by Captain Daniel Gladding, who invited the Methodist missionary to become his guest over night. This impromptu service was followed by the organization of a Methodist society, with the Rev. Ezekiel Cooper as the first resident minister. Services were held in the Court House, and it is said they were much disturbed by the "rabble" who made several plans to break up the meetings. This was only the beginning of the trouble, for three years later no roof could be found to shelter the minister on his periodical visits. But in spite of this, the church lived, and in 1805 a plain wooden building was constructed on the Common in which to hold the services. Nearly one hundred members joined the church during the revival of 1812, and fully twice that number in 1820. In 1856 the present church was built. It is a commodious structure, sixty-two by eighty feet in size, with a spire one hundred and sixty feet high. The

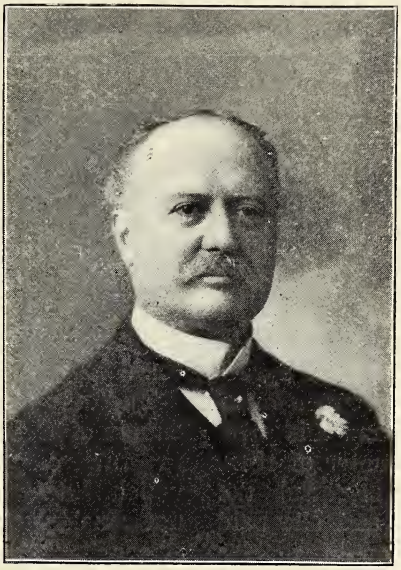
interior is conveniently arranged, there being a good sized vestry, a large room for the ladies' societies, and another room for the use of committees and the like on the first floor. The furnishings are appropriate.

Many eminent preachers of the Methodist sect have served in the Bristol edifice. One of the ablest was Joseph Snelling, who was so popular that he served the church at three different periods, which was then contrary to the custom prevailing in the Methodist Synod. Another prominent man to occupy the pulpit was Father Taylor, who was converted under somewhat singular circumstances. At the time he was a rough sailor attending a revival service in the Bromfield Street Church, Boston. The service so greatly impressed mariner Taylor that he became a Christian and later in life was known as the famous "Sailor Preacher." He was stationed in Bristol in 1826. No better place could have been selected for him. The village was then a seaport of considerable importance and doubtless the words that he spoke to the different sea-faring men who were in the port from time to time were spread over leagues and leagues, and possibly carried to millions of souls.

The first Baptist Church in Bristol was founded by a peculiar happening. A resident physician of the town, Dr. Nelson by name, was so disappointed in not being able to worship after the Baptist faith that he decided to remove to New York. The packet on which he embarked was wrecked en route and all on board lost except Dr. Nelson and another. The physician considered this the judgement of the Almighty and forthwith he returned to the town and established a Baptist Church. This occurred in 1807, but four years later there were only twenty-three members. The first pastor, Rev. James M. Winchell, began his labors in 1812, and through the courtesy of the rector of St. Michael's the ordination service took place in that edifice. His pastorate was a short one, and he was succeeded by the Rev. Barnabas Bates, who started the first Sunday school in the town. Though an able man, matters did not go well in the "Stone Chapel" —as the Baptist Church was called — during his pastorate. In the summer of 1818 Mr. Bates was accused of preaching strong Unitarian doctrines and denying the Divinity of Christ, as well as the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. This charge divided the church members into two rival factions which were bitterly opposed to each other in the controversies that followed. The "Bates party" got control of the church and maintained their possession for seven years. At a public town meeting held during this time it was voted that the building, which stood on land donated by the town, was being used for other purposes than intended, "of teaching in Religion or Literature," which was considered a trespass and violation of the town's rights. During this discordant period, from 1818 to 1825, the Baptist congregation proper held services in the "Brick School House" or "Academy Hall" on Sunday mornings and in private houses in the evening. The church had no resident pastor meanwhile. Great credit for uniting the two

factions and the building up of the church, as well as repairing the structure, is due to the Rev. Howard Malcolm Jones, a graduate of Brown University, who occupied the pulpit from 1869 to 1879, perhaps the longest and most successful pastorate that it has ever seen.

Another Baptist Society, known as the South Christian Church, was organized in 1833, and after meeting in the Court House for a year built a house of worship on High street. The first pastor was Harvery Sullings. The society was ultimately dissolved and the church sold.



COLONEL S. P. COLT

The first Roman Catholic to preach in the town of Bristol was Bishop Cheverus, who, while visiting a French family, was generously offered the pulpit of St. Michael's Church, and preached before a large congregation. Quite different was the treatment of Rev. Father McCallion of Warren, one of the Bishop's successors. The latter was allowed to hold services in the town hall one Sunday, but later the use of this building was denied him. In spite of this opposition, however, the Roman Catholic religion prospered in Bristol, and in 1855 Saint Mary's parish, as the locality is called, erected a suitable edifice, which was rededicated on September 4, 1870, after being extensively altered and improved.

The Second Advent Society was organized in 1843 and O. R. Fassett was the first resident pastor. Meetings were first held in private houses, then the Court House, and finally a place of worship was erected.

Doubtless the most adventurous chapter in the history of Bristol is the one relating to its famous privateers, which not only materially aided the struggling colonies in their fight for independence by destroying many thousands of dollars' worth of property, capturing the crafts of the Mother Country's Marine service, and bringing a million dollars' worth of wealth to the town, but gained a notoriety for the port which has been creditably recorded in the annals of the American marine. One of the first privateers was the "Prince Charles of Lorraine," which was commanded by Captain Simeon Potter, who, prior to the Revolution, according to some accounts of him, must have been somewhat of a pirate. He was born in Bristol, went to sea at an early age, and when a mere lad was given command of the ship on which he won both fame (or better notoriety) and riches. The culmination of his brilliant career was the part he took in the destruction of the

"Gaspee," a British armed schooner which ran ashore while chasing a sloop in Narragansett Bay. After his adventurous life on the ocean wave, Captain Potter became a staid citizen of the town of Bristol, serving as representative in the General Assembly, tax assessor, vestryman of St. Michael's Church, and in other capacities.

When war was declared between Great Britain and the United States in 1812 another opportunity was given for the business of privateering. The merchants of Bristol were not slow to take advantage of this, for they had recently suffered many hardships at the hands of the English commanders. Among them was James DeWolf, a descendant of Simeon Potter. He fitted up the "Yankee," a brig of one hundred and sixty tons burthen, with a crew of one hundred and twenty men, carying eighteen guns and commanded by Captain Oliver Watson. A generous agreement was drawn up between owners, officers and men, and this privateer sailed in the summer of 1812. Unexpected success attended the vessel from the start and she paid for herself again and again, besides generously rewarding those who risked their lives in the dangerous occupation. The "Yankee" captured her first prize before she had been out of port two weeks. One prize taken on her first cruise was the ship "Francis," whose confiscated cargo brought over $200,000. In the second cruise the "Yankee" captured the brig "Shannon" (with a cargo of cotton worth over $670) which Captain DeWolf converted into a privateer, renaming it the "Balance." In all, the valiant "Yankee" made six voyages and always returned amply paid for each. But it was not always without cost; for the sailors were sometimes injured in their dangerous occupation and even the commander of one cruise lost a leg during the voyage.

Some of the other privateers and interesting facts connected with their history are as follows: the brig "Rambler" did efficient work along the coast of Africa; another brig, the "Macdonough," was also sent out by the owners of the "Yankee." Though she captured several prizes, all were re-taken from her and the entire cruise was unprofitable. A boat named the "Hiram," which was built for pilot service in Vineyard Sound, had a tragic end. While in the vicinity of the Island of Barbuda an explosion occurred and only a few of the crew escaped. The cause was never known; but legend says that the tragedy was the result of engaging some English sailors.

The only black paragraphs in the annals of Bristol are those relating to the disgraceful slave trade, which, however, at that time, was not considered a dishonorable means of earning a livelihood. The sale of human flesh did not find a ready market in Bristol. In fact, it was customary to ship the "live freight" directly from Africa to ports in the Southern states. But that requisite article used so extensively in bargaining for the black Africans, namely, New England rum, was made in the town. Some merchants of Bristol did a thriving business in this way for a while. The modus operandi was to bring a cargo of molasses from the West Indies to the local distilleries, ex-

change it for rum, which was bartered for human flesh, and the latter sold as slaves. This business netted such big profits that the men engaged in it would not reveal facts, and any history of the slave trade in Bristol is, therefore, indefinite.

A history of education in Bristol begins with the old "grammar" school and includes an academy and normal school. Tradition says that John Cary was the first "master"; but according to authentic records Samuel Cobbitt was the first man engaged by the town to "instruct the youths in knowledge." He came in 1685 and besides some land that was set apart for his use, it was voted by the authorities that his salary be twenty-four pounds a year, each child having to pay three pence per week. He remained about ten years and was immediately succeeded, as were the others in turn, except for the years from 1772 to 1781, when no school was maintained. The first to make a gift to the town for educational purposes was Colonel Byfield, who, in 1714, entrusted John Nutting, then the schoolmaster, with four lots of land, which were to be rented and the income devoted to educating the youths of the community. In the meantime the price of schooling had advanced to three shillings for reading and writing and four if Latin was included. Soon after this the salary of the respected master, which from the first had been meagre, was increased to fifty pounds per annum, if single; and sixty if married. For a while, some trouble was experienced because the schoolmaster did not conduct religious exercises during school hours according to the Episcopal doctrine, but this difficulty was ultimately adjusted peacefully. In 1727 the town appropriated fifty pounds for a schoolhouse, which was built on State street and saw several years of use before the sessions were held in the Court House. The town is now divided into several districts which are supplied with primary, intermediate and grammar schools of the highest excellence. A private academy was built in 1791.

But some of the residents who were not satisfied with the free opportunities for education started a "select school," which was a high school in all but name. A new building was soon needed and in 1871 the present "Byfield School" was built. At a still more recent date, greater educational opportunities have been afforded the youths of Bristol. For on March 13, 1905, at the annual financial town meeting, a generous citizen, Colonel Samuel P. Colt, offered the town $40,000 for a high school building as a memorial to his mother, Theodora DeWolf Colt, if the town would provide the site, which was agreed to. A committee, consisting of Rev. John F. Downing, Judge O. L. Bosworth, John P. Reynolds, M. A. Cheesman, Ezra Dixon, Herbert F. Bennett and John C. Davis, was appointed to select the site, and they chose one bounded by Church, High and Court streets, and Narragansett avenue, in the centre of the town.

At a subsequent town meeting called to provide the funds for the purchase of this site, the selection was disapproved on account of the too great cost, and Colonel Colt

again came forward and offered to purchase a site, provided the Committee were instructed to consult with him as to location. This was done, and a site on Hope street bounded by Bradford street, Wardwell street and land of the Mayo estate was chosen, and paid for by Colonel Colt at a cost of nearly fifty thousand dollars. Without further preliminaries the cost of the school has been increased to nearly a quarter of a million dollars (with the site) and it is to be of the purest Georgia marble. The work has already progressed as far as the first floor, and the contract calls for its completion by September, 1907. The architects are Messrs. Cooper & Bailey of Boston, and the contractors are the Messrs. Norcross Brothers of Worcester.

Two organizations which deserve mention in any history of Bristol are the fire company and artillery. The former, which has succeeded a very respectable "bucket brigade," was founded in 1784 with the following persons as "fire wardens": Benjamin Bosworth, Jr., Jonathan Russell, John Howland, Jeremiah Ingraham and Richard Smith. This apparatus has been succeeded by modern machinery for fighting fire, called the "Dreadnought Hook, Ladder and Hose Company, No. 1," through whose efficiency the community is protected from all ordinary conflagrations.

The charter for the Bristol Train of Artillery was granted in 1794, and the charter members were: Samuel Wardwell, William DeWolf, Samuel V. Peck, and John Bradford. At the first election Mr. Wardwell was chosen captain with the militia rank of lieutenant-colonel; Mr. DeWolf first lieutenant, and ranking as first major; Mr. Peck second lieutenant and John Bradford as ensign. Having been founded under such auspicious circumstances, and under the patronage of some of the foremost families as well, the artillery company could not be other than a success, and an honor to the state which granted its charter.

Though most interesting because of its historic associations, Bristol is by no means a town of the past, as a glance at the numerous business enterprises thriving in the locality indicates. Being a seaport town, commerce early gave it an important livelihood. Trade with the West Indies was the most profitable of all the different branches. But this was only the beginning, and it was not long before Bristol vessels could be seen in ports all over the globe. Manufactures of different kinds have grown up in the village. Most prominent among them is the National Rubber Company, Samuel P. Colt, president, and the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company which has built several yachts that have successfully defended the American cup. The fame of the Vigilant, Defender, Columbia and Reliance, has not only brought renown to the town of Bristol, Rhode Island, but made its name known to the four points of the compass as the very best place for yacht building in the world. The fame of Bristol yachts has equalled, yea, even surpassed, that of Bristol privateers—and thus in this century is Bristol's supremacy on the sea again asserted.



All biographies this month; all especially interesting and valuable; each the work of one peculiarly fitted for the task.

And how could we begin the New Year better in the matter of reading?

To study the life of a really great man or woman as portrayed by a skilful and appreciative master of the art must always be a wise way of spending time and the next best thing to knowing the persons so faithfully presented.

Metaphysics, quarternions, archaeology and palaeontology are all well in their way; but they may not be of practical use to us in Mars or whatever planet we are to enter, while I feel that what is learned from the master minds of earth can go along as a part of our astral selves. At any rate, they are a help, an instruction, a comfort and an inspiration while here.

At home as a young girl, I was expected to learn a hymn to recite every Sabbath evening and the first one taught me on a surly November day at a North window, so impressed me with fear, dread and gloom, that it burnt its words into my memory; *that* surely will go along. It was a version of Dies Irae.

One verse was indeed terrible:

"When shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And louder yet and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead."

Another ran thus:

"Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb.
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charm;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arm."

But one Sunday, I happened to spy on a shelf a faded and worn book with a plain gray binding: "The Poems of George Herbert"; it became precious at once and ever since I have loved many of his verses. This book had belonged to my grandfather, "Zeke Webster," and looked as if it had been thoroughly read.

To-day, the few who knew Herbert at all are ready to quote some of his most familiar lines as "Drudgerie made Divine by Consecration. Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws, makes that and th' action fine." And this:

"The Sundaies of man's life,
Thredded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternall glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope,
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope."

(By wife is meant the Church.)

I always fancied what he said about not judging a preacher, even if he be dull.

"God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
The worst speak something good; if all want sense,
God takes the text and preacheth patience."

Let me give a few less known.

"A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice."

"Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie:
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby."

"Chase brave employment with a naked sword
Throughout the world."

"Sundays observe: think when the bells do chime,
'Tis angel's music."

"Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him."

"No sooner is a temple built to God, but the Devil builds a chapel hard by."

(I wonder who this saying really first belonged to. It has been said over and over by Burton, DeFoe, Drummond and others.

Several of his laconics have also been said by Dryden, Johnson, Pope, Campbell and Herrick. But this can be given to Herbert alone;

"Let thy alms go before and keep heaven's gate
Open for thee; or both may come too late."

Here is a strong verse which is Miltonic and Kiplingish.

"O England! full of sinne, but most of sloth,
Spit out thy flegme and fill thy breast with glorie
Thy gentry bleates, as if thy native cloth
Transfus'd a sheepishnesse into thy stories.
Not that they all are so; but that the most
Are gone to grasse and in the pastures lost."

Here is a great lesson:

"By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thyself, see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest, for 'tis thine own,
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
Who cannot rest till hee good fellows finde,
He breaks up house, turns out of doores his mind."

And another; make it your motto for 1907. "Shine like the sunne in every corner."

Herbert said, "I have too thoughtful a wit: a wit in too narrow a sheath, too sharp for my body." And in re-reading some of his quiddities I see that Emily Dickinson must have studied him even to imitation. The last verse of "The Elixir" is fine.

"A man that looks on glasse
On it may stay his eye,
Or, if he pleaseth, through it passe,
An the heav'n espie."

He indulged somewhat in shaped and echo verses but that seems not a part of his best self.

Bacon dedicated to Herbert his crude and jagged paraphases of the Psalms but Herbert's own translations were far smoother and better in every way.

Herbert was no poor parson though he could write well on the duties of one. During his youth he was a courtier under King James, enjoying his "genteel humor for clothes." The King gave him a sinecure worth 120 pounds a year. By the death of his patron he lost the chance of preferment and in 1626 went into the Church.

His sympathetic biographer Walton, (yes, old Izaak) tells us that Herbert held services twice each day well attended and some of the parishioners "let their ploughs rest when Mr. Herbert's saint's bell rung to praise." He was extremely kind to the poor. How he loved the English Church! He and Keble are the poets of Anglican theology.

The date of his death is uncertain. One authority says 1632, of a "quotidian ague"; another gives 1633; Prof. Palmer only says "Buried 1633." It is this last biography of the saintly priest who died so early that will always be considered final, for it is perfect, deserving of unstinted admiration and it is a Variorum edition and moreover improved by explanatory notes on the left of each poem. The book shows infinite toil, research, enthusiam for his subject. He says, "The book is a box of spikenard poured in unappeasable love over one who has attended my life. For fifty years he has been my bounteous comrade. It has been ten years in growing. No attempt has been made before to set the poems in intelligible order." Yes, he has made a small writer large, an obscure poet clear, no one has ever so honored Herbert as his Harvard namesake. His mind has become permeated and saturated with his spirit and modes of expression. Yet he ever keeps in the background as that artist who holding up his picture of Christ only allowed his finger-tips to be seen as he lifted it for inspection.

How pathetic that Mrs. Palmer who suggested the work and did fully half of the task of love could not live to see its publication and cordial reception. When I think of her these lines come to me from an old poem.

"A noble woman true and pure,
Who in the little time she stayed
Wrought works that shall endure."

Two bits of critical estimate show how correctly Palmer judges his subject.

"Herbert stands on his own feet and seldom quotes." "In spite of his quivering sense of sin, fundamentally Herbert is an optimist."

Houghton & Mifflin; price for the three volumes, boxed, $6.00.

Another critical expert lately annexed to Harvard, Professor Bliss Perry, has found time while editing the Atlantic Monthly to prepare what is called a final life of Walt Whitman. fair, unprejudiced, withholding no facts he thought necessary to round out this extraordinary character. But we know that men and women never quit discussing the great nature so strangely mixed and his writings so uneven in merit and his deeds so bad and so good.

What a hold he got on folks!

The most fastidious and high minded of women are as much enthralled as the most earthly style of man; and between these extremes stand a most impressive group of scholars, poets, men of the highest distinction; all his ardent admirers.

Little that is new could be found; but the number of children Whitman owned has never been given before, I think. And his sly secretiveness about his money matters was hardly honorable allowing many friends out of their slender means to contribute to his weekly support while he spent nearly four thousand dollars on a suitably grand tomb for—himself. And during his last illness he had several thousand dollars in the bank. I know of a young college girl who, distressed over his poverty at that time, carried him soft warm blankets and many delicacies. I shrink from tackling the subject, but must commend Mr. Perry for abstaining from quoting his most nauseous, revolting, blasphemous egotisms. It is one thing to run free in the woods for health and a double coat of tan; quite another to stand stark naked before the world and glorify one's own person as divine and insist on designating such a performance as Art and Religion. When I noticed that he said the scent of his arm pits "was aroma finer than prayer"; I gagged and left!

Still no one is more ready to acknowl-

edge his genius. But he is a combination of Bull and Brain; Satyr and Angel; a winged monster, a Harpy who fouled his own table (of contents), and a devoted hospital nurse for the sick and dying soldiers. His conduct there was Christ-like.

How I wondered at his appearance when he delivered a poem at Dartmouth; in 1872. His shirt was blue and the square cut revealed a neck and chest, hirsute as a bear. His delivery was so poor very few could hear him, so that he produced little impression either way. He was neither invited by the faculty nor endorsed in any way by Dartmouth College, as has been affirmed.

I met him once in Germantown at a home famous for its hospitality and the notables who loved to go there; and know he was urged to leave out of the next edition certain poems. But, no, was the only answer. It was Art and must never be disturbed. Miss Willard was also a guest and Walt was rude to her; said he hated a crusading temperance fanatic, especially a woman. She was perfectly unruffled and he left the room. But before long he returned and apologized in the sweetest way. Up stairs Frances said to me, "What a grand old man to be willing to own he was sorry for his remarks."

Some famous clerical lights do also err occasionally in forgetting the courtesy due always to a hostess. One of that brand was with us and as the dear woman could not bear to hear him descant on hell and damnation, he roared out at the table, "Madame, you are nothing but a mucilaginous Mush!" He left that afternoon; overpowered by the pressure of unanimous opinion; especially as a carriage was at the door to convey him to the station.

Those interested in Whitman must add this careful study to their collection; the author holds himself well in hand and is never vehement in denunciation or profuse in praise. Houghton & Mifflin, price $1.50.

A delightful, enlightening and satisfactory book is Bram Stoker's "Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving." Mr. Stoker as Irving's business manager saw him daily at all hours and in all moods and toward the last as an heroic invalid, but never other than the courteous gentleman; self sacrificing, generous, devoted to the welfare of all near him, and above all, an ideal friend.

Every one who admired Irving should own these volumes and understand him better. I can but give a few striking pictures drawn with a rare skill. First, after a small dinner where Stoker was introduced to the man who was ever after to be a part of his life. Irving had been gratified by several of Stoker's criticisms of his acting and said he would like to recite for him Thomas Hood's unforgettable poem, "The Dream of Eugene Aram."

Think of the scene; no audience save a dozen friends; none of the scenic accessories Irving loved and seemed to need. And in evening dress he stood up to recite a poem familiar to all, recited doubtless at school by some of them! Let Stoker tell the rest.

Here was incarnate power, incarnate passion, so close to one that one could meet it eye to eye, within touch of one's outstretched hand. The surroundings became non existent; the dress ceased to be noticeable, recurring thoughts of self existence were not at all. Here was indeed Eugene Aram as he was face to face with his Lord; his very soul aflame in the light of his abiding horror. How a change of tone or time denoted the personality of the "Blood avenging Sprite" and how the nervous, eloquent hands, slowly moving, out-spread fan-like, round the fixed face, set as doom, with eyes as inflexible as fate, emphasized it till one instinctively quivered with pity. Then the awful horror on the murderer's face as the ghost in his brain seemed to take external shape before his eyes, and enforced on him that from his sin there was no refuge. After the climax of hor-

ror the actor was able by art and habit to control himself to the narrating mood whilst he spoke the concluding lines of of the poem."

Then he collapsed half fainting.

"That night Irving was inspired. If once only in a lifetime the soul of a man can take wings and sweep for an instant into mortal gaze, then that "once" for Irving was on that, to me, ever memorable night."

What an illustration that of Irving's intensity, his magnetic influence on others, his blazing genius.

And Stoker who had listened to almost every great orator and actor of his time, sat for a few seconds in stony silence, and then burst into something like hysterics. This was the best compliment possible, for Stoker was anything but a hysterical subject; a strong man, body and mind.

When Tennyson saw Irving as Richard III, he said to him, "Where did you get that Plantagenet look?"

"There is for an outsider no understanding what strange effects stage make-ups can produce. When my son, who is Irving's godson, then about seven years old came to see Faust I brought him round between acts to see Mephistopheles in his dressing room. The little chap was exceedingly pretty, like a Cupid and a quaint fancy struck the actor.

"Telling the boy to stand still for a moment, he took up his dark pencil and made him up after the method of Mephistopheles; the same high arched eyebrows; the same sneers at the corner of the mouth; the same pointed moustache. It was the strangest nd the prettiest transformation I ever saw."

And for the last anecdote cross to our own country where Irving had such a host of friends, loving and loved, and listen to James Whitcomb Riley as he recites one of his poems.

Riley was an especial favorite of Irving's, as Mr. Stoker relates in the following paragraphs:

Irving, like all who have ever known him, loved the "Hoosier" poet. We saw a great deal of him when he was in London; and whenever we were in Indianapolis, to meet him was one of the expected pleasures. Riley is one of the most dramatic reciters that live, and when he gives one of his own poems it is an intellectual delight. I remember two specially delightful occasions in which he was a participant. Once in Indianapolis when he came and supped on the car with us whilst we were waiting after the play for the luggage to be loaded. He was in great form, and Irving sat all the while with an expectant smile whilst Riley told us of some of his experiences amongst the hill folk of Indiana where conditions of life were almost primitive. One tale gave Irving intense pleasure—that in which he told of how he had asked a mountaineer who was going down to the nearest town, to bring him back some tobacco. This the man had done gladly; but when Riley went to pay him the cost of it he drew his gun on him. When the other asked the cause of his offense, which he did not intend or even understand, the mountaineer answered:

"Didn't I do what ye asked me? Then why do you go for to insult me? I ain't a tobacker dealer. I bought it for ye, an' I give it to ye free and glad. I ain't sellin' it!"

The other occasion was a dinner at the Savoy Hotel, July 29, 1891, to which Irving had asked some friends to meet him. "Jamesy"—for so his friends call him—recited several of his poems most exquisitely. His rendering of the powerful little poem, "Good-bye, Jim," made every one of the other eight men at the table weep.

The press notices of this work of love are uncommonly enthusiastic, but one says "it will be of definite value to Irving's future biographer." I need no formal history after this and shall read no other. Macmillan Company, price $7.50.

The-National-Society-of-N.E.-Women



BY E. MARGUERITE LINDLEY

The National Society of New England Women was well represented at the State Federation of Women's Clubs at Saratoga. The delegates were the President, Mrs. Theodore Frelinghuysen Seward and ex-president, Mrs. Fitch James Swinburn. Ex-president Mrs. George T. Stevens was ill and unable to attend, also Miss Law, an incoming president. The alternates were Mesdames Logan, Quimby and Thorndike.

The out-going president, Mrs. Philip Carpenter, is one of the most active members, and an ex-president of the National Society of New England Women. She was succeeded in her presidency of the State Federation by Mrs. Stoddard Hammond, an active member of Colony Thirteen, National Society of New England Women, Binghamton. Mrs. Hammond has proved her efficiency on so many occasion that her election as state president was inevitable. Other New England women are among the officers.

At the business meeting on the 27th, reports of the New York State Federation from the President, Mrs. Seward, and Ex-President, Mrs. Swinburne, gave a full and vivid idea of the meeting. Also a paper on "Forestry" by Mrs. Warren Higley and one on "Child Labor" by Mrs. Edward Thorndike, Assistant Secretary, were of deep interest; and after a social hour over tea and sandwiches the members went home with new ideas and happy thoughts.

The National Society calendar makes many *red letter* days. Members were yet talking about the addresses and Indian songs and baskets of the first Literary Day, when they assembled for the first luncheon. Delmonico always offers a delicious menu and the Presidents have a faculty of placing before all present an enticing mental repast. As the faint sounds of Christmas revelry were already heard in the air the decorations all suggested that St. Nick had not forgotten Gotham. Holly was everywhere, a royal plum pudding graced the feast and the ices were all holiday confections. Sweet music discoursed while the guests discussed dainties and doings.

When the tap of the gavel drew all eyes to the President's table, Miss Katharine L. Carl was received with enthusiasm. Her wonderful *aplomb* in gaining the confidence of the Empress of China sufficiently to paint her portrait has made Miss Carl a marked woman. Other guests of honor were cordially received, among them the well known club favorite, Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour. The apt toast "Our Inheritance" had wise and witty

response, and Mrs. Marcia Eddy Stowe charmed all with her clear soprano voice and exquisite rendering of the songs: (a) Come to the Garden, Love; (b) Autumn Song; (c) A Proposal, all by Mary Turner Salter, a New England composer of much merit. 2. (a) Songs My Mother Taught Me, by Dvorák; (b) Serenade, by Richard Strauss.



MRS. HERBERT C. NEWELL
(NEE CLARA CALL OSGOOD)
PRESIDENT COLONY THREE, MONTCLAIR, N. J.

Colony Three, Buffalo, is progressing with her usual sturdiness and bringing out programmes of much interest. At their last meeting Mrs. C. B. Strout gave a sketch of the life and labors of Dorothea Dix and Mrs. Chester W. Sternberg gave personal reminiscences.

It is with much pleasure that we publish in this issue a picture of the President of Colony Two, Mrs. Frances Ware Wallace, whose personality as well as her capabilities constitute her the right person in the right place, a position which all Buffalonians recognize. Her presidency is certain to be productive of great advantages not only for the current year, but in lasting influence. She is the daughter of the late Dr. Charles Seymour Ware of Niagara Falls, whose grandfather, Jesse Ware, was the first American born settler in that place, having been an occupant of the historic Steadman house prior to 1803.



MRS. GEORGE A. WALLACE
(NEE FRANCES SEYMOUR WARE)
PRESIDENT COLONY TWO, BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Her father was born in Dalton, Massachusetts. He married Helen A., daughter of Judge Otis Turner, a native of Orleans County, New York, in 1811. She is a graduate of the Buffalo State Normal School, was valedictorian of her class and taught in the Titusville High School for three years before her marriage to Dr. George Addison Wallace, then of Rochester. Her family consists of two sons and two daughters. She has just been re-elected registrar of the Buffalo Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.

Colony Three, Montclair, has also opened a year that promises great pros-

perity as well as interest. Their open meetings are as follows: 1907—January 17th, Entertainment; February 21st, Thimble Party; March 21st, Annual Business Meeting; May 10th, Social Meeting.

The first of these was at the home of the President of Colony, Mrs. Herbert Charnock Newell, and was given in honor of Mrs. Theodore F. Seward, President of the National Society, who was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Lovejoy, First Vice President and Mrs. Hugo Reed a past President of Colony Three. Mrs. Newell's hospitality was extended in a most charming manner and everyone present was enthusiastic over the prospects of the year before them.

We are fortunate in having obtained the photograph also of Mrs. Newell. She was born in Framingham, Massachusetts. Her maiden name was Clara Call Osgood, and on both the paternal and maternal side she is of New England ancestry.

Her father, John Woods Osgood, M. D., was eighth in direct descent from John Osgood, who was born in the parish of Wherewell, Hampshire, England, July 23, 1595; came from there with his wife Sarah and settled in Newbury, Massachusetts, whence, in 1645 he removed to Andover, Massachusetts, where he died October 24, 1651. He was admitted a Freeman of the Massachusetts Colony, May 23, 1639. He was one of the organizers of the First Church of Andover, 1645, and in 1651 was sent by the town of Andover as its first representative to the General Court.

Mrs. Newell, on her maternal side, is eighth in direct line from John Whitney, who came with his wife Elinore from the Parish of Whitney, Herefordshire, England, to Watertown, Massachusetts, 1635.

Colony Seven, Pittsburgh, held their first meeting in November. The programmes arranged are of a unique order, six in all each to be in honor of the New England states in turn. The committee from Maine had charge of this first one.

The meeting was held at the residence of the chairman, Mrs. George Pearson, Dennison avenue, and the other members of the committee, Mrs. David Kirk, Miss Bella Boyce, Mrs. D. W. Kuhn, Mrs. Francis T. Mason and Miss Alice Thurston, assisted in receiving the guests. The invitations were on post cards of Maine coast scenery with Whittier's lines

"From gray sea fog, from icy drift
From peril and from pain
The home bound fisher greets thy lights
O, hundred harbored Maine!"

Everything carried out the "Maine" idea; the committee were Maine women; the numbers of the program, whether literary or musical, were the work of Maine composers, and even the refreshments were characteristic of the State, consisting of doughnuts and gingerbread, coffee and sweet cider, Maine, it must be remembered, being a prohibition State. Refreshments were served from New England dishes, heirlooms in the hostess' family. The principal ornament, was a huge seal of Maine which the Colony hope to supplement at each meeting by seals of the other New England states. The president, Mrs. David Kirk, spoke on the distinguished literary men and women whose birthplace was the State of Maine,

A very delightful feature of the afternoon was the reading of greetings sent by Governor Cobb of Maine and by Sentor Hale to the loyal women of Maine. These were a surprise to most of the women present and were received with great enthusiasm.

Miss Cora H. Coolidge, formerly of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, was guest of honor. She has recently been appointed Dean of Pennsylvania College for Women in Pittsburgh. Miss Coolidge is a native of Westminster, Massachusetts and has descended through both parents from long lines of New England ancestry. Her father, the late Hon. F. S. Coolidge, was Representative to Congress from Massachusetts under President Harrison. Miss Coolidge has not only achieved success in educational pursuits, but is an accomplished speaker.

The meetings of the Pittsburgh Colony are held on the second Tuesday of each month. The December meeting will be in charge of the New Hampshire women, and it remains to be seen what novel idea will be presented on that occasion.

Colony Eight, Brooklyn, is as usual leading with most excellent programs and interest generally. Their membership has now reached 217. The first meeting for the season was on November 8th. This Colony has grown so rapidly in its first year of existence that it is now the largest child of the Parent Society and has quite outgrown the limits of the largest parlors of its members. During this year its meetings are to be held in the large parlors of the Young Women's Christian Association which on the afternoon of the eighth were filled with more than one hundred members. A list of twenty-five guests was read and seven new members were voted in, making the total membership 215. The president, Mrs. Stuart Hull Moore, was particularly gracious in her welcome to all and presided most happily. The Society had decided at its first business meeting to entertain during the year the presidents of all the leading women's clubs and associations in the city, and, being as the president said a patriotic society in some sense, it was arranged that the first guests should be the presidents of the sister patriotic societies and, as a result, Mrs. Samuel Bowne Duryear, the Colonial Daughters of the Seventeenth Century, Mrs. Stephen V. White of the Fort Green Chapter D. A. R., Miss Marian Morton of the Battle Pass Chapter D. A. R. and Mrs. Hamilton Ormsbee, of the Long Island Society of Daughters of the Revolution, were the guests of the occasion, the latter three being also members of the Brooklyn Society of New England Women. The chief feature of the afternoon's program was an address, "The Wit and Humor of the Puritans," by Mr. J. L. Harbour of the staff of the Youth's Companion, Boston, who kept his audience much interested. It is the purpose of the Society to have a luncheon during January to further the acquaintance and cordiality of its members and the president chose Mrs. Gilbert Duane Cooper, chairman, and Mr. Henry K. Salter, C. D. Van Winkle and Mrs. H. W. Vaughan as committee to arrange the matter.

Colony Nine, Utica, has held its election of officers and is now prepared to begin a good year's work. The list is as follows: Miss C. M. Wheeler, President; Mrs. J. F. Calder, First Vice President; Mrs. A. G. Pettibone, Treasurer; Mrs. Smith M. Lindsley, Secretary; Miss Helen Miller, Historian.

Col. Two, Toledo, is progressing finely in membership and social interests. The last month the Colony enjoyed a charming afternoon at the home of their first vice president, Mrs. Harriet May Barlow. A short business session was held at 2 o'clock and at 2:30 the program opened with an entertaining talk on the coming of the Pilgrims, by Mrs. Ella Ford Bennett, also a most entertaining and scholarly address by Rev. Dr. Wallace of the First Congregational church on Browning.

A preliminary meeting of New England women was held December 5th in Porch Parlors, Riverton, New Jersey. It was decided to organize, and January 8 is fixed for the next meeting. Mrs. Harriet N. Pancoast is chairman pro tem. Several members of the Colony Committee of the National Society were present and the meeting proved a very interesting one. In next issue of the magazine a list of the charter members and the officers will be given.

Colony Four, Washington, has suffered the loss of two of her most valued members of late, Miss Mary F. Waite and Mrs. Charles Lyman.

As a consequence they have not carried out their usual programme. Next month's issue will contain the resolutions the board are drawing up regarding the deaths referred to.

Colonial and Patriotic

By Elisabeth Merritt Gosse

Among the most interesting of the various lines of work done by the historical and patriotic societies, is the presentation and restoration of old houses, of which there is coming to be a long list, notably in New England, and in some parts of the Middle States. A few which may be briefly mentioned are the Dorothy Q house in Quincy, Mass., and the John Adams birthplace in the same town; the Fairbanks house in Dedham, the Dean Winthrop House in Winthrop, the Edward Devotion House in Brookline, the Israel Putnam House in Danvers, the Hancock-Clarke House in Lexington, in which Hancock and Adams were sleeping when aroused by Paul Revere; the Paul Revere House in Boston, and the old Royall House in Medford, which is said to be the finest specimen extant of the best Colonial architecture. Spalding house is in Lowell, in that portion of the city formerly known as Chelmsford, which has been purchased and restored by Molly Varnum Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.

An appeal is now being made to save one of the most famous old houses in Essex County, that it may be preserved in the original form before it is too late to save it. This is a fine old house with a remarkable history, the Townsend-Bishop House, better known perhaps as the Rebbeca Nourse House, for it was here that the aged victim of the witch craft delusion of 1692, hanged for a witch, had her home. The house is situated in that part of Danvers which was formerly known as Salem Village. According to the Rev. Charles W. Upham, formerly and for many years minister of the First Church in Salem, and his son, William P. Upham, the well known antiquarian, who by the way, married a lineal descendent of Rebecca Nourse, the Townsend-Bishop House was built in the year 1636; they so state in their "History of Witchcraft in Salem Village." At all events, it was from this house that Rebecca Nourse was taken to imprisonment and trial, and nearby her body was buried by her sons on the night following her execution. The house is practically unchanged, the house lot is tillage land of fourteen acres, with eight acres of pasture land. For about a year efforts have been quietly made to persuade the present owner to sell the house and about an acre of land around it, but this he declined to do, and only recently has been willing to make a price on the whole farm. He has now given an option on the farm to Miss Sarah E. Hunt of Salem, and she, representing those public-spirited people who wish to save this ancient landmark, appeals to the public for aid. Hundreds of visitors from every part of the country go to the old home in summer time, and there must be many, the country over, who remember their visit to the old house, and the quiet little graveyard where Rebecca Nourse was buried three centuries ago.

It is thought that from East and West, North and South, the lovers of old-time houses will be glad to send contributions to save this notable ancient homestead. The price of the farm is $7,000, and subscriptions to the fund to purchase, intelligently restore, and preserve the Rebecca Nourse House, may be sent to William C. Endicott, of Danvers, 23 Court street, Boston, who is acting as treasurer of the fund, or to Miss Sarah E. Hunt, 4 Federal street, Salem, Massachusetts.

Under the efficient leadership of Mrs. Adeline Frances Fitz, state regent, the Daughters of the Revolution in the state of Massachusetts are having a prosperous year. A fine program of social festivities

has been laid out, a pleasant innovation being that each chapter in turn provides the program and furnishes the entertain-



MRS. EVELYN FELLOWS MASURY
STATE REGENT, DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

ment. Thus at the October meeting, which took the form of a musical afternoon, Dorothy Q Chapter, of which Mrs. Caroline Putnam Heath is regent, had charge of the festivities. A charming paper entitled "Bells in Music, Verse and History," was given by Mrs. Caroline F. Cottrell, illustrated with music and readings. On December 17th, a "Gentlemen's Night" was observed at Hotel Brunswick, thus marking Tea Pary Day, which this year fell on Sunday. The Christmas party for the children of the Daughters was such a success last year that it is to be repeated this year during Christmas week, at the Vendome.

The January meeting, on January 16th, will be in charge of Bancroft Chapter, of Worcester, of which Mrs. Frances H. Bigelow is regent, a chapter composed mostly of Worcester college girls will take charge of the program. A paper will be given on "The Art of Embroidery and Lace-Making as Practiced by Our Foremothers," and a loan exhibit of great interest will be held. The gathering will take place at the Tuileries.

April 19th will be observed as "Children's Day." The annual meeting with reports of the chapter regents will be held on May 23d. On June 17th will be held



MRS. ADELINE FRANCES FITZ
STATE REGENT, DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION

the customary memorial service in Christ Church.

Mrs. Frederick J. Libble, a member of General Rufus Putnam Chapter of Dorchester, gave a paper on "The Dorothy Q House in Quincy," at the last chapter meeting, speaking of the various changes which the house has undergone since it was built by the Coddingtons in the middle of the seventeenth century. She told of the two Dorothy Quincys who lived there and spoke of John Hancock and the secret chamber in the old house, where he was hidden at that time in the Revo-

lution when a price was set upon his head.

Martha Washington Chapter at its last meeting, held with Mrs. Richard Beeching at her residence in Haviland street, had a paper of deep interest from Mrs. Mary A. Chapman on "Old Colonial Days." The hostess, Mrs. Beeching, contributed a paper on "The Antiquity of Spoons," in which she recalled that the spoon with which England's rulers are anointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, is at least six hundred years old and has been used all these centuries for this sole purpose of anointing the kings and queens of England. It was melted and remade for the coronation of Charles the Second.

Deliverance Munroe Chapter of Malden held its December meeting at the residence of Mrs. William E. Dwight, in Bellevue avenue, Melrose, being Mrs. Mary A. Chapman, former state regent, and Mrs. Carolyn F. Cottrell, regent of Martha Washington Chapter. Mrs. Charles H. Sprague of Malden presided. Two important events in Revolutionary December days, Washington's crossing of the Delaware, in 1776, and the encampment of Valley Forge, 1777-78, were recounted in an interesting way by Miss Mabel Beers of Everett; and an entertaining paper on "Some Women of the Revolution," was given by Mrs. Chapman. Mrs. Cottrell sang very delightfully, and a social hour with refreshments rounded out the afternoon.

The Boston Park Commissioners gave to Mary Warren Chapter of Roxbury, a fine boulder which has been placed at the entrance of Franklin Park, to mark the beginning of the old Indian trail to Milton. The chapter has placed a handsome bronze tablet, suitably inscribed, on the boulder. The December meeting of this chapter was held with Mrs. Augustus Parker, at her residence on Seaver street, opposite Franklin Park. A large number of guests, including the state regent, Mrs. Fitz, were present, and these, with the chapter members, viewed the boulder and tablet. On returning to the house, pleasant words of greeting were given by the chapter regent, Mrs. William Daniels, and by Mrs. Fitz. A most interesting paper on "Old Houses of Roxbury," was given by Mr. W. Prentiss Parker, profusely illustrated with stereopticon views. A delightful luncheon was served in rooms attractive with quaint old china and rare paintings, and a day long to be remembered came to a happy close.

Not least of the fine work done by the Daughters of the Revolution is the work among the children, who are organized into an association known as the Junior Sons and Daughters of the Revolution. In Massachusetts there are eight of the chapters—Powder Horn chapter of Chelsea; Bell Rock chapter of Malden; Caleb Stark chapter of Newton; John Adams chapter of Quincy; Cradle of Liberty chapter of Boston; Alliance chapter of Amesbury; Col. Thomas Townsend chapter of Lynn; and Israel Fearing chapter of New Bedford. The chapters are under the especial care of the state regent, Mrs. Fitz of Chelsea, who acts as general director. Very beautiful philanthropic work is enthusiastically done by these little men and women. Just now they are collecting books and magazines all over the state, which they send to the lighthouse keepers all along the coast of New England.

Nathaniel Gage chapter of Bradford has received from the trustees of the Haverhill Public Library an offer of assistance and advice in its educational and patriotic work. At the last meeting of this chapter Miss Grace Kimball gave an original paper on "The Tenneys of America."

Chapter of the Third Plantation of Lynn, at its last meeting, held with Mrs. M. J. Clough, at her residence on Ocean street, enjoyed a paper by the regent, Mrs. Susie M. Plummer, on "Famous Taverns." Miss Clara B. Adams, state librarian, gave reports of the annual convention of the National Society, held in Philadelphia, and of the unveiling of the Memorial Arch and Gateway at Cambridge.



THE SILVER CASCADE, THE NOTCH, WHITE MOUNTAINS.

(From an old print

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

February, 1907

VOLUME XXXV PUBLISHED MONTHLY NUMBER 6

At the Nation's Capital

By DAVID S. BARRY.

SENATOR Weldon Brinton Heyburn of Idaho stands sponsor for quite the most audacious real estate purchase proposition yet submitted looking to the perfection of the general plan for the enlargement and beautification of Washington, and yet his bill is not altogether outside of the bounds of wise statesmanship and good business sense.

Mr. Heyburn proposes, in a word, that the Government shall spend ten million dollars, "or as much thereof as is necessary," which is the parliamentary way of granting authority to spend it all, to purchase all the buildings in that section of the city which lies between Third street at the western border of the Botanical Gardens at the foot of the Capitol on the east, 15th street, which runs along the eastern edge of the White Lot, Pennsylvania avenue on the north, and the Mall, the Government reservation now extending from Third to Fifteenth on the south.

The object of this bill is one long sought by those who have at heart the real beautification of Washington, and the carrying out within the lifetime of persons now on earth, the plans recommended to Congress several years ago by a Commission composed of Messrs. Burnham and McKim, architects, and Olmstead, landscape gardener. These experts were selected by the late Senator McMillan of Michigan, Chairman of the committee on the District of Columbia, who did more in the direction of making Washington the ideal residence city which it is fast coming to be, than all his predecessors in this line combined have accomplished. Mr. McMillan died three and a half years ago at the very height of his career of usefulness, but his good deeds live after him. He laid the ground work of the plan that is destined now to be carried out, at least in its general features, and which will make Washington, in the opinion of authorities who know the cities of the old world as well as they know the cities of the new, the most attractive and beautiful Capital in the world.

The McMillan commission recommended the enactment of no particular laws, but they submitted, after the most careful study of the ques-

tion, during which they visited many foreign capitals, the plan to be followed by Congress in legislation hereafter, if it would make sure the growth and improvement of the Capital City upon one harmonious scheme. Up to the time that Senator McMillan became Chairman of the Senate committee building sites were chosen, structures erected, streets extended, alleys opened and the general work of municipal enlargement and preservation carried on largely according to the views of the then influential real estate speculators and their friends. Bills would be acted upon favorably or unfavorably in the Senate and House committees on the District of Columbia, which of course control in a way all matters of legislation for the District, according to the way they were looked upon by the members of the committees and their friends outside. Congressmen as a rule, are honest, but there have been known to be cases where the Chairmen and members of these two important committees have been so largely interested financially in the growth and improvement of certain sections of the city, that they would naturally look with favor upon the extension of street railway lines, the abolishment of grade crossings, the digging of sewers, the laying of pavements and the doing of other things of like character, in those sections where they or their friends had invested their money.

Senator McMillan inaugurated a new era. He made it a point from the outset not to become financially interested in any real estate in the District of Columbia, except the most modest residence on Vernon avenue which his family still occupies. Therefore he was free to act according to his own judgment, and as he was a business man of the very largest caliber, his judgment was rarely at fault. The Burnham commission was Mr. McMillan's creature, and no one can read its recommendations without coming to the conclusion that if Congress will in the course of time carry them out, Washington will arrive at that state of perfection so often predicted for her.

The commission reported merely a general plan and it is now so well under way that it does not seem possible that the American people, unless indeed the present period of natural prosperity is depressingly interrupted, will fail to go ahead on the lines fairly well laid down. Speaking broadly the plan of the commission is to surround the city on the three sides which the Potomac river does not skirt—the southern side—with a boulevard far beyond the lines of what were the original boundaries of the city and marking the limits practically of the modified "ten miles square" comprising the District of Columbia, the extension of the avenues radiating from the Capitol as the spokes of a wheel and crossing the intersecting numbered and lettered streets as originally planned by Washington and L'Enfant, extending and beautifying the vast public park system, now largely perfected, the abolition of all grade crossings in the District of Columbia, the building of the white granite railroad station "the finest in the world," the approach into the city of all railroad trains on stone viaducts, and the erection of all future Government

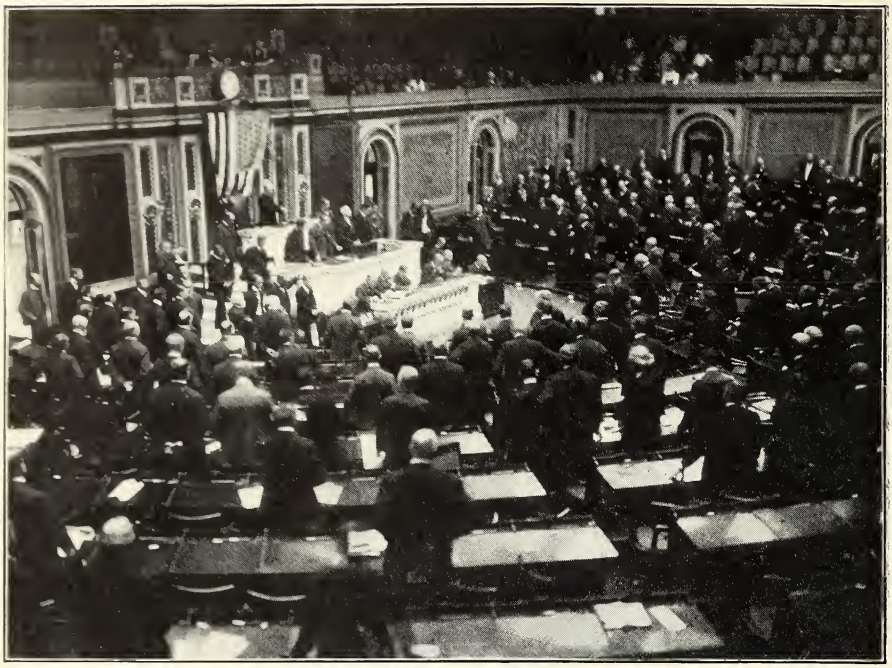
buildings of a large character on the so-called Mall or public reservation extending from the Capitol to the White House, with a memorial bridge at the western end crossing the city. The Goddess of Liberty on the apex looks to the east, but unfortunately or not, following the trend so universal in American cities, the fashion and wealth of the



PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, LOOKING FROM THE WAR, STATE AND NAVY DEPARTMENT BUILDING. CAPITOL IN THE DISTANCE, PART OF WHITE HOUSE IN THE FOREGROUND.

the Potomac to Arlington, the old Robert E. Lee homestead, now the historic and beautiful National Cemetery, with possible a Lincoln Memorial at the point where the mall ends and the memorial bridge will begin.

The Capitol building, as is well known, is the center, or the hub, of the radiating streets. The front of the building is now really the back, because as designed it faced to the east, what is now Capitol Hill, naturally the highest and best part of city, went to the northwest which is now the location of the finest buildings, both public and private. The Botanical Gardens form the first reservation west of the Capitol and from their western border on Third street to Fifteenth at the Treasury, there are, from Pennsylvania avenue south for two or three blocks, a collection of unsightly tumble-down business buildings which include not only the market and commission houses, but lumber yards, factories and, worse than all,

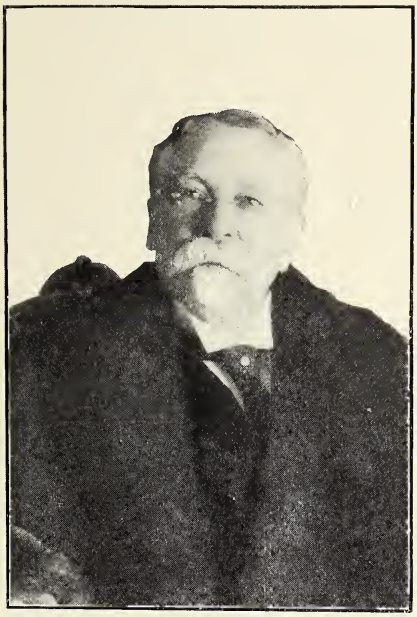


THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT THE OPENING OF CONGRESS

the "sporting district"—the disreputable section that every city seems bound to have. Within the reservation, which is a beautiful wooded park, there are now, besides the Botanical Gardens, the Army and Navy Museum, the Smithsonian Institute, the Agricultural Department and one or two other Government buildings of no pretentions, ending on the west with the picturesque knoll on which stands the incomparable Washington Monument. A good beginning was made in the plan of getting rid of this sore spot, by the erection on the south side of Pennsylvania Avenue, at Eleventh and Twelfth streets of the Post-Office Department, a building which, although possessing little architectural beauty, is yet imposing, and now just south of this has been commenced the new building for the Agricultural Department. Senator Heyburn's bill proposes to buy at once all of the section outlined, so that the Government can avail itself of these building sites before property reaches such a value that it would be practically impossible to carry out the plan now well in hand.

Much has been done in the direction of extending the avenues and streets, and the union station building which is to stand as a monument of the services of Senator McMillan to the District of Columbia, has progressed so far as to make possible an estimate of the general effect when it is completed. It is often said that this building is to cost from twelve to fourteen million dollars, but this is a mistake. The fact is that the station itself will represent an expenditure of

about four and a half million while the balance of the sum named is to be spent in the other railroad improvements already mentioned. Already a new iron bridge has taken



THE LATE SENATOR MCMILLAN OF MICHIGAN, CHAIRMAN OF THE SENATE COMMITTEE ON THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

the place of the famous wooden structure which crosses into Virginia, known as the "long bridge" and made famous by the marching of the troops in civil war times, and the work of building the stone viaducts and the tunnel under Capitol Hill between the Capitol and the Library building, which are to do away with grade crossings and to bring all passenger trains into the union station, is now well under way.

The expense of all this work is not to be borne entirely by the three railroads entering into Washington, the Pennsylvania, the Baltimore and Ohio and the Southern. The District of Columbia has, of course, shared in the expenditure. But only the fact that Senator McMillan was able to deal directly with the Presidents of these corporations, free from any private real estate speculations, made it possible for the railroads and the District of Columbia to get together on a basis of patriotic regard for



H. B. F. MCFARLAND, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF COMMISSION OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

the needs of the great Capital City of the future. The railroad facilities of Washington are, of course, entirely inadequate, but it is plain to be seen from what the railroads have done that they have opened their purse strings largely from sen-

timental motives and have been willing to build far beyond what would have been required of them from any purely business standpoint. Corporations sometimes have souls, and in this case they have generously put patriotism ahead of business.

Many years ago Congress in its wisdom, and assisted to some extent by the property owners in the District of Columbia directly affected, set aside a certain portion of the beautiful hills along both sides of the beautiful winding stream known as Rock Creek, which enters the District from the Northwest in Maryland and sings its merry way along until it empties into the Potomac at Georgetown, as a public park. There is nothing exactly like it in this country. There are other municipal parks perhaps as fine, but they are more artificial. Rock Creek Park contains a Zoo, with cages for the bears cut out of the solid rocks of the bluffs which here are 60 feet high or more. Rock Creek itself goes winding through the Zoo with pretty fords here and there for horses and carriages and vehicles of all sort. The deer and goats roam on natural hillsides and the raccoons sleep in trees that are as old as the oldest inhabitant.

Little has been done in the way of beautifying this public park except the building of macadam roadways and the clearing out of underbrush. It is the natural beauty of the region that is most attractive and there is nowhere in the country a prettier drive than the Beach road (named after a former Commissioner), which skirts the tortuous rocky stream crossed by rustic bridges of the most artistic and effective design. The only drawback heretofore to the full enjoyment of the beauties and benefits of Rock Creek Park is its remoteness from the class of citizens who would be most apt to avail themselves of its attractions. Street car lines are, however, being extended to the borders of the park and the public will soon be brought in close touch with this blessing of Uncle Sam. Washington in the winter, spring and fall months is a delightful place of residence, but for three or four months of the summer one might as well have died and been consigned to the lower regions, as to be here.

Washington in the old days was known as "the city of magnificient distances"; now it is more of a city of beautiful streets, fine houses, imposing public buildings and the winter resort of people of wealth and leisure. Congress and its goings and comings and doings does not have that effect upon the life of Washington that it had years ago, before the Capital took on the airs of a Metropolitan city. Hotels, restaurants, boarding houses, theatres and the like no longer depend upon the national body and its camp-followers, and the departure of the Senate and the House of Representatives at the close of a session makes no visible impression upon the life of the community.

Still Washington is a city in which all sections of the United States can, and probably do, take a warm personal interest. The citizens of the District of Columbia enjoy a great many benefits that those of the United States as a whole pay for. Washingtonians are not taxed for the public buildings, the public

parks and the public embellishments of this city which now contains over three hundred thousand people, nearly one third of whom are negroes. The local tax rate is not as high as elsewhere. It is $1.50 per thousand, with a personal property tax, but no poll tax, and even bearing in mind the fact that the benighted inhabitants of this ten miles square do not enjoy the right of suffrage, they get a great deal for their money. It is a long time now, more than thirty years, since the citizens of Washington voted, even for municipal officials, and the resulting condition is so generally satisfactory it is not at all likely that the sporadic movement to reconfer the suffrage will amount to serious proportions.

Washington is said to be also the one city in which the word "graft" is unknown in its municipal government. The tribute is just and deserved. Congress is supreme over all legislation affecting the District of Columbia and its will is enforced through the medium of a Board of three Commissioners, one of whom is supposed to be a Republican, the other a Democrat, and the third an engineer officer of the Army with presumably, of course, no political affiliations. They are appointed by the President and derive their powers directly from Congress. In their administrative and executive



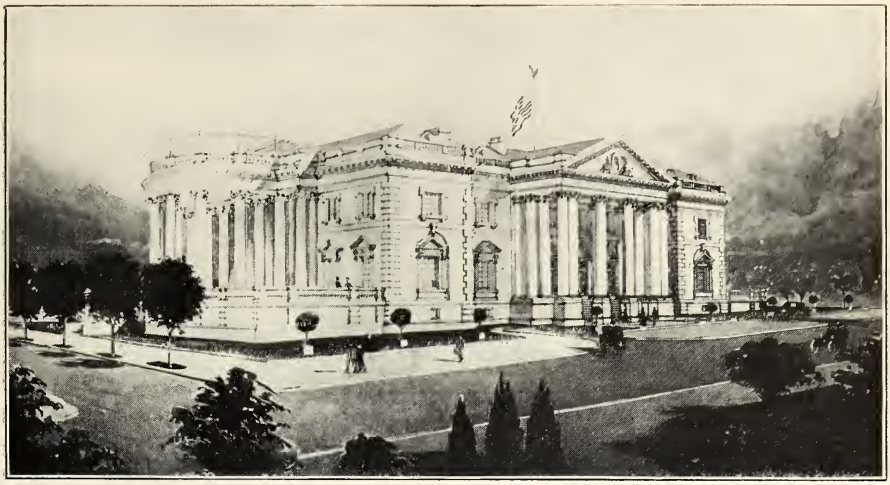
SIR CHENTUNG LIANG-CHUNG, CHINESE MINISTER, AND SECRETARY OF LEGATION, AUTOMOBILING ALONG THE POTOMAC



THE LANDIS BROTHERS, CONGRESSMEN FROM INDIANA, THE ONLY BROTHERS IN CONGRESS, SEEING ROCK RIDGE PARK

capacity, however, the Commissioners are supreme and as a political party correspond to the board of aldermen and common council of the ordinary American city. The present Board of Commissioners is composed of Henry B. F. Macfarland, Republican, President; Henry L. West, Democrat, and Colonel John Biddle, U. S. A. These Commissioners receive each a salary of $5,000 and are appointed for a period of three years. President Macfarland, who is now serving his third term, and who was for many years until quite recently Washington correspondent of the Boston Herald, was originally appointed by President McKinley, and Mr. West who is in his second service began under President Roosevelt. After Mr. West's appointment a Congressman congratulating the President upon the personnel of the board, said the most interesting thing about it was that Mr. Macfarland, who was appointed as a Republican, happened to be a Democrat, and Mr. West, who was appointed as a Democrat, happened to be a Republican, but as the political complexion of the board was not affected by this alleged paradox no harm was done. Mr. Roosevelt laughed and was probably reminded of the day when he appointed a practical railroad man as the "sociologist" member of the Commission to settle the coal strike in 1902.

It was the late Senator Ingalls



THE NEW CONTINENTAL HALL NOW BEING ERECTED BY THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

who once said on a noted occasion that "Washington is the best governed city on earth," but that is saying a good deal. There is absolutely no corruption, it is true. The city is honestly governed; that much cannot be denied. The Commissioners are men of the very highest public and personal character. There is, however, no denying the fact that municipal affairs here are managed on a good natured, easy-going, personal basis such as is characteristic of country towns. Lately the local press has begun to illuminate for the benefit of the public some of the shortcomings in the District management, calling attention particularly to the undisputed fact that the streets are badly lighted at all times, badly paved in some sections and very dirty at certain seasons of the year. Somehow Washington never has known how to keep its alleys clean and to prevent the piling of refuse and the growing of weeds on vacant lots. With all its prestige and power as the habitat of the President, the members of his cabinet, Congress and influential men of all sorts, interested in living comfortably, safely and cheaply, it has never been able to obtain, or at least enforce, an adequate law for removing snow and ice from the sidewalks.

Washington has its slums, too, and in some respects the worst known to any city in the United States. Jacob A. Riis made this lamentable fact known to the public a few years ago synchronously with telling the story to his dear friend Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Riis was in Washington lecturing on tenement house reforms and other like topics and took the President on a slumming tour, chiefly through the negro districts, where they saw things that opened the President's eyes and astonished even those who have lived in Washington all their lives. The President at once prescribed his remedy for all ills which affect the body politic, and sent a special message to Congress, but

the slums exist still, and if Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Riis should make another visit to them in this year of grace 1907 they would find things just about as they were before.

Within the past year the Board of Trade, the Business Men's Leagues and the various other organizations of shop keepers and small tradesmen generally who make the "merchants" of Washington, have revived the movement that breaks out every few years to make the Capital a "trade center." "Greater Washington" is the cry, and if there were any possibility that these men would succeed in what they are aiming at, Washington might well be considered as being confronted by a grave danger. But this city will never be a trade center. It is getting to be a rich, popular and cosmopolitan place because it possesses the advantages which trade centers do not have and none of the drawbacks which they do have. People of wealth and leisure are coming to Washington, building fine houses, investing in real estate, depositing money in the banks, and aiding the growth and importance of the city not because it promises some day to be a trade center, but because it is essentially the other thing. It is because it is a city where money is not the only idol to be worshipped, where the game of politics can be studied in its perfection, where there are libraries, art galleries, museums, parks, theatres, and where so-called society not controlled altogether by Mammon is easier of entrance than in any other city possibly in the United States.

There are men and women today living in houses that are pictured in the magazines as typical of the best that there is in modern America dining on even terms with Presidents and Cabinets and Senates; hobnobbing with diplomats and feeling as much at home as if born to the purple, who but a few years ago were earning their bread literally by the sweat of their brow, and whose names were not known beyond the confines of the city, or village or mining camp in which they lived.

Washington is a democratic city in a sense. A respectable man in a respectable suit of clothes, especially if he is single, finds it easy to enter Washington society, although he has not a dollar in his pocket. But on the other hand it is equally true that one who has nothing but his dollars can bring the fashionable social world of the Capital to his feet. This was not true fifty or even twenty-five years ago, and there is now a colony of the old families who turn up their noses at the new comers and their fine houses, with their automobiles and noise and show, and refuse to meet them. These are the cave-dwellers, and they will soon be lost and forgotten in the onrush of the New Washington. The one great drawback to the Capital city as a social center is its lack of eligible men. Debutantes and girls in their second, third and so on social seasons often go to balls in Washington in flocks and convert themselves into veritable wall-flowers, quite content if they get one dance during the entire evening. It is known to be a fact, also, that some of the most timid buds, or those who were buds, are sometimes afraid to enter the ball-room at all. They loiter in the reception rooms, knowing that where the girls outnumber the dancing men ten to

one, they have, unless they are unusually rich or unusually popular, little or no chance for a good time. The number of eligible young men in Washington is lamentably small and is growing smaller every year. There is no business here for young men beyond the rank of clerks to engage in and, except for those in the diplomatic set, the few who are here seem more opposed each year to dancing and like frivolities. Unless a debutante has the advantages mentioned she is apt to be forgotten after her first season and to make very little impression even then.

The whole atmosphere of Washington is changing. The city is growing rapidly. Its business streets are becoming lined with imposing and costly skyscrapers, homes are rapidly being erected far out in the suburbs, although there is plenty of vacant ground within the city limits, and apartment houses are being erected at a rate that is scarcely believable. Washington is probably unique in its tendency towards apartment house living. In proportion to its size it is far in advance of any other city in the world in this respect. According to the official figures it appears that there are more than five hundred apartment houses, large and small, already in Washington and they are still going up all over the city. There seems to be no limit to the confidence of those who erect them, and in view of the rush to get into them, this confidence seems not to be misplaced. Some of the finest of these "tenements" as they are provincially known, have already been planted out in the suburbs overlooking the parks and the hills, in a region that not many years ago was looked upon as a wilderness. They range all the way in size and style from the big and imposing structures with the real English name which the late Secretary Hay put up on Connecticut avenue at an expenditure of more than a million dollars, and where apartments are readily snapped up at New York prices, to the little five room family apartments well built, with all modern improvements on side streets and renting for twenty-five to thirty dollars a month.

Men who have lived here all their lives and who know the city literally like a book are at a loss to account for the causes of Washington's continued growth. The apartment house craze, violent as it is, seems not to have affected the demand for small houses, as well as large ones, and the building of both classes goes on with undiminished activity. Who occupies these houses and how they make a living, and who fill the great office buildings, none of which existed ten years ago, is a mystery not easily explained. It is not difficult to account for all the rich, distinguished and otherwise prominent people who are flocking to the Capital. They are readily located and their status understood, but who the people are living in the small houses and the moderate sized apartments that are fast crowding the city and suburbs, is a question not easily answered.

The eternal servant question is nowhere more acute than here at the capital of the nation where less than a quarter of a century ago, and indeed, until a much later date, the best class of negro servants could be had at wages that would seem ridiculously low in an eastern city

or a New England manufacturing town. But a change has taken place in this respect also. The real southern "Uncle" and "Mammy" are blessings that have long since taken their flight. The class of colored people who are still willing to act as servants are largely the triflers and the vicious of their class. They have been contaminated by the general prosperity going on about them and possibly by the discussion of their so-called elevation in the social sphere. They no longer know their place and are not willing to work for the wages with which they were for so long entirely satisfied. Moreover, as a rule they are no longer "worth their salt," and in all but the most modest establishments they have been crowded to the rear by the white servants, who, while demanding high wages and unreasonable privileges are, nevertheless, capable and willing to render an equivalent for the money paid to them. The negro servants of Washington are fast getting to be a nuisance and plainly the day is coming when those who have not educated themselves in the professions, or become skilled in the trades, will find that they have committed a very grievous mistake in making themselves undesirable as servants. Rents are still low in Washington as compared with the big cities of the country, but the markets are higher in their prices and no better in their contents than before the era of cosmopolitanism set in. Taking it all in all, the price of living in Washington today, except among the laboring classes, who are fairly well able to control their affairs according to their pocket-books, has increased at least twenty per cent. a fact which is being recognized by foreign governments, who are gradually raising the salaries and allowances of their representatives accordingly. The agitation in favor of making a horizontal increase in the salaries of Uncle Sam's government employees, in view of the increase in the cost of living, is plainly deserving of success.

The advantages which the citizens of Washington enjoy because it is the seat of government as an off-set for their inability to vote is plainly seen in the building operations under way at the present time. In addition to the vast railway projects now approaching completion, the Government has in course of construction half a dozen large buildings, the aggregate cost of which will be about fifteen million dollars, to say nothing of numerous smaller and less costly ones. The projects so long discussed with popular approval of erecting a private residence for the President and of a new home for the Supreme Court and the Department of Justice are still in abeyance, but sooner or later will be carried to perfection. Washington's future is assured and competent architectural experts, artists, authors, travelers, scientists and statesmen agree in the prediction that, thanks to Senator McMillan, the Burnham-McKim-Olmstead board, and the generosity of Congress, backed up by the sentimental patriotism of the American people, Washington will, within the memory of people now living fulfill the prediction made for her, and be in fact the most beautiful Capital of the world.

OLD KING SPRUCE

By Holman F. Day

I

"THE CHANEY MAN"

"The Chaney Man," is the first of a series of stories of the great woods of Maine under the general title, "Old King Spruce," as that consolidation of vast interests that rules the forests so grimly and autocratically in these days is called. .Though the stories will, as a matter of course, picture the rough spirit militant that dominates affairs in the woods and shows itself in strife between individuals and warfare between great rival interests, the quaint characters of the big woods, the picturesque humor, the honest sincerity of living and loving will set off the more rugged parts of the tales

AFTER a time the yelping staccato of the Honorable Pulaski D. Britt become mighty monotonous, Dwight Wade reflected. The Honorable Pulaski D. was discoursing on his favorite topic and was talking to be heard above the rattle and jangle of the shaky old passenger coach that jolted behind some freight cars.

"Forty years ago I rolled nigh onto a million feet into that brook, there," shouted the lumber baron of the Umcolcus. His knotted, hairy fist wagged under the young man's nose as he pointed at the car window, his unwholesome breath fanned warmly on Wade's cheek and, when he crowded over to look into the summer-dried stream, his bristly chin whiskers tickled his seat-mate's ear. The September day was muggy and human contact such as this disquieting. Wade shrank nearer the open window. The Honorable Pulaski did not notice the shrinking. He was accustomed to crowd folks. His self-assertiveness expected them to get out of the way.

"Yes, sir, nigh onto a million in one spring and half of it 'down pine' and sounder'n a hound's tooth. Nothing here now but sleeper stuff. It's a hundred miles to the nearest saw mill and that's where I'm cutting on Umcolcus. I tell you, I've peeled some territory in forty years, young man."

Wade looked at the red tongue licking lustfully between blue lips and then gazed on the ragged, bush-grown wastes on either side. While he had been crowding men, the Honorable Pulaski had been just as industriously crowding the forest off God's acres. The "chock" of the axe sounded in his abrupt sentences, the rasp of saws in his voice.

"We left big stumps those days." The hairy fist indicated the rotten monuments of moss-covered punk shouldering over the dwarfed bushes. "There was a lot of it ahead of us. Didn't have to be economical. Get it down and yanked to the landings—that was the game! We're cutting as small as eight inch spruce at Umcolcus now. Ain't a

mouthful for a gang saw, but they taste good to pulp grinders."

The train began to groan and jerk to a standstill and the old man dove out of his seat and staggered down the aisle, holding to the backs of the seats. At the last station he had spent ten minutes of hand-brandishing colloquy on the platform with a shingle mill boss whom he had summoned to the train by wire. He was to meet a birch mill foreman here. Wade looked out at the struggling cedars and the white birches, "the ladies of the forest," pathetic aftermath that was now falling victim to axe and saw and wondered with a flicker of grim humor in his thoughts why the Honorable Pulaski did not set crews at work cutting the bushes for hoop-poles and then clean up the last remnant into toothpicks.

"He's a driver, ain't he?" sounded a voice in his ear. An old man behind him hung his grizzled whiskers over the seat-back and pointed an admiring finger at the retreating back of the lumber baron.

Wade wished that people would let him alone. He had some thoughts—some very bitter thoughts to think alone, and the world jarred on him. The yelp of the Honorable Pulaski's monologue, that everlasting, insistent bellow of voices in the smoking car ahead where the in-going crew of Britt's hundred men for the Umcolcus cutting were trying to sing, each a different song, with drunken lustiness, and now this amiable old fool of the grizzled whiskers, stung the dull pain of his resentment at deeper troubles into sudden and almost childish anger.

"Once when I was swamping for him on Telos stream he says to me, 'Man,' he says, 'remember that the time that's lost when an axe is slicin' air ain't helping me to pay you day's wages. And I says to him, 'Mister Britt,' says I —"

Dwight Wade, college graduate, former high school principal, and at all times in the past cultured and courteous young gentleman did the first really rude and unpardonable act of his life. He twisted his chin over his shoulder, scowled into the mild, dim and watery eyes of his interlocutor and growled,

"Oh, cut it short! What in ——" He checked the naughty expletive and snapped himself up and across the aisle and slammed down into another seat. The red came over his face. He did not dare to look back at the old man. He hearkened to the rip-roaring chorus in the smoking car and reflected that as the new time-keeper at the Umcolcus cutting he was now one of "Britt's Busters" and that the demoralization of the license of the the great north woods must have entered into his nature thus early. He grunted a little snort of disgust at himself under his breath and hunched his head down between his shoulders.

In his nasty state of mind he glowered at a passenger who came into the car at the front. It was a girl and a pretty girl at that. She nodded a cheery greeting to the old man of the grizzled whiskers and with the smile still dimpling her pink cheeks flashed one glance at Wade. It was not a bold look and yet there was the least bit of challenge in it. The sudden pout on her lips might have been at thought of confiding her fresh,

crisp skirts to the dusty seat; and yet, when she turned and shot one more quick look at the young man's sour countenance, the pout curled into something like disdain and a little shrug of her shoulders hinted that she had not met the look that she was accustomed to find on the faces of young men who saw her for the first time.

While Wade was gazing gloomily and abstractedly at the fair profile and the nose, tip-tilted a wee bit above the big white bow of her veil tied under her chin, one of the crew lurched from the door of the smoking car, scruffed off his hat and bowed extravagantly. He had to clutch the brake wheel to keep himself from falling. But his voice was still his own. He broke out lustily:

"Oh, there ain't no girl, no pretty
little girl,
That I have left behind me.
I'm all cut loose for to wrassle with
the spruce,
Way up where she can't find me.
Oh, there ain't no——"

An angry face appeared over his shoulder in the door of the smoker, two big hands clutched his throat, jammed the melody into a hoarse squawk and then the songster went tumbling backward into the car and out of sight.

Almost immediately his muscular suppressor crossed the platform and came into the coach, snatching the little round hat off the back of his head as he entered. Wade knew him. His employer had introduced them at the junction, as two who should know each other. It was Colin MacLeod, the "boss."

"And Prince Edward's Island never turned out a smarter," the Honorable Pulaski had said, not deigning to make an aside of his remarks. "Landed four million of the Umcolcus logs on the ice this spring, busted her with dynamite, let hell and the drive loose, licked every pulp-wood boss that got in his way with their kindlings, and was the first into Pea Cove boom with every log on the scale sheet. That's this boy!" And he fondled the young giant's arm like a butcher appraising beef.

Wade had paid little attention to him then. With his ridged jaw muscles, his hard gray eyes and the bullying cock of his head, he was only a part of the ruthlessness of the woods. But now as he came up the car aisle, his face flushed, his eyes eager, his embarrassment wrinkling on his forehead Wade looked at him with the sudden thought that the boss of the "Busters" was merely a boy after all.

"It was only Tommy Eye, Miss Nina," explained MacLeod, his voice trembling, his asbashed admiration shining in his face. "He's just out of jail, you know." He looked at Wade and then at the old man of the grizzled whiskers and raised his voice as though to gain a self-possession he did not feel in his tete-a-tete. "Tommy always gets into jail after the drive is down. He's spent seventeen summers in jail and is proud of it."

"But there ain't no better teamster ever pushed on the webbin's," said the old man, admiration for all the folks of the woods still unflagging.

The girl did not display the same enthusiasm, either for Tommy Eye's mishaps or for the bashful giant

who stood shifting from foot to foot beside her seat.

"Crews going into the woods ought to be nailed up in box cars, that's what father says. And when they go through Castonia settlement I wish they were in crates, the same as they ship bears."

"How is your father since spring?" asked the young boss stammeringly, trying to appear unconscious of her scorn.

"Oh, he's all right," she returned carelessly, patting her hand on her lips to repress a yawn.

"And is every one in Castonia all right?"

"You can ask them when you get there," she replied, a bit ungraciously.

"I tell you, I was pretty surprised to see you get aboard the train down here at Bomazeen. I ——"

She canted her head suddenly and looked sideways at him with an expression half satiric, half indignant.

"Do you think that all the folks who ever go anywhere in this world are river drivers and——" she shot a quick and disparaging glance at the still glowering Wade——"drummers?"

MacLeod noticed the look and its scorn with delight and grasped at this opportunity to get outside the platitudes of conversation. But in his eagerness to be newsmonger he did not soften his "outdoor voice," deepened by many years of bellowing above the roar of white water.

"Oh, that ain't a drummer. That's Britt's new 'chaney man'—the time-keeper and the wangan store clerk." MacLeod knew that a girl born and bred in Castonia settlement, on the edge of the great forest, needed no explanation of "chaney man," the only man in a logging crew who could sleep till daylight and didn't come out in the spring with callous marks on his hands as big as dimes. But he seemed to be hungry for an excuse to stay there beside her where he could raptly gaze down on the brown hair looped over her forehead, upon her radiantly fair face, and could catch a glimpse of the white teeth. "Britt was tellin' me on the side that he's been teachin' school or something like that and ——say, you've heard of old Barrett who controls all the stumpage on the Chamberlain waters—that rich old feller? Well, Britt being hitched up with Barrett more or less and knowin' all about it——"

Wade was now upright in his seat, but the absorbed foreman, catching at last a gleam of interest in the gray eyes upraised to his did not notice.

"——Britt says that Mister School teacher, there, went to work and fell in love with Barrett's girl and now she's goin' to marry a rich feller in the lumberin' line that her dad picked out for her, and instead of goin' to war or to sea like——"

Wade, maddened, sick at heart, furious at the old tattler who had thus canvassed his poor secret with his boss, had tried twice to cry an interruption. But his voice stuck in his throat.

Now he leaped up, leaned far over the seat-back in front of him and shouted, his face purple, his eyes goggling,

"That's enough of that, you pup!"

In the sudden, astonished silence the old man dragged his fingers through his grizzled whiskers and whined plaintively,

"Ain't he peppery, though, about anybody talking? He shet me up, too!"

"It's *my* business you are mouthing," shouted Wade, with a thud of his fist into the air. "You drop it."

MacLeod, pretty thoroughly primordial in his instincts, lost sight of the provocation he had given and thought only of the rebuff he had suffered in the presence of the female he was seeking to attract. He had no apology on his tongue or in his heart.

"It will take a better man than you to trig talk that I'm makin'," he retorted. "This isn't a district school where you are licked if you whisper!" He sneered as he said it, and took one step up the aisle.

With the bitter anger that had been burning in him for many days now fanned into the white heat of Berserker rage, Wade thrust out of his seat. Between them sat the girl, looking from one to the other, her cheeks paling, her lips apart.

At the moment, with a drunken man's instinctive knowledge of ripe occasions, Tommy Eye lurched out once more on the smoker platform and began to carol the lay that had consoled him on so many trips from town:

> "Oh, there ain't no girl, no pritty little girl,
> That I have left behind me."

There sounded the clang of the engine bell far to the front. There was the premonitory and approaching jangle of shacklings, as car after car took up its slack.

"Look after your man, there, MacLeod," cried the girl. "The yank will throw him off."

"Let him go, then!" gritted the foreman. The flame in Wade's eyes was like the red torch of battle to him. Not for years had a man dared to give him that look.

Suddenly the car sprang forward under their feet as the last shackle snapped taut. The boss was driven toward Wade and let himself be driven. He raised his fists as he started. The other braced himself, blind in his fury, realizing at last the nature of the lust that appeases bitter grudge against the world by hammering fists on flesh.

A squall, fairly demoniac in intensity stopped them. MacLeod recognized the voice and even his passion for battle was quelled. When the Honorable Pulaski D. Britt, baron of the Umcolcus, yelled in that fashion it meant obedience, and obedience instanter. On this occasion the squall was reinforced by a shriek from the girl. And MacLeod whirled, dropping his fists.

There on the platform stood Britt, clutching the limp and soggy Tommy Eye by the slack of his jacket. The Honorable Pulaski, jealous of every second of time, had remained in conversation to the last with his birch foreman. He stepped aboard just as Tommy, jarred from his feet, was pitching off the other side of the platform. The Honorable Pulaski grabbed for him and held on, at the imminent risk of his own life. Already both of them were leaning far out, for Tommy Eye, in the blissful calm of his spirit, was making no effort to help himself.

In an instant MacLeod was down the car aisle and had pulled both back to safety.

"Why in blastnation ain't you staying in this hog car, here, where you belong, you long-legged P. I. steer?" roared the old man, his anger ready the moment his fright subsided. "What do I hire you for? You came near letting me lose the best teamster in my whole crew. Now get into that car and stay in that car till we get to the end of this railroad."

He put his hands against MacLeod's breast and shoved him backward into the door where Tommy Eye, grinning in fatuous ignorance of the danger he had passed through had just disappeared ahead of him. The angry shame of a man cruelly humiliated twisted MacLeod's features but he allowed his imperious despot to push him into the car, casting a last anguished look at the girl. Britt slammed the door and stood on the platform, bracing himself by a hand on either side the casing, and peered through the dingy glass to make sure that his crew was now under proper discipline.

"He's a driver and a master," piped up Grizzly Whiskers, with the appositeness of a Greek chorus. "There's the song about him, ye know:

> "'Oh, the night that I was married,
> the night that I was wed,
> Up there come Pulaski Britt and stood
> at my bed-head.
> Said he, "Arise, young married man
> and come along o' me
> Where the waters of Umcolcus they
> do roar along so free."'"

"I'll bet he went, at that," volunteered a man further back in the car. "When Britt is after men he gits 'em and when he gits 'em he uses 'em. Mr. Britt," he shouted down the car aisle as the old man entered, "that was brave work you done in savin' Tommy's life."

"Go to the devil with your compliments," snapped Britt. "If it wasn't that I was losing my best teamster I wouldn't have put out my little finger to save him from mince meat."

He saw the girl, turned over a seat to face her, and began to fire rapid questions at her regarding her father and mother and the latest news of Castonia settlement. When the conversation languished, as it did soon on account of the inattention of the young woman, the Honorable Pulaski caught the still flaming eye of Dwight Wade and crooked his finger to summon him. Wade merely scowled the deeper. The Honorable Pulaski serenely disregarded this malevolence as a probable optical illusion and when Wade did not start beckoned again.

"Come here, you!" he bellowed, "Can't you see that I want you?"

With new accession of fury at being thus baited the young man started up, resolved to take his employer aside and free his mind on that matter of newsmongering. But the bluff and busy tyrant was first, as he always was in all his dealings with men.

"Here, Wade," he shouted, "you shake hands with the prettiest girl in the north country. This is Miss Nina Ide and this is my new timekeeper, Dwight Wade. He's going to find that there's more in lumbering than there is in being a college dude or teaching a school. Sit down, Wade."

"Entertain this young lady," he commanded. "She don't want to talk with old chaps like me. Her father—well, I reckon you know her father! Oh, you don't? Well, he's first assessor of Castonia settlement, runs the roads, the schools and the town, has the general store and the post-office and this pretty daughter that all the boys are in love with."

And at the end of this delicate introduction he pushed brusquely between them and went back to talk with his admirer in the rear of the car.

Wade looked into the gray eyes of the girl sullenly. There was an angry sparkle in her gaze.

"Well, Mr. Wade, you may think from what that old fool said that I'm suffering to be entertained. If you think any such thing you can change your mind and go about your business."

She had not a city bred woman's self-poise, he thought. Her manner was that of the country belle, spoiled the least bit by flattery and attention. And yet, as he gazed at her, he reflected that he had never seen fairer skin to set off the angry red of cheeks of outraged beauty. There was something alluring in the absolute whiteness of her teeth peeping under the curve of her lip—in the nose the least bit retroussé—in the looped locks of brown hair crossing her temples. He decided that the lack of a city woman's reserve was in this case no fatal defect. Yet there was no admiration in his gaze.

"I hope you won't hold me guilty of being the intruder," he said coldly.

"Not if you move your brogans over to some seat where there is more room for them," she returned with a click of her white teeth that had mild savagery about it. This young man who was in love with some one else and who had scowled so much at her was decidedly not to her liking, she decided, in spite of his regular features, his firm chin, his aristocratic mouth unhidden by beard, and his brown eyes.

Wade flushed, rose, bowed with hat lifted to a rather ironical height and took his seat alone, well to the front of the car. He saw MacLeod's baleful face framed in the little window of the smoking car's door. For mile after mile, as the train jangled on, it remained there. The menace of the expression, the challenge in the attitude and this insolent espionage, all following the insults of his gossiping tongue wrought upon the young man's feelings like a file on metal. As his resentment gnawed, it was in his mind to go and smash his fist through the little window into the middle of that lowering countenance.

To him came the Honorable Pulaski, bristling and bustling.

"They're telling me back there, young man, that you and Colin came near to having some sort of rumpus a little while ago. Now I can't have anything of that sort going on among my men. You mind *your* business. I'll make *him* mind *his*. But what's it all about, anyway? What were you, going to fight like roosters at sight?"

Wade looked at him, at his pompous red face and into his eyes with their yellowish sclerotic and choked back the recrimination he had in-

tended. The thought of opening his heart's poor secret by bandying words with this man made him quiver.

"As well talk to a Durham bull," he gritted behind his set teeth.

"Why, you poor college dude," went on his employer, scornfully, "Colin MacLeod would break you in two and use you to taller his boots, a piece in each hand. You're hired to keep books and peddle wangan stuff according to the prices marked. They'll call you the 'chaney man!' Keep your place where you belong. Don't go to stacking muscle against the boss of the Busters."

The former center of Burton College football eleven at the Honorable Pulaski's side stiffened his muscles and set his nails into his palms to keep from hot retort. What was the use? What did college training avail if it didn't help a gentleman to hold his tongue in the presence of the vulgar?

"Now remember what I've told you," directed Britt; "and I'll go and set MacLeod to the right-about, so that you won't have to be afraid of him if you mind your own business."

He went away into the smoking car. Between the opening and the closing of the door there puffed out louder jargon of the orgie. It then settled into its dull diapason of maudlin voices.

For the rest of the journey to the end of the forest railroad spur Wade sat and looked out into the hopeless and ragged ruin left by the axes. The sight fitted with his mood. Britt, back from his interview with MacLeod and serene in the power of the conscious autocrat sat by himself and figured endlessly with a stubby lead pencil. Wade looked around only once at the girl. When he did he caught her looking at him and she immediately snapped her eyes away indignantly.

At last the engine gave a long shriek that wailed away in echoes among the stumps. It was a different note from its careless yelps at the infrequent crossings.

"Here we are!" bellowed Britt, cheerfully, stuffing away his papers and coming up the car for his little grip. He stopped opposite Wade.

"Remember what I told you about minding your own business," he commanded brusquely. "You may be a college graduate, but MacLeod is your boss. He won't hurt you if you keep your place!"

In medicine there are cumulative poisons—the effect of small doses repeated at considerable intervals amounting in the end to a single large dose.

In matters of heart, temper and moral restraint there are cumulative poisons, too. Dwight Wade, struggling up as the train jolted to a halt, felt that this last inconsiderate insult—coming as it did out of that brusque, rough, sneering, culture-despising spirit of the woods, here exemplified in Pulaski D. Britt, had put the end to self-restraint. It was the same brusque, money-worshipping, intolerant spirit of the woods that had sounded in John Barrett's voice when he had sneered at Wade's pretensions to his daughter's hand. There it was now in those roaring voices in the smoking car. And yet he had come to it—hating it—fleeing from the sight of men of his kind when his little temple of love had fallen, and society

had jeered at him behind his back! He wondered why, now. Of course there was poverty, first of all. Even a stricken lover, leaving his little world, must think of bread and butter when he is six feet in his stockings, an athlete and endowed with an appetite 'cording to. Yes, the money had something to do with it. But underneath there was that desire to be something else than the "student" that John Barrett had contemptuously turned down, to accept a suitor who had coined money from the life blood of the trees. If such were the men to win girls like Lyde Barrett he would be one. In the tumult of his first grief the course had seemed logical. It seemed silly now. He looked through the dirty car windows at the little shacks of the railroad terminus, heard the bellow of voices, gritted his teeth in ungovernable rage at Britt's last words and determined to—well, he hardly knew what he did propose to do.

But it would be something to show them all that he could no longer be bossed, and insulted, and put upon and jeered at—all in that bumptious, braggadocio, bucko spirit of the woods!

Both platforms of the cars were swarming with men—men with hard, flushed faces, men rigged out in queer garb—wool leggings, wool jackets striped off in bizarre colors or checked like crazy horse blankets. Each man in sight carried heavy brogan shoes hung about his neck by the lacings. The boots had spikes in the soles and a new State law made it a misdemeanor to wear such shoes in a railroad train, on a steamer or in a hotel.

They were singing in fairly good time and Wade listened to the words despite himself.

"Oh, here we come from the Kay-ni-beck,
With our old calk boots slung round our necks,
Here we come—yas, a-here we come,
A hundred men and a jug of rum.
WHOOP-fa-dingo,
Old Prong Jones!"

The girl passed Wade, going down the aisle before he left his seat. He came behind her. But they were obliged to wait at the door. The men crowded close upon both platforms. Each man had a meal sack stuffed with his possessions. They were all elbowing each other and the result was a congestion that the kicks of the Honorable Pulaski and the cuffings of Colin MacLeod did little to break.

The Boss of the Busters kept stealing glances at the girl as though to challenge her notice and perhaps her admiration as she saw him thus a master of men.

It was then that the spirit of anger and rebellion seething in Dwight Wade—the cumulative poison of his many insults—stirred him to bitter provocation in his own turn.

The girl carried a heavy leather suit case and now, waiting for the press of men to escape from the car, she leaned it against a seat and sighed in weariness and vexation.

With quiet masterfulness Wade took it from her hand and smiled into the astonished gray eyes that flashed back over her shoulder at him. It was a smile that not even a maiden, offended as she had been could resist.

"I will assist you to—to— I believe it is a stage coach that carries

us from here," he said. "I pray you to allow me to do that much in order that you may not remember me simply as a boor who forgot himself for a moment in his own troubles."

Both of them caught the look of fury that MacLeod bent on them. Now the girl bridled under this surly espionage.

"I thank you," she returned, smiling at her squire with a little exaggeration of cordiality. And when at last the platforms were cleared they stepped out, still chatting.

All about them men were kneeling, fastening the latchets of their spike-sole shoes.

"Rod Ide's gal has got a new mash!" hiccoughed one burly chap, leering up at them as they passed. At the instant MacLeod, at their heels, struck the man brutally across the mouth, shouldered Wade roughly and spoke to the girl, his round hat crumpled in his big fist.

"Miss Nina," he stammered, "I'm —I'm sorry for forgetting that you were in that car a while back. But you know I ain't used to takin' talk of that sort. So, let me see you safe aboard the stage, like an old friend should."

He whirled and made a savage dab at the handle of the valise. Wade, looking for the movement, shifted it to his other hand.

"This gentleman will look after me," said the girl. She tried to be calm, but her voice trembled. A city woman, confident of the regard due to woman, would not have feared so acutely. But Nina Ide, bred on the edge of the forest, was accustomed to see the brute in man spurn restraint. The passions flaming in the eyes of these two were familiar to her. She expected little more from the gentleman in the way of consideration for her feelings, than she did from the lumber-jack. "You go along about your business, Colin," she said, hastily. "I can attend to mine."

"Give me that," gritted the boss, his eyes red under their meeting brows. In his rage he forgot the deference due the woman.

"See if you can take it!" gritted back the other. With him the girl was only the means to the end that his whole nature now lusted for. He forgot her.

Wade looked for the young giant to strike. But the woods duello has its vagaries.

MacLeod lifted one heavy shoe and drove its spiked sole down upon Wade's foot, the brads puncturing the thin leather. With his foe thus anchored he clutched for the valise. But ere his victim had time to strike, the furious, flaming, bristling face of the Honorable Pulaski was between theirs, and his elbows, hard as pine knots, drove them apart with wicked thrustings. As they staggered back the old lumber baron, used to playing the tyrant mediator, grabbed an axe from the nearest man of the crew.

"I'll brain the one that lifts a finger," he howled. "What did I tell you about this? Who is running this crew? Whose money is paying you? Back into your corners, you hounds!"

Once more, though he gasped in the pure madness of his rage, MacLeod was cowed by his despot. He turned and began marshaling the crew aboard great wagons that were waiting at the station.

"You take your seat in that

wagon, young man," roared Britt, vibrating that hateful, hairy fist under Wade's nose. "We'll see about all this later! Get onto that wagon!"

At the opposite side of the station was the mail stage, a dusty, rusty conveyance with a lurching canopy of cracked leather above its four seats and four doleful-looking horses waiting the snap of the driver's whip.

Without a word to Britt, Wade led the way to the coach and set the suit case between the seats. He limped as he walked and his teeth were set in pain.

He gave his hand to the girl and she silently accepted the assistance and took her place in the coach.

Then he turned to meet the fiery gaze of the Honorable Pulaski who had followed close on their heels, choking with expletives.

"I reckon I see through this, now," he growled. "Trying to cut out the cleanest feller in the Uncolcus with your dude airs! But Rod Ide's girl ain't to be fooled by city notions. She knows a man when she sees him." He chucked a thumb over his shoulder in the direction of MacLeod, busy with the laggard men. "Go aboard there where you belong. Those are my wagons to haul my men. Go aboard and let this be the end of your meddling, young man."

"You just speak for yourself and attend to your business, Mr. Britt," cried the girl with a spirit that cowed even the tyrant's bluster. "'Rod Ide's girl,' as you call her, can choose all her own affairs, and you needn't scowl at me, for I'm not on your payroll and I'm not afraid of you."

She turned to Wade with real gentleness in her tones.

"I'm afraid he hurt you. It's a rough country up here. If you hadn't been trying to help me it wouldn't have happened. He had no right to—" she checked herself suddenly and her cheeks flamed.

"That wasn't a fair twit about my sticking my nose into your affairs, Miss Nina," protested Britt, and turning from her he visited his rage vicariously on his time-keeper, taking him by the arm and starting to drag him. "I told you to get aboard," he rasped. "And when my men that I hire don't do as I tell 'em to do, I kick 'em aboard—and a timekeeper is no better than a swamper with me when he leaves this railroad. You want to understand those things and save lots of trouble."

"You take your hand off my arm, Mr. Britt," said the young man. He did not speak loudly but there was something in his voice that impressed the Honorable Pulaski, who knew men.

"Now," resumed Wade, "for reasons of my own and that I don't propose to explain, I am going to ride to Castonia settlement on this mail stage."

"It's safe to go on the wagon," persisted Britt, more mildly. "I tell you, if you mind your own business I won't let him lick you."

With face gray and rigid at the insult that the old man couldn't understand, Wade opened his mouth, then shut it, turned his back and climbed aboard the coach. The girl moved along the seat to the farther end as he started, and gropingly and blindly without

thought as to where he was sitting he took the place beside her.

He remembered that as they drove away Britt shook that hairy fist at him and that some rude roysterer on the wagons lilted some doggerel about "the chaney man." And through a sort of red mist he saw the face of Colin MacLeod.

They were miles along the rough road before he looked at the girl. At the movement of his head she turned her own and in the piquant face above the big white bow of the veil he saw real sympathy. He did not speak, but he looked into her clear eyes—eyes that had the country girl's spirit and resourcefulness beyond her years—and felt a certain comfort in doing so.

"Mr. Wade," she said at last, "I'm only nineteen years old, but up in Castonia settlement we see what men are without the wrappings on them. I don' know much about real society, but I've read about it and I guess society women get sort of dazzled by the outside polish and don't see things very clear. But up our way, with what they see of men, girls get to be women young. You are a college graduate and a school-teacher and all that, and I am only nineteen years old—but—well, it just seems natural for me—knowing some things that I didn't ask to know—it seems to me I can't help reaching over like this——"

She patted his arm.

"And what I feel like saying is, 'poor boy!'"

There was such vibrant sympathy in her voice that though he set his teeth, clinched his hands and summoned all his resolution, his nervous strain slackened and the tears came into his eyes—tears that had been slowly welling since he turned from John Barrett's door.

"I don't blame ye much for squizzlin' a little," broke in the stage driver who saw this emotion without catching the conversation. "He did bring his huck down solid when he stamped. But I've been calked myself and a tobacker poultice allus does the business for me—northin' better for p'isen in a wound."

The "chaney man" reached his hand to the girl under the shelter of the seat-back.

"Shake!" he said simply. "I've come up here to stay a while and it's good to feel that I've got one friend that's—that's a woman."

"And you——" she faltered and paused to listen, lips apart.

"I've come to stay awhile," he repeated grimly.

He listened, too.

Far behind them they heard the dull rumble of the heavy wagons over the ledges. The raucous howling of the revellers had something wolf-like about it. It seemed to close the line of retreat. Ahead were the big woods, looming darkly on the mountain ridges—that vast region of Man to Man, and the devil take the weak.

And again he said, not boastingly, but with a quiet setting of his tense jaw muscles,

"I have come to stay awhile."

The second story of this series, "For the Honor of Britt's Busters," will appear in the March number.

Some Dangers in our Educational System and How to Meet Them

By G. Stanley Hall.

A GREAT majority of the intelligent men and women who make public opinion in this country have usually regarded our educational system with predominant pride and satisfaction. It has not been deemed perfect, but its defects have been compared to spots on the sun. Within a few years, however, new discontents have arisen and criticisms and dangers were never more emphasized or urged from more points of view than now. From the kindergarten to the university, confidence in things as they are has waned and disparity between demands or needs on the one hand and accomplishments on the other his increased and our short-comings appeared more fundamental. Part of this growing discontent is due to the fact that education has become an absorbing theme for more of the intelligent minds outside the teaching profession than ever before and hence higher standards have been set. So far as the unsettling of the snug complacency we often hear in teachers' meetings is due to this cause, the result is almost wholly good. We find the same thing to-day in France and in Great Britain as well as here, for there education has rapidly grown to be a leading theme for statesmen, economists and moralists. Had our system remained stationary or had it steadily improved, only at a less rapid rate than the quality of this most enlightened opinion, this volume of criticism would have increased and been favorable for growth. The new demands made on the school to help nations onward in the ever hotter competition for industrial and commercial supremacy, to improve the quality of citizenship and elevate the standards of private and social morals should, of course, always be welcomed. But all this has not only caused new demands to be made upon the school, but has brought out in the strong light of contrast between ideals and achievements certain growing evils and deteriorations some of which are more marked here than in any other of the leading countries of the world. Thus the educational situation here is grave.

Among these distinctly decadent tendencies is the alarming predominance of female teachers that at the present rate of increase will in less than another generation make the male teacher of children below fourteen or fifteen as extinct as the dodo. While the woman's influence is best in the nursery or kin-

dergarten, even here man should not be entirely excluded and his influence is more needed as we go up the grades. The home is nature's paradigm, where the mother's tenderness and the father's authority temper each other. In the old days when men did most of the teaching, severe methods and the rod were excessively in vogue, but now, both are only vanishing remainders and under the regime of women, sympathy and sentiment rule and the gospel of love has obscured and almost obliterated the sternness of law. I brought home last summer the standard cane used in London for flogging boys by men and girls up to their fourteenth year by women. It is two feet, four inches long and about the size of my little finger. The law carefully prescribes the place and manner of its application. This punishment is inflicted after statement of the offence, on the average, about once per week in the schools I saw, in the presence of other pupils and sometimes of the parents, if they desire to be present, and record is kept of the number of blows, the cause, name and age of the pupil, with the signature of the teacher wielding the rod and of the head teacher and these records are preserved for five years, at the expiration of which they are destroyed. In the beneficence of the system, I found only enthusiastic belief by every master and mistress I talked with. Judicious punishment is only anticipatory seeking to avoid the severer later penalties of nature and society, compared to which temporary dermal pain is insignificant. Here the womanly sentiment against it too often dominates and the feelings of the few men who remain in the grades is so feminized that too often saveable children are spoiled by sparing the rod. In England, a head mistress of 34 years experience with the rod, told me she had never heard of one case where the parent objected. This is a wholesome comment upon public confidence in its justice and usefulness. Again, teaching can never become a profession with women to the same extent as with men because most women must leave if they marry, while statistics show that marriage of male teachers during incumbency attaches them only more firmly to their vocation. Most young women expect to marry and they know that if they do so, they will, as a rule, cease to teach either by statute or because of domestic cares or of maternity. This brings a feeling that the occupation is tentative and provisional as it is indeed in about the same degree with men, though for very different reasons. The young woman teacher rarely looks forward to a larger wage in any other calling and is far more rarely than the male teacher earning money to study a profession. Hence, if there were as great predominance of male as there is of female teachers, the transiency of the former in the profession would cause evils of the same magnitude as those due to the brevity and uncertainty of the woman's career in this field. As a rule, too, men who remain in the profession must support families, while most women teachers remain unmarried and hence will always underbid men and outnumber them. Hence, on economic principles, the disparity of the sexes

is likely to increase and we are here facing a condition likely to be permanent.

Again, many critics think we do too much for the children and make everything too easy for them and their parents. In many parts of Europe, school fees are now often insisted on chiefly because of the belief that parents will be less likely to appreciate what costs them nothing. If every week, month, or quarter the latter must send in a few pence or shillings or be penalized, they feel nearer to the school than if it is supported solely from public grants to which they contribute only indirectly by paying their taxes. Thus, we are now often told that the boasted freedom of American schools is more imaginary than real, and tends to the sentiment that education is a gift which can be demanded of the state, rather than a local extension of the home. Thus we provide buildings, often sumptuous compared with the child's home surroundings, where he forms associations and habits that make home seem dull by contrast, so that whenever the boys and especially the girls leave they are discontented with their environment, perhaps restless, too proud to drudge, too poor to dress up to their taste and find that their education is too impractical to enable them to begin ahead of their companions of equal age who cut their schooling short and began at the bottom in the harder school of life.

We not only open the public school freely to all, but we provide free text-books, special apparatus, transportation and partial board for rural pupils who live at a distance, sometimes lunches, baths, half fares, excursions, medical care, at least of eyes and teeth, and occasionally provision is made for presentable clothes for the very poor. We seek, too, to make everything easy and interesting, try to simplify our spelling, provide pictures, stereopticons and gratuitous entertainments, have portable school houses taken down and set up near the children place after place. We establish juvenile courts, where every extenuation is given the fullest force. A bill was presented last year to one of our state legislatures to appropriate $17,000,000 to educate all legitimate white children at public expense, to send all boys who desired through the state university and the girls through the normal school. We distribute seeds to children who will take them home or plant them near by and teach them how to cultivate gardens, dispatch trains from Washington with scientific lectures from the rear platform, telling farmers how to cultivate better crops and giving them seeds and sending them government publications. In many places, nurses are sent to public kindergartens and often to homes teaching parents how to cook, prepare for childbirth, prepare milk for nurslings, etc., and giving free samples. Our labor laws prevent children from work until an age that is steadily growing in different localities and for various callings and is sometimes already too high and invade the home more and more with hygienic, moral and socialistic legislation and even send the child home and to bed when curfew rings.

Already many are coming to be-

lieve this kind of paternalism has gone far enough. One recent writer opines that under this regime the home is dwindling and parents are committing their responsibilities to the state which may eventually have to do everything for the child. In Germany, a law has lately been drafted to fine the mother who does not nurse her infants, but who could do so and to double this fine for all her friends who dissuade her from nursing, when a physician says she can do so. A state on the upper Mississippi proposes a government department of marriage inspection to prevent the unfit from entering into wedlock and in England, Galton would endow by bonuses to the poor but fit who will take its hazards. Municipal baby incubators have been advocated and in one place have been provided. Are we drifting toward a new phalanstery or a platonic stirpicultural state? How far should we coax, coerce, wheedle the young and ignorant to do what we deem best? Free gifts in lavish profusion tend to seem cheap or to be demanded as rights. Unwise charity keeps alive some who ought to be eliminated in the wholesome struggle of the best to survive. Many laws like the above are very easy to draft and to pass, but are almost impossible to enforce, while provisions requiring attendance and compelling hygiene can always be successfully evaded, unless they are re-enforced by inner conviction.

How do children themselves react to our lavish provisions? Truancy and illiteracy, if they are decreasing in favored locations, are stationary or increasing in others. In the High School grades, half the boys who enter leave before graduation, partly because Latin and Algebra seem too hard or dry after their first easy stages and so school loses interest. I have lately asked nearly two dozen teachers of school gardening, raffia work and carpentry how many children took to it and nearly all the answers have been the same; great zest for a short time till the novelty wore off, then progressive apathy and quest for other new interests and frequent coercion needful near the end of the course. There is too much evasion of hard, continuous work and this is sometimes carried to the point of revolt. A Latin class lately rebelled against a teacher who set lessons longer, as the old text-books showed, than those given the previous class. The teacher won, but became so unpopular that he left at the end of the year. In three schools last year, my clippings show, pupils boycotted teachers thought to be severe or exacting by refusing to attend school till he or she was dismissed. The pupils' complaints appeared in print in the local papers and this gave dignity to their ridiculous case. In two places they were supported by the majority of the parents, and at least in one case, a teacher, who appeared to be superior, had to leave. One well-equipped manual training school reports so far 2,437 graduates, of whom only sixty-four have entered trades along the lines of work contemplated by the courses of the school. Captain Robert Evans found the Boston High School graduates so physically unfit for sea-naval service that he has described in print the pathos of re-

jection of slender boys, dressed better than the parents who accompanied them, and is said to have declared in private and in language characteristically emphatic, but unprintable, that the High Schools turning out such products should be burned. One large county in a state on the Pacific Coast had a year ago such abundant harvests and found so few who were willing to gather them, that girls and women went into the field and a law was proposed to jail all those who would not work at three dollars a day. A no less drastic measure was proposed in another Pacific state where 2,000 hop pickers were wanted, but could not be induced to enter the field and in both cases the cause of this reluctance was attributed, not so much to absence of laborers, as to indisposition to work, which whether rightly or wrongly was charged up against the school. No less than three judges in one of the largest eastern states have lately handed down decisions that compulsory education laws as framed upon the Statute were unconstitutional. In the South, the opinion seems to be gaining ground that education has contributed to make the negro lazy and to feel above hard work. At a recent mid-session hearing by a legislative committee in Boston, one man reported that it had been unanimously voted in town meeting that the presence of a certain college, over a century old, was undesirable, while a representative from another college town reported that in his belief the institution was a damage to the town. Again the school is criticised from the standpoint of health. It is admitted that between three and four million school children in this country have defective eyesight and this is often, with no adequate justification, said to be due to the school. There are several hundred thousand juvenile delinquencies, petty and grave, also ascribed to the school. We have had in the last few years in several large cities like Chicago, Louisville and elsewhere outbreaks of hoodlumism and occasionally almost carnivals of crime, that sporadic as they are, may well give us pause. Education has been so commended as a short cut to success, that a popular impression has arisen in too many quarters that going to school is a mode of learning how to live respectably without hard work. Exceptional and extreme as many of the above items are, they have served to somewhat impair our confidence in the beneficence of education as at present organized and administered and have in serious minds raised the question whether or not the school is doing all that it ought or can do for the health and morals of the children and is contributing as much as its cost justifies us in expecting to national prosperity.

Nor is this all. This year nearly 1,400,000 emigrants have landed on our shores, mostly of the wage earning class, for we exclude paupers, criminals and the diseased. The children of these newcomers must be taught our language and infected with the spirit of our institutions. In some schools, half a dozen tongues are spoken and teaching must therefore be of the most rudimentary character and chiefly English. To a stranger who formed his impressions from the better paid and trained professionals who at-

tend teachers' meetings, we seem well equipped. But, in fact, about half of the teachers of the country are girls too poorly paid to even go to the great meetings, and nearly one-third leave the profession every year. Only some twenty-five per cent of all have had normal training, a third of whom are paid a less annual wage than an unskilled laborer on the roads and sewers. How can we cope with all these difficulties with an army of raw recruits who enlist but for three years? Again we make little provision to pension even those highest and longest in the service and rarely have differential scales based on the vast difference of ability or efficiency, such as exist in private business. In some places teachers are drifting toward a trade union spirit and combine to enforce better pay, usually only too sadly needed and we have long had educational rings and it is not impossible that pedagogic walking delegates, boycotts and lockouts may come. By general consensus, our pupils in the middle grades are from one to three years behind those of equal grade and age in Germany. Our school boards change rapidly and the method of their selection leaves much to be desired. The head of one of the largest American text-book publishing houses lately confided to me that in his opinion it was now impossible to publish a really good text-book that would be adopted, that most were more diluted and elementary than was the case ten years ago and that their general quality was deteriorating. Our teachers are prone to be lesson-setters and hearers and markers and not true teachers who impart knowledge from their own stores. In this, its highest sense, the practice of teaching is declining, nor does the personality of the teacher have the respect and soul compelling quality that it once had. We still teach many dead subjects which never enter into the warp and woof of life, but are forgotten after leaving school, that are of no use for conduct individually or for service to the community. Especially in the East, the High School too often fits for college rather than for life, or prepares the few to go on with their studies, when the great majority do not do so. In both secondary and academic grades, the average quality of minds have declined as numbers have increased. This is because once only the best who intended to make a livelihood out of what they got from their education went on, whereas now it is more a matter of course for others not intending a specific intellectual career to enter and graduate. Perhaps this change is most marked in the public High School in which years ago only a few picked girls who were very much in earnest took the courses, whereas now, girls go through in platoons. Our democratic atmosphere, too, inclines our teachers to spend most efforts on the pupils in the lower rather than on those of the upper half of the class, although the latter could most profit by his care and predominant attention to them, or at least to the average ability of a class, would be economic. In college, professors' salaries are so low that the best ability is more often attracted to other callings and our universities have not solved the great problem of the high-

est training for the best minds, but the apex of our educational system is still in Europe and most of our professors are "made in Germany."

Themes like the above are those which leading teachers talk of more and more, not in public, but with intimate friends in corners and on walks where the optimistic laudatores of everything American past and present are absent and where the rank and file cannot hear. It is unwise and cowardly not to look all these facts frankly in the face and to admit blunders, defects and portentous dangers. Who does not know by heart both the buncombe oratory and plausible casuistry with which criticism of our schools is usually met;—and what if the taxpayer, the foreigner or the parent who does not want his child in school hears of it? But has not the time for all this now passed? Yet if all these criticisms, just and unjust, make us grave they do not dishearten. Or if they sometimes tend to do so, they should and must only nerve us to greater effort. It is because the country has advanced by such leaps and bounds that the school has not quite kept pace with its needs that complaints arise. The disposition to ascribe everything wrong in our individual or social life to the school shows us that intense faith in its possibilities abides and not only abides but increases. The mighty problems of self-government are found more complex than in the early days of the Republic and citizenship means far more now and here than ever or anywhere before. The deepest root of teaching ability is the parental instinct and until that weakens education cannot be inefficient. The great wave of reform in political and religious life that is now sweeping over the country shows that the heart of our people is sound and its conscience wholesome and that we can be inspired by moral ideals. Moreover, in not a few of the great centres, educational progress has been marked and really great victories have been won along certain lines. Again, all advance is rythmical. Now it is in mechanism and quantity, order and uniformity are the watchwords, then comes an era of spiritual and moral betterment.

From the very nature of our institutions, progress here cannot be marked by great epochs of reform extending throughout the nation like those made by the recent educational bills in France, England and Scotland and so, instead of drafting a bill, let us in conclusion glance briefly at the educational progress as now defined by our needs, for I think we can already formulate in a brief general way the items now likely to represent the general consensus of the competent and so ultimately to prevail and thus fortify ourselves in the faith that the next few decades or less will show unprecendented and radical improvement by the methods, not of revolution but of reformation. Here is what we must do.

Our kindergartners should no longer be trained to be metaphysicians, but their maternal instinct should be appealed to and they should be no less interested concerning the child's body than in its soul. The kindergarten should be more home than school. There should be more stories, songs, rythmical movements, games, pets, gardens and outdoor work in its sea-

son. A large collection of toys should be carefully selected, including a very varied assortment of dolls and there should be plenty of opportunity for scribbling and drawing, but little system or method. There should be mothers' meetings and personal conference about individual children and hygiene should dominate all. It is the picture age and an abundance of these, colored and uncolored, should be the chief basis of talk. Language is taking root and the teacher's speech is all important and its accents, cadences, inflection, pronunciation as well as its simplicity, purity, idiomatic plainness and directness are of vital import. The best intellectual preparation for school the mother can give is by talking to and with her child, telling, showing, explaining, directing attention, cultivating observation and teaching the infant classics of the Mother Goose order with plenty of gibberish, speech-music and characteristic names. At the end of the third year, the very earliest the child may enter, it should use some 3,000 words and understand three times as many more and its intelligent vocabulary should be incessantly enlarged and every possible contact established with nature and life. The present abuses of the kindergarten are its abstract theory, its want of contact with the primary school, its formal methodical gifts and occupations which restrict instead of expanding the child's life and exclude far more than they include. These limitations should be promptly, definitely and finally abandoned.

The common school should make closer connection with the kindergarten and so far as the latter is on the above basis has more to learn from than it has to teach it. Stress on reading and writing should be delayed to the age of eight years and nature, life and language should lead. Then for four years, drill and habituation should be the cardinal aim of the teacher. Both the child's mind and character are very plastic and literal memory is at its very best and should be encouraged and cultivated far more than is done at present. Foreign languages, if taught at all, should begin now but by the direct method of ear and tongue rather than by the indirect and from the standpoint of man's history, novel method of the eye and the hand, and oral should always take precedence over written work. The child from eight to twelve has far less power of thought and reason, save of objects of sense, than has been supposed and it should be trained to do far more than to explain and should be proficient in much that it can understand but very imperfectly. Authority and discipline have now their golden age and obedience should be habitual, unquestioning and prompt. Commands should be few and wise, but inexorable and should be enforced if necessary by physical more than by mental punishment. The healthsome boy especially is a wild animal, lovable and innocent, even in his wrong-doing, but must be trained. He must be broken in to decent manners, for morals in the adult sense comes later. By twelve, the child should know the elements of arithmetic, mental and written, a few hundred names, dates, battles, the geography of his own environment well and that of the world a little

inversely as the square of the distance from himself and the rudiments of social and political organizations. His mind should be stored with perhaps a hundred well chosen selections, long and short, all well memorized and recitable with intelligent inflection. He should have a working vocabulary of from eight to ten thousand words in his own tongue and as many hundred in one or perhaps two foreign languages. He should have a small collection of books he knows and owns, with plenty of travel, adventure, natural history and biography. He should be interested in certain lines of current events and follow them in the weekly, if not in the daily papers. He should speak the truth in good English, have a clear eye and fresh complexion, keep his person and clothes decently, but not excessively clean and neat, know fifteen or twenty social games with special interest in one or more of each kind, sedentary and active, should be able to swim and dive, skate, ride a wheel, dance, do a few athletic feats credibly, have good muscles, use a few tools, write a large plain hand and have genuine interest in some line of reading.

Finally, no boy or girl should go to college simply because they have money and time, or merely for the sake of its associations. Neither high school or college should be encouraged for sickly, undervitalized youth. Both should be reserved for those of physical and mental vigor with some seriousness of purpose to profit by the intellectual advantages offered them. All others degrade standards and acquire and diffuse habits of idleness and half sincere dawdling. The only standard of admission should be ability to do the work required in any group of subjects and the very best a college can give is self-knowledge of one's tastes and abilities and command of the tools of learning and information concerning where to find sources of information, together with habits of industry. But I am now at the beginning of a very large theme and pause, but do so in the fullest and heartiest belief that far better things in education are certain and are not far ahead.

Spring in Winter

By Curtis Hidden Page

Love came before the budding of the trees
  And made our Winter Spring.
Now through our souls the world sings jubilees
  To Life's re-wakening.

The sun-light floods my heart with June's red glow
  Of roses in their pride.
Somewhere within thy heart, my love, I know
  The shy pink Mayflowers hide.

I am the Wind

By Frederick J. Allen

I am the wind that crieth
  Where the storm king strides,
I am the wind that lieth
  On the fair hillsides,
And man my puissance trieth
  Where his proud bark rides.

When the great Void was riven
  By the Hand that wrought,
When light and life were given
  To fulfil His thought,
I only, 'neath God's heaven,
  Had a bound set not.

His messenger, I carried
  Seed of the wood and wold,
And cities I have buried
  In aeons' dust and mold
Nathless my legions serried
  Have not yet grown old.

Along my path the golden
  Cloud of morning flees,
Wind-harps in forests olden
  Make I of the trees,
And on my pinions holden
  Brood I o'er the seas.

Be seasons fair and vernal,
  Or the snow be whirled,
Like Destiny eternal
  Whose wing is never furled,
With messages supernal
  I course around the world.

My work hath never ended,
  Since first time began;
And in my breath are blended
  Life and death for man.
Free, mighty, sun-descended,
  I fulfil God's plan.

OLD TIME

NEW ENGLAND SCENERY

As illustrated by the

ENGRAVERS OF THE FIRST HALF OF THE LAST CENTURY

From Drawings by W. H. BARTLETT

With Descriptions by N. P. WILLIS

Reproduced from

AMERICAN SCENERY

Published in London by

GEORGE VIRTUE, 26 IVY LANE

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YALE COLLEGE AT NEW HAVEN

"Yale College was founded in the year 1700, sixty-five years after the erection of the first house in the Colony of Connecticut. Ten of the principal ministers, nominated by general consent of the clergy, met at New Haven, and formed themselves into a society, the object of which was to found a college in the colony. At their next meeting each brought a number of books, and presented them for the library, and the following year the legislature granted them a charter, constituting them Trustees of a Collegiate School in his Majesty's Colony of Connecticut.

"The principal benefactor of the infant institution was the Hon. Elihu Yale, of London, Governor of the East India Company.

"The whole amount of fees of tuition at Yale College is about thirty-five dollars a year, near seven pounds sterling. Board and every expense included, it is thought in New England that three hundred dollars (£60) a year is a sufficient allowance for the education of a boy at this institution. The course of study embraces four years and the discipline is impartial and severe.

"Instances occur annually of degrees refused, and degredations of standing in consequence of failures in examination; and over the morals of the students, particularly, the vigilance of the faculty is untiring and effective.

"Perhaps one of the best, and certainly one of the peculiar advantages of Yale college is the extent and excellence of the society in New Haven, and its accessibility to the students. The town contains nearly ten thousand inhabitants, most of them people of education, connected in some way with the college; or opulent families drawn thither by the extreme beauty of the town, and its air of refinement and repose. The upper class of students mingle freely with the simple and pure society, which, it is not too much to say, is of the most elegant and highly cultivated in the world. Polished manners and the usages of social life are thus insensibly gained with improvement of mind; and in a country like this, where those advantages are not attainable by all in early life, the privilege is inestimable."



YALE COLLEGE AT NEW HAVEN

THE WILLEY HOUSE—WHITE MOUNTAINS

"The particulars of what is called the 'Willey Tragedy,' are well known to all readers of newspapers. This family lived in the Notch of the White Mountains, under the western range and consisted of nine persons. They had retired at night, when a very unusual noise in the mountains aroused them from their beds, and in terror at its increasing thunders, they unfortunately abandoned the house, and sought refuge in flight. A vast mass of earth and rocks, disengaged from the precipices above them, suddenly rushed down the side of the mountain, and sweeping everything before it, divided in the rear of the house, reunited again, leaving it unharmed, and thundered down the valley, overwhelming the fugitive family in its career. The manuscript journal of a friend, who had made two excursions to the spot, gives us an account of its present aspect.

"'In a short time we came to the well-known house of the Willey family, which, of course, we paused to examine. Nothing can be conceived more lonely than this wild place. The mountains tower on both sides of the valley to the height of four or five hundred feet, with deep channels worn into their sides by the winter torrents; and in many places the rocks are left bare for acres by the slides of avalanches that have rushed into the valley. The house in which the unfortunate family dwelt stands under the western range of mountains, and the avalanche came down nearly from the summit. We remained gazing on the scene for some time. The sky above was clear, and spanned the interval between the mountains, seeming to rest on their summits, while a swift breeze drove over the hills below, in swift succession, a few thin and fleecy clouds. The wind entered the outer door of the desolate dwelling, which had been left open, with a broken chair set against it; and as it surged back and forth, violently shut and opened the inner doors, with a noise that seemed the voice of the very spirit of desolation. The effect was startling and dismal.'"



THE WILLEY HOUSE—WHITE MOUNTAINS

"The British maintained that the north-west angle of Nova Scotia was at Mars Hill, about forty miles from the source of the Scoodic; and that the northern frontier of Maine ought to pass from thence to the westward over a range of hills that which lie at the sources of the Penobscot, Kennebec, and Androscoggin. Neither party would recede from its pretensions. In the treaty of Ghent, in 1814, it was agreed that two commissioners should be appointed to make surveys and settle the boundary. If they coincided in opinion, their decision was to be final; but if they disagreed, some friendly sovereign, or state, was to be chosen as umpire, and from this decision there was to be no appeal.

"Affairs remained in this state till 1827, when the commissioners being unable to agree, and some disputes as to questions of jurisdiction having rendered it desirable to bring the frontier controversy to an issue, a convention was concluded between the British and American government, by which it was arranged that the king of the Netherlands should be requested to act as arbitrator. To this request his majesty assented; and their statements and surveys were accordingly laid before him. The award of the sovereign umpire was not until the 10th of January, 1831. It was not calculated to satisfy either of the claimants. Considering the pretensions of the two powers to be equally balanced it proceeded to lay down new limits, upon principles of mutual convenience. The British frontier was to commence at the spot where the line drawn due north from the source of the Scoodic intersects the St. John, and was to pass up the latter river and the St. Francis, to the highlands which run parallel with the St. Lawrence. Though this award assigned to the Americans seven-eighths of the district which was contended for by Great Britain, yet, as it gave a direct communication between New Brunswick and Lower Canada, it was accepted by the British government. The United States was not so yielding. The award was immediately protested against by the American ministers at the Hague, on the ground of the arbiter having exceeded his authority.

"The State of Maine also entered its protest and denied the right of the federal government to cede any of the litigated territory. The matter was finally brought before the senate by the President, and that body decided that the umpire having gone beyond his powers, his award was not binding; and that a new negotiation must be opened with Great Britain. Since that period, however, no steps have been taken to accomplish an arrangement."



EASTPORT AND PASSAMAQUODDY BAY

MOUNT TOM, AND CONNECTICUT RIVER

"This fine mountain rises nobly from the fertile Interval of the Connecticut, giving a character of boldness and majesty to scenery that were else merely soft and lovely. The river at this point broke down the barrier that evidently at one time held it back from the sea; and the broad lands that were then left bare by the liberated waters were destined to form a strip of verdure and fertility, extending the whole length of New England.

"The expansions of the Valley of the Connecticut on either side of Mount Tom, are landscapes of great beauty. The word 'interval,' which describes the widespreading meadows extending from the banks of the river in these expansions, has a peculiar use in America, and seems to define a formation of alluvial land not seen to the same extent in other countries. In the Southern States the same description of land is called a 'flat' or a 'bottom.' They are formed by the deposit of particles of soil brought down into the main river by its tributaries, or by occasional streams created by the melting of the snow, or heavy rains. A shoal is first formed, which, as it accumulates, rises gradually above the ordinary surface, while the stream itself, if it flows like the Connecticut through a soft soil, is continually deepening its bed, and leaving these newly formed banks out of the reach of accidental floods.

"Valuable as these intervals on the Connecticut have become, they were bought cheaply enough by the first proprietors. One of the first settlers of the neighborhood of Mount Tom, was a tailor, who, for a trifling consideration purchased a tract on the river, forming a square of three miles on a side. A carpenter came to settle in the valley, and having constructed a rude wheelbarrow, the tailor offered him for it, 'either a suit of clothes, or the whole of his land!' He accepted the latter, and became the possessor of one of the finest farms on the bank of the Connecticut."



MOUNT TOM, AND CONNECTICUT RIVER

SAW-MILL AT CENTRE HARBOR, LAKE WINIPISEOGEE

"In the early records of the first settlement of Keene, in this state, on the river Asduelot (in the Indian language, 'a collection of many waters') is an account of some of their difficulties; among which was the establishment of a saw-mill. 'A vote was passed,' says the record, 'offering one hundred acres of middling good land, and twenty-five pounds, to any person who would engage to build a saw-mill, and saw boards for the proprietors at twenty shillings per thousand.' The next year another meeting was appointed at the house-lot of Joseph Fisher, but was adjourned to the house of Nathan Blake, the first erected in the town-ship.' A committee was here appointed 'to agree with a man to build a great mill, and they were authorized to offer not exceeding forty pounds encouragement therefor.'

"'No person,' says the record, 'had hitherto attempted to remain through the winter on the township. Those who came in the summer to clear their lands brought their provisions with them and erected temporary huts to shelter them from the weather. In the summer of 1736, at least one house was erected; and three persons, Nathan Blake, Seth Heaton, and William Smeed (the two first from Wrentham and the last from Deerfield,) made preparation to pass the winter in the wilderness. Their house was at the lower end of the street. Blake had a pair of oxen and a horse, and Heaton a horse. For the support of these they collected grass in the open spots; and in the first part of the winter they employed them in drawing logs to the saw-mill which had just been completed. Blake's horse fell through the ice of Beaver-brook, and was drowned. In the beginning of February their own provisions were exhausted, and, to obtain a supply of meal, Heaton was despatched to Northfield. There were a few families in Winchester, but none able to furnish what he wanted. Heaton procured a quantity of meal; but before he left Northfield, the snow began to fall; and when, on his return he arrived at Winchester, it was uncommonly deep, and covered by a sharp crust. He was told 'that he might as well expect to die in Northfield, and rise again in Upper Ashnelot, as ride thither on horseback.' Recollecting the friends he had left there, he nevertheless determined to make the attempt; but had proceeded only a short distance when he found that it would be impossible to succeed. He then returned, and directed his course towards Wrentham. Blake and Smeed, hearing nothing from Heaton, gave the oxen free access to the hay, left Ashnelot, and on snow-shoes, proceeded either to Deerfield or Wrentham. Anxious for their oxen, they returned early in the spring. They found them near the Branch, southeast of Carpenter's, much emaciated, but feeding upon twigs and such grass as was bare. The oxen recognised their owner, and exhibited such pleasure at the meeting as drew tears from his eyes.'"



SAW-MILL AT CENTRE HARBOR, LAKE WINIPISOGEE

An Island Idyll

By Gilbert P. Coleman

This little island romance is based largely on fact. The author of a letter much like the following was a real Quaker maid who lived on the island of Nantucket at the date given. In several instances the exact language of the original has been retained, as to do otherwise would be to lose whatever quaint charm and essential flavor the story may possess. The present author feels that he owes this debt of acknowledgement to his sweetly ingenuous collaborator, who has lain buried in some Boston Churchyard for more than one hundred and sixty years.

Island of Nantucket,

November 20, 1735.

My Own Dear Mother:

Peradventure my letter shall be a puzzle to you, I hasten to say now at the beginning hereof, that I indite a paragraph or two at a time on leisure, and whenever anything comes into my mind that I desire you to know, I straightway repair to my uncle Nathaniel's desk and set it down. I do this, my dear mother, that you may share in my daily life. It hath been a long time since you and my dear father left your beloved Nantucket for your new home in the western wilds, and at times I am tempted to repine. But my Uncle tells me that the entertaining of that sentiment would be unworthy of the daughter of a pioneer, and since it was thought best that I remain home for a season, I must improve my time to the best advantage. This I try to do with cheerfulness and my Aunt Content hath encouraged me in that she hath said that I am of some service to her in spinning, and bleaching, and weaving.

It hath been exceedingly cold and the harbour is blocked with ice. No ship hath been able to come to the island for many days and there are no news of the world outside, nor, for that matter, of Nantucket itself, save that at last Monthly Meeting Jonathan Powell and Margaret Gerrish have declared their intention to be man and wife. Please God that it be so for my own dear mother knoweth full well that Margaret is no longer a young maid nor so comely as formerly, and it is high time that she taketh unto herself a helpmeet now, if at all. But John Powell is a boisterous man, and had like to be disowned by the Society for his extravagant ways and wild manner of life, had he not stood up in meeting and condemned himself of his sins. I do not see that good will ever come of him, but I pray that God will bless their union and that they will always live in great happiness.

Today there are great news. The island hath been swept by gales and locked in ice, and the moors have been covered with snow, and there have been several wrecks on our coasts. Yesterday my Uncle Nathaniel told us of a large vessel that had gone ashore near San-

koty, and he and many of the boldest of the townsmen made off with all speed to the spot. They returned today, and my Uncle tells us that the vessel was the good ship "Rose" which sailed from Canton in China on ye 2d of June bound to Boston harbour, laden mostly with tea and curious goods from the East. The ship was not much hurt, for the winds have subsided and her captain and crew were saved, for which we all gave thanks, on hearing it, to the Almighty. And dear mother, thy daughter is especially well pleased that the captain of this good ship is saved, for I have seen him and he is tall and lithe, with handsome hair and eyes, though his complexion is bronzed by ocean winds and eastern suns. I am sure that God hath saved him in His mercy and wisdom, for this stranger I have no doubt is an excellent captain.

My Uncle Nathaniel hath taken a lively fancy to this captain and hath brought him to our house until his ship can be repaired and the seas abate their ice and violence. This captain says it seems to him like a fairy tale to come so near to the end of his journey, and to trip on such a quaint, delightful spot as this island of Nantucket. The neighbors all gather about our kitchen fire to hear his wonderful stories and adventures and the big logs burn merrily far into the night while he sits among them and entertains them. My Uncle Nathaniel hath permitted me, your own little daughter, to sit by the corner of the fire also, and hear these wonderful tales. And, dear mother, he is so brave and so handsome in his fine seal-skin waist-coat with leather pockets and velvet breeches and snuff-coloured coat, with gay buttons. He hath traveled all over the world, but says that no portion thereof hath interested him more than Nantucket isle, whereat my Aunt Esther looks exceedingly pleased. My Aunt Esther, I am sure, regards this stranger with much favour and hath begun to knit for him some stockings against the cold weather. Would that I, too, knew how to knit.

♣

My own sweet mother, we think of thee every day, and each morning and evening my Uncle Nathaniel remembers thee at the throne of Grace. And I, even I, thy own little daughter, am to have a new blue gown, made from Aunt's last web, which is the softest piece of flannel ever made on the island. The stranger is called Captain Norton and he hath brought from the ship many curiosities and presents for us all. One is a gown of foamy Canton Crepe, as white as snow. This he hath given to me. It is so pretty I am sure I shall never dare to wear it. My Aunt Content says it shall be kept for my wedding day, but my Aunt Esther says it is not seemly to put such thoughts into a maiden's head. Our captain gave to my Aunt Esther a silky, creamy shawl, woven and embroidered with beautiful flowers, and my Aunt Esther did not seem to be vexed thereat. Also my Aunt Content gave me the other day a whole piece of linen from the fall bleach "to be kept," said she, 'for a day of need." My foreign finery is packed away in a foreign box and is not likely to turn any silly maiden's head at present.

Captain Norton brought from his ship yesterday a sea-chest—in it a large box of tea, the first that was ever on the island, real Chinese tea which the captain himself procured from China. It is of a greenish colour, with little shriveled leaves, and when eaten dry hath a spicy, pleasant taste. Perhaps when I have an opportunity to send this letter I can inclose a sample quantity, that you may see what it is like.

At meeting yesterday Uncle Nathaniel offered up prayer to the Almighty for your protection and prosperity and indeed we did all join in most heartily, for we think of you every day and all the time. And, dear mother, if you will believe it, the large parlour, which hath not been used since Aunt Mehitabel's wedding, is to be open, for my Uncle Nathaniel is to give a fine dinner for our stranger guest. The floor hath been newly waxed and polished, and we have spread down here and there beautiful rugs and mats which our Captain hath brought from foreign parts; and with the many curious and handsome things which are hung on the wall, and spread on the table and mantel piece, and the huge fire of logs which the sharp weather now renders necessary in the chimney, you have no conception how finely the room appears. While I was admiring it this morning, my Aunt Esther rebuked me, saying, "The bright things of this world are of short duration," but dear, gentle grandma observed with a smile, that "it was natural and right for the young to admire beauty," at which my Aunt Esther seemed displeased. I sometimes think that she dislikes me because I am young, but that cannot be, for Captain Norton is also young, and I am sure she does not dislike him.

♣

Dear mother, for the first time in my life I have tasted tea,and it was the good Captain Norton who hath brought it about. My Uncle Nathaniel had a tea party in honor of our guests on ye 31 of December, and there were invited Lieutenant Mason's family and my Uncle Edward Stetson's family, and a few others to meet our distinguished captain. We cooked a handsome dinner, and my Aunt Content was pleased to say that I am diligent and improve daily in the duties of household. I wore my new blue gown, with some lace in the neck, that grandma gave me, and I tied back my curls, which Captain Norton, (who is a bold gentleman and very kind to all of us,) would not allow me to braid, with a blue ribbon which he bought in London. My Aunt Esther said, "Men dislike to see girls so brave," but my Uncle Nathaniel kissed me, calling me his "bonnie blue-bell." And Captain Norton called me "Dimples." Do you think it right, my sweet mother, and seemly and churchly that so jovial a gentleman should call me "Dimples?" My Aunt Esther was also bravely clad in the blue satin gown which, she says, is pleasing and modest in the sight of God and men. My Aunt Content hath been much pestered in her mind because she knows not how to cook and serve tea, and after our neighbors had assembled she confided to them her perplexity. They all gathered around the tea chest smelling and tasting the fragrant herb. Mrs.

Lieutenant Mason said she heard it ought to be well and thoroughly cooked to be palatable, and my Aunt Edward Stetson said a lady in Boston who had drunk tea, told her that it needed a good quantity for steeping, which was the reason it was so expensive. So my Aunt Content hung the bright five-gallon bell-metal kettle on the crane, and, putting a two-quart bowl full of tea in it, with plenty of water, swung it over the fire, and my Aunt Esther and Lydia Ann Mason stayed in the kitchen to keep it boiling. While I was laying the table, I heard Lydia Ann say: "I heard that when tea is drunk or eaten it gives a brilliancy to the eyes and a youthful freshness to the complexion. I am afraid that thy sister-in-law failed to put in a sufficient quantity of leaves." Whereupon I saw my Aunt Esther put another bowl full into the bell-metal kettle, and eat some of the leaves. When the tea had boiled about an hour, our Captain appeared, looking very brave and handsome in a bright new velvet jacket and sagathy waist-coat, and black satin breeches. The tea which had boiled down to about a gallon and was of a rich, black colour, was poured into grandma's large silver tankard and carried to the table, and each guest was provided with one of her silver porringers, and also with cream and lumps of sugar.

The captain was so kind as to talk with me before dinner, and I told him how you were all off in the wilds. He said enterprise was what the new country needed, and that it was not best to have Nantucket peopled with Stetsons and that I was one of the old stock. He then asked me gravely if all the Stetsons had dimples like mine and had such curly hair, and other such gay questions, for truly he is, my dear mother, a very jovial gentleman. I saw my Aunt Esther looking at me so sharply that I remembered she had often told me that it was not seemly for me to talk with men, and I presently became discreetly silent. But when dinner was ready, the Captain took me out and made me sit by him.

After grandma had asked the blessing on the food, my Aunt Content said to the Captain, "I have made a dish of tea for you, but am fearful that I have not prepared it as hath need, and would like to have your opinion." Whereupon the Captain looked and sniffed at the tea and made answer. "As my respected hostess desired my opinion, I must needs tell her, that a spoonful of this, perhaps, which she hath, with such hospitable intent, prepared for us, would nearly kill all of us here at the table." The Captain then said laughingly, that my Aunt Content could keep the decoction for a dye to colour woolens. He further said he would if she desired it, instruct her how to brew the tea himself, "and this young lady," he continued, turning to me, "shall make the first dish of the beverage used in Nantucket."

Dinner being over, they all remained at the table except Captain Norton and myself (for my Aunt Content bade me to assist him, as he should direct), and we searched for a suitable vessel wherein to draw the tea. The Captain was so kind as to help me in the search, and once when we were in the pantry he placed his fingers in my

cheeks, and said seriously that he was "sounding my dimples." Is he not a gay, jovial gentleman, dear mother? I sometimes wish that my Aunt Esther also had dimples, so that the Captain might sound them, though it is but a merry jest, and perhaps my Aunt Esther would be vexed therewith. At last I saw my Uncle Nathaniel's large gray stone pitcher, into which our guest instructed me to put as much of the tea as I could hold between my thumb and forefinger for each person, and an additional pinch for the pitcher. After I had done so the Captain seized my hand and looked long at my fingers and thumb, whereupon he said, "It would be well, perhaps, that you add a few more pinches of tea." Then he told me to pour upon it boiling water sufficient for us all, and set the pitcher on the coals, and let it remain until it came to a gentle boil. The tea was then poured into a tankard which my Aunt Content had made ready, and the Captain carried it to the table for me laughing, for he jested much the while, and helped me to pour it into the porringers for the guests. He was so kind as to say that it was the best dish of tea he had ever drank. We had a wholesome dinner and an enjoyable one withal. My Aunt Esther drank much of the tea. Our brave Captain told stories and sang songs, and happy New Year's greetings took the place of good-byes, and our neighbors left for their respective homes.

Our Captain still lingers for the repairing of his vessel, though there is now not much to be done, and we all repine against the day when it will sail away to its destination. There is not much spinning or weaving done, it takes so much time for the cooking and the eating and visiting. My Aunt Esther still drinks much of the tea. I heard the Captain tell my Uncle Nathaniel we had good blood, and that he had conceived great admiration for the Stetsons, and he said something about a wife. Perhaps he remains here so long on Aunt Esther's account, but dear me, she is so pious (I write with all respect, dear mother,) and he is such a jovial gentleman, I do not understand how such a union could be harmonious. But I pray God that it may be, and that they will dwell in happiness always. If he hath regard for her it must be on account of her Stetson blood, of which he thinks so highly.

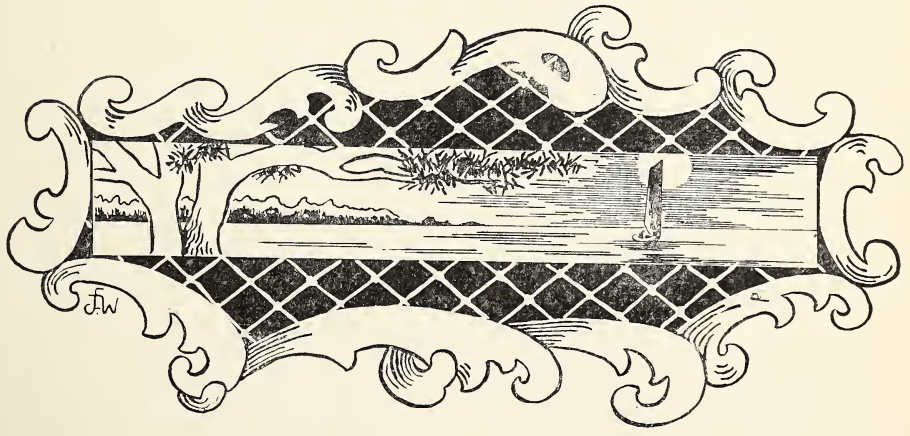
Oh! My mother! How can I tell you? It is not for the love of my Aunt Esther that Captain Norton remains, but for me—your own little daughter— And all the Stetsons (saving my Aunt Esther, who declares with quiet wrath that I ought to be put back into pinafores,) have given their consent, and indeed yesterday afternoon the good Captain did make so bold as to kiss me in the presence of the whole company. Forgive me, my own sweet mother; was it a sin for me to suffer him, before I had your consent and my honored father's? But I shall not marry the Captain until I have the permission of my father and mother first, and then I shall sail away with my husband's ship to foreign parts, to see for myself all the wonderful things of which I have heard so much of late. There is a company being

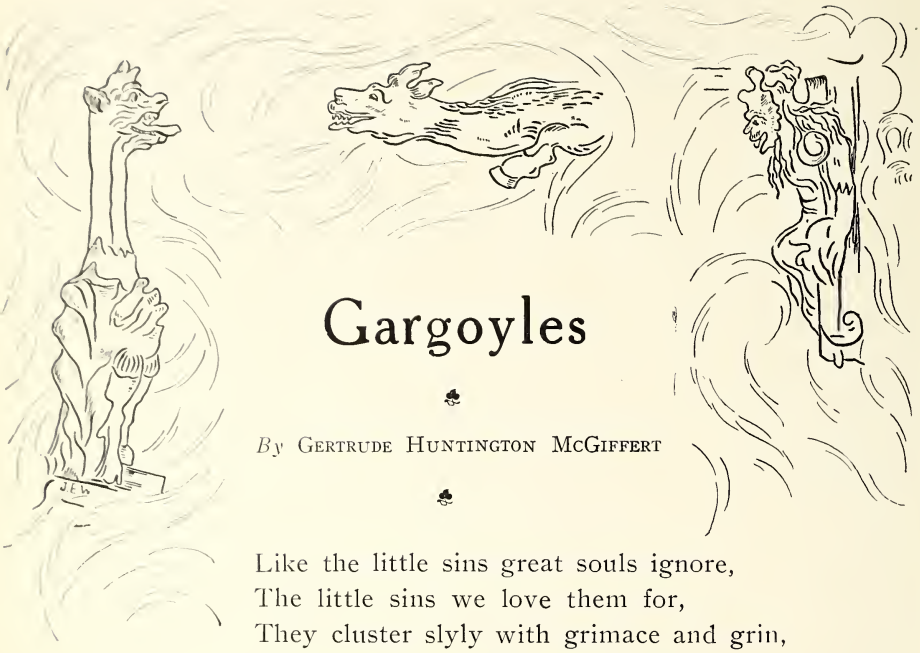
made up to go with the Captain through the winter's snows to your far-away home, and receive your consent to our marriage. And so, after all, it will be this new friend of whom I have written so much, who will take this long letter to you. I am sure, dear mother, that you, who know my heart so well will not think it unseemly in me to love this gallant captain and that the Lord will guide your heart and that of my honored father, to feel kindly disposed toward the gentleman, for indeed he is of good repute, and is so good as to be very fond of me, and I feel that if I have your consent and that of my honored father I shall be very happy, for it seems that I do love him dearly.

The Captain declares that I am sending him off on a quest like a knight of old to prove his love. I cannot help thinking it strange his wanting to marry me, for he is a brave, handsome man, while I am but a young maid, and not to be compared with my Aunt Esther in wisdom and house-wifely experience, though always trusting in God, and when I said so to him one day he replied gravely that it was all on account of the tea that had got into his head and that good fortune always followed his brewing tea. And indeed it may be so, for that night, on first partaking of it, I was flighty and hardly closed my eyes at all, for thinking of the Captain in the pantry. And dear old grandmother says she would not answer for the consequences of what she might be led to do were she to make use of it every day. But as for my Aunt Esther, she hath eschewed and given over its use for all time, for she says it is but a poor herb, and hath no lasting virtues. I send along with other small things a quantity of this famous tea and a bit of the white crepe which I shall, if so seemeth best in the judgment of my father and mother, wear, in good time, as a wedding gown.

I remain now and ever your dutiful daughter, trusting in the wisdom of the Almighty, and that you will look with favor upon my Captain, and permit him to brew for you and my honored father a cup of tea,

Patience Eunice Stetson.





Gargoyles

By Gertrude Huntington McGiffert

Like the little sins great souls ignore,
The little sins we love them for,
They cluster slyly with grimace and grin,
Mocking the reverent peace within.

In unbridled mischief, a naughty brood,
Defying the great cathedral's mood,
'Twixt flying buttresses they stare
At the holy ones who go for prayer.
With horn and hoof, with leer and sneer—
Impudent creatures—they peep and peer.

Grotesque, uncouth, down far below
The sky-wrought spire, they never know
How petty their part in the soaring whole,
And plume themselves with complacent soul
As strangers spy them side by side,
And nod and wink with conscious pride.

Not demons accurst, nor a sin bred crew,
But the vagrant fancies some old priest knew;
Gay imps that chased his prayers from the throne—
Now doomed forever to dwell in stone.

A Singer of Southcreek

By Mabel Ward Cameron

Chapter IV

In the yard the men were forming in groups. One had come from the house with the news of Marianna's discovery, and their gestures grew excited and violent. They were all of the same farmer-fisher type—a hardy, kindly, moral race of men, rarely moved from the even tenor of their way, but capable of deep emotion—and their natures were stirred now to the depths by this tragedy in their midst.

"Why, I can remember when Annabel wuz born," said old Ephraim Pond. "Seem's if it war'n't more'n last week that she wuz a leetle, fair-haired thing a runnin' into the forge, watchin' me shoe a horse, or makin' clam hoes, or puttin' hoops on a wash tub. She'd bring me bokays o' wild flowers, wild carrot, golden-rod an' sech. I loved Annabeller like as if she'd ben my own blood."

The old man, though not exactly undersized, was not tall, but in spite of this he gave one the impression of great strength. He had no superfluous flesh, and his muscles stood out like whip-cord. His skin, where it showed on face and neck, was burned and tanned, and the deep wrinkles, scars, and seams might have belonged to the thick hide of an animal.

The habitual expression of his face was very kind and gentle, and in spite of his lack of height he upheld with dignity the numerous offices bestowed upon him by his fellow-townsmen. He was their tax collector and special constable, and at different periods had served as justice of the peace and as judge of probate. He was the sexton of the ancient Congregational Meeting House, and on week days carried the mails back and forth between the railroad station and the post-office. He always represented the local grange and G. A. R. post at the state meetings. He had the only blacksmith forge, and he was an adept in the allied trade of locksmith. He had built his own house, and in the dull season would work as a carpenter for others. Bred in Southcreek, he naturally owned a sloop and was addressed as "Captain." Louise Benton of the summer colony on the beach had irreverently nick-named him "The Pooh-Bah of Southcreek." Certainly the appellation was not inappropriate.

"I don't suppose I'd orter be mixed up with this, an' if it was anyone but Annabeller—"

"It's time to act," said his son-in-law, sententiously. "We've had enough o' Zack Garrett's doin's."

"Shootin's too good fer sech as he," drawled out the mildest looking of the crowd.

"If 'twuz the fust time—but 'tain't!" shrieked a very short man, who was standing on tiptoes at the extreme edge of the crowd, wildly trying to catch the drift of things.

Mrs. Pond, keeping her vigil,

looked from the window. "They hadn't orter go off so by themselves without lettin' us wimmen folk know what they're a-sayin'."

"They're bringin' out the horse 'n' cart, an' Ephraim an' Sam are driving away," she announced, later.

Mr. Bill came slowly down the stairs and went to where his daughter lay.

"Poor little gal," he said, tenderly, "my little Bella, you should have told pop. He would hev helped yer."

No tears came to his eyes. He laid his heavy, toil-worn hand on her hair, then stooped and tenderly kissed her. With an air of extreme weariness he turned and groped his way through the dining-sitting room into the darkened kitchen. Sitting down by the table he put both arms out on it and laid his head down on them. No one missed him.

A rough procession had formed in the yard, the men walking by twos and threes. At the cross-roads they met Ephraim and Sam driving back, and the loaded cart was turned to head the procession.

Grim and determined were the Puritan Fathers, and pitiless, too, to wrong-doers. Grim, determined, and pitiless, too, were these descendants of the Puritans. The ancestors of many of them had taken part in wild scenes enacted in the early days of the New England settlements, and something of the spirit of their witch-hanging, Indian-fighting progenitors seemed to dominate, for the time being, these usually level-headed, slow and stolid inhabitants of this quiet Long Island Sound village.

Silently, almost stealthily, they marched along, with a fixed, dogged determination expressed in their very gait. Down the village street to the shore they marched. There they turned and passed along a road by the bulkhead. The rows of lightly built cottages, deserted at this season by their summer occupants, looked chill and lonely. The wind had risen, and it howled around the posts of the piazzas as if through the rigging of ships. The tide was high, and breakers were dashing on the shore and against the boards of the protecting bulkhead with a monotonous, insistent boom. Far out on the Sound the red light of the light-ship gleamed like a star. Now the clouds that had obscured it parted and the glorious September moon flooded the way with light.

The men, for the most part, walked with the rolling gait of the sailor. Some were smoking pipes, and few words were exchanged between them.

"He needn't ever show his face in Southcreek again," muttered Gideon Holt, more to himself than to the man at his side, "and Quohonk, I reckon, will be 'most too near."

"And Quohonk, I guess, will be 'most too near," echoed his companion.

On, on, the silent procession moved, until it reached a house of more substantial build, a house set in a little garden of its own, with well-kept flower-beds and trailing vines. Old Ephraim slowly climbed down from the cart, opened the gate, and passing up the narrow path with its border of whelk shells and gaily flowering plants, knocked at the door.

"Tell Zack Garrett to come out," he said curtly, to the woman who answered the summons.

"Good evening," called a cheery voice from the doorway. "You want me, Cap'n Ephraim?"

The youth who stood looking down at him was of medium height, lithe and athletic, with dark hair and eyes. His skin was so tanned that he looked more like a native of the West Indies than of Connecticut.

"Zachariah Garrett, come with me." The tone was imperative. Involuntarily the young man descended the steps, bewildered, as he perceived the crowd that accompanied Ephraim Pond.

Across the water, from the direction of Long Pond, a strong searchlight flashed forth. Its rays described a semi-circle, moving to the East, and then to the West, back and forth. It gradually diminished, seemed to hesitate, and then gleamed out again with still greater brilliancy. All at once, reduced to one long ray, it appeared to point straight across the heavens towards Zack Garrett's home.

"'And I will set a sign in the heavens,'" whispered the mild-looking man. The tone of his voice sounded as if he prayed.

In the meantime, a bonfire had been built on the bulkhead opposite the house, and suddenly the flame burst forth, burning furiously. The contents of a barrel had been emptied into a huge kettle that had been placed in the midst of the fire.

"Take off your coat!" The same tone of command, the same harsh voice. Zack Garrett's face flushed and he squared his elbows, clenching his fists.

"If this is a joke I call it a dum poor one," he said, and turning, would have run up the steps.

Quick hands caught him. Quickly they worked, and, in spite of his protestations and frantic struggles, his outer garments were torn off. Suddenly he became quiet and drew himself up with a dignified gesture.

"At least you will tell me of what I am accused." A voice murmured in his ear. "It is a lie!" he shrieked, "a lie! Someone has lied. You'll see, and you'll suffer for this. All you have to do is to ask her. She'll tell you it's a lie, and you must all believe her. Stop! stop, I say! Send someone to ask her!"

Old Ephraim spoke again, close to his ear. With a cry like a hunted animal, he turned and faced his tormentors.

"Is that true?—dead!"

All the combativeness left him. A deep sigh escaped his parched lips. His bloodshot eyes closed as his head dropped on his breast. The men were working rapidly now, running with their brushes, back and forth from the bonfire, to where he stood firmly upheld on either side. The mild-mannered man took from the cart a large bulging bag, made of pillowticking, and emptied its contents over the youth's unresisting head and shoulders. The air, for the moment, seemed full of snowflakes. Then he was helped into the cart, and with torches lit from the diminishing fire, the men formed themselves into an escort on either side of it.

Ephraim Pond mounted to the driver's seat again. "It is only five miles to Quohonk," he said grimly.

The procession moved away, and as the last man turned into the

road to follow on, the house door opened, and a terrified woman looked out. Cautiously she descended the steps and hurried down the pathway to the open gate. Looking up the road, she stared wildly at the procession that was bearing her boy away. She moaned and fell, with arms outstretched across a flower bed, her fingers clutching at the blossoms of a petunia.

Chapter V

The month was July, and with few exceptions the cottages on Southcreek beach were all occupied. The season had been forward, and consequently there had been a brisk demand for cottages to rent. All the families from the cities who owned property had arrived, the Benton cottage being one of those that had been occupied since early in June. This was one of the more modern buildings, and was surrounded by a well kept, ample lawn. Further up the beach the smaller cottages were crowded together, often with no more than a footpath between, but Mr. Benton and his neighbors had plenty of breathing room.

It was late in the afternoon, and Mrs. Benton sat on the broad piazza contentedly rocking, looking forth complacently on her surroundings. In front of the house the lawn sloped gradually down to the top of the wooden bulkhead, built to protect the slight elevation of land from the encroachment of the sea. Below was a fair, sandy beach, and here at high tide the waves of Long Island Sound, but miniature counterfeits of the ocean's breakers, dashed with confusion, or softly lapped the shore.

A few stocky bushes of the wild beach plum grew in the soil just back from the top of the bulkhead; and here and there, forcing its hardy growth between the boards, the wild pea trailed its length of leaf and spiral tendril, the long clusters of bloom, white, red, and purple, waving to and fro in the stiff breeze that was blowing fresh from the open sea. Here also the wild morning-glory flourished, lending a wealth of beauty to the early hours of the day.

Far across the waters the distant shore of Long Island was clearly visible. Mrs. Benton had no need of the marine glass lying on the table near her to discern the gleaming sand cliffs or even some roofs and a steeple. Something peculiar in the atmosphere to-day caused these distant objects to stand forth. The land itself appeared as if raised from the water, suspended, mirage-like, in the air. The tide was well out, but the freshening breeze brought the message that it had turned. For fully three-quarters of a mile, straight out and towards either side of the crescent bay the sand flats stretched. Several sail boats that, earlier in the day, had been riding at anchor were now careened over, left high and dry by an unusually low tide.

Louise Benton, just home from the golf field, had made a hurried toilet, and now stood in the doorway. She carried a beautiful, old, pink, porcelain bowl, the loot from one of her frequent hunting expeditions, in search of the antique, to the farm houses of the country round about. The bowl was heaped high with cherries, such cherries as Southcreek trees produced, vying in

size and in their dark, rich color with the perfect fruit of the California slope. A small, sprawling, three-legged, mahogany candlestand stood near her mother's chair and upon this Louise deposited her burden. The bowl and fruit repeated the colors of the gorgeous Turkish rug spread over the varnished floor of the verandah. She stood back and uttered an exclamation of delight at the effect produced.

"There, mother! You're not to touch one of those until after dinner, as you used to tell me when I was a child. They are not to eat, they are for ornament, and I think I have achieved a symphony, thanks to Mrs. Jobbett's wash-bowl, and Master Edison Stowe's cherries. I took all he had and clamored for more—ten cents a quart."

She perched for a moment on the extreme edge of the high, swinging seat, that, suspended by chains from the verandah roof, was gay with many brilliantly covered cushions.

"Father is going to bring Ned Prior home with him for dinner," she continued. "Now don't you worry, you-who-would-not-be-disturbed. We are going to have a delicious dinner, and I have made my peace in the kitchen. Kate has not enough soup stock, but we are going to have fresh clam bouillon. Mary is amenable to reason, and will put on a fresh cap and apron. She did think of making those she is wearing do for another day, but I have reasoned with her firmly and efficaciously, and she sees her error. Now don't go in, mother, you will be sure to set them off on another tack and spoil things. Be assured the wheels of the domestic machine are all greasy, everything is all right, and I have laid out a fresh centre-piece—the one Edith did in cherries for you—and, forgive me, I have removed your beloved fern basket and I am going to have this, this color scheme in rich, ripe, rosy reds, on the table in place of it. So now remove those wrinkles from that usually placid brow, dear heart. You are to have no thought except to sit still and look pretty, and be prepared to ask Ned Prior all about his mission chapel. They will not be here for another half hour, so now I am going up to write to Edith, and later I shall get Ned to escort this timid maiden up to that function of the Southcreek day, the evening mail."

She dropped her mother a mock courtesy, went through the motion of loading an imaginary pistol with a kiss and having shot her mother with the love token, she disappeared inside the house.

"Oh, I forgot to say." The expression of the face that reappeared at the door was very roguish. "'Cap'n' Gideon Holt came to the 'front door at the back' while I was in the kitchen. The expression is his. 'Because,' as he says, 'what with the flower garden, and view of the highway and all at the back, and nothin' but 'lanthus and beach plum bushes, and only the view of the water at the front,' he is puzzled to know which way to go when he comes seeking an odd job. Whether to the 'back door at the front or contrariwise.' He carried an axe with him this time. Didn't know but what you'd like to have the 'lanthus trees cut down, or mebbe thinned out,' he said, 'Times is slack, an I'll do 'em cheap, 'specially

as they're so onhealthy'. I told him there would be no use in interviewing you on the subject. I insinuated that neither had you very artistic taste, nor did you care for the health of your family. He shouldered his axe, and started off towards the stables, muttering, 'Dum pesky weeds—spread to the highways—ought to be a law agin 'em same's agin the wild carrot.' Now how do you account for his sudden accession of energy? Clams scarce, or no market, or do you believe she of the Dove Cote put him up to it? They are 'pesky weeds' to her too; she says they spoil her view and bother her by springing up so thick on her side of the fence. I saw her searching for the young shoots only this morning, pulling them up by the roots. I am not at all sure that she didn't reach through and uproot some on our side."

"Thin out my ailantus trees, indeed!" said Mrs. Benton, so thoroughly aroused that she put aside her embroidery, and, with indignation expressed in every line of her fashionably garbed, matronly figure, walked to the far end of the broad piazza. Here she could get an unobstructed view of the greater part of the property, extending far down towards the back of the grounds. She had a truly poetic nature, with a deep appreciation of beauty in any form. She fairly revelled in the outdoor freedom of life at her summer home. She loved and cultivated the native plants and wild creeping vines which grew so luxuriantly on the high land of the old abandoned farm upon which "Ailantus Lodge," the rather pretentious cottage, was built. Her order to her care-taker always had been that the grass should not be cut until after she should arrive, and every year it had been her custom to oversee the first mowing.

At the back of the grounds and towards the east of the house a large patch of land was left untouched, and here the grass grew thick and rank, going to seed unmolested. To the west and across the front of the property a velvet-like lawn was cultivated, and the sound of the lawn-mower was heard here with the same regular persistence as in the conventional grounds of her city home. Everywhere, however, great care was always taken that each new tiny plant or tree be preserved.

Thus it was that, in the many years of ownership, the Benton property had become a nursery for the native trees, shrubs, and flowers. Elderberry bushes with wide-spreading heads of white blossoms, and later berries; the sumach, with its autumn glory of red flower and early turning leaves; a mulberry tree bearing rich fruit of peculiar flavor; barberry bushes; a tangle of raspberry and black berry bushes, and several wild cherry trees, laden at the proper season with tiny medicinal fruit; all were growing there.

One patch of ground had been given over to the low-growing, fragrant, wild roses. Clover, and daisies, white and ox-eye, with many species of golden rod, each bloomed in turn as the season advanced. Over the boundary fences and upon the posts of the piazza were trained the vines of native clematis or bridal veil, the wonderfully luxuriant honeysuckle, and the five-fingered woodbine. Brakes and ferns were growing in many cool,

sheltered nooks out of doors, or were set in ornamental pots about the house and on the broad piazzas.

Down the slope, behind the stables, was a spot that Mrs. Benton loved—a bit of marsh land, once a cranberry patch and still yielding a small crop of deteriorated fruit. It had become completely encircled by a fairy ring of fleurs-de-lis, the blossoms—purple, white, and yellow—intermingling with a delicate, pale-hued variety of fern.

But her especial affection was for the ailantus glandulosus—the Chinese sumach. She loved to watch the graceful branches with their long, pointed, pink-tipped, feathery leaves, swaying in the breeze from the sea. They were fragile, and the gales often broke the twigs; but they were very hardy and quick in their growth, expanding from a tiny, fern-like root-sucker, to a wide spreading bush, and from bush to tree, in an incredibly short space of time. With infinite care and patience she had succeeded in eradicating those trees which bore the staminate blossoms, and which undoubtedly deserved Gideon Holt's opprobrious epithet, 'onhealthy;' but the ornamental clusters of winged fruit borne by the trees she cultivated were a never failing delight to the eye. To the east of the grounds they had grown so thick that they formed a hedge between her and her neighbor, Miss Mallory of the "Dove Cote." She looked now at the semblance of tropical foliage, and her sweet, placid spirit was deeply stirred.

"Cut them down indeed!" she repeated, "'Tree of heaven!' I would like to seen anyone, cottager or Southcreekite, molest my dear ailantus bushes!"

Louise ran lightly up the stairs, and into her own fresh, dainty bedroom. She stood for a moment at the window which commanded a wide view of sea and beach, then turning to her desk, she sat down before it and began her letter to Edith Gaillard, her dearest friend of the days gone by, when they had been room-mates at a large New York boarding school.

"Well here we are settled down again for another long summer at Southcreek," she wrote. "I am afraid I shall be forced onto the links again for very 'boresomeness.' I played in a ladies' match this afternoon and Ned Prior was my caddy. You remember him last year? He was in Jim's class at Yale, you know. He is doing penance for past sins, I suppose, for he has been coming here again every week all through the spring for the service at the chapel. He says it is not likely that he will keep on here through this summer as he did last season. If he were coming, I should try and work mother up to the point of asking him to put up with us over each week's end. That might be difficult, for up to now (and we have been here nearly five weeks) she has vetoed any proposal of having guests, because, as she says, she has a good house-maid and means to keep her! You do not count as 'comp'ny,' dearest, and she really wants you to come. You will also be pleased to learn that I have broached the subject to Mary and learn with delight that she 'approves' of you. Therefore I dare sit me down and send you this, which carries an earnest appeal that

you will put in an appearance at once.

"I suppose you have all sorts of bewilderingly gay plans for the summer. Unmake them, do, and come and vegetate. I have a new 'automobubble' (so telegraph and I will meet you at the station), and still I am not happy, but bored, bored, bored.

"Clams! Does not the clarion call help entice thee? For myself, I hate clams in any form, but as dad and mother dote on clam chowder, and as I am doing the housekeeping, you should see me interviewing "She" of the kitchen—Kate—using my rare diplomatic arts to convince her of the virtues of the Southcreek receipt. Against her better judgment she has consented to try it. I feel that I have won a victory for it differs in several details from her own. The one of Southcreek was given to mother by Mrs. Bill. Without a doubt you remember her peculiarities, so you will not be surprised to hear that it was in doggerel. 'Put salt pork in a pot—Let it cook quite a lot,' etc. I translated for Kate.

"While I am acting as a successful buffer, mother sits from morning to night on the piazza doing cross stitch. Russian cross stitch so called, but she is right 'in it,' for it is closely allied to the sampler-lampmat-antimacassar-towel-marking work of her girlhood. As she is embroidering me a shirt waist I suppose I should not kick.

"Speaking of clams--there are Miletish groups on the beach even now. You remember how the aborigine hunts the elusive long clam when the tide is low? The whole Bill family with others are out on the flats. Pater and the middle kids are leaving the imprints of their bare feet everywhere on the sand opposite the house. I say 'middle kids' advisedly, for the eldest daughter, she of the 'moated grange' name, is seated on the dry beach with her mother, and it takes their united efforts to restrain the baby, 'Trusty' (Anti-Trust Bill!), in his determined efforts to commit suicide in some one of the shallow pools separating the sand flats. If they relax their vigilance one moment, he creeps with amazing rapidity headlong down the beach, or stands up and runs unsteadily until his legs suddenly collapse under his too great weight.

"The two next older, Embargo and McKinley Tariff, are really the cutest youngsters; they are round, fat, and shapeless, but have well acquired the use of their little legs, and how they can run! They are very near of a size, somewhat stolid, and so closely resembling each other as to be easily mistaken for twins. They are inseparable, and go about always holding hands. The babes of the beach are early initiated into the 'Order of ye Clam Diggers', and these two Bill babies are at work now, plying men's hoes, as they emulate the example of 'the Cap'n' and Bland Allison Silver, et al.

" 'Cap'n' Gideon Holt is out there, too, helping 'Mud and Mint' in the place which those enterprising little girls preempted early in the afternoon. I believe he is some sort of an ancestor, or great-uncle to them. He is certainly very good to them, and they are always tagging around after him. He is a confirmed old bachelor of the most antique type,

and is supposed to hate women. The feeling does not seem to extend to his youthful kinswomen, for daily he leads them to fresh (clam) fields, and pastures new (for milk lobsters), and as we take all the sea products that they will bring, Mud and Mint are in danger of becoming capitalists.

"It is of common report that 'Cap'n Gideon,' who never by any chance dons shoes and socks—at any rate never socks—makes it a practice to search for big pieces of broken glass along the beach. These he breaks up with his bare soles in order that the bathers may not get cut! All these Southcreekites are related to one another. One could not throw a stone in any direction without hitting the house of a Bill or Stebbins clansman, and the strain is hardy in spite of the continuous intermarriages from colonial times to the present day.

"There come Maud and Araminta, lugging their clam basket between them. Oh, they have thrown their hoes down on mother's newest ailantus shoot! None of the natives can ever be taught to be careful of those despised plants! Our clam bouillon is secured. Would you were here, for you love it—I do not.

"Speaking of clams leads me to a salt train of thought—salt water—salt marsh. During the past winter a monument has been erected on the narrow, high strip of ground next the Bill salt marsh, and facing the beach road. Poor Annabel Bill was buried there, you remember, instead of in the cemetery in the old Bill lot, near her kinswoman, who was one of Priscilla Alden's numerous descendants. And oh, dear, that I have to record it! The stone is engraved with verses of Mrs. Bill's 'own composure,' as dear old Mrs. Pond assured me when she came upon me as I was copying them this morning.

"'A water lily on the tide
Of life thou wert so fair,
A mother's joy, a father's pride,
Your sister's loving care.

"'And like the water lily white,
As evening settled down,
You drooped, and fading from our sight,
The waters did you drown.

Shall I revise the work of our poetess? Then for 'fading' read 'wading,' and the last two lines should be rendered,

"'Your brothers miss you sadly,
Friends miss you more and more;
But your wings were spread out gladly,
As you flew through the open door.'
'Your fins were spread out gladly,
As you swam to the other shore!'

Don't tell me that I may rival the sweet singer of Southcreek in time! Such flattery might turn my head!

"I see Dad and Ned Prior approaching across the field path. Telegraph when you get this, or better still, use the long distance 'phone, and come soon.

"Ever thine,
"Louise.

"Ailantus Lodge,
"Southcreek, Connecticut,
"July tenth, 19—."

Chapter VI.

Down on the beach the Bill family still lingered. Mrs. Bill sat in the deep, dry sand by the Benton bulkhead, the boards serving as a rest for her back. One hand held fast to baby Anti-Trust's little white skirt, but for once that vigorous

youngster was quiet, absorbed in the examination of a pile of shells which had been heaped near for his amusement. Marianna sat a little to one side. She was hemming a dish towel and as she sewed she hummed a tune. Mr. Bill and Silver were taking advantage of the very low tide to secure some of the large round clams, that now-a-days are to be found only at a distance from the shore.

A bushel basket had been filled with the long variety, and had been left standing on a flat near shore, later to be loaded into the small, toy express wagon waiting on the beach to receive it. On such occasions it was the duty of the small boys to pull and push the laden cart home. As they trundled it along, they were expected to sell the fresh clams to any customer they might encounter.

In many spots near the basket, the soft sand, yellow on top, but black beneath, had been thrown up in little mounds, and the marks of the clam-hoes and the print of bare feet were everywhere apparent. Between the flats, close to the beach, deep, well-like places had been dug. Here the greater number of the long clams had been found, lying not far below the surface in a bed of rocks, pebbles, and black mud.

The channels of water, separating the flats from each other and from the shore, were getting wider and deeper, indicating the incoming tide; but the father and son still plied their hoes on a point of sand far out on the most distant flat. On account of the shortness of the hoe handles, they were obliged to bend far over to the work. Mr Bill, who was very tall of stature, was beginning to feel fatigued from his afternoon's work. He threw down his hoe, and straightening up with an effort, turned towards the shore.

"Embargo," he called, "McKinley Tariff, go back, go back. You'll get wet. Tide's comin' in." He picked up his hoe and waved it, motioning towards the shore.

But the two little boys, hand in hand, had waded knee deep through the channel, and were now running towards their father. Embargo spied a tiny "keyhole" in the sand and, dropping on his knees, commenced cautiously to make deep furroughs on each side of the opening, using his forefingers and working rapidly. Suddenly he scooped down and up with one hand, and arose triumphant, holding aloft a good sized razor shell, at the same time giving a loud whoop to attract the attention of the group seated on the beach. By squeezing the two halves of the shell together, the head of the creature was forced out. The child eagerly bit this off and ate it with every evidence of satisfaction.

"Shall I give you the next one, 'ittle buzzy, shall I, shall I? You have to be quicker'n a flash. You can't catch 'em, you're t'little!"

The two boys were dressed just alike in a costume highly picturesque. Each wore tiny little trousers, not meant to reach the knee, and now rolled still higher, dark blue sweaters, and farmers' straw hats, man's size, tied down over the ears with bits of tape, the sort of head gear that is affected by the fat, inexperienced woman bather, the species who go in to knee depth and stand and splash water as they duck up and down.

Suddenly there arose a sound of childish wailing. McKinley Tariff, eager for the promised razor, had taxed his brother's patience too far with his importunity, and had received a sounding slap full on his plump, round cheek. Repentance followed swiftly, and the voice of the elder boy was raised in comfort.

"Don't cry, 'ittle buzzy, big bruver'll take care of you! Kiss Bargy, he won't let anyone hurt his darling 'ittle buzzy. Poor Kinney, don't cry!"

The two stood facing each other, but on account of the exaggerated breadth of their hat brims, they struggled in vain to make their faces meet for the kiss they were striving to exchange.

"Run out, do, Maudy or Minty, and see what ails McKinley Tariff," said Mrs. Bill, "and bring them back. I don't think raw razors agree with them, anyway; I can't abide them myself no more than mussels though some folks lot on them. 'Twas their grandpa Stebbins taught them that trick. Sailin' to furrin parts, as he did, gave him strange notions about food for children."

The two girls, returning from "Ailantus Lodge" with their empty clam basket, had taken flying leaps over the bulkhead, landing flushed and laughing, one on each side of their mother.

"Mrs. Benton gave us these notices of the church fair to 'stribute at the cottages," said Araminta. She handed the bundle of posters to her mother, and ran down the beach to join Maud who had already started out on the flat to the aid of the still sobbing child.

"Marianna, isn't it peaceful here! What a difference there is in the lives of created things. On the farm the cows are always in trouble over their calves being taken from them. The same way with the mother cats who have to lose their little cuddly kittens. The pigs have to be butchered and the hens and turkeys and ducks have their necks wrung or their heads chopped off. Trouble, trouble for somethin' all of the time! In the trees where it ought to be peaceful, what quarrelin' and chatterin' goes on! The birds work so hard to build their nests, and after that fly back and forth, back and forth, to feed their young, and what does it all amount to! In a few months it's fall, and all their work seems to have been for nothin' at all! And just so with us—mend and bake, wash dishes and wash clothes. When you get time to read you're too tired. And talk about race suicide! I love my children, of course; but many's the time I wish they had never been sent to me. I never said that to you before, did I, Marianna? It makes me wild to think I can't do for 'em as I want to. Your father don't agree with me in these things. You ought to take trips an' see things: an' Florrie, she ought to prepare for college as long as that's her ambition—I do hope she'll remember to start home from the library early. She is so forgetful when it comes to housework. I impressed it on her to put the kettle on and have supper ready for us. It don't hurt her once in a while to take some responsibility 'round the house. I 'most hope after my experience you'll never marry, Marianna."

"I don't much believe I ever will, mother, dear," said the young girl, softly. She rose to her knees and

put Trusty into his little go-cart, then, standing up, wheeled him away. Mr. Benton and Mr. Prior, the latter carrying the older man's golf bag, were just turning in towards the cottage. Upon recognizing Marianna, Mr. Prior hesitated as if he would come down the steps to speak with her, but her bow was so formal, and she so quickly turned to walk back again, that he did not yield to the momentary impulse, but passed on with Mr. Benton across the lawn to the piazza where Mrs. Benton and Louise awaited them.

Mrs. Bill had spread out one of the narrow posters which announced the coming church fair, and was scribbling something on the back of it. Marianna sat down again near by, waiting silently. She knew this mood of her mother's so well, and was always patient with her.

"I've written a valentine for Cap'n," finally came the announcement. 'I shall put it away until next February, for I like to have things on hand, Christmas presents, and valentines, birthday gifts, and such. It saves a deal of fuss and hurry; and then, too, I have to write things down when they come to me. Don't tell any of the rest, and I'll let you read it, dear." She reached over and took the now fretful and kicking Trusty on her lap, handing the poster to her daughter.

"By the Sea; a Valentine"

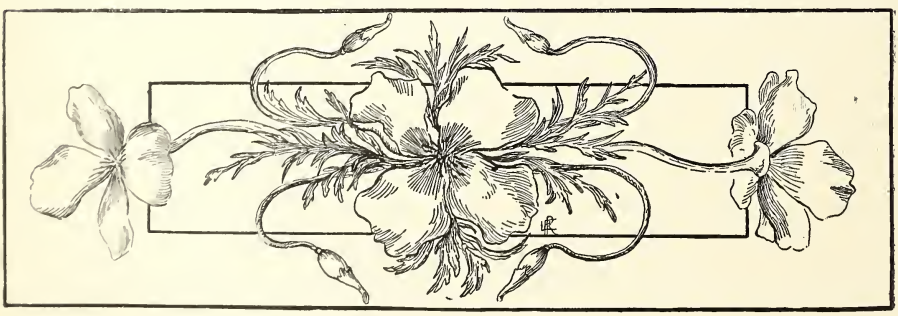
"Sing not to me of birdlings
That mate in yonder trees;
They are so very busy
As they flutter in the breeze.

"It makes me tired to think
Of all they have to do,
Flying here and yonder;
Their work is never through.

"But with the clams it's different.
Beneath the sand and wave
They lie upon a 'comfy' bed;
Nor need to work or save.

"Then meet me by the sea
Where resting now I am.
Oh, come, beloved Valentine,
Oh, come, and be a clam!"

(To be continued)



19th Century Boston Journalism

By Edward H. Clement

III

I am loth to leave this part of my story that has to do with my work as critic. Boston that is Boston is nowhere so much in evidence, at public events, that is to say, as at the concert of classic music; and this has always been so. In my boyhood, it was to be found at the concerts of the Germania Orchestra at Music Hall, which I can remember before the "Great Organ" was crowded into it, to the injury of its perfect proportions. Later the Symphony concerts of the Harvard Musical Associations commanded the attendance of the best society, just as the Boston Symphony concerts do today. As the Harvard Musical Association drew into the twilight of its glory, falling into the sere and yellow leaf along with most of its audience, it suffered the rivalry of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra from New York, and it became rather a point of honor and chivalry with the true-blue Bostonian to stand by the old home orchestra, no matter if the music was not so good, either in programme or performance. Mr. Dwight stoutly maintained that he preferred something of the "natural" roughness of the Boston men under Carl Zerrahn to the dead perfection of the drill-master exhibited by the New York organization.

So for many years Thomas played here the finest of the new music—when Wagner's latest works were quite new to America and Saint-Saens and Massenet and Rubinstein and Tchaikowsty were just beginning to be heard of,—to the old Music Hall's benches deserted by the best Boston public. It was as much as your social standing in good Boston musical circles was worth to be seen indulging in the flesh-pots of the beautiful Thomas concerts and neglecting the more strictly classical Harvard Musical fare of old masters, as rendered by Boston players assembled from the theatre orchestra and quadrille bands once a week or so. If one ever stole away into the tabooed Thomas concerts, it was as one would go to Chinatown or Little Italy on a Bohemian lark, not to be talked much about afterwards except with partners in such abandoned courses. The story was whispered round, in those days of nascent revolt from the old regime in Boston music, that the young son of Otto Dresel, musical mentor of Mr. Dwight (and a truly learned and accomplished musician) one night begged his father so piteously for his permission to go to a Thomas concert that the stern parent finally relented so far as to allow the youth to endanger his musical morals there, but on one condition: that he would on the performance reaching Lizst's "Preludes", on the programme that evening, leave the hall and not return till it was over.



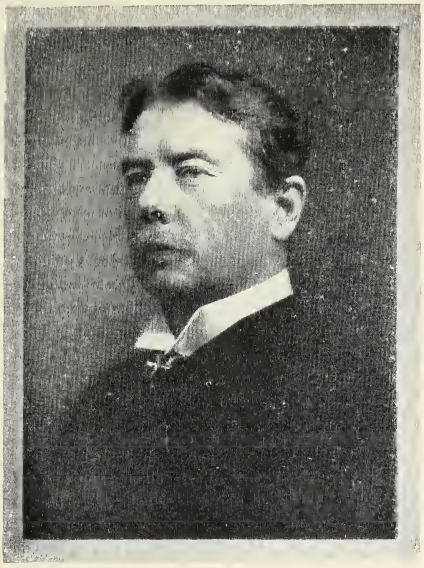
B. J. LANG

(Courtesy of the Photo Era)

Well, one learned to feel the need of the presence of the authoritative audience before quite enjoying an event as thoroughly comme il faut, no matter how excellent intrinsically the music might be. When Mr. Dwight, "son Eminence Grise," had tottered into his immemorial seat in the first balcony on the left of the hall, about one-third of the distance from the front of the stage, perhaps accompanied by Miss Andrew, daughter of the War Governor; when Mr. Sebastian B. Schlesinger or his brother had appeared; when the elder Apthorp, with his neatly brushed white hair and voluminous white overcoat had passed to a front seat directly under the second violins; when Mr. Thorndike of Salem was in his place nearly opposite Mr. Dwight in the first balcony on the other side of the hall; when Theodore Chase had taken his stand in the side aisle calmly surveying the house through his single eye-glass; when a certain dozen or so of grand dames of a Boston that as yet knew not of Mrs. Gardner (yes, Boston actually existed before Mrs. Gardner) had swept to their accustomed places, then and then only, Boston felt that a musical event worthy of Boston's attention was going forward; the concert could begin and the critics would carefully anaylze and duly adjudge the doings for the next day's papers.

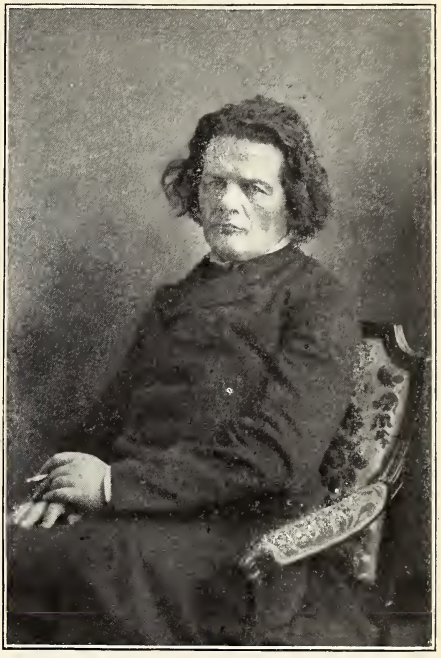
The wonderful perspicuity of the latest British critic of Boston, Mr. H. G. Wells, was nowhere more signally displayed than in selecting the Symphony audience as one of the best typical displays of Boston at the finest. Most perfectly has he described and characterized it in those few lines, concluding:—"that

audience of pleased and pleasant ladies, in chaste, high-necked, expensive dresses, and refined, attentive, appreciative, bald or iron-gray men." Nor did Mr. Henry L. Higginson, in all his distinguished career of sagacious calculation and investment, ever judge and decide more wisely than in selecting the Symphony Orchestra and concerts



DIRECTOR GEORGE W. CHADWICK

for his monumental benefaction to this community. In the earlier stages of the history of this institution, while the annual deficit was still a matter of—well, not to be too indiscreetly definite,—a small fortune as fortunes were in those days, Major Higginson honored me with a confidential communication to be given to the public in certain possible contingencies which happily never arose. He was about to sail for Europe for the summer season, and this statement of fact was to be given out in case anything happened to him before he got back. It was to the effect that the Boston Symphony Orchestra was provided for in a sufficient endowment to insure its permanency. "If I should never come back," he said, in his straightforward, simple fashion of speech, "these concerts will go on forever. One never can tell what may happen in such a business as mine; but as things are now and as I leave them, the Symphonies will go on." Fortunately we still have Major Higginson and the concerts, too, and the time has apparently gone by when the community can be in any



RUBINSTEIN IN 1881

danger of having to face the dread alternative of sparing either the Symphony Orchestra or its public-spirited Founder. Nothing could have added a more characteristic and richer cap-sheaf to the garnered



TRANSCRIPT OFFICES AND OLD SOUTH CHURCH

wealth of Boston in the means of popular education in the higher realms of culture, art and refinement.

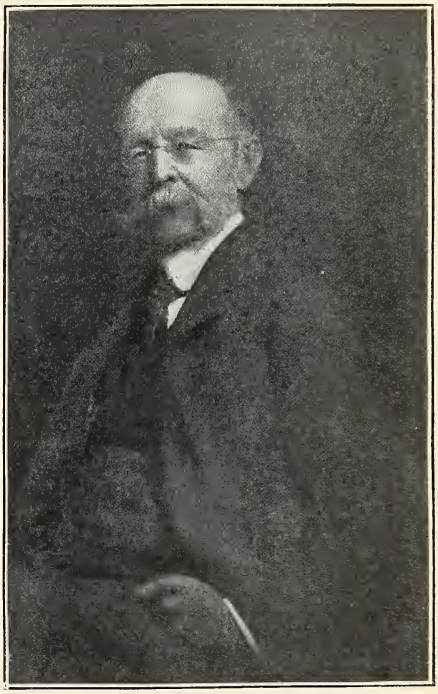
But the field had been well prepared for the seed in the long existence of the Handel and Haydn Society and the several other great musical organizations which antedated it. The democratization of the highest in aesthetics has ever been one of the distinguishing marks of Boston as a community,—one of the greatest triumphs of Democracy as exemplified in the American republic. What had been in other times and other lands the luxury of the favored few, had been made here the common property of the many. As the "Lyceum," with its popularization of the best and freshest thought of the age at the hand of such interpreters as Emerson, Holmes, Whipple, George Sumner, Henry Giles, Wendell Phillips, George William Curtis, and their compeers, had cultivated in every community of, say, a thousand inhabitants an advanced intellectual taste, so the Handel and Haydn, the Apollo Club, the Boylston Club, the short-lived Philharmonic Society (schismatic offshoot of the Harvard Musical, whose revolt crystalized the latent purpose in Major Higginson's mind to create the Symphony Orchestra, I always believed) had trained the popular appreciation of the best classical music. These great musical organizations drew upon the talent latent in all classes from the merchants and their families to the clerks and mechanics and their womankind. It was a perfect democracy, as true art always has been in all ages and all countries. I remember in my earliest childhood the stir in the household when the family's supper was hurried up at an unusual hour that my father and my eldest sister might be in time for the weekly rehearsal of the Handel and Haydn, the trial of passages in the oratorio under study and practice at home, the drawing on of the coming event of the Sunday night performance, the great night itself with some of the famous opera artists as soloists, and the talk about their respective merits for days afterwards. In this natural, unforced way the immortal masterpieces of music were literally made "familiar in our ears as household words" and the common people became a community of critics.

The audiences at the Handel and Haydn concerts have always been as democratic as the great choir itself. It is perfectly distinct from the Symphony audience in character and composition. A part of the



WULF FRIES, FIRST 'CELLOIST OF HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OF 1889

oratorio audience comes as to a religious service, and is moved more by the dramatic presentation of the religious subject involved than by the musical setting of it. You see year after year the fathers and mothers of Israel in their accustomed seats—people who are found at no other musical events of the first class. The Christmas performance of the "Messiah" and the Holy Week rendering of Bach's "Passion Music" are attended by such families as a sort of pious duty. Yet there is a very strong contingent there which is purely musical and does not fail to demonstrate its presence and its purpose by outbursts of applause at fine bits of the performance. This has always been a little shocking to the religious element and regularly the protest is heard through letters to the editor against this "profanation," as it appears to those chiefly intent on the religious significance and content of the work in hand. But the protest against applauding has never been effective; it comes only from those not "to the manner born," and the loyal Bostonian will never give up this inherited right to demon-



PROF. J. K. PAINE
(Courtsey of The Photo Era)

strative delight in noble music no matter if it be Sunday night. This applause is as much for the full and correct expression of the religious feeling of an aria or a choral as for technical excellence in the execution; for the right kind of Boston audience is as fully alive to the spiritual meaning of music as the aesthetic value of it. I have sat by John Fiske, the historian, (who was a musical amateur of cultivation and sensibility and was for years president of the Boylston Club in George L. Osgood's day of leading and distinction as a solo tenor) when the tears were rolling beyond control down his cheeks, and he was but one of others liable to be similarly moved in a well-representative Boston audience.

But the Boston audience changes with everything else. The inroads of death and time are not the only havoc. We not only miss the old familiar faces, the old stand-bys in "the seats of the mighty" whether in the critics' row or on the platform, but there are more and more all the time of those who knew not Joseph,—and what is more do not appear to care if they didn't. There is a mighty tide of new blood sweeping through our musical circles all the time now since the New England Conservatory of Music founded by the pious but able Dr. Eben Tourgee has become under better musically trained conductors one of the real conservatories of the country and of the world. When Texas is liable to produce any day such a pianist as young Mme. Samaroff; when Nevada sends us such singers occasionally as Nevada and Florence Finlayson; when such an artist as Nordica, the discovery and pride of Dr. Tourgee and the product of Prof. John O'Neil of the earlier Conservatory rises from Roxbury, and such a diva as Geraldine Farrar blooms in Melrose, it does not do to demand any inspection of credentials in recruiting our musical circles. The next Nevada or Nordica may be in that bunch of girls in Gainsborough street giggling over something in the appearance, it may be, of one of the most awful dignitaries of old Boston. The young man may be in the front row in the top gallery who will come some day to conduct his own symphony. I remember very well the afternoon when Director George W. Chadwick of the Conservatory then a stripling, darted out of the old Music Hall for a run around the Common to calm his nerves before taking up the baton for the production of the first overture of his played in those sacred precincts.

Looking back down the vista of the twenty-five years since I compared notes with the critics (dozing and grumbling at their task, always, but really doting on the things that were only a bore to them because it was in their day's work), so many figures, so many faces, so many poses, so many gestures, of artists and conductors, characteristic and prophetic of success and failure, so many famous soloists, so many habitual neighbors in the audiences dear and gone, swarm into the vision, that the confusion—or something—dims the sight. One cannot even call the names of all singers and players and conductors that one has loved more or less, from Samaroff to Essipoff and Perabo, from Gericke to Nikisch, from Kneisel and Adamowski to Ryan and the old Mendels-

sohn Quintet, from Loeffler to J. C. D. Parker and J. K. Paine. Always to the fore throughout stands out the tireless entrepreneur of new music, Mr. B. J. Lang. To go back still further to the days when "Martha" and "Faust" were new to boyhood; to halcyon nights with Adelaide Phillips and Patti and Brignoli in the casts, would be to venture towards the rapids leading down to the shooting of Niagara in the stock lament of the elders for that eternal opera troupe which came here from the Havana to the Howard Athenaeum in the forties and contained Amodio, Truffi and Badiali. Away with melancholy! Let us think only of the "Big Drum Jubilee of the ever-joyous P. S. Gilmore's creation with Parepa-Rosa and Peschka-Leutner and the handsome Vienna fiddler Strauss of the "Beautiful Blue Danube" and his "Pizzicato."

I remember distinctly my pride in visiting Boston as the representative of the New York World at the Peace Jubilee. I had taken ship the night before on the great Sound steamer with Commodore Fisk ("Jim") himself handing the distinguished party of the New York delegation over the gang plank at the New York dock. "Jim" was in all the gold lace on cap and cuffs that the regulations of his Fall River line called for, and his guests were, besides the press representatives, General U. S. Grant and Fisk's then partner in railroad deals and steals, Jay Gould. In Boston we were a procession of barouches and our party with General Grant and Jay Gould in the centre of the auditorium fairly divided the attention of the multitude with the half-acre or so of "Big Drum" suspended in the air above the megatherian orchestra and aggregated chorus. We need not blush for the cheap sensationalism of the magnified "Anvil Chorus" and "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Hail Columbia" punctured with cannon-shots to the beat of the conductor. They were the mere froth of a popular musical spree that the suburban Boston enjoyed without for a moment being deceived by them as to their true place on the scale of high art. They passed and left to us still unspoiled those—

"——sweet societies
That sing, and singing, in their glory move."



The Connecticut Navy of the American Revolution

By Charles Oscar Paullin, Ph. D.

IN the years immediately preceding the American Revolution the four New England colonies were largely engaged in ship-building, fishing, whaling, and commerce. The forests of Maine and New Hampshire afforded incomparable oaks and white pines for ships. Indeed, not a few of these trees were sealed for the use of the Royal Navy, and their high quality authenticated by the mark of the King's broad arrow. New England's hardy dwellers on the seacoast had long engaged in fishing on the Newfoundland Banks, or in whaling in many seas, and had bred a race of sailors. The Atlantic withheld few secrets from the bold Yankee skippers. They were equally at home in the coastwise navigation reaching from Nova Scotia to Florida, in deep-sea voyages to the mother-land, in skirting the Guinea coast in quest of its dark-skinned trade, or in slipping down the trade winds with all canvas set for the sunny sugar islands of the West Indies and the Spanish Main. In New England, as in no other section of the revolting colonies, were to be found ships, sailors, and a knowledge of the sea.

To the southward the kindlier climate, the more fertile fields, and the more varied and productive plants invited the inhabitants to follow farming as a means of livelihood. The men of the Middle and Southern colonies, however, were considerably interested in maritime pursuits, but to a much less extent than the people of New England. They went to sea in ships less habitually than did their hardier brothers of the sterile coasts of the eastern states. With fewer ships, fewer sailors, and fewer landsmen with tastes and aptitudes for the sea Middle and Southern colonies naturally played a lesser, though by no means insignificant part in the naval warfare of the Revolution. In ships, sailors, and achievements on the sea, New England easily led the other two sections. Only in one particular did she take a second place, in providing the naval hero of the Revolution. Virginia gave to the nation both Washington and John Paul Jones.

Of the four New England states, Massachusetts with its larger population and resources naturally led in the sea-fighting, but its daughter-state, Connecticut. was no mean second. In every form of naval service known to the Revolution Connecticut men were to be found. William Colt, a native of New London and a graduate of Yale in the class of 1761, was in the fall of 1775 made captain of the schooner Harrison, four guns. This was one of the vessels that Washington fitted out during his campaign around Boston and sent to sea to intercept transports

carrying troops and supplies to the British army. Connecticut played a prominent part in the memorable work of Arnold on Lake Champlain in 1776. She sent two companies of ship carpenters to build naval craft on the Lakes. One of these was placed under the direction of Captain Job Winslow, and the other under Captain Jonathan Lester. The galley Trumbull of Arnold's fleet was built and officered by Connecticut men. The state authorized three companies of seamen to be raised for service on the Lakes.

Several of the leading captains of the Continental navy were from Connecticut. The first list of Continental captains containing four names was headed by Dudley Saltonstall of Connecticut. He owed his appointment to his brother-in-law, Silas Deane, a member of the Continental Congress and of the Naval Committee. Captain Seth Harding of Norwich commanded the Continental ship Confederacy. In 1778 the captain of the Continental brigantine Resistance was Samuel Chew of New London. In March of that year the Resistance had a sharp but indecisive encounter with a letter of marque of twenty guns. Chew and his lieutenant, George Champlin also of New London were killed. Only one other captain of the Continental navy lost his life during the Revolution. This was Captain John Skimmer, a Massachusetts man. Four Continental frigates were built in Connecticut, the Trumbull, Warren, Confederacy and Bourbon. Governor Jonathan Trumbull rendered the Congress valuable service by aiding in their construction. The Connecticut-built frigates were largely manned by Connecticut men.

The Connecticut privateers were especially active during the first years of the Revolution. Their prizes were often British merchantmen, and were laden with valuable commodities from the West Indies —sugar, rum, mahogany, and tropical fruits. A list of Connecticut privateers in which some vessels are enumerated two or more times has been made out. Its totals show 202 vessels, 1609 guns, and 7754 men.

Connecticut not only supplied men and resources to the fleets of Washington, of Arnold, of the Continental Congress, and of the privateersmen, but she built or purchased a fleet of armed vessels, which sailed under state auspices. Her first step towards obtaining a naval armament was made early in July, 1775, when her General Assembly authorized the Governor and Council to procure, fit out, and employ two vessels for the defence of the seacoasts of the state. The Executive after thoroughly considering the "affair of the two armed vessels" appointed Captain John Deshon and Nathaniel Shaw Jr., both of New London, and two other men a committee to visit the principal ports of Connecticut and ascertain the terms upon which the vessels, officers, and seamen might be had. On August 2 this committee reported that sundry vessels could be obtained at reasonable prices, but that none of them were perfectly adapted for ships of war.

In the end two vessels were obtained, one chartered and the other purchased. These two vessels, the first of the Connecticut navy, were the Minerva and the Spy. The Minerva was chartered of Captain William Griswold of Wethersfield,

and the Spy was bought for about 200 pounds at Stonington. They were small vessels for even that day. The Minerva was a brig of 108 tons burden, and the Spy a schooner of only fifty tons burden. The Spy had been formerly called the Britannia, a most inappropriate name for an American naval vessel. Her new employment suggested her new name. She was used as a "spy-vessel, to run and course from place to place, to discover the enemy, and carry intelligence." Giles Hall of Wallingford was made captain of the Minerva, and Robert Niles of the Spy. Robert Niles was soon succeeded by Samuel Niles. They were probably residents of Groton. In October, 1775, these two vessels were ready for sea.

Deciding to increase the naval forces of the colony, the General Assembly, in December, 1775, appointed Colonel David Waterbury of Stamford and Captain Isaac Sears of New Haven to examine a certain brigantine at Greenwich with a view to ascertaining its fitness for the naval service. It also resolved to build or otherwise procure a ship and four row-galleys. After examining the Greenwich brigantine, Waterbury and Sears reported that she was a new vessel, and that she would mount sixteen six-pounders and twenty-four swivels. Governor Trumbull and the Connecticut Council of Safety at once purchased her. She was named the Defence, and by April, 1776, was manned and ready for sea. Captain Seth Harding of Norwich was appointed to command her.

On January 9, 1776, the Executive appointed Benjamin Huntington and Seth Harding a committee to visit Middleton and other towns on the Connecticut for the purpose of ascertaining the terms upon which a ship could be built or purchased. In the end it was decided to build a ship. Its dimensions were to be 80 feet keel, 27 feet beam, and 12 feet hold; its burden was 200 tons. It was to be built at Saybrook on the Connecticut. Captain Uriah Hayden undertook the work at a wage of six shillings a day. She was constructed during the spring and summer of 1776. On July 11 William Coit was appointed to command her; and her first and second lieutenants were selected. Upon her completion she was taken to New London to be fitted for sea. Her arrival at this port is thus chronicled in the Connecticut Gazette of August 23, 1776, published at New London: "Last Lord's Day, the new Ship of War belonging to the State of Connecticut, built at Say-Brook, and commanded by William Coit, Esq., came out of the River and arrived here Tuesday; she is the largest Vessel that has ever come over Say-Brook Bar, and was piloted by Capt. James Harris."

The new vessel was named the Oliver Cromwell. The selection of this name bears witness to the fact that many of the colonists associated their Revolution with that of Cromwell in the 17th century. The new ship was fitted out by Nathaniel Shaw jr. Many difficulties attended the shipping of the crew. Seamen did not enlist readily, and they seemed proof against the seductive allurements of attractive advertisements. The following which was inserted in the papers after the Oliver Cromwell had made a cruise is a good sample: "The ship Oliver Cromwell, Timothy Parker commanding, ready for a

cruise against the enemies of the United Independent States. All gentlemen volunteers that have a mind to make their fortunes are desired to repair immediately on board said ship in the port of New London, where they will meet good encouragement."

The delays in the sailing of the Oliver Cromwell caused dissatisfaction among both her crew and officers. Several of the latter resigned. On January 28, 1777, she was ordered to proceed to sea, but several of her crew deserted and the ship was detained. In March Michael Mellally, her first lieutenant was dismissed. At this time Captain Coit reported that he would be ready to sail as soon as bread, wood, and rum were received. Coit was not permitted to make a cruise in the Oliver Cromwell. On April 14 he was discharged from the naval service, and Captain Seth Harding was placed in command. Timothy Parker was now first lieutenant, and Josiah Burnham master. In the spring of 1777 while the Oliver Cromwell was lying in the port of New London, the following incident occurred. On the day of the marriage of Captain Elisha Hinman a complimentary salute was fired from the ship. Some practical joker among the crew charged the cannon with a hand grenade, which "whistled through the town the like was never known. The terrified inhabitants caused the offender to be arrested and put in irons." The Oliver Cromwell finally sailed on her first cruise in May, 1777.

Of the four row-galleys ordered in December, 1775, only three were built. This was, during the Revolution, a common type of vessel. They were propelled by sails as well as oars. The Connecticut galleys were rigged as schooners. The Whiting was constructed at New Haven, the Shark at Norwich, and the Crane at East Haddam. By July, 1776, they were completed, officered, and manned. Upon the urgent and repeated solicitations of Washington, Connecticut sent her three galleys to the assistance of the Commander-in-chief in his campaign on the Hudson. After giving a good account of themselves in an attack on two British vessels near Tarrytown, New York, the Whiting and Crane were lost to the enemy in the fall of 1776. The Shark probably met a similar fate.

For a brief time in 1777 the schooner Mifflin and sloop Schuyler formed a part of the Connecticut navy, but they rendered little service. In 1779 the Mars, an armed British sloop commanded by Captain Samuel Rodgers, was run ashore near Guilford. She was gotten off, and was taken into the service of the state under the name of Guilford. In June, 1779, she came into New London under the command of Captain Nott. The galley New Defence belonging to Branford received arms, ammunition, and stores from the state. The sloop Dolphin, a prize of the Spy, was purchased by the state, and sent to Philadelphia for flour, but it is believed that she was not a naval vessel.

When on August 3, 1775, the Executive of the state appointed Captain Giles Hall, it fixed his pay at £7 a month. The monthly salary of the first lieutenant was £5; the second lieutenant and master, £4 each; a seaman, £2 5s; and a marine, £2 . The state Executive continued to fix the wages of officers

and sailors until April, 1779, when the General Assembly passed a statute creating a naval establishment. The law was modeled on a law of the Continental Congress on the same subject. It established two scales of wages, one for officers of vessels of twenty guns or upwards, and the other two classes received a monthly wage, respectively, of $60 and $48; lieutenants and masters, $30 and $24 each; and boatswains, $15 and $13. The wages for seamen did not vary, being $8. Connecticut granted pensions amounting to half-pay to all her officers, seamen, and marines, who were wounded in action so as to be disabled from earning a livelihood. A fraction of half-pay was granted for lesser disabilities.

During the Revolution New London was relatively of vastly greater importance than now. It was one of the largest and most enterprising towns of New England. It was situated on the great turnpike between New York and Boston and was an important post-town. It was the chief seaport of Connecticut. The most complete naval news is to be found in the Connecticut Gazette published at New London and not in the Hartford Courant nor in the New Haven paper, the Connecticut Journal. At the outbreak of the Revolution a movement was started to make New London the chief rendezvous of the Continental navy. New London was the naval station of the Connecticut fleet. Its vessels were here refitted and repaired. It was the naval center of Connecticut.

One of the most public-spirited men of New London was Nathaniel Shaw jr. He was a man of wealth, influence, and ardent patriotism. Better evidence of the social standing of the Shaw family may not be needed than that afforded by the statistics of the following extract from an old newspaper: "A great wedding dance took place at New London at the house of Nathaniel Shaw, Esq., June 12, 1769, the day after the marriage of his son Daniel Shaw and Grace Coit; 92 gentlemen and ladies attended, and danced 92 jigs, 52 contra-dances, 45 minuets, and 17 horn-pipes, and retired 45 minutes past midnight." Shaw was on intimate terms with Washington and other leaders of the Revolution. His table was rarely without guests of note. Through his occupation, that of an importing merchant, he became familiar with every detail of maritime pursuits: and his judgment in naval affairs was most highly regarded. In July, 1775, the state Executive consulted Shaw on the initial naval project of the state. Residing in the chief naval port of Connecticut, he was conveniently situated for aiding his government in all of its naval affairs. From 1775 to 1779 Shaw fitted out the ships of the state fleet. In July, 1776, he was appointed "Agent for the Colony, for the purpose of naval supplies and for taking care of such sick seamen as may be sent on shore to his care." In October, 1778, the General Assembly gave him the title of "Marine Agent for Connecticut" and authorized him to equip the state vessels, to direct their cruises, and to receive and sell their prizes; in all of which he was from time to time to take the advice of the Governor and Council of Safety.

The Connecticut state vessels sometimes sent its prizes into Massachusetts ports. Several times they refitted in Boston. It was therefore

convenient to have a navy agent residing in Boston. Samuel Elliot was appointed to serve Connecticut in this capacity. The navy agent's name occurs as Elliot, Eliott, and Eliot. He was either Samuel Elliot, a Boston merchant; or else Samuel Eliot, a more distinguished Boston merchant of the Revolutionary period. The latter was a benefactor of Harvard college, and the grandfather of the present President Eliot.

Governor Jonathan Trumbull was much interested in the navy of Connecticut, and any plan or suggestion for its improvement. Early in the war an invention of David Bushnell, a graduate of Yale in the class of 1775, was brought to his attention. In February, 1776, Bushnell appeared before the Governor and the Counsel of Safety and fully explained his device for blowing up ships, and was given £60 with which to complete it. Bushnell's "American Turtle," as his contrivance was called, anticipated modern submarine boats. It was a tortoise-shaped diving-boat and could be propelled under water. His boat contained a supply of air sufficient to last the operator a half-hour, who was guided by means of a compass made visible by phosphorous. Upon reaching the doomed vessel a screw, to which was attached a magazine of powder by a string, was driven into the ship. The casting of the magazine from the boat set going certain clock-work, which gave the operator time to get beyond the reach of danger before it ignited the powder. In 1777 a trial of the American Turtle against the British ship Eagle in New York harbor was unsuccessful. Later in the year in an attack on the frigate Cerberus anchored off New London, it blew up a schooner astern of the frigate and wounded several men. Further than this Bushnell's invention did not prove a success. An account of this invention was once given Thomas Jefferson by Washington Jefferson was greatly interested in it, as he was in all mechanical and labor-saving devices.

The principal cruising-ground of the Connecticut vessels was in and near Long Island Sound. This region was much frequented by British and Tory craft of all sorts. New York was the chief naval station of the British in America, and Long Island was a nest of Tories. From both places privateers and small naval ships issued forth to infest the shipping of the Sound and the coast of Connecticut. In preventing the depredations of these vessels, the Connecticut navy rendered one of its most important services. It was also called upon to stop the illegal and illicit trafficking between the unprincipled traders and Tories of Connecticut and the Tories and British on Long Island and at New York. The cruises of the more important vessels of the Connecticut navy were by no means confined to Long Island Sound and the adjacent waters. They sometimes visited the ports of Massachusetts. In pursuit of British merchantmen laden with rich cargoes, they were known to reach the regions of the Azores and the West Indies. In June and July, 1778, the Oliver Cromwell and the Defence refitted at Charleston, South Carolina. Towards the end of July the Oliver Cromwell sailed for Nantes, France, with a load of indigo, which she expected to exchange for clothing.

Encountering a storm, she was dismasted and was forced to abandon her voyage. The Spy made one trip to France, being the only vessel of the navy that visited a European port.

The vessels of the Connecticut navy with the approximate periods of their services were as follows: brigantine Minerva, 1775; schooner Spy, 1775-1778; ship Defence, 1776-1779; ship Oliver Cromwell, 1776-1779; galleys Crane and Whiting, 1776; galley Shark, 1776-1777; schooner Schuyler, 1777; and sloop Guilford, 1779. A list of vessels in the Connecticut navy, that contains several additional names, has been compiled. These extra vessels were either prizes or merchant vessels, and are believed to have rendered the state no naval services. They are not to be considered as forming a part of the navy of the state.

The highest rank in the Connecticut navy was that of captain, and the following are the chief officers who served in that rank: Giles Hall, Robert Niles, William Coit, Seth Harding, Timothy Parker, and Samuel Smedley. Hall has been credited to Wallingford, Niles to Groton, and Coit, Parker and Harding to Norwich. Before Harding was given command of the state-ship Defence, he had commanded privateers. From the state navy he was promoted to the Continental navy, and was given command of the Continental frigate Confederacy, which was built on the Thames river between Norwich and New London. This ship was under the command of Harding when she was captured in 1781 by the British naval ships Roebuck and Orpheus, and was returning from Cape Francois with a load of military stores and produce. As has been seen, Coit in the fall of 1775 commanded the Harrison of Washington's fleet. Early in 1775 he had answered the call to arms and became an officer in "Parson's Regiment." Coit, Harding, and Parker, successively, acted as captain of the Oliver Cromwell. Before the Revolution Parker was a sailor, and had made voyages to the West Indies. Among the junior officers of the line in the Connecticut navy were the following lieutenants of the Oliver Cromwell: David Hawley, Samuel Champlin, Michael Mellally, John Chapman, John Smith, Caleb Frisbee, and John Tillinghast.

By all odds the chiefest vessels of the Connecticut navy were the Spy, Defence, and Oliver Cromwell. Each belonged to the navy for some three years and saw considerable service. The career of the three galleys was short. The Mifflin and Schuyler were in the service of the state for only a short time in 1777. The Guilford was captured shortly after she was fitted out. In October, 1775, the Minerva, the first vessel of the navy, was ordered, in response to a request of the Continental Congress, to proceed to sea and to intercept two transports bound from England to Quebec. These important orders were not executed by Captain Hall of the Minerva for the very sufficient reason "that all the hands or soldiers and marines on board, except 10 or 12, being duly noticed of said orders utterly declined and refused to obey the same and perform said cruise," which through their disobedience wholly failed. The state Executive ordered the mutinous men to be discharged and others enlist-

ed in their places, but before the Minerva was again ready for service, the General Assembly in December, 1775, directed Captain Hall to return his vessel to her owner and dismiss his men. The Minerva did not get to sea.

The first prize of a Connecticut state vessel was captured by the tiny schooner Spy, which made her first cruise in October, 1775. Early in that month she re-captured and brought into New London a large ship containing eight thousand bushels of wheat. The Spy was chiefly useful in watching the enemy and giving notice of his movements to the government and to the shipping of the state. On July 6, 1776, the following instructions were issued by Governor Trumbull and the Connecticut Council of Safety to Captain Robert Niles "of the Colony armed Schooner Spy": "You are hereby instructed carefully and diligently to attend the duty of your station and department; to keep a careful watch and lookout for any and every hostile ship or vessel which may be hovering about our coasts, take any that you can, give every signal and intelligence of and concerning them in your power; and for the advantage of the trade and friends of the country, you are also to take care and prevent, as far as lies in your power, any smuggling trade and clandestine management contrary to the laws and embargo of this Colony, and any of the prohibitions of the honourable Continental Congress; for which, and every faithful exertion for the good of the Colonies and the support of the laws, this shall be your sufficient warrant."

Owing to her small size the Spy easily escaped from the enemy by taking refuge in shallow harbors and rivers. She carried only thirty men and an armament of six four-pounders. While not adapted for heavy fighting, she yet succeeded in taking several prizes. She frequently cruised in the neighborhood of Block Island or Montauk Point. In August and September, 1776, she seems to have been farther out to sea. She then captured the schooner Mary and Elizabeth, bound from Barbadoes to Halifax with a cargo of fifty-nine hogsheads of rum and eight barrels of sugar; and the ship Hope laden with 250 hogsheads of sugar, thirty-two puncheons of rum, and some molasses and coffee, and bound from St. Vincents to London. About a year later the Spy captured two sloops, the Fergeuson and Dolphin. The latter the state bought for £1000, and used as a merchant vessel.

The most striking service rendered by the Spy was the carrying to France of a most important message of the Continental Congress. When the treaties of February, 1778, between the United States and France were ratified by Congress, several vessels were selected to carry to France copies of them and the news of their ratification. One of these was the Connecticut state schooner Spy, Captain Robert Niles. Several packets were selected in order to insure the arrival of the important news; it was scarcely possible that all of them should be captured by the enemy or succumb to boisterous seas and weather. Niles had the honor of reaching France first with his important message. On his return trip the Spy was taken by the British, but Niles twice captured succeeded in twice escaping the enemy. He reached Con-

necticut a little more than a year after he sailed from Stonington on his important mission. In the records of the Connecticut Council of Safety for July, 1779, we read: "Captain Niles came in, having arrived home last Saturday after having been twice captured, etc.—gave an account of his voyage, etc.—arrived at Paris twenty-seven days after he sailed, which was June, 1778, and delivered his mail to Dr. Franklin, containing the ratification by Congress of the Treaty with France, being the first account he had received of that event, which was greatly satisfactory to him and the French minister and nation in general, etc."

The Defence carried sixteen six-pounders. She was originally a brigantine, sixty-two feet keel, twenty-three feet beam, and eleven feet hold. In the summer of 1777 while in Boston, she was lengthened and rigged as a ship. She was very successful in capturing prizes. She was first ready for sea in April, 1776. She sailed about the first of June. With what success may be seen from the following interesting letter of her captain, Seth Harding, to Governor Jonathan Trumbull. It is dated June 19, 1776: "Honourable Sir: I sailed on Sunday last from Plymouth. Soon after we came to sail, I heard considerable firing to the northward. In the evening fell in with four armed schooners near the entrance of Boston harbour, who informed me they had engaged with a ship and a brig, and were obliged to quit them. Soon after I came up into Nantasket Roads, where I found the ship and brig at anchor. I immediately fell in between the two, and came to anchor about twelve o'clock at night. I hailed the ship, who answered, from Great Britain. I ordered her to strike her colours to America. They answered me by asking, What brig is that? I told them the Defence. I then hailed him again, and told him I did not want to kill their men; but have the ship I would at all events, and again desired them to strike; upon which the Major (since dead) said, 'Yes, I'll strike,' and fired a broadside upon me, which I immediately returned, upon which an engagement begun, which continued three glasses, when the ship and brig both struck. In this engagement I had nine men wounded but none killed. The enemy had eighteen killed and a number wounded. My officers and men behaved with great bravery; no men could have outdone them.

"We took out of the above vessels two hundred and ten prisoners, among whom is Colonel Campbell of General Frazer's Regiment of Highlanders. The Major was killed.

"Yesterday a ship was seen in the way, which came towards the entrance of the harbour, upon which I came to sail, with four schooners in company. We came up with her, and took her without any engagement. There were on board about one hundred and twelve Highlanders.

"As there are a number more of the same fleet expected every day, and the General here urges my stay, I shall tarry a few days, and then proceed to New London. My brig is much damaged in her sails and rigging.

"If your Honour has any commands, be so good as to communicate them by a line. I hope your Honour will excuse this request, and excuse my copying this fair, for want of time."

In this account Harding, apparently, is guilty of doing an injustice to Washington's little fleet, four or possibly five of whose vessels had participated in the capture of the Highlanders. According to the report of Lieutenant Campbell of the British army, the transports were on their way to Boston not knowing that it had been evacuated by the British. They were engaged by four of Washington's vessels for a large part of the day of June 16 and lost several men. At four o'clock in the afternoon the four vessels withdrew, but towards the close of the evening returned with the Defence and a schooner of eight guns. In the second engagement that ensued the British ran out of ammunition. "Under such circumstances hemmed in as we were with six privateers, in the midst of an enemy's harbour, beset with a dead calm, without the power of escaping, or even the most distant hope of relief, I thought it became my duty not to sacrifice the lives of gallant men wantonly in the arduous attempt of an evident impossibility." Major Menzies and seven private soldiers were killed. He was buried with the honors of war at Boston. The quartermaster and twelve private soldiers were wounded.

For two and a half years the Defence was fortunate in her cruises, sailing both alone and in company with other vessels. During both 1777 and 1778 she visited the West Indies and captured some valuable prizes. In July, 1778, it was reported that she and a French privateer had taken two English privateers on the coast of the Carolinas. During the Revolution West India merchant ships of the enemy with rich cargoes were vulnerable craft, since their convoy was often weak. A typical prize of this sort was the ship John taken by the Defence in the fall of 1776. The John had sailed from Jamaica in company with two hundred sail and under convoy of two men of war. When the Defence overhauled the fleet of merchantmen, the men of war had parted company with them and returned to port. The burden of the prize was about three hundred tons, and its cargo consisted of "three hundred and six hogsheads of sugar, one hundred and fifty-eight hogsheads of rum, sixteen bales of cotton, a quantity of coffee and mahogany, and has two turtles on board."

Three of the lieutenants of the Defence were named Leeds, Angel, and Billings, and had been sea-captains, sailing from the Thames. On March 10, 1779, the Defence struck on Goshen Reef, near New London, bilged, and soon after overset. Her guns and most of her stores were saved. Several of her crew perished in the hold.

The Oliver Cromwell, the largest vessel of the Connecticut navy carried twenty guns. She made her first cruise in the summer of 1777 and went as far eastward as the latitude of the Azores. She captured several prizes, of which the most valuable were the brigantine Honor and the packet Weymouth. The Honor and her cargo were sold in Boston for $51,025. The most noteworthy cruise of the Oliver Cromwell was made in the spring of 1778. She sailed from Boston in March in company with the Defence. They visited the West Indies and refitted in Charleston, South Carolina. They captured the Admiral Keppel,

eighteen, and the Cygnus, sixteen, two letters of marque. John Tillinghast, the third lieutenant of the Oliver Cromwell brought the Admiral Keppel into Boston. The Oliver Cromwell had one man killed and several wounded. Captain James Day was mortally hurt and died the day after the battle. The Admiral Kepple had on board several distinguished passengers, among others the Honorable Henry Shirley, late British Ambassador to Russia. She was the most valuable prize captured by the Connecticut navy, selling in Boston for £22,321.

The last successful cruise of the Oliver Cromwell was made in May, 1779, when four small prizes were captured. On June 5 she was cruising with the privateer Hancock some leagues south of Sandy Hook, and fell in with the British frigate Daphne and two or three other vessels. The Oliver Cromwell and the Daphne engaged each other for two hours. After having had her maintopmast shot away, the Oliver Cromwell surrendered. She had three men killed and five wounded. The British fitted her out and gave her the name of Restoration. By August she was at sea cruising under the flag of her new owner. Part of her crew returned home in June. In August Captain Parker and forty men were exchanged. The captives had been confined in the prison ships, Jersey and Good Hope. The account of the treatment of the crew of the Oliver Cromwell on board these prison-ships as published by Daniel Stanton, one of the crew, are in striking and welcome contrast with the heart-rending narratives of other naval prisoners of the Revolution. Stanton wrote that "there was nothing plundered from us; we were kindly used by the captain and others that belonged to the ship. Our sick were attended by physicians who appeared very officious to recover them to health. Our allowances for subsistence was wholesome and in reasonable plenty, including the allowance by the Continental Congress sent on Board .....On the whole we were as humanely treated as our condition and the Enemy's Safety would admit."

When about July 1, 1779, the British captured the state sloop Guilford, eight guns, the state navy of Connecticut came to an end. The commissioning of whale-boats by the state in 1780, for the purpose of suppressing the illicit trade with the enemy properly forms a part of Connecticut's earlier attempts to stop this infamous traffic. Much of this contraband trade with the Tories on Long Island and the British at New York was conducted not by the Tories of Connecticut, but by pretending patriots, men who otherwise were considered fair and honorable. Many stringent acts were passed by the Connecticut legislature forbidding this commerce. But they were in large part powerless to stop it. The market for Connecticut products afforded by the enemy at New York and on Long Island was too good; and many Connecticut Yankees were greedy for large profits. During the Revolution nothing could be said of a man better calculated to hold him up to public indignation than to call him a "Long Island Trader." Many tricks were resorted to in order to conceal the operations of the trading. Certain patriot refugees, who fled to Connecticut from Long Island, would

obtain a license to return to their former homes for their property, and under its cover would engage in smuggling.

Late in the war the citizens of Norwich determined to stamp out the abuse. They formed an association and agreed to hold no social or commercial intercourse with those persons detected in evading the laws. They provided boats which kept watch at suspected places. All smuggled goods which were found were seized and sold, and the proceeds were devoted to charitable purposes. Some of the boats which the state commissioned to stop the smuggling disregarded their commissions and became the most active participators in the nefarious traffic. Suspicions, antipathies, and malicious feelings were aroused in every seaport town. The patriots condemned those who profited by this trade in unmeasured terms. One need not be pardoned for sympathizing with the sentiments of a patriot, expressed in the following extract taken from a letter dated Fairchild, Connecticut, May 13, 1776:

"More Tory Business. Last Sunday Captain Harding in the brig Defence, had the happiness of taking a number of Tories who were crossing over to Long Island, on some of their pious errands, I suppose; among whom was one Mr. Neal, a wretch you have often seen up town. He generally wore a white hat and a blue silk jacket; in exchange for which, I hope they will give him a coat-of-mail, that is, one of lime and stone.

"It is said there were a number of letters found on them, giving an account of their diabolical schemes, together with the names of several of their associates. In consequence of which, a number of gentlemen resolved to break up the den, and set off to Ridgefield; among whom was the bold assertor of his country's cause, Major Dimon, who, I have this morning heard, had like to have lost his life, in reposing too much confidence in one of the villains. It seems he was very active in taking one Lyons, who, after he had surrendered, invited him in, where he had a number of the brother murderers concealed, that fell on him and would have put an end to his life, had not some of his friends very providentially come to his assistance. The Major, I am told, is much wounded in the head, but still had resolution to go in quest of others."



By Sarah Louise Arnold

So long as the number of children in our Primary Schools so greatly outnumbers the registration of our Grammar and High Schools, we may be assured that the School training of many of our people is elementary, at least. Our continued prosperity in material affairs bears fruit in the general extension of opportunities for education, in school and out, and the growth of High Schools and Colleges is everywhere phenomenal. Nevertheless, many of us must remain untutored, in spite of the school's open door. The necessity of contributing to the support of the family, the loss of father or mother, wilful abandonment of school tasks, before the consequences are realized, too late; lack of means to continue in school; or the parents' failure to realize the advantages of education;—all these causes contribute to swell the number of those who leave school when their education is barely begun. Of these, many go lamenting all their days the loss of early opportunities. They are self-classified as ignorant and untaught; and while they deplore their own deficiencies they place undue emphasis upon the advantages which have been withheld.

Without doubt their deprivation is great. The gift of the school is beyond our measuring;—we have only half begun to discern its value. But it is not all of education. There is consolation in the assurance that many of our best educated men and women have had limited schooling, in the ordinary sense of the term. By some means they have mastered the essentials, and have secured outside the school a finer training than the school itself affords.

What are the products of our school life, then? and how may we make amends for their loss?

In the first place, the elementary school aims to assure to us the mastery of books, to the end that we may continue our learning, and enlarge our limited field of experience by sharing the experience with others, so far as it has been written down in books.

When we have learned to read, then, we have opened the door to all learning. The school may lead us within the temple—and guide us from room to room; but without the help of the school, we still may enter. At school or at home, we may read, and so may share the experience of all ages and climes.

But we shall soon discover that reading means much more than the

mere naming of the words which we find upon the printed page. We must bring to the book an experience which will enable us to interpret its message. The little world in which we live—our work—our neighborhood—our woods and fields—yields us the key of all the vast unknown;—but we must know our little world first. These neighbors of ours—rightly understood, shall enable us to understand the men and women whom History brings to our doors;—and entertain the myriads that await us in the pages of fiction. The truths that science would unfold to us take hold of the common happenings of our farms and workshops, our factories and our kitchens.

Unless we observe the one, we cannot understand the other. The beauty which the artist paints or the poet describes dwells in our wayside flowers and abides in the sunrise which is new to us every morning. If our eyes see not the blossom and the rosy cloud, they cannot behold the painting nor can our hearts fill the poet's meaning. If our ears are deaf to the whispering of the winds in the pines or the rustling of the cornleaves, they cannot hear the symphony. And the heroes of history shall be dumb to us if we have not witnessed the daily heroism of silent and faithful toil in our midst nor measured the constant sacrifice which is poured for us by a mother's love.

Out of school, not in, are these lessons learned; and if we learn them well, we shall bring to the book the key which shall unlock its treasure for us. It is life itself which trains us, making us ready for our books.

Out of the numberless books which our times afford, then, what shall we choose? Four or five simple rules may serve as guides. First,—we should read for our work—our trade, art, craft, or profession,—to make it better and to add to our enjoyment of it. There is no work that cannot be better done through knowing what others have achieved in it, and how they have won success. We take hold of hands with our fellow craftsmen, thus, and join their guild. Our work broadens as we read, and we come to have a finer conception of it. And such reading, thoughtfully pursued, may become the better sort of study;—the new thought enlightens the task, while the task, as thoughtfully performed, makes the reading intelligent. Each helps the other, as do the laboratory and the lecture.

Such reading continues and strengthens the education. It is especially commended to those whose tasks have assumed the aspect of drudgery. Useful work, well done, is in itself an education; but joy must be an inherent part of the doing. Drudgery is dull and deadening;—joyful labor is a tonic. The life and light which enters our work through our reading,—the sense of neighborship—the assurance of usefulness—the joy of accomplishment—educate us.

Women who are shut in at their home tasks need this revelation. Today they may discover that their tasks are held essential not only to their home circle, but to the public good,—that they are applying in their homely toil truths which men of science have given years to discover, and are securing for their

domain laws, which statesmen are striving to put into effect for the nation's good. This larger aspect of the every day task makes it worth while—and redeems it from drudgery. The home becomes the laboratory where truths are tested,—the school where men are trained for the common good.

The second rule is added to the first. Read, also, on some one subject that interests you, apart from your daily task. Let your reading carry you into this new field—from which you may return refreshed to your appointed labor, or with thoughts which may occupy your mind while your hands are engaged with your work. For many of the routine tasks, which demand no new knowledge or skill, may be saved from dullness and dreariness by the accompaniment of pleasant thoughts. Lucy Larcom pinned cuttings from newspapers on the walls of a long room in which she was employed in the mill, and as she passed from end to end, in her routine—snatched a thought to accompany her. Bird lovers have made birds their companions, learning to hear their songs, to recognize their workings, and to detect their tricks and manners, as they met them by the roadside or in the familiar fields. A language may be learned, a field of History covered, a favorite author studied, in the spare hours;—and this resource will not only cheer the days but will enlarge the horizon and make ready for the next learning.

In the third place—(this being added to the other two) read along the line of some special interest in the common good. Nothing helps us more in our education than the window which looks out upon the general welfare, and away from our petty and personal concerns. It may be child labor, or the Negro question, the problems of immigration, or civil service;—something that you already care for, and need to know more about. Read on both sides, fairly. Discuss, as well as read. Enlist your friends in the same interest, and your conferences and arguments will crystallize your thought. Through such thought and reading you come to realize your citizenship—in the true sense of the word.

In the fourth place—keep by you some book or books which shall insure for your ideals of life an ascending scale. Let no day pass without the brave true word which lifts you out of the "mud and scum of things." Your book may be history or fiction, poem or fable—but it should give you a glimpse of spiritual truth, through and beyond the material.

In these days of great accumulations, there is a strife to get much intelligently as well as in material affairs. 'Tis a good time to remember Emerson's word: "Keep your mind on the Eternal and your intellect will grow." Such reading cannot be spared; it secures for life truer interpretations, finer proportions.

And lastly, with the rest read the books you like best—always remembering that the best books should be chosen, among your likes. Out of such reading and thinking your special contribution comes.

And now, with such companionship with books, is the education assured, and the lack of schooling compensated for? Partly, but not wholly. For the school does some-

thing more than to open the world of books to us. It provides association with teachers and pupils; it fixes habits and establishes tendencies; it trains and developes character.

In school and out, we learn much from our association with others. Personal experiences, which loom so large to us take their place in proper perspective when we learn that our experience is common to others also.

Personal peculiarities are rubbed away by friendly criticism,—we learn through the disciplined association of the school how to conform to a common standard. And if it is a good school, we associate with our superiors as well as our equals, and accordingly set up finer ideals of what life may be to us. With all this, we accept a regular, orderly occurrence of tasks and responsibilities, which we are pledged to meet. All this training counts for good.

How can we make good its loss? By substituting self control for school control, and holding ourselves diligently to our self-appointed task. By setting ourselves to learn from our friends (in books and out) finer manners and generous thought;—tolerance and sympathy. By choosing, so far as we can—vacation travels, instead of finer clothes or frequent luxuries:—by constantly selecting the finer—in our association and our reading. "He is never alone who is accompanied by noble thoughts." Such association tells.

And, happily, other opportunities for tuition offer themselves, and it is not too late to learn. The correspondence schools have enrolled upon their lists more students than all the colleges. The Christian Associations have established evening courses of study for adults. The Chautauqua Assemblies provide courses of study; and there is always the opening for the neighborhood club, with its evening set apart for the study of History—or of some favorite author. To the earnest seeker after learning, the way opens.

It may not be out of place to suggest here that defects in early training are often made apparent to others through our speech and our letters. Mispronunciation, or careless slovenly pronunciation; misspelling and disregard for punctuation proclaim our misfortune. Yet all these are easily remedied, if we know the defect, and take sufficient pains. We may rigidly exclude from our conversation the forbidden phrases—"I done it"—, "She gave it to Mary and I," and their like. We can listen carefully to good speakers and copy their pronunciation, we can devote ourselves to the study of a good dictionary; we can make ourselves spell the words in the street car advertisements—in our letters—in our daily reading. We can secure the help of our best friends—without false shame or sense of humiliation. Everybody is learning some belated lesson:—let us make our lesson up as soon as possible. It is never too late to mend or to learn;—and the lesson is worth the learning.

"Every man has two educations," somebody has said; "one, which he receives from others, and the other, far more important, which he gives himself." With a fair beginning in our elementary schools—no one of us need miss this other, and "far more important" education.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

FOUNDED 1758



Published monthly at
8 DIX PLACE, BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

EDITOR, WINTHROP PACKARD.

SUBSCRIPTIONS
U. S., Canada and Mexico $3.00 per year
Foreign Countries . . . $3.75 per year

Remit by draft on Boston, Express or Post Office Order, payable to
NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

A University Not Built with Hands

The New England University is in the minds of certain leading spirits of education and there only, at present. But when it is completed, when that much desired consummation, the coordination of all our educational facilities, unmatched anywhere else in this country, shall have been reached, there will be no new buildings to house it, for it transcends all human construction. In one respect, New England is behind the West. President Angell of Michigan University, in an address at Harvard last year rather disconcerted us by pointing out that all education is free out West, (that is, West of Ohio,) from kindergarten to university. There are two cities which have free colleges of good grade, New York and Cincinnati. The University of Maine and the Agricultural Colleges of New England are free; and certain limited provision is made for half scholarships at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the Worcester Polytechnic. But beyond this and the high schools of New England, that is all of the higher education here that is free. During his lectureship at Harvard, Professor Ostwald of Berlin University commented unfavorably upon these conditions, or rather upon the far greater cost of higher instruction in New England than that in Germany. Mr. Carnegie has recently devoted a munificent sum to remedying a similar deficiency in Scotland, which, like New England, always has prided herself on her higher education.

The coordination of our colleges already in operation which might easily be contrived, the more adventurous spirits would like to see include besides the schools and colleges the public libraries and museums; and certain ideals include also the post office and even the railroads. The railroad car school with its teaching staff and appliances for agricultural instruction has been worked with great success in certain of the Southern states and in the Northwest, and has now been started in Maine. The New England Education League points to New England's limited area and abundant transportation as offering better opportunity than any system previously existing of instruction from the railroad. President Eliot's committee on the utilization of museums of art by schools and colleges has been maintaining a series of lec-

tures in Boston during the past month, which speak for the advantages of opening the eyes of our youth to the expressions of feeling offered by modern painters and sculptors, the teachings of history that are to be obtained from art and the delights of looking upon nature with some sensibility to her beauty and suggestions. The Young Men's Christian Association have just celebrated the tenth year of their Evening Institute which is a college without the name or a building of fourteen hundred ardent students, —that is to say eager enough for its instructions to give an evening's work to it after a hard day's work in store, office or at the workbench. The Y. M. C. A. Institute now includes a law school, a polytechnic, a commercial school, a real estate school, a school for study of shoe manufactures, instruction in automobile construction and driving, besides all its regular classes in languages and common school studies. Its technical instruction, of course, deals with general principles rather than with the practice of the trades, an all round knowledge rather than the proficiency of the mechanic being the aim.

But the largest resource of all for the building of the "New England University" will be in the existing universities and colleges. The New England Journal of Education has championed with great vigor and intelligence the idea of utilizing the university plant to a far greater extent than at present, at times and seasons when the regular body of students is not in possession. Dr. Winship recently remarked in an editorial: "The assumption that a university like Harvard for instance, is solely for the four or five thousand who matriculate there, most of them merely doing routine work, is preposterous . . . Some day there will be a rude awakening when the public appreciates the vast resources in these institutions that are largely going to waste. There are approximately twice as many young men and women who would be pleased to utilize these institutions, but who can not, as things are, take advantage of them and with whom it is not primarily a matter of cost." The vacation schools at Harvard and Clark are merely a hint of what would be possible were the great plants available in their departments for evening classes and use by a fresh set of students on Saturdays. The New England Education League has long been at work in the study of a system for the fuller utilization of all school buildings outside of school hours. It also advocates travelling lectureships and a liberal extension of the free scholarships. All these questions and causes would be best cared for under such a coordination of method and management as could be provided for under the auspices of the proposed University of New England.

New Causes of Famine

The President's recommendation that Congress withdraw federal lands from entry, in order that the people may retain ownership of the property they now possess in this field, received a forceful and timely illustration during the December cold spell in the Northwestern States.

In hundreds of towns and villages, and on tens of thousands of farms there was actual and severe suffer-

ing for want of fuel. The transcontinental railroads traversing the Northwest, under the control of Edward H. Harriman and James J. Hill, have got possession of all the coal mines that supply that section. There are no other public highways by which fuel can be brought in and no other sources of coal supply near enough to be drawn upon if there were other ways of getting the coal in there. In respect to their winter fuel, the inhabitants of the Northwestern states are completely at the mercy of Edward H. Harriman and James J. Hill.

For causes which these men have not yet satisfactorily explained —if any satisfactory explanation were possible—their roads failed to provide for the people of the Northwest, in advance of winter this year, coal enough to keep their fires going. Coal dealers declare their orders were ample and timely, but that they were unable to get the coal delivered. The general answer of the railroads, there as elsewhere throughout the country this year, is that they were simply unable to handle the amount of freight that was offered to them, and that some part of it necessarily had to wait. It would appear that the roads figured they could earn a larger profit carrying other freight than coal, wherefore coal was selected as the freight that must wait.

As a result, the Associated Press reports that water, gas and electric light plants have had to be shut down, schools closed and factories in very large number obliged to stop work. Farmers have been obliged to burn their sheds and barns, even their fences, to keep warm; and in some instances, these sources of fuel supply failing them, they clubbed together with what burnable material they could collect and took refuge in the district school houses, where one stove would keep them all warm. Stock was left shelterless, to wander off and die in the coulees, and the loss, it is reported, will mount into the millions, of property alone, to say nothing of the loss of life that must follow from the exposure of women and children and those in delicate health to the severities of the Northwestern winter without the means of keeping warm.

Responding to a widespread demand, the governors of the States affected called upon the railroads to provide fuel for the people. There was no one else upon whom they could call, since no one else owned available fuel or had the means of delivering it. The Interstate Commerce Commission set a committee of its members at work investigating the situation, with the purpose to relieve the sufferers, if possible. It was even reported, unofficially, at Washington, that the President was meditating a special message to Congress, asking for power to take possession of the railroads and their mines, in any future emergency like this one, and to operate them for the service of the public. Whether he actually considered any such purpose, or did not, there is no doubt that a repetition of the events of December in the Northwest would speedily provoke a general demand that something of this kind be done. The country has not forgotten the fright that came upon it during the latest great coal mine strike in Pennsylvania, when it seemed likely that there would be a general coal famine at the outset of cold weather.

At a time when the trend of public sentiment as well as of governmental practice is toward the extension of federal activity into many new fields, it certainly must be plain to Messrs. Harriman and Hill that they cannot hope to retain control of the great railroads now in their hands if they fail to serve the vital needs of the people whose patronage supports those railroads and who depend upon them for communication with the rest of the country.

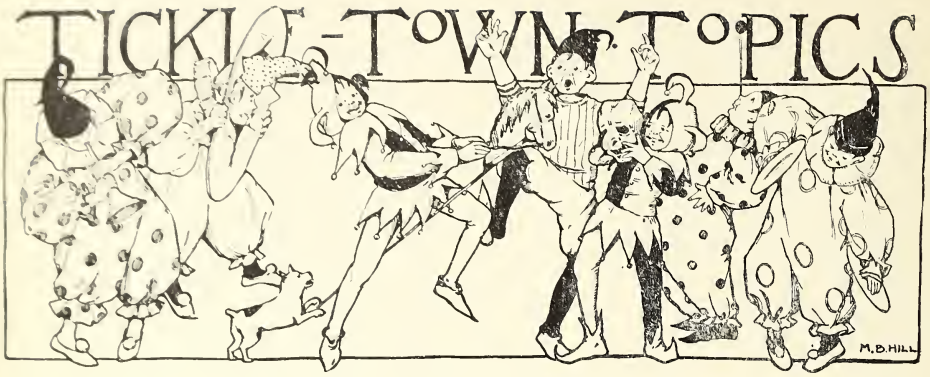
The Town-Room at the Civic League

"The Town Room" of the Civic League, in the upper part of the Joy Street house of that organization, was a great object of curiosity to those in attendance at the recent Social Education Congress. The visitors were from all over the State and New England and some registered "Canada" and "South America!" The exact purpose of the room was explained when one of the educators from New York had asked: "Is it one thing more added to the present multiplicity of interests crossing and colliding with one another?" "On the contrary; it is intended to coordinate to find the unity in variety," was the answer. Perhaps no closer definition has been given of the somewhat broad and vague benevolence embodied in the "Town Room."

Plenty of illustration was given of this work of coordination in the discussions of the gatherings in the room during this Congress referred to. It had gathered in the overflow of guests accepting the hospitality of the 20th Century Club house, (which is next door,) and among the groups scattered always about the room could be heard informal discussions unconsciously "coordinating" ideals, new schemes of improvement, achievement and influence. Miss Anna Tarbell, in a note on the "Town Room," records the presence there on one occasion (which was considered almost a rededication of the room) of experts in physical education, advocates of the juvenile court reform, pioneers of the playground idea, promoters of children's gardens and believers in boys' clubs, representatives of art education, of manual training, of settlement work and of the embryonic people's university.

Surely coordination must be going on at a rapid rate where there is such a mingling of elements and forces. Social education is really only the work of "coordination" on a large scale,—the same as that which goes on in the "Town Room" daily. The Civic League has to its credit now, the consummation, last year, of medical inspection in the schools throughout the State. Its new work, for which it is always gathering materials for coordination, touches upon questions as diverse as the country library, the tramp problem, and public relief.

It is well to keep alive and in honor the tradition of the Town and its government as the ideal democracy. It is a frame-work firm enough, yet elastic enough, to bear up all sorts of progressive social evolution.



Old Times at Squash Center

By Nixon Waterman



Well, yes, our schools run smoothly now, but I remember when a youth
Squash Center was so new and rough, the troubled teachers had in truth,
To thrash their way from day to day, and if they weren't both big and stout
And skilled in tricks from A to Z the boys were sure to turn them out.

I recollect one winter when we had a sorry time, each man
Who sought to teach our school, would find the boys upsetting every plan;
Until at last they grew so rough it truly did begin to look
As if the spring would come without Squash Center having seen a book.

'Twas then Squire Brown, who was the one to get instructors, vowed that he
Would see the whole big world around and find a teacher who would be
A match for all the stalwart boys, some great big, double-fisted ox;
A brave and brawny giant who could give and take the hardest knocks.

The squire was gone for quite a while, no one could tell just where, and then
Came home and gave out word our schools would open up next day again;

And nearly everybody sighed, or else they smiled, because they knew
The almost hopeless state of things some sorry soul was coming to.

When morning came a blinding snow was sifting, drifting through the air,
But when the schoolhouse opened up, why, all the biggest boys were there;
And every one that gathered 'round was more than certain that the day
Would bring about the same old scores and end in just the same old way.

The leaders in the boyish pranks were Bob Magee and big Bill Daws;
They weren't so bad, were Bob and Bill, but played the tricks they did because
They argued that a teacher who was lacking in the strength to rule
Was not quite competent to teach, so they declared, the village school.



And Bob and Bill were both on hand and eager for the fun ahead;
No one had seen the teacher yet, but some one, so somebody said,
Reported him so stout and tall that when he came the night before,
He had to bow his head quite low in passing through Squire Brown's front door.

No one could see across the road, the blinding storm was blowing so;
The boys were all inside the house around the stove, and did not know
What happened till there stood Squire Brown and by his side a blue eyed girl.
As handsome as a half blown rose; her hair in one long, graceful curl.

Poor Bob and Bill! they gasped for breath and seemed so terribly put out,
They just stood dazed and sheepish like and staring wildly all about;
But staring most at those blue eyes and likewise at that curling hair
Belonging to the girl that seemed more like an angel standing there.

The house was called to order, as had been the long-established rule.

By grave Squire Brown, who introduced Miss Perkins to the village school,
And said he hoped that one and all would help her every way they could
To do her work, and Bob and Bill both promptly nodded that they would.

And then those rivals who had tried to see which one could do the worst,
Went right to work to see which one could do the best and do it first.
They passed 'round word that any boy who did not follow each command
And wish Miss Perkins might express, would get his jacket soundly tanned.



There never was a school that kept such order as that school-room saw.
Throughout that pleasant winter term, for Bob and Bill laid down the law;
And each of them fell deep in love with those blue eyes that were so sweet
That when they looked at Bob or Bill he felt his joy was quite complete.

But by and by to those two boys there came the question, "Who is who?"
For though they loved her just the same they knew she could not wed the two,
And in their jealous way they hung on every word which she expressed
To see if there was any sign to tell which one she loved the best.

The teacher gave her words and smiles to Bob and Bill with such nice care,
The gifts one got would not outweigh the other's by a single hair.
She looked at Bob, she looked at Bill with just the same sweet winsome face,
And folks all said it seemed to be a neck-and-neck, dead-even race.
In that same school was Thomas Blake, the shyest, bashfullest young man

Squash Center folks had ever seen since first their little town began.
He'd rather walk a mile around, or so the village people said,
Than have to talk with women folks, which always set him blushing red.

But kind Miss Perkins did not know that Thomas was so very shy,
And for some work that he had done, one day she praised him up so high
That Thomas turned a rosy hue and pretty nearly had a fit,
And till that term of school was out he never heard the last of it.

One day to our complete surprise Bill Daws contrived to break a rule
Which, in the teacher's code of laws, would make her keep him after school,
Then everyone watched Bob Magee and asked: "Now, what is he to do?"
And pretty soon, Bob broke a rule so teacher had to keep him, too.

One time the village church folks held an "oyser stew," and Bob and Bill
Were both on hand and, sakes alive! dressed up, folks whispered, fit to kill;
And poor Miss Perkins had to sip and nibble food with that duet—
First one and then the other—till they nearly cleared the church of debt.

And when the feast was over and Miss Perkins boldly started out,
No sooner had she reached the door, where all the boys were ranged about,
Than Bob addressed her on the left and Bill addressed her on the right,
And asked, both in the self-same breath: "Er—may I see you home tonight?"

She smiled and said, "Why, to be sure!" and did it all in such a way,
Both Bob and Bill, each one just knew he was the beau she meant should stay;
So both strolled on till Bob contrived to touch her hand, and oh! such thrills
As stirred his heart, precisely like her other hand dispatched to Bill's.

So things went on till by and by the day arrived for school to end;
The teacher, grown so dear to all, was more than teacher, she was friend

And counsellor to old and young, who said they hoped she'd settle down
And make her future home among the people of their quiet town.

Her heart was touched, and when she tried to voice her cheerful last farewell,
She smiled and sighed and laughed and cried, yet still had something more to tell;
Till finally she stammered out, "I'll send you all some wedding cake—
(Here Bob and Bill they quite collapsed)—I'm going to marry Thomas Blake!"



The Massachusetts Railroad Commission

The Grave Crisis which the Commission Faces and Why the People should Stand Back of It

By F. W. Burrows

With that part of our political life which screams itself hoarse in two-column headlines we are all compelled to be more or less familiar, but there is another and more meritorious sort of which the average citizen knows either very little or nothing at all.

This comes of "giving the people what they want"— which is editorially supposed to be sawdust and tobacco. If we really want what some of those gentlemen appear to think that we do, perdition is too good for us.

Doubtless there are still a number of good folk who are willing to read about a phase of public life that is neither "graft" nor "pull," neither a factory for turning out election timber nor a base of supplies for the faithful. Of such is the Massachusetts Railroad Commission, which is not "rotten"; that is one reason why it needs elucidation.

In the interest of "publicity" it prints annually a big, black public report; that may be another reason why the public know so little about it.

Tell the average man that you have found a part of the public life that is as sound as a country doctor's horse and as honest as a gold dollar, and he will smile at you as if you had said that you still believed in Santa Claus.

That comes of our glorious and ever-to-be-remembered Era of Revelations.

The Massachusetts Railroad Commission is the centre about which are gathering some very large questions for settlement. In view of these serious and far reaching questions it is important that the public mind should be well fortified with a just understanding of the jurisdiction and functions of the Board.

In the sharp conflict of opinion which has accompanied the action of Congress clothing the Interstate Commerce Commission with new and radical powers, reference has been frequently and prominently made to the Massachusetts State Commission as exemplifying corporation control by advisory boards.

This complimentary recognition was well-deserved; nevertheless it often contained a partial misunderstanding.

It is true that advisory action is the foundation and by no means the least important of the functions of the Board; but if it was intended down there where they carve nutmegs out of green cord-wood, or over where Father Knickerbocker smokes his old pipe, to convey to the people of the State of Massachusetts a gentle hint that the decisions emanating from No. 20

Beacon street should be wholly confined to that fatherly privilege, the suggestion will be received by the well-informed with a smile only.

Many of the Board's most significant services to the state have been rendered through the exercise of a more direct authority, and however proud we may be of the record of achievement wrought through advisory action, there will be small disposition either within or outside of the Board itself to set aside that portion of its jurisdiction in which its action is compulsory.

The people are discovering that they have in the Board a kind of railroad court, ready to pass promptly and with little or no expense or tedious formality upon all questions in which the rights or needs of the travelling public come in contact with the practices of transportation companies.

It ought also to be said that these same corporations possess in the Board a strong and valuable form of protection against unjust and unreasonable demands.

No one is competent to discuss the live issues that grow out of the present railroad situation in Massachusetts until he knows the work of the Board, and he cannot appreciate what it is doing today without at least a glance backward at its history.

A Record of Notable Achievements

Created in 1869, a pioneer among such organizations, the Massachusetts Railroad Commission is one of the most efficient instruments of government which the political genius of New England has created. Once informed as to the real merits of the case, the people will resist to the last ditch any effort to set it aside as obsolete. Utterances of that nature, bearing all the customary suavity of inspired corporation press-work, may find a way into the local papers of occasional communities, but they should not be able to turn the main currents of public opinion.

Of the mass of covert attacks of this nature none could be more wide of the mark than those which proceed upon the assumption that all state railroad commissions are alike.

If this is intended as a deception it is a clumsy one. If it arises from ignorance it is inexcusable.

The Massachusetts Board is *sui generis*.

About a year ago a local street railway company sent to the far west for a young manager, attracted by his reputation for getting a certain kind of work done. He had seen railroad commissions in his native *habitat*. "Handling them" was his strong point.

It was not long before he had occasion to visit the Beacon Street office. In his breast pocket were certain orders, carefully fabricated by himself, and requiring only the little formality of an official signature.

After an unfruitful conference and with a chastened spirit the youthful manager returned to the seclusion of his own office to do a little hard thinking. He had learned in those few moments more of the true nature of a Massachusetts advisory board than it will be possible to convey within the limits of this article. Just what the jurisdiction of the Commission is we will now endeavour to make clear.

Entering upon a field uncultivated and, one might even say, unsur-

veyed, its original constitution was framed with caution.

The legislators of that period seemed to have in mind, as much as anything else, an expert body of investigators. Great stress was laid upon the annual report of the commission. This was to give to the legislature the firm foundation for its own action. It was to contain "Such suggestions as to its general railroad policy, or any part thereof, or the condition of affairs, or conduct of any railroad corporation, as may seem to it appropriate."

As a further statement of its duties the law of 1869 said, "The Board shall have general supervision of all railways and shall examine the same, and the Commissioners shall keep themselves informed as to the condition of railroads and railways and the manner in which they are operated with reference to the security and accommodation of the public, and as to their compliance with their charters and with the laws of this commonwealth."

In regard to the immediate action of the board upon the railroads it was said that, "It shall, in writing, inform the corporation of the improvements and changes which it recommends shall be made."

The buccaneering element among the railroad men laughed softly, but they laughed deep down in their hearts.

An Institution of the People

Just what would have been the fate of a board thus constituted, if its members, from the very beginning, had not been men of sagacity and ability it is difficult to foretell. But from its first inception the Commission was taken seriously by the people of the state, and that meant a great deal. The tenure of office was made entirely non-political and it became possible to secure the services of men of the first rank.

The first chairman was Hon. James C. Converse. In his inaugural report he laid down the broadest principles of state control over railroads. He set forth the commercial difficulties under which the state of Massachusetts labors and the part which railroad management might play in their removal.

It is true that he laid more stress upon rate regulation by direct intervention than the board has since found to be wise, but in many respects this truly remarkable state document might almost be regarded as prophetic of the subsequent work of the Commission.

Another member of the original board was Charles Francis Adams Jr., a recognized authority on matters of railroad organization and construction, the third member being Mr. Edward Appleton. In 1872 Mr. Adams became chairman of the board, and from the year 1874 the legislature began to strengthen its hands and enlarge its functions. Something more than a toy whip was handed to the board with instructions to use it if neccessary. It was enacted, in that year, that, "If, in the judgement of the Board, any such corporation has violated a law * * * it (the Board) shall give notice thereof to such corporation and if the neglect continues it shall forthwith present the facts to the attorney general for action." That is to say, the Commission was not to be a mere extra-legislative committee, it was to have a definite power of action without waiting for

the sanction of the legislature. The smiles began to change to other faces; but that was not all. Again in 1876 the Board was given the power to compel railroad corporations to make annual reports according to forms of its own prescription. It might even dictate the manner in which they should keep their books and records. At the same time they were given the authority of a court to summon and examine witnesses.

That is to say they were neither to be blindfolded nor ignored. The insolence with which certain great monopolies have defied the courts of other states was not to find a parallel in the relations between Massachusetts and any corporations doing business within her borders.

But in spite of these enlargements the powers in the exercise of which the Board has since accomplished its most notable work had not yet been created.

Writing in 1878 Mr. Adams says, "The whole effort of the commission has been to develop a tribunal which, in all questions affecting the relations of the railroad system to the community, should secure publicity and that correct understanding of the principles upon which only legislation of any permanent value can be based, and which is reached through intelligent public investigation. That secured, all else might be safely left to take its own course."

No better definition of the old commission could be given. Those early reports paid great attention to the "correct understanding of principles." It was good foundation work, and its results are apparent in the constructive character of the railroad legislation of the state. That legislation might, in a very literal sense, itself be taken as embodying the history of the board.

When Judge Thomas Russell assumed the reins, the chairmanship had been placed in the hands of a man of the finest legal mind. In the interpretation of the law and the formulation of principles and precedents, Judge Russell did constructive work of the highest order. The five years also during which Mr. George G. Crocker, now chairman of the transit commission, was at the head of the board was a period of great value. Mr. Crocker gave himself with the utmost earnestness to the work. He literally gave the state his time, and the work and importance of the board grew rapidly.

Nevertheless it was not until the long, hard struggle over the grade crossings question and the elaborate corporation law of 1894 that the real board of today began to emerge.

That was during the chairmanship of Mr. John E. Sanford, a man who to his legal training added a mind of the utmost business sagacity. Few men have had so clear a grasp of the financial side of railroad problems as he. His prophetic utterances have been justified by subsequent events in a remarkable manner. He was one of the first to foresee the significance of the electric railway and the weaknesses of the promoting schemes of that day.

As a simple matter of fact, and a fact worth noting, it may be said that of the ninety companies, more or less, of this kind only about ten percent have ever been able to avail themselves of the new law permitting those whose annual dividends

reach five percent to have their bonds listed as legal investments for savings banks.

It was during this able business administration that the control of the Board over all issues of stocks, bonds, mortgages and other debentures, whether original or new, was finally clinched. The electric railway situation was largely responsible for the new statutes. Not only had they been promoted with the utmost recklessness, their construction also was apt to be cheap and faulty. The market became flooded with their depreciated securities and the situation bordered on a public scandal.

An Example of Its Work

It was at this juncture that the Board stepped in.

The results of their action under the new statute has been one of the most notable achievements of corporation supervision in the history of American law. Since that epoch-making date statistics show that capitalization has been held down to a rate per mile far below that of similar railways in other states, and this notwithstanding the action of the Board in requiring heavier rails and a more extensive road-bed and equipment than is common elsewhere.

In estimating the significance of these statistics it should be borne in mind that the figures include the construction of the entire elevated railroad system at an enormous cost per mile.

The benefit to the public achieved in this way, through the prevention of stock-watering, can scarcely be over estimated, whether we consider the availability of reliable information concerning the values of securities or the actual results in the financial prosperity of the corporations themselves.

Let it be noted right here that this, perhaps the most notable achievement of the Board has been acomplished through the exercise of an arbitrary power. Whatever may be said at a later point in this article as to the value of advisory supervision, it should be borne in mind that this great result could never have been brought about in that way.

What, it might be pertinent to inquire, have those men up their sleeves who are so restive under this stock and bond supervision?

Is it possible that the people could ever be deceived into imagining that the work of the Interstate Commission could ever be made to replace this function of the State Board?

How it Safeguards the Public

Again the Board, by successive legislation dating from the year 1876, has been given full control over all matters pertaining to the actual safety of travel. It may on investigation, order such safeguards at any point as it sees fit. It may also lay down general rules as to methods of operation in so far as they effect the safety of the traveling public or other employees, or the users of public highways.

The details which come under this head, cover the entire field of railroad operation, and enter in at the most unexpected points,—such as the regulation of the hours of labor required of or allowed to employees, as well as codes of signals, frequency of trains, and all manner of equipment.

The whole subject of grade crossings is the theme of special legislation, but in many respects also comes under the head of this more general function of the Board.

In the actual exercise of this power, the Commission has been as useful in protecting the railroads from unreasonable and extortionate demands as in safeguarding the interests of the public. Indeed that these interests never conflict is its fundamental axiom.

Very frequently the Commission only offers recommendations as to these provisions, and yet there are points also upon which inflexible rules are laid down; and it is scarcely possible that the work which has been done in the way of eliminating diastrous accidents in railroad travel could have been accomplished if, back of the recommendation, did not lie the power to compel compliance, and if this power was not sometimes put into effective operation.

That the Massachusetts railroads have been so remarkably free from great disasters in late years is, without doubt, due to the careful supervision of the Board and its expert knowledge accumulated by years of investigation as to the most effective life-saving devices and the safest methods of railroad operation.

Possesses Valuable Powers

The arbitrary or immediate powers of the Board, then, fall under three heads.

First are those which arise out of the duty of investigation and publicity,—the right to compel the making of reports and to prescribe their form; to supervise methods of accounting; to have access to all books, and to compel the attendance of witnesses.

The second series of arbitrary powers intrusted by statute to the Board are those which arise out of the duty of supervising the issues of stocks and bonds,—the power to demand an explicit statement of the purpose of the issue, the use to which the money so raised is to be put, and to see that it is thus employed. If in the judgment of the Board, the issue is inexpedient they may withhold their consent.

The third series of statutory powers held by the Commission are those which come under the head of public safety,—the regulation of the number and frequency of trains, enforcement of special rules, and of provisions for safety including the prescription of compulsory equipment.

In addition to these matters, the Board is given a general supervision over everything that pertains to the operation of railroads in the State. It possesses the right to investigate all or any existing conditions and to make suitable recommendations to the railroads. This is what is known as its advisory power.

It is true that in the hands of demagogical politicians this latter power might become exceedingly troublesome,—a good foundation for graft and every manner of political corruption.

But in the actual history of the Board, with the prevailing high character of its membership, there has never been the slightest tendency in this direction.

As a testimony of the carefulness with which the Board has employed its advisory privileges and the thor-

oughness of investigations which precede its recommendations, it is enough to state that it is very rare that such a recommendation is not complied with.

Indeed, the advisory form is often used in cases where the more authoratative mode of action would lie fully within their jurisdiction.

An instance in point is the action taken by the commissioners following the Baker's Bridge accident in which several lives were lost. After a thorough investigation into all the causes of the disaster, the Board recommended the prompt installation of a proper system of block signals, the adoption of different color signals, the enforcement of agreements limiting hours of labor, a different arrangement in assigning men to service, and the adoption of simple and clear rules of operation.

All of this merely took the form of "advice."

And yet, sweeping as are the changes indicated, and costly as well, it appears from the current report that all of them have been heeded.

With this manner of result following the action of the Board, its advisory functions are a thing to be taken seriously. Very much of what is accomplished is brought about through simple and friendly correspondence.

Without going too much into detail, there would appear to be no doubt but that advisory regulation over both steam railroads and railways can be made effective. The special advantages of this advisory power lie in the possible breadth of construction to which it is amenable.

It need only be added that as a further natural development, the jurisdiction of the Board has recently been extended so as to include steamboat companies and express companies.

The State Back of It

In trying to get at the reasons why in Massachusetts public supervision of this character can be successful, two contributing factors are found to exist. The first is a State Legislature back of the Board. The second, is the personnel of the Board itself.

Into this latter point it would be interesting to go at greater length than the limits of the present articles will permit. It has long been the custom to appoint one of the three members from the ranks of practical railroad men, one representing business interests of the State, and one qualified by legal training to establish a sound administrative policy.

The present Board, consisting of James F. Jackson, Clinton White, and George W. Bishop, well illustrates this custom. Its Chairman is a lawyer whose practice greatly exceeded his present income. He has gained an enviable reputation for the clearness and brevity of his decisions. Upon his shoulders falls the actual administration of the Board. As a railroad representative, the Board has a man who worked his way up from brakeman to division superintendent, and the business interests are represented by one long identified with the shipping interests of Boston.

Before we leave this brief review, we should say a word as to the guiding principles of the present Board.

They put their faith, through all our present troubles, in the state regulation of monopoly.

They do not believe that in matters pertaining to transportation, we can ever again rely on simple competition. Whether desirable or not, consolidation is inevitable. The sooner the people learn to look to proper State control, rather than to the old shibboleth of competition, the more rapid the progress that will be made.

Regulation, Not Management.

At the same time, they feel that there is a wide difference between regulation and the management of the railroad. They do not aspire to the management of any railroad's business. For the solution of many questions of the highest importance, they believe that we may safely look to that inner competition which grows out of the ambition of railroad officials to make a success of their own administration. Many of the most important changes are of necessity experimental, and must be left to business enterprise.

There remains, however, in their judgment, a wide field for positive State control. The recent report on the service of the Boston & Albany Railroad furnishes a pertinent example of the rigid and independent manner in which their investigations are conducted.

Such, in brief, is the Massachusetts Railroad Commission, its jurisdiction and its guiding principles.

We have asked the reader to follow this somewhat tedious story because it is important in the conditions immediately before us that the public mind should be thoroughly informed as to these points.

For although much has been accomplished, conditions are by no means ideal in Massachusetts today.

Certain tendencies it is impossible to view without alarm.

Attention has already been called to the able document prepared by the Hon. James C. Converse, the first Chairman of the Board. In that paper attention is forcibly directed to the peculiar commercial situation in Massachusetts, and the necessity to the very life of the State of a strict regulation of transportation facilities.

No one can read that document or reflect deeply upon its subject without feeling at once the irreparable injury which it is possible to work to vital interest by removing the controlling power of its railroads to hands beyond its own borders and foreign to its interests.

What Will We Do About It?

The situation in Massachusetts and in all New England is peculiar.

The cost of transportation is a heavy handicap on those very industries by which its people earn their daily bread. The slightest increase in the burden may easily become prohibitive.

Regulations not felt elsewhere in Massachusetts becomes a direct tax on every industry within the state.

It is not reasonable to suppose that all of these important interests will receive the most sympathetic attenion from powers far removed from the life of the State itself. To such its far famed prosperity is apt to become an inviting field of taxation, a rich source of revenue, rather than an object of solicitude, and the centre of patriotic effort.

Regardless of the parties concerned, of the past and its honorable history, the careful retention of local control of these great highways of commerce is dictated by the simplest considerations of policy.

The possession by the State of the best instrument for such control that has yet appeared in America, a tried and proven tribunal, the fruits of whose wisdom are the common possession of this State and a part of its wealth, only emphasizes a necessity whose real grounds are far more fundamental.

It is those tendencies which are slowly sapping this local control, which call for immediate and serious consideration.

The consolidation of steam railroads formerly independent into three or four large systems gives an interstate character to very many of the problems in which the public is most deeply interested, and is understood to take them outside the jurisdiction of the State Board.

It is not the consolidation of the railroads themselves that is alarming, but this shifting of jurisdiction which appears to be involved in it.

Sagacious minds within the ranks of the Board itself, long ago prophesied this movement. The same authority before quoted declares, as early as 1878, that "It is obvious that the tendency of events and drift of discussion are everywhere the same—away from the reliance on the beneficial effect to be derived from the uncontrolled competition between railroads." It was also realized that this involved a shifting of jurisdiction to a national Commission. "The confederated railroad system," he declares "would confront the Government Tribunal, and be directly responsible to public opinion."

For all this, the local commercial difficulties of Massachusetts persist, and will continue, for they are grounded in the very nature of the soil and the geographical location.

Many of the questions that bear a specious label of "Interstate" are in reality local problems, and very vitally so. The tendency to withdraw them from the control of the State Board is an interpretation of law and of constitutional rights that ought to be sharply investigated.

Nor is this all.

Following closely upon the heels of this steam railroad consolidation comes the rapidly developing movement not merely uniting the various disjointed electric railways, but merging them with the great trunk lines of the steam roads. In some cases, this may at present go no farther than to mass them under the same personal control. Often, however, the union is more organic.

The final results of this movement, so far as State control is concerned, can only follow in the path already laid out by the steam railroads.

The running of a few through cars, the establishment of a few through rates, and presto, the questions and difficulties with which the community faces these roads become, many of them, "interstate" problems, and must be carried by the citizen to a distant and expensive tribunal, and one wholly out of touch with local conditions.

Local Rights Endangered

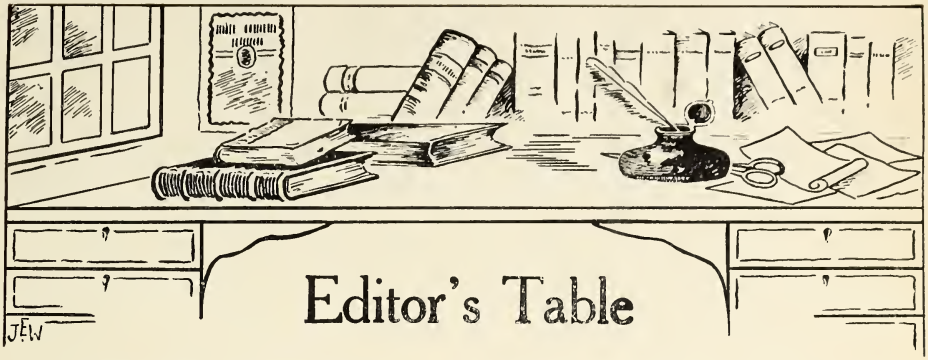
Again, it is not a question of the desirability of these movements toward consolidation in themselves

considered. It is a question of jurisdiction, of the retention of local control over a vitally local interest. Should the fact that a railroad or railway crosses the borders of the state and runs through trains to points without, put the communities along the lines any more at its mercy than if it stopped short at the state line? Has any essential right been abdicated? Is any vital principle of jurisdiction altered? The control of a railroad by the population to whose necessities it ministers is, today, as vital a question of local self government, that is of true democracy, as were any questions that faced the citizenship of earlier days, —indeed, in view of the profoundly commercial structure of modern life, it is a question if it is not far more so.

The necessity of approaching a distant tribunal for the adjudication of wrongs has always been counted a serious grievance. The writer has in mind one instance in which an appeal to the Interstate Commission cost the appellant the sum of eleven thousand dollars. Occasionally a citizen or business corporation might be found willing to bear this expense and with sufficient courage and determination to push their real or fancied rights. But it must be obvious that for the mass of the people no such recourse could ever become a practicable possibility. Their wrongs would perforce wait until, heaped mountain high, they brought about a great popular movement with its radical changes and heavy losses. It should not be imagined that all local questions would thus be transferred on the national tribunal. But the precedent already established by the steam roads is abundant proof that many of the most vital of them would be.

It is this question of the shifting of jurisdiction involved in the process of railroad consolidation that today calls for the most serious consideration of the people of Massachusetts.

The question is by no means a remote one. It is at our very doors. While we retire at night in the comfortable conviction that such matters move with great deliberation, the directors of corporations are holding their meetings and the morning paper tells us the story of some new merger effected, another removal of the control of our transportation facilities to foreign hands —foreign, at least, so far as amenability to local influence is concerned. It is quite possible that the relations between the state board and the national commission may take on such organic form as to meet the new difficulty. That at least is one possible solution of the question. It is quite possible also that the people may be compelled to fall back on the most primary of constitutional rights and, by again strengthening the hands of the state board, reassume that fullness of jurisdiction over a vitally local interest which is only too rapidly slipping from their hands.



Editor's Table

Perennial Friendships

Among the many wise utterances of Dr. Samuel Johnson, the remark he made to Sir Joshua Reynolds on friendship is not the least significant, — "if a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself alone; a man,, sir, should keep his friendships in constant repair." And Seneca has proved himself a true philosopher in his sententious saying:—"The comfort of having a friend may be taken away, but not the comfort of having had one."

However, these rather cryptic, not to say lugubrious apothegms do not consider the fact that there are friendships which may become the indisputable possessions of a man through a life-time, without losing the delight or the freshness of a first acquaintance. What a blessing!

Think of it! Friends whom neither time nor misunderstanding, nor slander, nor estrangement, can take away from us. Friends who never grow old, or lose the faculty to please and to comfort—aye—who can be to us perennial sources of aid and benefit, as we journey on through life's devious ways, with diminishing power and purpose. Friends whom we need not to forgive, and whose forgiveness we need not ask. We almost lose ourselves in the bare contemplation of a boon so great and so prolific of blessing.

Nevertheless, these things be, and these delightful friendships, the hand of genius confers upon us.

Ah, shall we not say, the hand of genius *has conferred upon us,* for if we read the signs of the times aright, these exceptional friendships are not now, as the famous and forcible old Johnson would say, being kept in constant repair. The world is still drawing largely and continuously upon these friendships, and be it said to their honor, they show no evidence of exhaustion. Mrs. Nickleby and the gentleman who tossed vegetable marrows over her garden wall, are still very agreeable acquaintances who afford us good, wholesome merriment in days when the world is disposed to let us quite alone, and among all our servants, waiters and household ministers, some of us find none quite so capable in their daily ministrations as the inimitable "Marchioness," the delightful Sam Weller, or the imperturbable Job Trotter. Indeed, before we would consent to part with this excellent company, would we not rather be persuaded to surrender all claim to the cook, maid or valet who consider themselves so essential to our present comfort? These very definite forms and personalities are ours permanently and positively.

Whatever respect we may feel for the schoolmaster who initiated us into the depths, or aided us to the heights of learning, we would not willingly lose sight of Doctor Blimber, or his resolute daughter, and all the tutors of to-day we would

gladly exchange for a few hours with Mr. Toots. Nor would we sentence the Artful Dodger, or Charley Bates, or even Fagin to transportation during our own lives, notwithstanding their many misdemeanors. In addition to the immediate pleasure the society of these dear friends confers, think of the sense of humor these characters have stimulated and even generated in the minds of the dullest and most matter-of-fact people. We owe them a debt of ever-accumulating mental wealth, which can neither be cancelled nor discredited by the most scathing critics of to-day. Mr. Dickens may not be realistic, as they are wont to say, but did it never occur to these literary censors that there would be sad mourning if the whimsical creations of this author were doomed to total obliteration? Is it not a problem somewhat difficult of solution that the creator of Squeers and his school for boys should have received scores of letters from the various masters of boarding-schools in the various shires of England, all presenting the pertinent query—"Did you mean, sir, to describe me and my school?"—when as the self-constituted authorities of to-day declare, the characters in his books are altogether outside the pale of realism.

One is reminded by these fulminations of the literary autocrats of the answer made by the innocent little Sunday-school boy to the question,

"Who made the world, sir, in six days, and rested on the seventh?"

"I didn't, sir, indeed I didn't," said the miserable urchin, bursting into tears

Now, realistic or not, it cannot be disputed that there are at least dozens of characters in Dickens' books which live in every reader's mind, and he knows them and even likes them as well as he likes half the persons to whom he gives a friendly greeting in the market or on the streets, and perhaps a more intimate acquantance with the denizens of Fleet Street, and the several quarters of London in which Mr. Dickens locates the dramatis personae of his stories might reveal a realism in the author's portraits with which the critics of the "middle-west" are not altogether familiar. It may be remembered that Mr. Ruskin in one of his most valuable criticisms on art illustrates his idea, by a portrait which the dog or the cat, belonging to the original, would immediately recognize, and the portrait of the same person, which appeals to the soul of a friend—one is mathematically correct in line and realistic in coloring—the other has portrayed the inner man—has rendered that indefinable something which calls to his friend's heart,—it is the real, speaking likeness!

So, the dramatis personae of the true novelist are at least good company, and we laugh with them and at them, talk of them and quote them day by day. What does it matter if certain qualities or characteristics be accentuated somewhat beyond the normal experience? Can Mr. Howells or Brander Matthews, the bold censors of Scott and Dickens produce characters which possess, as the publishers say, such a staying power or give us such a real and wholesome amusement? Where are the personalities in the novel of to-day, to whom we would give glad welcome as to good company? Are we in the habit of quoting from them, or looking here and there among the human beings we meet every day, for resemblances to them or repetitions of their peculiarities? We trow not. That would argue a firm hold upon our thought and imagination. The realistic inventories of fact and furniture, of draperies and furnishings and mouldings, of houses with one story, and dwellings of three or four, are read, perhaps, as something new, and something we are expected to read, and straightway forgotten—the men and women who are intended or supposed to adorn their pages do not enter our homes and keep us company because they have never entered our hearts.

It goes without saying that we have no right to demand faultlessness in authors, than we have to require it in our friends whose daily companionship affords us so much pleasure, nor can we set a limit or

even a fashion in which each one shall work. Every novelist is, and has a right to be, a law unto himself. The eager, impassioned and undeviating style of narration which characterizes Charlotte Bronte has its own charm, and we would not have it otherwise. Mr. Thackeray's flavor of sarcastic innuendo is piquant and fascinating. His play with the dissecting-knife is so gracefully done that it is quite enjoyable, and we willingly concede that as it is the essence of his genius to lay bare unrealities, and to attack shams and pretences of high life, he has a perfect right to exercise his natural gift. That he does it so lightly and tauntingly is all the more delightful. George Eliot's deep, speculative power and analysis of psychological problems do not interfere with her delineations of character. We accept and like her broad Catholic picture, notwithstanding our impatience with her efforts to invade Mr. Thackeray's territory, and we heartily forgive the historical inaccuracies of Walter Scott, for reason of the high enjoyment which his marvellous capacity for combining the glow and color of a picturesque past with vivacity of detail, and a sense of largeness and complexity of human life, gives to the most indiscriminating reader. No novelist has so wonderfully mingled the realities of life with the glow of passion and the charm of pageant, and it is this power which will in the future as it has in the past, make good his claim to the title of "The Wizard of the North" a power which will fascinate and hold readers of all classes, when his nineteenth century critics are quite forgotten. So vivid is his portraiture of character that his most inexorable censor cannot deny that the personalities who throng his pages are most entertaining company, that they live and breathe and have their being through the years of our own lives, not only pleasing to our fancy, but often, nay, too often, influencing our convictions. We see the heroes and heroines of past history through the spacious windows of his mind and memory, we catch glimpses and sometimes large views of the real world in which they lived, and what more can we demand of a novelist?

Is it then the verdict of the world's experience that the so-called realistic school has most guided, directed, or created public sentiment and opinion? For example, is the Mary Queen of Scots which Schiller created, and which is so often presented on the stage, the real Mary, whose matrimonial ventures rival those of the most enterprising actresses in vaudeville? By no means;—she is the beautiful, persecuted queen with whom the poet meant to capture audience and reader,—she is a poet's creation, and in no sense identical with the plotting and ambitious Queen of Scotland,—the heartless, crafty pupil of Marie de Medici, which the careful, unprejudiced student of history sees and comprehends. She lives in the atmosphere which a poet has created, and speaks the words which he has given her to utter,—the unreal embodiment of the imagination of a great genius. How many hearts has he won for his heroine by the justly famous lines:

Eilende Wolker! Segler der Lüfte!
Wer mit euch wanderte, mit euch schiffte!
Grüsset mir freundlich mein Jugendland!
Ich bin gefangen, ich bin in Banden
Ach, ich habe keinen andern Gesandten!
Frei in Lüften ist eure Bahn,
Ihr seid nicht deiser Königen uterthan.

And how rarely has it happened that the smallest minority, even one person in the audiences held by the resistless fascination of these words, has ever recalled the fact that "diese Königen" of whom the fair prisoner so bitterly complains, was once a beautiful girl of fifteen, incarcerated in the Tower by her half-sister, Mary. How nobly, how patiently that young girl endured her imprisonment is known to the discriminating student of history, but not to the occupants of the

pit or of the box, who hearken to the beautiful drama born of a poet's genius. It is an idealized Queen of Scots whom they see and hear. Such is the power of the idealist. And to this day the battle continues on behalf of two queens whose characters are wholly misinterpreted.

"Study history, madam—read what history says," said an old gentleman, earnestly advocating the cause of Elizabeth.

"History indeed, I want none of history, sir, it is *her story* I believe," replied his adversary an old lady, who had been fed upon the idealist's creation. Thus the quarrel between realism and idealism goes on from day to day.

Again, in the novel "Romola," certainly not the least of George Eliot's works, what character stands out most persistently in our memory? Not the historical and realistic portraiture of Savonarola, although that is not ineffectively done, but Bardo, the old enthusiast for Greek learning, the type of a by-gone age—the ideal of a great novelist. The devout and passionate Dominican appeals to every lover of truth, in a way which cannot be forgotten, and all the more because Reason and Justice, as well as undefiled religion, plead his cause against unbridled tyranny and wrong, but Bardo, the novelist's ideal creation, has captured our imaginations and holds our thought.

What author of the New World most fascinates the public mind in Europe and America? Is it not Hawthorne, the idealist? And is it not equally true that every touch and every line in his imagined pictures is calculated to impress some leveling thought and moral purpose upon the reader? Hawthorne himself was fond of the phrase—"the moonlight of romance"—and it seems to explain something of his characteristic genius. There is a kind of creative imagination which has its origin in a deep sympathy with and knowledge of the real world—an imaginative power which resembles sunlight, and the highest example of this kind is Shakespeare—there is another kind which resembles moonlight, and while it reveals to our eyes the clear and well-defined object, it invests the scene with something of the light by which we see, and all of us know that nothing is too trifling or commonplace to undergo this change, and acquire dignity thereby. A child's shoe, a common untensil, or whatever we are accustomed to see in ordinary use, takes on this quality of remoteness and strangeness, although as vividly present as by day-light. And so, in the creations of the idealist the ideal light itself becomes as prominent an element in his pictures as the objects on which it shines. There are authors whose delineative power partakes of both qualities—the moonlight imagination so to speak, and the other brilliant, realistic and sunlight kind, but to whatever *"genre"* an author may belong, the reader, or perhaps it behooves us to say, the critic, has the inalienable right to demand that his characters be no unreal webs or tissues, but definitely outlined people.

Both schools may be said to claim Thomas Hardy. Then there are those who declare that this author is nothing if not fanciful, that no such characters as he portrays could have existence—others as positively and honestly affirm that the Wessex of to-day abounds in persons identical with Hardy's creations,—aye that his pen is photographic in its productions. When doctors disagree, who shall decide? Yet he idealizes everything that he touches, and who of his many readers would have it otherwise? The charm of his style, as well as of the personalities which speak from his pages, cannot fail to appeal to every student of English literature, hence he will always find admirers. But the charm of the novelist, like the charm of the poet, flows from no simple spring or fountain but is almost as manifold in its secret sources as in its modes of expression—being one thing in Scott, another in Thackeray, a third in George Eliot, a fourth in Charlotte Bronte, just as Homer, Dante, Keats and Shelley, each has his special charm, while Shakespeare has a multitude

of diverse and separate things which constitute him the poet of all ages and for all peoples.

However, the uncompromising advocates and contestants for realism, like other disaffected minds, are not agreed as to their demands, and forsooth, it would puzzle a philosopher to formulate them. One thing they evidently are unwilling to recognize, and that is a diversity of gifts. Nobody decries fiction who rightly understands it and its potentialities in life, and few who appreciate it would have the hardihood to say that Fielding's boast, as defiant as it is, is wholly untrue, namely, that in our fiction everything is true but the names and dates, whereas in history only the names and dates are authentic. But they want life represented as it is, say these Gradgrinds of criticism, hard facts, not the dreams of a dreamer. "Give us," said one, "the novelist who calls a spade a spade."

This modest request suggests the experience of an eminent Bishop in the Anglican Church, who was sitting one summer afternoon on the piazza of a hotel at a well-known watering-place. A man, wholly unconscious of the Bishop's presence, had during a lengthy conversation been swearing as horribly as ever the English did in Flanders, when he suddenly discovered who, besides his own party had been hearing his profanity. Anxious to make as he thought, the "amende honorable" he blurted out the apology, "I beg your pardon, sir, I was not aware of your presence in the crowd, but I am a plain blunt man, you see. I always call things by their right names. I always call a spade a spade."

"Ah," politely replied the Bishop. "You surprise me, sir. I should have supposed from what I have heard of your conversation that you would not call a spade a spade, but that you would be more likely to call it the hell of a damned shovel."

It is hardly necessary to make the application, if we call to mind some of the realistic novels of the present day.

Yet men will go on reading and loving to read Robinson Crusoe, although Robinson Crusoes have never existed, and are not hard facts, and these dreamers of dreams will we hope continue to possess that wonderful power of giving to earthy imaginations the very impress of real clay. The new critics can let fly all their shafts of spite and ridicule, but they will inflict no deadly wound.

"Why, my good man," said the lord of an estate to one of his workmen, whose wife was beating him over the head and shoulders with all her might and main—"why do you allow your wife to beat you in that way, and why do you bear it so calmly?"

"My lord, it pleases her and does not hurt me," was the complacent answer.

ZITTELLA COCKE.

The Great American Play

It is my good fortune this winter to belong to a cheerful little band that calls itself The Play and Supper Club. The high moral purpose of the organization is self-evident. As members, the club has Eureka and the Rest of Us. Eureka is Western, fearless and pervading. She is also young enough to be theatrically unjaded. Therefore we listen to her. Furthermore she has had the supreme and palpitating experience of seeing a one act play of her own presented three times upon the San Francisco stage. She contends, however, that it is not this triumph which entitles her to speak with authority upon the Drama, but the possession of what she calls a "spectacular name." "Although it might have been worse," she adds, "my grateful ranching California-fed father might have named me Alfalfa." Just between ourselves and in the strictest confidence we know that Eureka is now engaged in writing the "Great American Play." Our curiosity is stirred by the information that the central figure of her drama is neither a free booting ruthless Capitalist nor a high-booted sweatered Westerner. Still to the

latter type of hero she is naturally very partial and welcomes joyously each Lochinvar who comes out of the West into dramatic literature. She thinks that in all the broad drama his high horse is the best, for of course as she says every hero has to get on one toward the end of the third act.

By the way, New York is being told that the Great American Play has come at last. We, novel readers and theatre goers, have wasted long years with patient credulity for those two great American things which we have been led to expect, the G. A. novel and the G. A. play. Of course we forget the absurdity of supposing that one concrete achievement can ever represent this vast country corrugated with diverse types and bristling with different points of view. However without admitting the distinction claimed for it, in "The Great Divide" we have certainly a notable play. It is the success of the dramatic hour here in New York. Those who pant for sentimentality and enjoy the mush of the mawkish would better avoid "The Great Divide." It is a play of brute truth and it has some very big vital moments. Its only moral, if a play must be held up and searched for a moral, is that an unthinking beast may grow into a man, and an animate piece of egotism into a woman, under the stress of life and suffering. No play of late has brought forth so many diverse opinions. Of course the Club has seen it and talked and suppered over it. We had that night a stranger within our plates. This sounds cannibalistic but he merely came in to sup and celebrate with us. As he had not seen the play we handed him over to Eureka with instructions to give him one of her rapid illuminating condensations of the first act while the Rest of Us dug out and made ready the grape fruit. The stranger thought he knew the beginning of the play. "A fool of a girl was left by an ass of a brother alone over night in an Arizona cabin, adjacent to a trail which roysterers and "bad men" were in the habit of "hitting." It starts in that way, doesn't it?" "It does, said Eureka. "The girl and her brothers are from New England. Of course you have heard of New England; it is popularly but wrongly supposed to be the home of warmed over conscience and frappéd sex. Well, never mind about that. This girl, Ruth Jordan, although counseled by her departing brother, to put out the light and close up early, leaves door open, window uncurtained and light burning in the living room of the cabin, and having donned a dressing jacket, a most prosaic one I must admit, proceeds to comb her hair and hum a tune in full view of the trail. She is combing for trouble and it comes humming. Two desperadoes and a demi-desperado burst into the cabin. They are all far from sober although the demi-desperado is what you might call semi-sober, and they make their intentions clear. The poor girl picks out the best of the lot, the one who says nothing but stands in the doorway and looks at her, and promises him all and anything if he will save her from the others. He agrees to do this if she will promise to marry him, the cynical brute! So he buys off one of the greasers with gold nuggets and shoots the other. He then reminds Ruth of her part of the agreement. Filled with loathing and horror though she is or thinks she is, she keeps to her word and goes away with him to be married." "But Great Scott!" broke in the stranger, "you don't mean to say that she thinks it necessary to carry out a wild crazy promise like that?" "Why, of course, she does," said Eureka with decision. At this the Rest of Us, like the men in the Ancient Mariner, "listened and looked sideways up," for here according to dramatic critics is the illogical weak point of the play, the point in fact which to some minds renders the premise of the play absolutely unacceptable. Why in the name of common sense, they ask, should any woman regard a promise exacted under such conditions? And what

was to prevent Ruth Jordan from telling the whole story to some decent man in the town where Stephen Ghent rode with her to be married? "Of course she had to keep her word," went on Eureka. "All during the business of buying off and killing, and after the cabin was cleared and they two were left,, Ghent kept saying to her: 'Is this square?' or 'Do you mean it?' No honorable chivalrous woman could resist such appeals from a man, and when finally he showed absolutely that he trusted her to play fair with him, why she just simply had to, that's all. Beside that, there was a third in that cabin, an invisible third. Fate, Destiny was there. Why do sensible people in real life do strange unnecessary illogical things, that change the whole lay of their lives? Why, because they must unconsciously play their parts in some drama which Fate has mapped out and put upon the stage of life." "Well, what becomes of Ghent and Ruth?" inquired the stranger. "Oh, in the next act they are in a wonderful place right on top of the world, looking over mountain peaks and canyons. Ghent has an adobe house perched up there, and he has struck it rich in a mine during the eight months that the curtain has been down. Meanwhile the deep levels of his own soul are being worked by love and life and sorrow; that's a powerful syndicate, and you can tell that some pretty rich ore is going to be taken out. Poor Devil! he gets pathetically decenter and decenter, he spiritualizes before your very eyes. He tries so hard to make Ruth happy."

"I can't see," remarked one of the Rest of Us, "why she didn't cheer up a bit and show him a little kindness."

"That's just where the play is true to nature," declared Eureka. "Women are slaves to the past and they love to sit around dolefully and clank their chains. Then, too, beginnings always mean so much to women; they never forge ahead to fulfillments like men. The beginning of love is always the sweetest part of it to a woman. She likes to dally about and prolong it. No woman can ever quite live down the bitterness of a bad start."

"Poor Ghent must have had a sick old time of it then," said the stranger.

"He did. Ruth goes away from him after a most vitally human and wonderfully acted scene between them. The next act finds her with her family in Milford Corners, Massachusetts, a place I imagine where you could 'learn to love' almost any man who didn't belong there. But of course Ruth has been 'learning to love,'—oh, that sticky expression—'learning to love' Ghent for some time, although she doesn't know it. And off in Milford Corners she is really as miserable without him as she thought she was in Arizona with him. She is 'wearying' for him; that's a dear old sweet expression. sweet without being sticky. He has really been hanging around 'unbeknownst' to her for a year, having followed her East the day after she left Arizona. A child has been born to them. And she accedes to his humble petition for an interview, still feeling, the ignoble female Egoist, greatly aggrieved. They have their interview. Of course you know the result. Good straight talk from Ghent, talk such as you only get from a Western man; fine, down to the bone talk. Silence, bowed head on the part of Ruth. Manly dignified farewell, hand on door knob, by Ghent. Then from Ruth the usual exclamatory recall, embrace, curtain."

"Let us drink," said one of the Rest of Us," to William Vaughan Moody, who has given us a very virile drama. Here's to him and 'The Great Divide,' but he'll have to do some great dividing of the honors if Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin are to get their due. Henry Miller—seems strange to see him not sleek and patent leathered—does the best work of his career in this play. Margaret Anglin is as always—"

"Stop," said Eureka firmly. "You shall not say she is 'convincing.' I will not allow that overworked word to be dragged out at this time of night."

BETTY HAMMOND.



If any freak or remnant of those primeval days when man alone dared to be amusing in public or in print, still pretends to believe that no woman ever evinces the least sense of humor, do see that he is promptly presented with one, no, with two copies of "Their First Formal Call," a short and infinitely droll story by Grace MacGowan Cooke, the best yet given us by that merry hearted woman.

And Peter Newell, who so pathetically depicts the tragi-comic experience of the boys who went "Callin'" on a roguish girl whom they played and quarrelled with every day at school, must also have been specially inspired for his delineation of their agonies and the intense mirth of the family they honored with their rather prolonged visit, for these pictures happily lack the peculiarly pop eyed and simple stare of his general work and are a great assistance to the text. For my part, I believe everything happened as related: I can recollect some lengthy calls myself.

And if said Freak after looking over the tale refuses to smile and own up, there is then no hope of his conversion from his absurd and stupid position; for every page is bubbling over with fun and genuine humor and we offer our grateful thanks to the dear lady who laughs and makes us merry.

Harper and Bros. $1.00.

And apropos of boys and girls I can recommend two new books "The Story Book Girls" and "Eight Secrets"; both from the Macmillan Co.

Not long since an English publishing house offered two large prizes, one for the best story for children of both sexes and the other for the best girl's story. The two contests were conducted separately, the awards were made and it was intended to announce the names of the winners simultaneously. You can imagine the surprise when it was learned that both the successful stories came from the same author, Miss Christina Gowans Whyte. One of these was "The Story Book Girls" and it is a capital story.

And Ernest Ingersoll, who writes so well on many themes; have you seen his recent book, "The Life of Animals?" It is responsible for the practical but never dull story for boys called "Eight Secrets," which he has mysteriously dedicated to the ninth secret.

His young folks are always real and natural just as his birds and animals are never idealized.

I know of two books for children which will be the greatest comfort and relief to the mothers all worn out by requests for something to do. In "Lady Hollyhock and Her Friends," a book of nature dolls and others, there is enough work and play

combined prepared for the restless brains and ready hands to interest and amuse for a whole season.

Margaret Coulson Walker and Mary Isabel Hunt are the author and illustrator. Published by the Baker and Taylor Co., New York. $1.00. And "The House that Glue Built" is an equally fascinating and a little newer idea. It is a series of "Cut-Outs" to be combined according to directions into a lovely home for dolls and furnished in the latest designs. This Book-House will teach a lot to children about house building and furnishing and will suggest many variations to the ingenious.

By Clara Andrews Williams; and illustrated in colors by George A. Williams. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York; also $1.00.

To those who have the eternal longing of little ones for occupation to satisfy, these books will prove a blessed boon.

Bishop Talbot's engrossing and impressive story of eleven years among the warm hearted and generous pioneers of the Rocky Mountain region, entitled, "My People of the Plains," is sure to do a great work wherever known, and it should be in every Library and every household in our land. It is said that this grand specimen of sanctified manhood was taken for one of the central figures in "The Virginian"; the model for the Bishop of that story. There one of the cow boys said to him: "You never talk like anything but a man, and you never set yourself above others. You can saddle your own horse."

That last accomplishment is rather important, even among the clergy. How well I remember my father's disgust at a man fitting to be a home missionary, who once borrowed our "rig" to take his grandmother to a neighboring town, but was obliged to ask that the horse be harnessed and tied to a post. And if he didn't get in after the old lady and gathering up the reins, start on his drive; the horse still hitched!

Dartmouth College is proud to count Ethelbert Talbot among her many really great men. Her Honor Roll is long and brilliant, but the Bishop of the Plains and now of Central Pennsylvania will loom up large wherever placed and he will not be forgotten.

O what a refreshing contrast he is to the solemn, buckramish, pompousuosity-ativeness of the occasional rector or Bishop who takes himself too seriously; stiff as his own collar.

We need the other sort; who are thoroughly human, with a warm heart shown in unaffected words and the cordial handshake for the worst sinner of the crowd. He needs it most.

Bishop Talbot is the right kind of man to reach the heart, head and pocket of those who would be shunned by the "unco guid." Full of kindness, tact, humor, magnetism, eloquence, and behind all these attractive and conquering qualities stands the earnest Christian bent on saving souls and reforming lives.

Yes, sent out to build churches, and to fill them and get a minister for each who isn't "a stick," who can hold the sincere worshippers. As much at ease while entering a gambling hell, aye, and seven of them, and introducing himself to the astonished crowd, playing in a room back of the saloon, as in the pulpit robed in sacerdotal vestments in a fashionable city church.

Who could resist the influence of such a rare character, so truly Christ-like. If all teachers of the Bible and all preachers had his ability to rally strangers around them and make them friends for life, while never forgetting their souls' dire needs and giving better views of life; their own lives a glowing example; never weary of loving and forgiving, the Millennium would not be a distant prophecy, but we should be *living in it.*

I have laughed over the anecdotes but have cried over the intensity behind them on both sides; there is a good deal of humor, and quick repartee, but the pathos and the prayer are never far behind.

Some may be surprised at the amount of profanity quoted, but could a true recital of those lively experiences be given without it? As well show a cow boy or

a desperado without a shooter. The Bishop tells us that even the Indians, when they attempted to speak English, were very apt to bring in some slang expression which they innocently thought appropriate and fitting. On one occasion, when old Black Coal, chief of the Arapahoes, called to see him he said: "Me damned glad to see Heap Sleeve man, the Bishop."

And a young Italian who had listened to the Bishop the previous evening was quite surprised when he found him on the train. He exclaimed, "Ah, you ze cardinal. I hear you talk last night. Damn pretty church! Damn big crowd! Damn good Talk!"

It is my belief that such men, accustomed from babyhood to oaths and rough talk are not any more conscious of sin in swearing than we are when we all indulge in milder expletives.

Even in the heart of New England I have heard a horse jockey swear till the air was lurid while denouncing before a lady a d-d cuss, who would be so rude as to swear in the presence of a woman.

One old-timer, who had killed a number of men in self defence, was the Bishop's companion in a thirty mile stage ride, and as they parted he said, "Bishop, we fellows are pretty rough. We have seen some hard times out here in the mountains, and we have not had much chance to go to church. But deep down in our hearts we mean all right. Most of us have had a good mother, and we have never forgotten what she tried to teach us. I have still a little Bible I brought from home and no money could buy it. And Bishop, let me tell you the truth before God, I never get in that bucket to go down in the mine without just repeating that little prayer she used to hear me say, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

"If a man will only do what is right the Lord is not going to be very hard on him when he passes in his checks."

A man who wanted his children baptized said: "I have three kids for you to brand," but there was no lack of reverence in his phrase.

Think of the wisdom needed to go through such places among such impulsive, undisciplined crowds, and never provoke even a verbal fight. Truly Bishop Talbot has followed closely in the footsteps of St. Paul who said, "For though I be free from all men, yet have I made myself servant to all, that I might gain the more.

I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some."

Harper's, $1.75.

There is a prevailing idea at present that Poetry, the real stuff, with the divine afflatus and Pegasus at his best, is sadly lacking of late. Yes, if we think of Austin (but who does think (much) of Austin), it *is* depressing.

And too many scribbling rhymers seem to be maintaining, as some one quaintly puts it a "crepuscular existence in the ante-chamber of the Muses."

I think those nine interesting ladies must be enjoying a long nap and that Calliope, the chief, the special giver of poetic inspiration, is actually snoring!

But cheer up poet lovers! Great men, as Lowell said, come in clusters, and after Tennyson, Browning and Swinburne, the Rosettis and Morris, Landor and Mrs. Browning, we must wait a little for the next constellation. Meantime there are harbingers of the dawn.

And the first place of honor I give to the Englishman Alfred Noyes, who has already published five volumes of genuine poetry.

In the preface to his last book of poems, our Hamilton Mabie says: "Mr. Noyes is already well known in England, and the quality of his work has awakened the hope that he is to enrich the poetry of the day with new ventures of insight and art. Mr. Noyes' claim upon the attention of those who care for poetry lies in the unusual blending in his work of the gay temper and the serious mood. No singer can refresh us in these days who cannot bring from his pipe the sounds which have set the feet of childhood flying in every generation; nor can any singer command our thought to whom the deeper tones of life are inaudible. If he speaks to his generation with both beguilement and authority,

it will be because the heart of the child and the mind of the man are in him."

There is no space for quotation, but the whole book is a delight, every line reaches the heart and haunts you pleasantly after reading like a strain of distant music. Macmillan Co., $1.25.

Another poet who has a large following and enthusiastic admirers, is William B. Yeats, the Celtic singer, and he has collected in a new edition of his poems in two volumes, all of his poetry that he has any liking for. The first volume contains his Lyrical poems; the second with his dramas in verse will not appear till spring.

I feel that I am not fitted to rightly estimate his work; a Yankee with farmers for forbears, cannot understand his weird, vague rhapsodical and often unintelligible flights, wanderings and moonings.

To me, he is a classic Impressionist as a word artist; for artist he surely is. Some of his verses are so mysterious, mythical, mournful that they sound like the moans of a wraith mingling with the autumn wind.

Again when he writes it out plain, he is too simple for me.

But once in a while I get a glimpse of what he sees and join the crowd who adore his wild genius. Here is a queer specimen.

He mourns for the change that has come upon him and his Beloved and longs for the end of the world.

Do you not hear me calling, white deer with no horns!
I have been changed to a hound with one red ear;
I have been in the Path of Stones and the Wood of Thorns,
For somebody hid hatred and hope and desire and fear
Under my feet that they follow you night and day.
A man with a hazel wand came without sound;
He changed me suddenly; I was looking another way;
And now my calling is but the calling of a hound;
And Time and Birth and Change are hurrying by.
I would that the boar without bristles had come from the West
And had rooted the sun and moon and stars out of the sky
And lay in the darkness, grunting and turning to his rest.

If that had been ground out by a lunatic in an asylum it would have suggested sweet bells jangled out of tune and one would think of the writer with sympathy.

Again he thinks of his past greatness when a part of the constellations of Heaven.

I have drunk ale from the Country of the Young
And weep because I know all things now:
I have been a hazel tree and they hung
The Pilot Star and the Crooked Plough
Among my leaves in times out of mind;
I became a rush that horses tread;
I became a man, a hater of the wind.

And so on:—

And so on. Here's another of the simple brand.

To an Isle in the Water (he has evidently seen a pretty and bashful waitress).

She carries in the dishes,
And lays them in a row.
To an isle in the water
With her would I go.

And shy as a rabbit,
Helpful and shy,
To an isle in the water
With her I would fly.

In another romantic mood he would be a bird with no island in view.

A weariness comes from those dreamers, dew dabbled, the lily and rose;
Ah, dream not of them, my beloved, the flame of the meteor that goes,
Or the flame of the blue star that lingers hung low in the fall of the dew:
For I would we were changed to white birds on the wandering foam: I and you!

It would seem so too: slightly Swinburnish this but without his genius.

Mr. Yeats owns in his preface that he is becoming unintelligible to some of his audience, but regrets his simple ballads which wrote out the common thought of the people. These now seem sentimental

and trivial to him. I prefer these very ballads to much he has done; they seem fine to me.

I wish I knew more about the "Boar without Bristles." In our country there may sometime be a legend by the same name but it would refer to the "end hog," or with a slight change in orthography the average rhymester of the day.

One critic speaking of his play "Where there is Nothing," possibly well named, says this play is a symbol rather than a postulate; it belongs with the plays of Hauptmann. These two, Yeats and Hauptmann, are of similar perception; both search for truth; both scorn formala; both indicate their discoveries by symbols."

As Yeats grows more advanced and and discovers wonders he becomes more and more dismal and incomprehensible.

Mary Mapes Dodge ridicules the mawkish sentimentality and sighing and gloom of the early women poets by saying "Pegasus generally feels inclined to pace toward a graveyard the moment he feels the side saddle on his back."

But men exceed in moody melancoleric verse.

An English reviewer calls such minor poetry "dry rot and moonshine" and cries out, "O! the weary, wailing, moonshining, mix up all the woes together and drink the potion and die, verses that rob printer's ink of its proper use! And he gives one verse to illustrate his position.

"Before their feet are weary with earth's years,
Before their eyes are blinded with its tears,
Hearing but wailing cry where laughter rung,
Happy are those the gods love who die young."

All true! And yet, Yeats is at heart a true poet and does some grand work. The Macmillan Co. 1.75.

Carlyle exclaimed, "Give us, O, give us the man who sings at his work!" That sounds well, although I fail to see how Carlyle who was kept awake by a vociferous rooster and longed for a padded room could have indulged in such a sentiment. I hope he meant literary work and that the song might be brave and cheerful, anything for me but a cook who sings all day; a hymn if out of sorts; and if this torturing habit should extend to my stable men and the toilers on the farm, I should lose my mental balance!

But the poet who sings cheerily making us stronger to bear our burdens and teaches us to smile and so lighten them, should be rewarded with constant gratitude and appreciation.

Another Irish scholar and poet. Denis A. McCarthy, associate Editor of the Sacred Heart in Boston, has just sent out his second volume of poems, and there is not one that is depressing and you can understand him whether he sings like the robin in May, or the thrush in the summer twilight. He is deep in love with Green Erin, right through the year, but of course St. Patrick's Day arouses the strongest patriotism and longing for better days for old Ireland.

The drums so loudly beating,
The bugles that gaily blow,
The banners that wave a greeting
High over the crowd below;
The stalwart ranks parading,
The cheers that deafen the skies
For a flag of green unfading
That over the column flies:

All these are the Gael's expression
Of love for a land afar,
All these are his soul's confession
Of the sweetest dreams that are;
The live-long year he holds it
Deep-hid in his heart away,
But wide to the world unfolds it
In honor of Patrick's Day!

And there isn't much rot or moonshine about this.

"We are no longer maids and boys
Affrighted at a withered hag,
Aggrieved because of broken toys—
Possessions that we once could brag;
But we can scorn the cares that nag
And flout the grief that fate employs,
No matter how the world may wag
We must retain our equipoise."

This is not a fair specimen of his work but the spirit is good. Title "Voices from Erin." Price, $1.00.

Random Rhymes and Odd Numbers by Wallace Irwin is a jolly, strong, keen and witty collection of verses, published by the Macmillan Co. His skits on the men in the public eye are admirably done and true to life.

He regards our Heroes as Perishable goods and shows how capricious is the country's admiration.

Illustrations are also "very fit."

Macmillan Co., $1.50.

There are many delightful books waiting for exploitation, but March is coming.

Let me say that those who are contemplating spending $3.00 for Mrs. Herbert Parsons' learned and non-sensational work on "The Family," expecting to find an audacious and risqué discussion of the Matrimonial tangle would better save their cash. Mrs. Parsons is a most refined and highly educated woman who has prepared a rather dry and statistical and solemn work with an inch or two devoted to an allusion to a proposed experimental union, which might be dissolved in case of no children.

The Puritans themselves had some extraordinary customs which no one to-day ever mentions.

How wild the clergy are for a windmill to tilt at and how eagerly the press seizes upon a humorous remark made in an off hand way at a dinner of Surgeons. One of Dr. Osler's intimate friends who was present told me that he meant to refer to a well known fact that after sixty a surgeon's hand is not so absolutely steady, especially after years of intense mental strain.

By the way, dear reader, whom do you consider the four most conceited literary fools in the world? I have my mind made up but shall not tell.

Colonial and Patriotic

By Elisabeth Merritt Gosse

All patriotic roads this year will lead to Jamestown.

The Jamestown Ter-centennial Exposition, celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of our Nation's beginning, and at which nearly all of the colonial and patriotic societies will be well represented, will be held on the shores and waters of Hampton Roads, Virginia, opening on April 26, and closing on November 30.

It was on May 13, 1607, that three boats anchored off a peninsula which fitted into Powhatan's River, and there set up a stockaded defense, which they called James Fort. When the ships sailed away they left behind them one hundred and five settlers, notable among these, John Smith, a wonderful genius and adventurer, destined to lead the infant colony through perilous trials. Smith and his men, and those who followed them, made out of the fort a town, which they called James City. From James City grew Virginia, and from Virginia grew by the grace of God, these United States of America.

By Act of Congress, and by presidential proclamation, provision has been made for the greatest international naval and military celebration that the world has ever witnessed. The greatest nations of the earth have already signified their acceptance of President Roosevelt's invitation, and will do their part in making a success of the celebration of our Nation's three hundredth birthday. At Hampton Roads in 1892, celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of Columbus' discovery, there was a great gathering of foreign and domestic warships; a fine fleet from our own navy paraded the Hudson River after the battle of Santiago, but never in the history of this or any other country has there been such a concourse of battle ships as will be held in the waters of Hampton Roads next summer.

There will be exhibits from the Smithsonian Institute, the National Museum, the Library of Congress, the War and Navy Departments, the Life Saving Service, the Revenue Cutter Service, the Army and Navy, the Lighthouse Service, the Bureau of Fisheries, etc., and, in addition to these

government exhibits, nearly every state will be represented, New England doing well her part.

The relations between Virginia and Massachusetts have always been close and most complimentary, and Massachusetts is to make a fine showing at the Jamestown Exposition. The managers for Massachusetts are: Thomas L. Livermore, chairman of the board; Arthur Lord, Francis Henry Appleton, Wilson H. Fairbank, and Mrs. Barrett Wendell. This board has invited the Massachusetts Society of Colonial Dames and a committee of experts, consisting of Mr. Joseph E. Chandler, Mr. Francis H. Bigelow, Mr. W. C. Endicott, Mr. J. T. Coolidge, Jr., Mr. D. B. Updike, and Mr. Joseph Grafton Minot, to assist it in the matter of the Massachusetts historical loan collection, the Dames ask that you will kindly lend to the exhibit any articles illustrating colonial history, such as furniture, clothing, cooking utensils, articles manufactured in the colonies, (silver, cloth, pottery, etc.,) books, jewelry, lace, fans, portraits and paintings, samplers and examples of needle work, that an historical collection worthy of the Commonwealth may be sent to Jamestown.

The Board has entrusted to the committee above named the selection of the articles to be exhibited out of the many which it is expected will be offered. The Board of Managers will effect insurance for the benefit of the owners of the articles selected and defray the expenses of the same, and of packing and transportation. The articles which are accepted for the exposition will be shipped, arranged, and returned under the supervision of members of the above committee. Articles lent will be kept in a fire-proof building.

The Colonial Dames of Massachusetts have appointed, in their turn, a committee consisting of Miss Rose Lamb, Miss F. W. Perkins, Mrs. William Tudor, Mrs. Whiteside, Mrs. Winthrop Sargent, and Mrs. Moseley, who will serve as chairmen of sub-committees. Miss Rose Lamb will have charge of portraits, photographs, and engravings; Miss Perkins of furniture and china; Mrs. Tudor of miniatures and fans; Mrs. Whiteside of lace and samples; Mrs. Sargent of silver and jewelry; and Mrs. Moseley of books, manuscripts and autographs. The activity of the Colonial Dames is largely due to Mrs. Barrett Wendell, who, one of their number, is also a member of the Massachusetts board. Mrs. Wendell states that while everything will be insured, yet she would prefer copies, when possible, to originals. For instance, a copy of a rare and old portrait, rather than the portrait itself.

At the time of the great Atlanta exposition, held some ten years or so ago, Massachusetts erected a model of the old Hancock House, the residence of Gov. John Hancock, for the Massachusetts state building, afterwards presenting it to the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Georgia. For the Jamestown Exposition the board of commissioners have most appropriately selected the Old State House for the design for the Massachusetts Building. Under the care of Mr. John Lavalle an exact copy will be reproduced at Jamestown. It will be furnished with reproductions of antique colonial furniture which is being made expressly for the purpose by a Springfield firm, who are giving their work. And by the way, this being a strictly colonial period, nothing will be accepted that represents only the period denoted by the term "revolutionary days."

A peculiar interest is attached to the little church at Jamestown from the fact that Gen. Washington attended church here. Only a ruined tower remains, an unsteady mass of brick and mortar, but yet a shrine for every patriot.

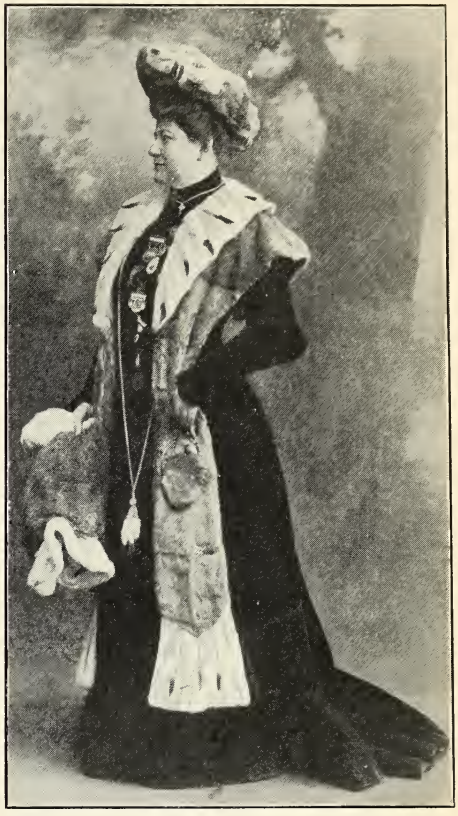
Of deep interest to every Daughter of the American Revolution is "The Story of the Records," by Mary S. Lockwood and Emily Lee Sherwood Ragan. Mrs. Lockwood, honorary vice-president-general for life of the National Society, D. A. R., was its first historian, and has been in official relation with the board of management ever since. It was Mrs. Ragan who gave the first intimation of the society's existence to the Press. The book gives an account of the organization of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, and of the incidents following the organization, with reminiscences of the first Continental Congress. The department work and the patriotic work are fully described, and one interesting chapter is devoted to Continental Memorial Hall, that expensive but materialized dream of the fifty thousand Daughters. It is recorded that it was a favorite project of General Washington that memorial buildings should be erected in the City of Washington for the Thirteen Colonial States. As the years passed ten, twenty, and fifty, the subject came up in Congress, but was each time postponed, but when the century mark was reached there was formed the great patriotic society of women, known as the Daughters of the American Revolution, and one of the first acts of this society was to pass resolutions for a fire proof building to be used as a museum for revolu-

tionary relics. The nucleus of a building fund was at once set aside, and from it has grown the building which is to carry out General Washington's idea of a Memorial Building, the costly and beautiful structure now known as Continental Memorial Hall.

When the famous Studio Building on Tremont street, in Boston was burned last month,—a building which has held the true Bohemia of Boston, where artists and literati delighted to gather—there was saved from the flames the great painting by Darius Cobb of "Washington Crossing the Delaware." It was the wish of Mrs. Mary A. Livermore that the Massachusetts Society, D. A. R., should present this painting to Continental Memorial Hall, as a gift from the state. After Mrs. Livermore's death it was voted to present the picture as a memorial to Mrs. Livermore, and Mrs. Charles A. Bond, regent of Paul Revere chapter, Mrs. George A. Munn, the vice-state-regent, Mrs. Marshall of Framingham, Mrs. Davies of Melrose, and Miss Wilkins of Boston, were appointed a committee to arrange for the raising of funds. The necessary sum, $5,000, is now nearly in hand, and only a few hours after the burning of the Studio Building, Mrs. Cobb called upon Mrs. Bond, who is chairman of the committee, to tell her that the painting was saved.

One of the many pleasant social affairs of the month was the reception which Paul Revere chapter gave at the Vendome on Tuesday, January 8, in commemoration of the anniversary of the birth of Paul Revere, which occurred on January 1. At this very beautiful function Mrs. Bond, regent of Paul Revere chapter was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Evelyn Fellows Masury of Danvers and Mrs. Theodore Bates of Worcester, representing the state and national societies, and the past regents of the chapter, Mrs. J. W. Cartwright, Mrs. E. Everett Holbrook, and Mrs. Alvin Bailey. Orchestral music added to the pleasure of the guests and the beautifully decorated refreshment tables were presided over by Mrs. Alexander Martin, Mrs. John Shepard, Mrs. Eugene Clark, and Mrs. Francis W. Goss. Mrs. Bond has notable ancestry, tracing her lines back through Freeman Bacon to two Mayflower ancestors.

Mrs. E. B. Kellogg of Boylston street, entertained John Hancock chapter at its last meeting. Mrs. Charles Jewett Page, Mrs. Wesley Rand, and Mrs. Eben Howes Bailey were appointed a committee to make inquiries about our first flag, the only one which is not represented at the State House. This is the white flag, bearing a pine tree, which was used in the first naval engagement. Gov. Guild himself a member of the Society of Colonial Wars, and a Son of the American Revolution, alluded in his address before Old South Chapter on Tea Party Day, to the absence of this flag from the group of colonial and revolutionary flags which adorn the corners of the governor's room in the State House on Beacon Hill. At this meeting a feature was made of the reading by the historians of Samuel Adams Dralee's interesting article on "The John Hancock Mansion," the



MRS. DONALD MCLEAN

beautiful old colonial house which formerly stood on the corner of Beacon and Joy streets in Boston, and whose destruction is felt by all patriotic people to have been a national calamity.

Margaret Corlin Chapter of Chelsea celebrated early in the month the 130th anniversary of the Battle of Fort Washington, holding the festivity in "Ye Olde Skule House" on Forsyth street, an ancient building which the late Ex-Mayor Frank B. Fay presented to the chapter.

Two new chapters have just been formed in Boston: John Paul Jones chapter, of which Miss Marion Howard Brazier is regent; and Franklin chapter with Miss Hattie E. Wilkins as regent. The regents and vice-regents of the Massachusetts chapters had a delightful breakfast at Hotel Westminister in January, the state regent, Mrs. Masury presiding. Mrs. Masury, who has a remarkable ancestry, is a member of the Order of Colonial Governors, tracing her descent from the colonial governors.

Dean Hodges, in his address before the Society of Mayflower Descendants, at the seventh annual observance of "Forefathers Day," made at once a parallel and a contrast between the men of Plymouth and of Jamestown. These men, he said, were very much of the same sort, both socially and ecclesiastically. The differences between the society of Virginia and the society of Massachusetts were due not to original unlikeness in the men, but to original unlikeness in the land, for while Virginia was adapted to the growth of great estates, Massachusetts was adapted to the building of small towns. The conditions in Virginia fostered aristocracy, but it was an American aristocracy, having but slight connection with England; its people met in parish meetings, as Massachusetts people in town meetings, and it produced George Washington.

In the matter of religion, also, the men of Jamestown and the men of Massachusetts Bay were of the same stock, the difference in this respect being mainly superficial. At the beginning the fathers of Massachusetts and the fathers of Virginia were all Calvinists in doctrine, all Puritans, and all, except at Plymouth, members of the Church of England. The men of Plymouth and the men of Jamestown, besides being akin socially and ecclesiastically, shared the same hardships, showed the same zeal for religion, and were filled with the same love of liberty.

The foundations of this republic were laid upon the solid basis of religion, the first stone at Jamestown, the second at Plymouth. It was determined at Jamestown that our institutions should be of the English, not of the Latin order; it was at Jamestown that our American civilization and our American religion began together. The Jamestown church is the mother of all our churches. In the Jamestown church, moreover, was held the first American representative assembly, and within the same walls occurred what may be called the first American revolution.

After weeks of careful research it has been proved that the old Spaulding House in Lowell, recently purchased and restored by Molly Varnum chapter of Lowell, of which Mrs. Henry Straw Thompson is regent, is the only ancient dwelling in existence in the confines of the Wamesit grant which John Eliot obtained for the Indian tribe of that name. The old grant included all land between Pawtucket falls and the Concord river, now practically the heart of the city of Lowell, and the old Spaulding House is the only relic of the days of 1750. The old records show that the house, though it frequently changed hands, was always the home of good New England stock, such names as Tyler, Hildreth, Hamblett, Davis, Fletcher, Ford, and Spaulding, being closely connected with the history of city, state and country. Molly Varnum chapter contains several members who claim relationship with past owners. Thus Joseph Tyler, who originally owned the land, is represented by a direct descendant, Mrs. Charles Carter; and Mrs. Thomas Nesmith, Mrs. Charles D. Palmer and Miss Ella Hildreth, are descended from that Robert Hildreth who built the house. Mrs. William Brazer claims as an ancestor Andrew Fletcher, a one-time owner, and four others, Mrs. Lambert and Miss Helen Lambert, Mrs. Wood and Miss Josephine Earl, are descended from Capt. John Ford.

The rare old landmark has been renovated and refitted since passing into the hands of the chapter, and as far as possible its marks of antiquity have been restored.

The hall with its great fireplace, its crane, and its gleaming andirons, first gives the visitor a cordial greeting. The walls are wainscoted. To the right is the Spalding room, once the former owner's library. It is preserved almost intact, with its marvellous tropical wallpaper, its mouldings, its wainscoting and fireplace. The parlor is shut off from the living-room by folding doors. Here, instead of a fireplace, there is a double-storied corner cupboard—what might very appropriately be called an "Old Mother Hubbard Cupboard." The kitchen with its brown rafters, its wallpaper of the "Cranford" pattern; its capacious fireplace, with its andirons and incidental fittings and furnishings, is designed to become a popular place of resort, while the restored living-room in its restorations is a comfortable apartment. It has a restored fireplace with its andirons, wainscoted walls and a hanging bronze lamp which suggests the old times when men gathered and made merry in the room.

The National Society of N. E. Women

By E. Marguerite Lindley

Through an error of the printer the names that accompanied the pictures of Mrs. Wallace, President of Colony 2, and Mrs. Newell, President of Colony 3, were transposed in last month's issue. They should be as given this month.



MRS. HERBERT C. NEWELL
(NEE CLARA CALL OSGOOD)
PRESIDENT COLONY THREE, MONTCLAIR, N. J.

The Parent Society amused, instructed and entertained its members and friends during January. The whist afternoons have taken a new departure this season by dispensing with prizes and also with admission fee. Consequently, these afternoons are proving a great success. Nobody feels distressed that she has disappointed her partner in not winning the necessary tricks, and everyone goes home feeling happy that a social afternoon has been enjoyed. If a bit of New England conscience has crept in and the influence of prize giving seemed not in accord with the New England idea, no one has caviled. The chairman considers herself a hostess and the atmosphere is truly a charming one.

"Fireside Travels" have given place in these days to Club Travels when hosts of friends wander with you as "those who know" and tell you of lands that are no longer foreign but lie a steamboat's trip away. Under the leadership of one of these, the Chairman of the Literary, Mrs. Mary Higginson Dorr, the Society spent a delightful afternoon in Holland on January 15th. Her paper on "Our Kinship with Holland" warmed all hearts toward that brave little cousin of ours, and Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour gave Reminiscences



MRS. GEORGE A. WALLACE
(NEE FRANCES SEYMOUR WARE)
PRESIDENT COLONY TWO, BUFFALO, NEW YORK

so full of interest, and so unusual in character, that one felt like rushing to the telephone and engaging passage on the first steamer, and—yet—why, one would have

to live in Holland to know it in that fashion. Vivid, unhackneyed "Notes of a Traveller in Holland" were the contribution of Miss Cassidy E. Mason. The little stir of talk from the audience was stillde when Miss Connie Scheffer came forward with her violin; she is a favorite pupil of Ysaye, a native Hollander, and one felt at once a true musician; with inimitable charm she played Dutch peasant dance music and Folk lore songs, until one almost saw the quaint village, "Gretchen and Hans," and fraus in cap and nekerchief.

A fine thoughtful presentation of "The Life, Times and Ideals of William the Silent" from the pen of Mrs. William Maynard was a literary treat. One of our own New England artists, told in an artistic, rather than technical fashion of the Dutch Art of today, and Miss Scheffer hrough the melodious tones of her violin acquainted us with deep harmonies from modern Dutch composers.

The President, Mrs. Theodore Frelinghuysen Seward, from her own experience gave a characteristic picture of the Home Ideals of the Dutch, and we drew nearer to our clever, sturdy, true hearted kinswoman Holland at every word. No one had wearied or thought of trains when to close a most enjoyable afternoon Rudolphine Scheffer Ely (Mrs. Robert E. Ely) rose to tell of—"The Dutch as seen and heard by one of themselves." It was a rare opportunity and eagerly and enthusiastically the audience listened. The charm of the speaker, the fine earnestness of her delivery, the tender sincerity of her thought can only be suggested.

The National Secretary is making her Literary Days stars in the Club Firmanent; and any Colony member who is to be in New York in winter would do well to arrange to attend the meetings.

The old saying that the world could be covered by a pocket handkerchief was prettily illustrated the other day by two of our bright New England women. Kate Upson Clark prefaced a sparkling talk by telling the story of the marriage of a Miss Wood to a Mr. Stone and the newspaper quips on "Miss Wood's turning to Stone." When she sat down, Mrs. Seward with mock pathos said—"I think it is strange that my relatives are so much talked about today."—and related that the names used—Stone and Wood, were her cousins; this coincidence caused much merriment.

On the twelfth birthday of the Society, Organization Day, we seemed to hold the very corners of the handkerchief so many persons greeted our President and Officers from Everywhere. This is the occasion especially anticipated by Colony members, and their attendance is most gratifying. Next issue will contain a full report.

February 12 is set for "Colony Day," this year. Each Colony will be represented, either by a historical sketch or a paper on Colonial days by some member. All feel well pleased that "Colony Day," which was started by Mrs. Swinburne last year, is to be celebrated on the anniversary of our martyred Lincoln's birthday.

Colony Two, Buffalo, is having a very prosperous year under the Presidency of Mrs. George A. Wallace, whose picture appeared in last month's issue. The Colonly held its regular meeting the thirteenth of last month. The subject for the day was Lydia Maria Child. Mrs. N. A. T. Carroll read a paper telling of her literary ability, and its recognition, and the subsequent loss of public approval when her sympathy with the abolition leaders was made known. Miss Ella C. Elder read the tribute to Mrs. Child written by Wendell Phillips.

Miss Margaret Grove sang two selections from Schubert. Coffee and New England dainties were served from a table beautifully decorated with holly.

A Sunshine Committee, with Mrs. Chas. A. Hayden as Chairman, was appointed last meeting, to visit the sick and call on new members.

A business meeting of Colony three, Montclair, was held at the residence of Mrs. Edward V. Cary, on Thursday, December the thirteenth.

A very interesting account of her work was given by Miss Lawrence, the trained nurse employed by the Montclair Colony to work among the poor of Montclair. She reports that she has had fewer calls for her help this year than last; the largest number of visits in any month was in June, one hundred and twelve; the least, in November, forty-five. The nurse requires payment for her services where those requiring them are able to pay; as pauperization is no part of the plans of the New England Colony of Montclair.

Following this report was a discussion of ways and means to carry on this work during the coming year; it was decided to have a card party,—the one held last year having been a financial success,—a musicale, and if feasible, a lecture by some man prominently before the public, to raise money for this purpose. Afternoon tea was served by the hostess, and after a social hour the meeting adjourned.

Colony four, Washington, D. C., celebrated "Forefather's Day" with a simple reception at the residence of its ex-president, Mrs. Bertha M. Robbins. Owing to

the recent death of two important members the Colony did not wish to celebrate with an elaborate entertainment such as has been given heretofore, the members inviting a few of their friends, a short



MYRA DRAKE MOORE, PRESIDENT COLONY EIGHT, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

program of music and speeches and light refreshments following, and all enjoying the pleasant part of getting better acquainted.

Colony Six, Rutherford, is sending in many papers that show the finest of New England stock. It is with pleasure that we produce this month the picture of the President, Mrs. Sarah L. Flowers.

Mrs. Flowers was born in Onondago county, N. J., of direct New England ancestory. Her father, Benjamin Bump, was born in Middleboro, Mass.

His parents and grandparents, the Bump and Bumpus families were among the early settlers in the Cape Cod section.

Her mother was a Stuart, also of New England descent; her father was born in Vermont, where the family settled when they fled from Scotland during a Stuart uprising.

They served in the Revolutionary war and the war of 1812.

Mrs. Flowers was married while still in her teens, to William Pickering Flowers, a graduate of Antioch College.

In their early married life he kept a private English and classical school, in which she taught for several years, and later she assisted him in editing and publishing a Family Magazine in Philadelphia. Mrs. Flowers was always fond of literary work. She has written a great many poems for local publication, and was the author of *"Silver Lined,"* a volume of poems published in 1899. Since her husband's death she has lived with her daughter in Rutherford, where she is an active member of the "Woman's Club," and president of the Woman's Presbyterian Missionary Society.

Papers are coming in in very favorable numbers from all of the colonies, but Brooklyn still holds the leadership. Eight papers were acted on from that Colony last month.



MRS. SARAH G. FLOWER, PRESIDENT COLONY SIX, RUTHERFORD, N. Y.

Brooklyn women of New England ancestry do not have to be urged to join the Society, but gladly add their names, when the opportunity is presented to them. Many of the most prominent club-women in the city are represented in the list of membership, and with the exception of one, the heads of the patriotic societies are also members of Colony No. 8. We have been waiting a year for the picture of their president, Mrs. Stuart Hull Moore (Myra Drake), which we present in this issue. Mrs. Moore is now serving a second year, the constitution of Colony No. 8 allowing that length of office when desirable.

She is a native of Portland, Me., though a resident of Brooklyn since childhood.

She has been Vice-Regent of the Long Island Society of the Daughters of the Revolution for six years, and claims five ancestors who were participants in the War of the Revolution. She has the honor of being descended, on her mother's side from eight of the distinguished Mayflower group, her great-grandmother, Hannah Standish, having been born in the Standish home in Duxbury, Mass. Her father's side shows a long absolutely straight line to John Drake of Mount Drake and Exmount (1413) whose son Thomas, came to Weymouth, Mass., in 1653.

Mrs. Moore takes an active part in literary and musical circles in Brooklyn, and with her husband, the well-known publisher of *The Ladies World*, share their delightful home life with their many friends, and their four children are of the "Simon Pure" New England stock, descended from their fathers' ancestors from the early settlers of Connecticut, who crossed to the Eastern end of Long Island in 1630. There has never been a marriage in either side of the family that was not of the unalloyed New England stock.

On January 10 Colony Eight gave a "Thimble party," at their rooms; and on the 26th, a very fine luncheon at the Montauk Club, both of which will be reported in the next issue of the Magazine.

Reports from Colonies Seven, Nine, Ten and Thirteen reached us too late to appear in this issue, but all are sending in a favorable number of membership papers each month.

Colony Eleven, Toledo, which was the last officially organized, has now a membership of twenty-five. The Colony was entertained on Forefather's Day by the Daughters of Pilgrims, of Toledo.

The day was observed in the Misses Laws' Kindergarten. The wide fireplace was filled with blazing logs, supported by andirons, the spinning wheel looked ready for instant use. The warming pan was as much at home as if steam heat had never been heard of, and many pieces of antique furniture, the Daughters' most prized heirlooms, made a quaint setting for a picture of Ye Olden Tyme. The room was lighted by candles in precious candlestick of crystal and brass, and a silver tea service over a century old, attracted much attention. The ladies received and served in colonial gowns. One wore a hand-woven cloak of scarlet cloth which belonged to one of her ancestors before the war for Independence, and a great "calash," the feminine idea of grace in millinery in the days of long ago. One little maiden was dressed as a witch wearing a gown over a hundred years old; but the most popular "Pilgrim" was a little lass of four years dressed in a frock of sober brown and a white cap.

Documents of historical interest and value were displayed, together with many curios, including an Indian Bible, rare pieces of pewter, over 200 years old; sermons preached in 1739 and 1775, and several snuff boxes of great age. The program was of especial interest, speeches and songs that brought back ye olden tyme. The afternoon concluded with the Virginia Reel.

Minneapolis, Colony Fourteen, is completed in Charter Membership, and has applied for charter. The spirit of the National Society was quickened in the hearts of the New England women resident there during the Biennial Federation last June, and under the able chairmanship of Mrs. S. R. Child, assisted by Mrs. la Penotiere, the results have been most satisfactory.

Early last month the ladies of Burlington County, New Jersey, assembled at the Porch Club, Riverton, N. J., on invitation of Mrs. Harriet Merrill Pancoast, a native of Boston, and Regent of the D. A. R. Miss Lindley, chairman of Colony Committee of the National Society of New England Women, and Mrs. Richard Henry Green, an active member of the Committee, and celebrated for the part she has held with her husband in the Mayflower Society, were present, and addressed the assembly. The charter members, twenty-five, have already applied for their charter, and will soon have their organization completed.

In closing, it seems fittting to pay a tribute to Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake, President of the New York Legislative League, for her loyalty to the "Pilgrim Mothers." Mrs. Blake is descended on her mother's side from Jonathan Edwards. Trough not a member of the New England Society, she every year gives a dinner through the League at the Waldorf Astoria to celebrate the landing of the Pilgrim Mothers. She states that the Pilgrim Mothers were the important ones of the Mayflower passengers; that the Pilgrim Fathers were also there as necessary accompaniments of their wives and daughters. On this occasion, besides Mrs. Blake's address of welcome, several stirring toasts were given, the strongest of which was by Mrs. Agnes McClelland Daulton, on Pilgrim Mothers of the Middle West.

Mrs. Jennie M. Lozier, Miss Helen Varick Boswell, were also favorite speakers. Miss Hay spoke on progress of women in foreign countries.

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